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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Mrs. Sarah
Greenwald, Mrs. Feb 1903
(98742)



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

January 3, 1903

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Number 1, Volume V

ARE YOU GOING TO CALIFORNIA? COLORADO?

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Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

"Denver News, Oct. 19."

BEST IN THE WORLD

French Expert Says the Sugar
Beets of Colorado are With-
out a Peer.

Astonished by the Verification of
Reports Concerning this
Young Industry.

Mr. Roderus is the spokesman of the party, as Mr. Musy speaks English rather imperfectly. He said:

"We had heard such remarkable reports from Colorado that we wanted to verify them. Honestly, they have been so astonishing that we had no faith in them, but all that we had previously heard has been demonstrated, and there has been no exaggeration. We are principally impressed with the fact that beets can be raised in such large quantities and so cheaply at Sterling. There are no weeds to contend with, reducing the cost and labor to a minimum.

"Another thing is that the beets grow to such an enormous size. Big beets are usually undesirable, as they contain less saccharine. We drifted into beet fields at Sterling that had been planted for fodder and dug out our own beets. They were of great size and very rich. In Colorado, beets average $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent sugar, or from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent more than the Eastern beets. This means a big increase in profits, and should be very tempting to investors. We are told that sample lots run as high as 22 per cent, which is extraordinary.

"Another thing is the tonnage. In France and Germany the average is only ten to twelve tons to the acre. Here in Colorado it is over fifteen, and often as high as twenty tons to the acre, and they are richer in sugar than in any part of the world where they have been cultivated as yet. There is no possible comparison between the beets of the East and the West. Beets are developed in the field and not in the factory. It is the sunlight that makes the sugar in the beet, and the absence of weeds facilitates that. Then, with cloudless skies and irrigation there is no possibility of failure in the crops to set the mills back from year to year.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION

ONE FARE Plus \$2.00, for
the Round Trip

First and Third Tuesday of Each Month.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JANUARY 3, 1903.

No. 1.

HER CHOICE.

She writes: "'Tis a weary head that wears
This wreath from the hand of fame;
I bartered the peace of a yearning heart
For this, and an empty name,
A weary head and a famished heart,
A hand that has nerveless grown!
I walk with the restless, surging throng
And feel that I walk alone.

I look on a picture of sweet home love,
And envy its simple fare;
For I bartered all when I chose the crown
Ambition bade me wear.

Love came to me; but his shining eyes
Were eclipsed by this costly thing;
I would not fetter my spirit proud
In the space of a wedding ring.

So I chose to walk—as I walk to-day;
O, desolate, hungry heart!
And the path for me has ever led,
From my sweet, lost love apart.

Yet I hear the cooing of baby lips
In my dreamings, day and night;
Glad eyes flash up from their sinless depth,
And I cannot bear the sight.

For they waken a dream of the olden time—
Of days I would fain forget;
O, foolish heart! can your costly crown
But yield you this vain regret!

A weary life. Yet, a brief, sweet while
This glittering toy was fair;
Now, under its glitter, my starving heart
Faints sadly, with none to care.

And I sigh for a day in the far, far past
Ablaze with its matchless glow;
In the beautiful aisles of the future life,
I shall find it again, I know.

Dear eyes, with your soft love-light ashine,
We shall never meet again;
The passion dreams of the olden time
Lie dead in a sea of pain.

We shall walk no more in the twilight gray,
'Neath the silent, watching stars,
Nor hand touch hand, 'till the warden grim
Undoeth the golden bars.

And then, in the light of the clearer day,
When each shall have found our part,
I shall, may be, wear in its golden sheen,
A crown worth a woman's heart.

SUNRISE FROM MOUNT AETNA.

JUST as day began to break, the whole party were assembled on the summit. The guides had timed the thing exactly. It was between three and four; the stars were rapidly disappearing from the paling sky, while the eastern horizon began to faintly redden with the dawn. Those who have never witnessed can scarcely realize by any description the strangeness of such a scene. Everything in the vast gulf below was dark and formless—the sea barely distinguishable from the land—vast whitish clouds like wool sacks floating solemnly above it. A few bars of crimson soon appeared on the eastward horizon, the sea-line became defined, the jagged edges of the distant mountain of Apulia cut against the sky. At this moment our guides shouted to us to stand on the edge of the crater, and look out over the interior of the island, which stretched away to the westward, like a sea of jagged summits, blended in the shadowy mist of dawn. Just as the sun rose, an immense shadow of the most exquisite purple was projected from the volcano half over the island, while without its range the light struck with magic suddenness upon the tops of the mountains below—a phenomenon so admirably beautiful that it would have more than repaid us for the labor of the ascent.

* * *

SPEED IS EXPENSIVE.

THEY tell great things about the speed of the ocean greyhounds, but omit to say that speed counts, as does every other luxury. They expect to drive the Kaiser Wilhelm II. twenty-four knots an hour, but it will take an expenditure of forty thousand horse power to do it, whereas fourteen thousand horse power will drive the Celtic, the largest ship in the world, seventeen knots. Every additional pound of steam means more coal, more "hands," and more expense in every direction until the increase of speed is soon forbidden by the increased costs. An attempt to drive either a ship or a man too fast soon costs more than it is worth. Why not take it easy?—*Wichita Eagle*.

ON A HACIENDA.—No. 4.

THE Rurales command split into three parts. One went to the right of the ravine, one to the left, and one at the upper end. The lower opened out on the plain. If the robbers ran out on the open plain all the better. The men were dismounted, and acting under orders, crept to the edge of the cut, and one of them peered over, and almost immediately, "Crack!" from the protecting shadow of a rock, and the Rurale sighed, turned slightly, and died, shot through the head. Immediately there was a fusillade from the soldiers on the other side of the ravine, and the robber sank in a heap. Then the firing became general. It was only a question of time till the eight bandits were killed.

Quinter, seeing the situation, but not understanding it, noticed the horses near at hand, and suggested instantly that they mount and ride away. It was the work of a moment to boost Ruby into place, and to mount another and off they went, as fast as the rocky nature of the ground permitted. Then the funny thing happened. The horses did not understand English, and missed the vigorous Spanish profanity, and the cruel spurs of the country. They took their time to it, despite all the Indiana "get ups," and "glanges," and under the circumstances it was perhaps excusable that Quinter did some thinking that would never have entered his head under ordinary conditions. Then Ruby's horse snorted, pitched forward on his knees, projecting her into a patch of cactus and the blood flowed in a crimson stream from the horse's quivering nostrils. He had been either intentionally shot from behind, or had been hit by a stray bullet. Almost immediately Quinter mounted her behind him, but the animal did not understand that, and in all the history of his horse life he had never heard of such a proceeding, so he promptly bucked them both off, and struck back into the ravine on a gallop.

Quinter and Ruby had behind them a thousand years of Saxon energy, and immediately they cut and ran for it, away from the scene of conflict, till, tired out, they stopped to inquire where they were running to. Neither of them knew where the hacienda lay, and they started at a venture. Behind them came two of the Rurales at a gallop, and soon overtook them. There were endless bows and Senors and Senorita's, and all that sort of thing, that goes with Spanish politeness. They heard the name of Don Miguel mentioned and their looks led the soldier to point in almost the opposite direction from that which they were taking. The fact was that they were running away from the hacienda.

They walked back to the soldiers, and saw that the battle had ended. Eight bandits were dead, six soldiers, and over the mounds of their graves would

be planted wooden crosses, according to Mexican custom, and the incident, so far as the bandits and the fight were concerned, was closed. All over Mexico one will see these crosses, and while not all of them mark a death or murder, most of them do indicate a violent death.

When all arrived at the hacienda there was rejoicing without limit. Don Miguel celebrated the return, not with a fatted calf, but with a "baille," a ball. It might perhaps be objectionable to the Nook constituency to describe the baille, the fandango, and the guitar accompaniment. So we will let all that go.

The next day they talked about the adventure. Neither admitted being scared, but when Quinter twitted Ruby about her horse being shot down while she was running away, she answered that in the foot race that followed he kept ahead of her. Naturally, both were somewhat scared, but like a brave couple there was no flinching in the face of danger. There is something in blood, that is, in parents, after all.

One thing the two learned, and that is when they asked about the neighbors they found out that there would be no visits to Santa Clara by any of the young folks on the adjoining hacienda, that being the very opposite of the costumbres. In all Mexico it is the newcomer who pays the first visit. Then if he is persona grata to the visited the call is returned, and what they call relaciones are established, that is, the matter is settled, he is regarded as in the same class and worthy of recognition. It is the very opposite of American methods, and has its advantages, queer as it may read. If the stranger is desirous of knowing his status with the neighbors, let him call. He will be courteously received in every instance,—the Mexican is polite as to form, but if the call is not returned,—well, that is another story.

And then something happened that was excruciatingly funny, and laughable in the extreme, that is, it seems so to us, and our boy and girl, especially the girl, enjoyed it a great deal more than the capture by the bandits. The name of the trouble, if trouble it may be called, was in being made the subject of "Playing the Bear." Readers who have been in Mexico will understand, and others will begin to see when it is said that the phrase means a Mexican courtship. It began after this manner.

One of the sons of Don Miguel, young Don Jose, fell in love with Ruby, and began his courtship in regular Mexican style. The girl first noticed the attitude of the young man toward her during her brief meetings with him about the hacienda. Then one evening, when she had retired, she heard strains of music just beyond her window, outside in the hacienda grounds. All Mexicans are more or less musicians, and Jose excelled. Going to her window she

saw him in the dim light, a man standing against the wall, gazing intently at the window while he played on the guitar. Ruby did not understand, but evidently the serenade was intended for her, as the young man never took his eyes off her at any time, and the expression of his face, as far as she could see it, told its own story. Ruby raised her window and listened. At the close of the piece of music, thinking some recognition in order, she fluttered her handkerchief in his direction. It seemed to strike him more than ordinarily hard. There was more music, and more recognition. This was kept up for an hour, when Ruby, thinking the serenade was never going to end, acknowledged the music as gracefully as she could, and closed the window. Don Jose retired, and the next morning the flowers began. A

Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of pens.

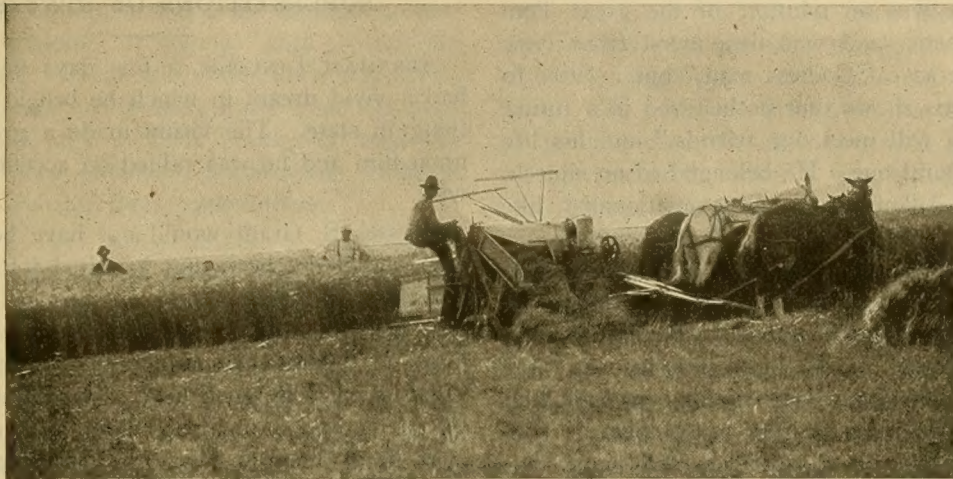
Bartley Campbell scribbled off his famous play, "My Partner," on common wrapping paper, with a blunt lead pencil.

Both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic chirography.

* * *

ENGINEERING FEAT.

A SMART engineering feat was recently accomplished near the old Battersea station of the West London



HARVESTING ALONG THE SANTA FE.

Mexican courtship was on in full blast, and it had just begun. The girl did not know what was doing, and to the rest of the family the precious costumbres seemed to be going to pieces.

(To be continued.)

* * *

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS.

MACAULEY wrote on foolscap and in a very large hand.

George Sand wrote neatly upon nicely ruled note paper.

Robert Louis Stephenson's manuscript verses are easily deciphered.

Charlotte Bronte wrote in the minutest of characters in a diminutive note book.

Miss Alcott did some of her best work on the back of her father's old manuscript.

Charles Dickens covered every inch of his manuscript, as though paper were scarce and dear.

Some of Mark Twain's jokes are said to have originally occupied entire sheets of cardboard.

Extension railway. The girder bridge which spanned Battersea Park road was constructed when the railway was built, forty-two years ago, and a bigger bridge was needed. The old bridge weighed fifty tons, and the new one, which is just over one hundred tons, had been erected on a tramway some time ago, ready to be brought into service. Soon after midnight on a recent Saturday preparations were commenced. At 2:30 A. M. everything was ready, and the men in charge of the hydraulic lifts began lifting the old bridge. It was afterward placed on a tramway and shunted, and the new bridge was at once moved into place, the whole operation being accomplished in the quick time of forty-two minutes.

* * *

ANGER.

It is said that anger is one of the most harmful emotions, in fact that very few are aware how frightfully dangerous it is to the average person. There is on record this saying of a great doctor: "He is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry."

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a member of the Episcopal church and a great believer in prayer, as is evidenced by numerous messages. One was: "The blessing and protection of heaven are at all times necessary, but especially so in time of public danger, and distress." He also said: "Though I am a member of the church of England, I have no exclusive partialities."

John Adams was a Congregationalist and came of a long line of Puritan ancestors, but was very liberal in his views as to religion. He was baptized October 26, 1735, in the first church of Quincy, Mass., called "The Church of Statesmen."

Thomas Jefferson's ideas on religion are difficult to classify. He was an admirer of the great Tom Paine, the agnostic, and was denounced from New England pulpits as a "Godless man," but a letter to Mrs. John Adams shows that he believed in a future life, where "we will meet our friends," and his life was a strictly moral one. He belonged to no church.

John Quincy Adams was a Congregationalist, like his father, and wrote a hymn.

Madison and Monroe were both Episcopalians in good standing. Andrew Jackson was notoriously irreligious in his early manhood and mature life. As a youth at Salisbury, N. C., he is described as "the most roaring, rollicking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in the town." After his retirement from the presidency he became converted and joined the Presbyterian church, his dying words being: "My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black."

Martin Van Buren never made any religious profession, but was a man of irreproachable morality.

William Henry Harrison was an Episcopalian of strong convictions, which prevented him from fighting duels.

John Tyler was also an Episcopalian.

James K. Polk made no profession until he was on his death-bed, when a Methodist clergyman sprinkled him.

Zachary Taylor apparently gave the matter of religion no thought, but his wife was an Episcopalian, and he contributed to the support of that church.

Millard Fillmore was a very quiet and pious one, who affiliated with the Baptists.

Franklin Pierce was an Episcopal communicant.

James Buchanan was always pious, but didn't join the church until after his retirement from the presidency, when he became a Presbyterian.

Abraham Lincoln was profoundly reverential, and though uncommitted to any special creed, he was essentially a devout believer. Both his parents were Baptists.

Andrew Johnson was not a member of any church, but a tacit believer in Christianity. He inclined to Methodism.

Ulysses S. Grant was a Methodist, and extolled for his piety by his biographers, though he was never demonstrative.

Rutherford B. Hayes was a Methodist.

James A. Garfield was a member of the Church of Christ.

Chester A. Arthur was an Episcopalian.

Benjamin Harrison was a Presbyterian, and active in church affairs.

Grover Cleveland is a Presbyterian.

William McKinley was a Methodist.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

SUPERSTITIONS OF STATESMEN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a few days before his death had a vivid dream in which he beheld his own body lying in state. The vision made a great impression upon him and he was rallied on account of it by his wife.

Ulysses S. Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five. General Grant was a firm believer in dreams, and to dream of crockery was sure to be followed by good luck. The night before he received his appointment as colonel of the Illinois regiment he dreamed of being in a field filled with beautiful china. He immediately informed his wife that prosperity was about to dawn upon their fortunes.

Admiral Farragut when at the masthead of his flagship praying for divine aid previous to passing the forts at Mobile bay distinctly heard a voice saying: "Keep on, keep on." Nelson always kept a horse-shoe nailed to the mizzenmast of his flagship Victory.

Regarding the celebrated statesmen and their superstitions it is said that Secretary Carlisle would begin no new thing on Friday. Secretary Blaine would never turn back to enter his house after leaving it in case he had forgotten anything. Secretary Folger all his life believed that there was a charm for him in the number "three." He laughed at it, but let it dominate him. Such a hard-headed old statesman as Thaddeus Stevens believed that there was luck in picking up pins. He never passed one, if he saw it, without picking it up, getting the point toward him. Senator Chandler counts white horses for luck. He counts every one he sees until he reaches thirty-nine and then he begins over again. Senator Sherman would not extend his left hand in greeting or receive one extended to him. Senator Edmunds regarded it as unlucky if the first person he met on emerging from his house was a woman and would return for a fresh start.

OLD TOWN LAWS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

STRANGE laws are sometimes made by autocratic town councils with unusual problems to meet.

The authorities at Augusterberg, a small town in the Hartz mountains, Germany, have lately ordered that all cats in the place shall pay a tax and that each tabby shall wear a collar bearing a mark to prove that its owner has paid the required dues.

"I hereby give you notice and require you to keep your fowls from wandering in the street and to at once destroy all male birds in your possession." Such is part of a notice sent out just two years ago by the commissioner of Port Erin, Isle of Man.

Another muzzling order for fowls hails from Jansenville, in Cape Colony, and is dated August 3, 1901. "For obvious reasons" it begins "cock-crowing by night must cease. Residents of the town will therefore please arrange not to have more than one male fowl of crowable age in their possession after the 13th instant." The obvious reasons were doubtless connected with roving Boer commanders.

Johannesburg, too, was under a number of very strict laws during the recent war. No negroes were allowed to be out of doors between seven P. M. and five A. M., under penalty of a fine of twenty-five dollars or fourteen days' imprisonment, with or without fifteen lashes. White persons were under a similar regulation, but were allowed two hours more leave in the evenings, and the penalty of infringing the regulation was for them five dollars only, or eight days' imprisonment.

Many towns have enacted curious bylaws with reference to the liquor trade. At Weizen, in Prussia, it appears that certain ladies complained to the authorities that their husbands were very late about coming home. A regulation was thereupon put into force enacting that the taverns should close at ten and everyone be at home by ten thirty.

Certain towns in Michigan are making trial of a most remarkable experiment. Not only have liquor sellers to take out a license, but liquor consumers must do the same. Consumers' licenses cost five dollars a year, and a man cannot be served at a public bar without first showing his license. If he does not do so both he and the barkeeper are liable to prosecution.

At Hot Springs, Arkansas, it is illegal to run in the public streets. The place is thronged with invalids, and it is to save their shattered nerves that this by-law has been put into force.

At Ems the wearing of long trailing skirts by ladies taking the waters or visiting the Kurhaus is prohibited. The dust they stir up is considered bad for the throats and eyes of invalid visitors, and the risk of infection is also taken into consideration.

Every invalid whose nerves have been racked by the early ringing of the bells should visit Limoges.

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RICE WATER IS WHOLESOME.

It is probable that few occidental cooks who prepare rice in various forms for diet are aware that in discarding the water which it is boiled they are wasting what is regarded by the oriental as the most nutritious part of the food. This fact was curiously proved some years since, when a detachment of Europeans and native troops in India found themselves beleaguered in a fort with insufficient rations, even of rice, to enable them to hold out until a force could march to their relief.

It was when the officers were seriously debating this problem that the natives approached them with what was regarded as a curious solution of the difficulty. If, proposed the latter, the Europeans took all the rice, they, the natives, would be quite content with the water in which it was boiled. The suggestion, in place of any better, was adopted; when it was remarked that while the Europeans found it difficult to maintain their strength on full rations of rice, the natives lost none of their stamina by several weeks' diet on the water. When the proposal was made the action of the natives was praised as one of great devotion to their superiors, but the sentiment was somewhat mollified when the discovery was made that the natives were quite aware that the principal nourishment lay in the water.

Since that time Europeans in the Orient, following the custom of the natives, have given rice water to patients, particularly in cases of cholera, as a last resort when no other food can be retained in the stomach, and usually with good results. But the natives always value the water so highly that it is never thrown away.

In fact it would surprise many cooks to discover how much may be done with this apparently worthless stock. If the rice is cooked in the oriental fashion, that is—boiled only so long that each grain comes out of the pan separate and not as a sodden mass, the water, when strained off and permitted to cool, will become a jelly approaching the consistency of blanc-mange. To suit the occidental palate the water should be flavored with an extract, or otherwise the jelly may have rather an insipid taste. Then if served with cream and preserved fruit, you have a most nourishing and palatable dessert, with still the boiled grain for other purposes.

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"A MAN whom I loved because of his faithfulness and his kindness to my children." Here are two clauses that sum up a splendid type of character; no man could have a better memorial.

GETTING AN EDUCATION—No. 4.

ONE of the things that the unlearned or the unlettered person is mistaken about is the supposition that something is taught at school that is of immediate practical value in the affairs of life. The actual facts are that the most of the studies that go to make up a course at school are disciplinary. And this is true of every study, but especially so of the average curriculum at school where one gets beyond the "three R's." With this idea in view let us drop mathematics as non-essential in later life. Whatever we may think of mathematics as a desirable thing in practical life it is a truth that it does not require application so much as natural ability. There are some people who are wonders in the way of mathematical ability, and yet so deficient in other traits, intellectually and otherwise, as to be universally recognized as feeble minds. Moreover, a machine can be had to perform every mathematical operation with greater accuracy than is possible with the human mind. Therefore, while we do not forget the discipline of mathematics let us begin with something that not only has the disciplinary features about it, but which will be of some great practical good in life.

I believe that scholars will generally agree that he who makes pretensions to an education must know how to use his mother tongue with a reasonable degree of accuracy. Let us, therefore, start our beginner in the study of the English language. It will be not only important, but it will also be perhaps the most difficult thing he will have to encounter in his whole education. The chances are that he will never acquire it in his daily conversation, but it is entirely possible for him to be helped by language study, and also to become passably accurate in eye English, that is, when he comes to write it. There is perhaps no more difficult thing for a man in middle age than to acquire a working use of his mother tongue along well-recognized lines of correctness and accuracy.

In regard to accomplishing the end sought let us specify some of the things that should not be done. Most men and women when they start out to acquire an education for themselves, recognizing their own deficiencies, begin with the grammar of the language. They put themselves in possession of an advanced grammar, read a little here and there, understand no part of it, and soon become indifferent and neglect it entirely. This will be the almost universal fate of him who goes about it in this way. On the contrary we advise the beginner to procure for himself one of the most elementary grammars that he can lay hands on. He need not make public what he is going to do with it, but he ought to have it

by all means. He will have to study as a child and learn as a child, and he should not undertake more than he can get away with at a lesson. He must not pass a single point that he does not understand. Nor should he be satisfied with simply understanding it, but he should so put himself in relation to it that he can himself tell it in his own language. He should not bother himself about what is in the middle of the book, or at the end of it. It should be remembered that there are two great features in the successful acquirement of all knowledge which must be recognized and religiously observed. These two things are concentration and repetition. Concentration is necessary to an understanding and repetition is essential to future use. Therefore there should be frequent reviews, and the man should not lay down his child's grammar until he has mastered every idea in it. It will be a hard thing for him to do, and he will be very apt to neglect the exercises and take things for granted. If he does he is lost. He might as well stop his study if he knows better than the author what is important. He should study his book intelligently and persistently and review, and keep it up, until his elementary language book is a part of him. The chances are, that all at once and after wading through endless matters that seemed to be unimportant, he will begin to notice the way words hang together in the correctly-built sentence. This will be his first glimmer of intelligent perception, and once this is acquired the man may consider himself fairly entered on the road to success. Once he gets "the hang of the thing," which will be the very hardest part, the balance of it will become a pleasure.

As to the time required, the writer will put it in this shape. After mastering the elementary grammar and passing to a higher grade, when ease and certainty of speech is the result, perhaps six months will have elapsed. What is meant by this is that if he studies six months daily and intelligently, persistently and thoroughly, at the end of that time he ought to be able to stand before an audience in Boston, San Francisco, or London, and talk easily, or readily, with a comfortable feeling of certainty that as far as his language goes it is put together in good shape. Remember that ideas constitute no part of this, but that what he knows he will be able to tell accurately.

In order to prevent unnecessary correspondence with the INGLENOOK family as to the grammar recommended the writer of these lines would say that in all probability any elementary grammar published for use in the common schools will answer every purpose. In one word he wants to get the bottom principles. The name of the author or the make-up of the book has as little to do with the facts in

the case as the color of its back or the ink in which it is printed.

After our learner has the swing of the thing according to rule he will be able to use it more effectively and he will know when he is getting it by noticing the defects of speech of those around him. He is not to correct or comment upon this, but rather to say to himself, "If I were saying that I would avoid the error he made." Then, correcting it mentally, let it go. It will be a long time before correct speech will be a second nature to him, but it is worth while, for after he has made it a part of him it is something that will stay with him as long as he lives and can never be taken from him. I do not mean by this that the study of grammar in middle life will make every student speak accurately in ordinary conversation. It will, however, help him to do so, and if he goes about it aright he

work accurately and correctly. As to the amount of time allowed, an hour a day, or even less, ought to make the average man or woman understand with commendable clearness the relations of words one to another, and how to string them together to produce a finished effect.

(To be continued.)

WOULD YOU BE POPULAR?

FIRST—Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language.

Second—Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

Third—Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.



THRESHING SCENE.

will shortly be able to commit his thoughts to paper in such a way that he need not be afraid to tell the printer to follow copy exactly. No man need ever claim to be an educated person in any language, the grammar of which he does not understand. And while it is not easy to learn, to thoroughly master it, it is so important a fact and so valuable for its disciplinary effect that the writer will take the responsibility of starting his pupil in elementary language study, feeling assured that if this is mastered what follows will be a great deal easier.

In our next we will speak of other studies, and we use the word studies advisedly for after mastering one thoroughly it will be relatively easy to take two or three, or more distinct studies in the same time, in each of which progress will be made at even a greater degree than that which characterized the first effort. This will be because the powers of the mind have received such a training that they

Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pedantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth—Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

Sixth—Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you consider very entertaining nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly.

Seventh—Be cheerful. If you have no great trouble on your mind you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will generally be avoided.

Eighth—Above all, be cordial and sympathetic. True cordiality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated and are certain to secure the popularity so dear to everyone.

THE RAISING OF PEAS AND ASPARAGUS IN THE WEST.

To the Easterner, used to his garden bed of peas a few feet square, the idea of growing this product in beds of two thousand five hundred acres and of harvesting and thrashing peas like so much wheat, is a revelation. The West just now holds in store many such agricultural surprises for those from a distance.

In Longmont, Colorado, the land is prepared for peas just as it is for wheat. The regular wheat drills are used in sowing peas. Two rows of peas are sowed and then a space equal to that occupied by two rows is skipped, thus leaving twenty-one inches between the double rows for cultivation and irrigation purposes. When the sprouts begin to appear above ground, a harrow is run over them for the purpose of removing the small weeds, and this operation is repeated a number of times during the early part of the season; but a small per cent of the peas are torn out by this process. When the pea-vines become large enough to cultivate, a corn cultivator is used in throwing earth up to them; when five to six inches in height, a furrow for water is made between the rows. The water is brought to the head of the rows in the highest part of the field by a broad ditch. This ditch in turn is a lateral from a main ditch of thirty to forty feet in width and carrying water from a mountain stream.

The harvesting of peas is begun at the time favorable to the best results, and regardless of the few blossoms and flat-podded peas, all are mowed down by a cutter which runs just beneath the ground. Then the hayracks arrive and great loads of peas on the vines are hauled to the nearby canning factory and are ready for the thrashing operation. The thrashing is done by means of machines constructed especially for this purpose.

When the peas have been shelled by means of these machines, they next are put through grading machines which sort out the different sizes. The very small peas which are thus obtained represent the immature ones, which would be of much larger size if harvested and packed at a later date. After grading the peas in the manner referred to, they are next parboiled or blanched and are then put upon zinc-lined tables. Here they are looked over by a force of girls, who pick out not only the occasional old peas or weed seeds that may have crept in, but also all broken peas. After this operation the peas are washed again and are then ready to go into cans.

The filling of the cans is accomplished by means of machinery. Each machine fills twelve cans at one time. At the factory at Longmont forty thousand cans are filled in a day. After the cans are filled with peas a weak brine is added, and then the capping machines are put into service. These machines solder

the caps on the cans at the rate of forty thousand per day. After capping, the cans are put into iron retorts; the lids of these retorts are bolted down, and the peas are cooked in the cans by means of steam. The labeling of the cans then takes place; this is accomplished by machinery.

In the line of agriculture, Longmont boasts, further, of the largest asparagus bed in the world. This bed comprises one hundred and twenty acres and contains three-fourths of a million plants. The rows are about six feet apart, and the plants are twelve to fifteen inches apart in the rows. The growing of asparagus of late has been attracting a great deal of attention throughout the United States. The Agricultural Department at Washington has been giving it especial attention, and has issued a bulletin to farmers dealing especially with asparagus culture. This bulletin is known as Farmers' Bulletin No. 61. At Long Island and New Jersey asparagus growing has been carried on for many years, but as the great West is being opened it admits of this cultivation upon a much larger scale than could be carried on in the more thickly populated sections of the country.

As asparagus is grown to a greater or less extent in many parts of the world, and as it has been known since the early days of the Romans, there are many authorities in many lands who have written upon its culture, and widely diversified have been the methods outlined. There are to-day advocates of both deep and shallow planting. There is also a difference of opinion among growers as to the distance necessary between the plants. It is conceded that, as a rule, the rows should run north and south, so as to secure the full benefit of the sunshine. Loosening the soil at the bottom of the plants and placing manure about their roots has been largely abandoned while, instead, the tops are now given the bulk of attention.

The bulletin sent out from Washington contains many interesting points about asparagus, including its history, a few points of which we will epitomize: Asparagus was first known to the Romans as a medicinal plant. It then grew to a great size. Pliny was able to record spears of asparagus weighting three to the pound. The Gauls, Germans and Britons learned of its value from the Romans and engaged in its cultivation. In France, Holland, Germany and Hungary it was early gathered for the wealthy classes by the peasantry. The earliest settlers brought asparagus seed to America and found the soil and climate suitable. Besides Long Island, New Jersey, and Colorado, asparagus is now cultivated to quite an extent in the Mississippi valley and on the Pacific slope. The demand for asparagus to-day is greater than the supply.

One more agricultural novelty in Colorado demands attention. It is an eighty-acre currant patch. As

far as is known, this is the largest currant patch extant. It is situated like the asparagus bed at Longmont. In this currant patch there are 135,000 plants set out in rows seven feet apart. The plants are three and a half feet apart in the rows. One hundred and fifty hands, old and young, are employed at picking time. One and one-fourth cents per pound is paid for picking, which enables expert pickers to make as high as \$2.50 per day. A currant bush in Colorado will produce at least a gallon of currants. Some produce ten gallons. Owing to irrigation, it is claimed that the berries are superior in flavor to those grown under other conditions.—*Scientific American*.

♦ ♦ ♦

BEST OF DRUMS MADE HERE.

AMERICANS being the greatest drummers in the world, it is entirely consistent that they should be the best drum-makers. Both in Chicago and St.

THE IMMENSITY OF SIBERIA.

A TRAVELER in Siberia says that few people realize the immensity of that country. To think of a single state stretching through one hundred and thirty degrees of longitude and possessing one-ninth of all the land surface of the globe is staggering. The United States and all its possessions, and all Europe, except Russia, could be put into Siberia, with land enough left over to make thirty-five States like Connecticut. He had thought of it as a convict settlement only, as most persons do, no doubt. He found it a country of nearly nine million people, ninety-seven per cent of whom are either natives or voluntary immigrants, and all living better and enjoying more political and religious liberty than people in European Russia have. Where he traveled it was like Minnesota, where wheat, rye and vegetables and strawberries, raspberries and currants grow, and sheep and horses graze unsheltered the year round.



A RESERVOIR IN THE WEST.

Louis there are large factories, but in these all kinds of drums are made, most of which are of the cheap variety and low in price. There are only three factories in the United States which make the kind of instruments that have a sharpness in tone required only in orchestra and band work. The drums that are used in corps and in military work must have a tone which is duller and the drum must not be so sensitive to the touch.

Drum-making is a curious industry and as complicated as it is curious, for the drum has many parts. A drum of the best construction has 248 pieces, not including sticks, hooks and belt. All materials must be of the best quality, for the things from which a drum is constructed are what give it its tone, and as the drum is subjected to rough usage it must be strong enough to stand the strain.

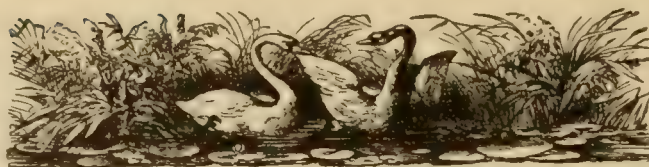
A MORAL HERO.

WHEN General Grant was in Paris, the president of the republic, as a special token of respect, invited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the great racing which occurs in that country on Sunday. It is considered a discourteous act to decline such an invitation from the head official of the republic. Such a thing had never been heard of, but General Grant in a polite note declined the honor, and said to the French president: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." And when Sabbath came that great hero found his way to the American chapel, where he was one of its quiet worshippers.—*Humanity*.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE most utterly lost of all days, is that in which you have not once laughed.

NATURE



STUDY.

IRISH LIONS.

IRELAND, of all the countries in the world, is the foremost breeding place for lions in captivity.

It is as unexplainable as it is remarkable. Possibly it is nature's compensation for the assault made upon the British lion and the Emerald Isle's ambition to drive that fearsome creature off the face of the earth.

There is no denying the fact. The Irish lion is an institution. It has a recognized existence and a commercial value exceeding that of any other. Directors of zoological gardens and traveling showmen, who have slight knowledge and less interest in the British lion, are keen to possess the Irish beast.

The fame of Ireland as a breeding place for lions rests chiefly upon the Dublin Zoological Gardens, where lions have been raised for the market for forty-five years. Not only do the lions there breed more freely than do those in captivity anywhere else, but the beasts are stronger, hardier, healthier and tamer.

Being persons of imagination and sentiment, those in charge of the lion house of the Dublin Zoo call it the nursery. At first that gives one something of a shock, for lions and a nursery do not seem quite compatible. But the Dublin lion house is not like those elsewhere. The baby lions are brought up to be truly good, sweet. Gentle tempers are carefully cultivated, and they are enrolled at the tenderest age as members of the Good Deeds Club, the Sunshine Society and similar organizations.

This early training makes them most remarkably docile and intelligent, and they are in great demand by the showmen, who train them to perform strange and remarkable antics. It is a comfortable thing for a trainer to know that the "king of beasts, the ferocious man-killer of the desert," was raised on the bottle in the Dublin Zoo.



WOOD-EATING ANTS.

It is of interest to note that ant eggs are a commercial product for sale on the market in dried form at all times of the year. These eggs are imported from Africa, where they are found in large quantities in the huge anthills, which are quite common in that country. The ant that lays these eggs is not a true ant, but a termite—a class of insects which feed on wood to such extent that they do great damage to buildings in tropical countries.

These eggs are sold in dry form and are used as food for young pheasants, and are worth about fifty cents a pound. They are scalded until they swell to their natural size, and then mixed with meat scrap and corn meal and fed to young birds of the pheasant type.



AN OLD CEDAR.

In a letter to *Science*, Dr. Charles E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, states that in the Garden of the Gods, near Pike's Peak, Colorado, there are many large specimens of the Brown Cedar, *Juniperus monosperma* (Engelm.) Sargent. During a recent visit to that place it occurred to Dr. Bessey that these trees must be very old. He was fortunate enough to find the stump of a recently cut tree, on which it was easy to distinguish the annual growth-rings. These were counted for a section of the trunk, care being taken to select a portion in which the rings were of average thickness, and on this basis the number for the whole stump was calculated. In this way it was found that this particular tree was between eight hundred and one thousand years old. In other words, this tree was a seedling some time between the years 900 and 1100 A. D.



TREPHINING AN ANCIENT OPERATION.

TREPHINING the skull is known as a probable treatment used by prehistoric surgeons. It appears that the ancient practice still survives in Helanesia, and Rev. J. A. Crump reports that natives of New Britain treat fractures from slingstones by trephining with a piece of shell or a flake of obsidian. In eighty per cent of the cases recovery follows in two or three weeks.



THE BARK OF A DOG.

STRANGELY enough, barking, which seems to us so characteristic of the dog, is not one of its natural sounds at all. No wild dogs bark, and, what is more remarkable, if dogs are isolated for a long time from their human masters they seem to lose the faculty. Thus a number of dogs turned loose on Juan Fernandez island were found in thirty-three years to have completely lost the habit, but to be able to re-acquire it. On the other hand, wolf puppies, as well as young

wild dogs, if reared among tame ones, readily learn to bark. It almost seems as if the sound were differentiated from the howling and yelping natural to the wild canidæ in order to communicate with man and serve his purpose. It is worth observing that the habit can be eliminated when desired, as in some breeds of dogs favored by poachers.

* * *

CODFISH.

THE great codfish banks are an immense source of wealth. The fleet that put out from Lunenburg this season numbered two hundred vessels. They will bring back not less than 3,000,000 pounds of cod. They fish the banks in a way they call trawling, but what is known in most parts of the United States as running "trot" lines. They run a heavy line out several hundred yards, attached to which at intervals of ten feet are baited hooks, and the ends are fastened to large buoys. They "underrun" this line to take the fish off and rebait the hooks. This is accomplished in the same manner as in the rivers and lakes of the States by pulling the line across the boat until the end is reached. They go about 300 miles out to sea, sink their lines in the shoal waters of the banks, ranging from forty to eighty feet in depth, and catch fish all the way from one to five feet in length. They remain on the banks from two to three months. The life is very dangerous on account of the fogs. The men leave the vessels each morning in pairs and go in small dories to the buoys a mile or so away. The fog comes down suddenly and shuts them off. Sometimes they will make their way back to the ships in safety, and again some of them are lost. Another cause for the loss of life is the fact that the banks are in the course of the great Atlantic liners, which frequently run the small boats down during fogs or dark nights.

* * *

SQUIRREL OUTWITS A CAT.

SQUIRRELS evidently understand the cat's limitations and take advantage of the knowledge for their own protection and sometimes, apparently, for their amusement. Last Friday I saw an exhibition in Central park that led me to this conclusion.

Grimalkin, with lowered body, was creeping along on the park wall near Sixty-seventh street, when she saw a squirrel sitting on his haunches, enjoying a peanut, the gift of a park visitor. The cat slid into the grass, and hiding as far as possible by flattening herself against the ground she planned an attack on her unsuspecting desired prey.

Mr. Squirrel was not long unsuspecting, for he soon discovered his stealthily approaching natural enemy, and darted up the nearest tree, but only far

enough for a position of advantage, and then viewed the situation.

When the cat found that she was discovered she also made a rush, and the squirrel, with quite evident close calculation, waited until she had gained good momentum and was at the very root of the tree, when he darted horizontally around half of its circumference. The cat scrambled over the very spot where he had been and then came in the limitations, for she was not able to run around the tree. This the squirrel evidently knew and held its position of vantage.

Down went the cat and from the ground circled the tree, but she was able to catch only glimpses of the cunning squirrel as it traveled around the bark, keeping the tree between them. Several times she made a rush but when she had reached the squirrel's level the diameter of the tree was between them. As she could not follow it, and finally tired of the leaping, the attack was abandoned and the game of tag that had evidently been enjoyed by the squirrel came to an end by the cat starting in search of less cunning prey.—*New York Herald.*

* * *

TRUTH ABOUT CATS.

THERE are two fallacious opinions regarding cats. One, that the cat is a hardy animal; the other, that a cat, no matter how or where abandoned, is able to provide for herself.

First, a cat is not a hardy animal; her organization is delicate, her nervous system sensitive. Second, a cat cannot always provide for herself, even in her natural state and with all her native instincts unimpaired. Even man, when unaided, often fails here. In hard winters the Indian starves in his wigwam, and the wild cat starves in the woods. Much less, then, is a cat that is accustomed to the comforts of life able to take care of herself. Of all the cats abandoned each year when the summer cottages are closed, the greater part lose their "nine lives" and are "gathered to their fathers," long before the winter is half over.—*Country Life in America.*

* * *

THE GOAT.

ORIGINALLY the common or domestic goat was a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language the pesang.

Among the Greeks and the Romans the goat was sacrificed to Bacchus because of its tendency to injure grapevines by eating the young tendrils and leaves. All the species of goats are natives of the old world. The Rocky mountain goat, so called, of North America really belongs to the antelope family.

The Inglenook

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WHEN HOPE HAS FLED.

Who that hath lost some dear beloved friend
But knoweth how—when the wild grief is spent
That tore his soul with agony and did lend
E'en to the splendor-beaming firmament
The blighting darkness of his shadowed heart—
There surely follows peace and quiet sorrow
That leads his spirit, by divinest art,
Past the dreary present to that glorious morrow
Where parting is not, neither grief nor fear!
But how shall he find a comfort, who sees die,
Not the one presence that he held most dear,
But from his heart a hope as heaven high
And from his soul a wish as truth sublime,
And from his soul a love that mocked at time?

—Atlantic Monthly.

MASTER SOMETHING.

ONE of the most helpless persons in the world is the man or woman who can do nothing thoroughly well. There is no end to the long line of the helpless, and of the people who can do one or two things fairly well, and nothing thoroughly well. When they are brought face to face with the business of life, they manage to tag along fairly well, but their ambition is checkmated at every turn their inability to cope with the work of the expert. Many a man or woman who reads these lines regrets beyond all expression that they did not, in the early period of their lives, acquire some knowledge they could readily turn into money, but they did not so, and they are the hewers of wood and the carriers of water, in the very nature of things.

One the other hand, the best thing a boy or a girl can do is to settle upon some calling, some manual labor, for which there is always a demand, and thoroughly master it, so that, at any time of life afterwards, they

may be sure of a livelihood. This does not, by any means, mean that everyone should learn to be a carpenter or a blacksmith, but it does mean that there will be a great advantage to him if he is a good carpenter or a good blacksmith, even when he takes his diploma as a Doctor of Medicine or is admitted to the Bar. There are always times and occasions in the life of every professional man, when he regrets his inability as a wage-earner, his inability to go into the shop and work during a dull season, or a time of scarcity. It is never a disadvantage to know how to do something for which there is a demand, and know how to do it thoroughly well.

The Nook does not want to be understood as discouraging professional life, but it does want to be understood as advocating the acquirement of some business or calling for which there is an ever-present demand, and which will enable its possessor to stand off the wolf at any future period.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

It is a good plan to have a children's hour in homes where small children are found. A good time is the hour before bedtime when the whole of them can romp and play till it is time to be "tucked in." It is also well for the whole family to relax and enjoy themselves, big and little, old and young. All will sleep sounder, rise the better, and live happier and longer for it.

One of the very worst things that could happen children is to demand their silence and send them to bed in tears. There will be enough of that forced on them in the hard experience they will have to meet later in life. One of the most treasured memories of later life is that of the home circle when "we were all together." The break is sure to come.

A PLEA FOR THE DULL.

ONE of the things that very often annoys the teacher and vexes the parent is that some boy or girl is abnormally dull and incapable of getting hold of things. Of course it is sometimes the case that a lacking person is to be seen, but much oftener it is a case of slow development. That a boy or a girl of fifteen or sixteen has been stupid in school is not always a sign of his or her standing at the age of thirty or thirty-five years. Many a boy or girl has been shipped away from home as being of no earthly good, and a sojourn of some years among strangers, differently surrounded and with a change of environment, brings them back to us so developed that we hardly recognize them as the same persons. The reason for this has not been so much in the fact of their change of association, but be-

cause what was in them was of slower growth and in time they developed their latent powers.

No one would plant an acorn and expect it to grow with the same rapidity as the grain of corn planted by its side, and it is very often this way in the case of people. They are geared differently and revolve with different rates of speed, but in the end the race is not always to the swift nor the prize for the quick and alert. Rather is it the result of a dogged perseverance and a steady pull.

* * *

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

A GREAT many people confound health with strength. Now the actual facts are that they do not by any means always form a partnership. This is best shown by the fact that the professionally strong men and women and athletes generally, do not live out a long life. They nearly always die young, comparatively speaking, and while this may be caused in many instances by their methods of life it is a further fact that great strength of body is in most cases an over-development and over-balancing of the powers of the body, and sooner or later the machine wears out and gives way, while the better balanced body survives.

Health consists in the perfect adjustment of the human body, and not in excessive action. It very frequently happens that the man or woman who, apparently, is built on the shoestring order survives the acrobat and athlete of the same age. It is a fact that is almost universally the case that the professionally strong gives way first.

* * *

THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

At this writing winter has come to Elgin. Looking at the map and noting that the home of the Nook is somewhat north of Chicago, our southern readers might truthfully imagine that it gets very cold in this vicinity. This year the facts are that up to December the weather was decidedly pleasant, people on the streets requiring no overcoats or wraps. But the winter, at present, is on us and the ground is white with snow.

It is well that cold weather comes, clear, snapping cold, with the white over the earth. It is better for man and beast, and people come out of a cold winter healthier and better in body and mind for the shift in extremes of temperature during the year.

* * *

LOST:—A whole lot of good resolutions. The owner had them all rounded up on January 1st, since which time the majority have strayed. If anyone finds them he will recognize them as exceedingly first-class in character. No special reward is offered for their return, finders are welcome to them.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Is a broker's office a place where people get broke?

*

Of two women it is best to choose the one that will have you.

*

Curiosity very often uncovers the sins that charity had covered.

*

Do you want to get in front? Then secure the motorman's job.

*

Two heads are better than one till it comes to being the head of the house.

*

The road to most men's hearts is down their throats through their stomachs.

*

To boys, the most discouraging calling is the calling to get up in the morning.

*

Is a photographer charitable because he wants the best view of everything?

*

If the artist makes a picture of a successful battle, is it not always a drawn one?

*

Did Job have to select Christmas presents? He might have had another record.

*

The more at sea a man is when he proposes, the less difficulty the girl has to land him.

*

Why are Nook babies kept away from matches, yet encouraged to make them later in life?

*

Men say they like intellect in women, they admire the well dressed, and marry the womanly woman who is a good cook.

*

The one disadvantage to having one's own way all the time is that there will be no one else to put the blame on when things go wrong.

*

Physical culture is no new invention in connection with educational methods. The old schoolmaster who wore out dozens of rods on his pupils practiced it freely.

*

The most insignificant of mankind can succeed in attracting the attention of the public by simply coming into church late wearing a pair of new, squeaky shoes.

*

Which deserves the greater sympathy—the man who has married a girl who can cook and thinks she can play the piano, or the man who marries a girl who can play the piano and thinks she can cook?

ABOUT EXPLOSIVES.

A Chicago paper writes thus entertainingly of some dangerous explosives.

At the premises of an English company there occurred, a few weeks ago, a disastrous fire which completely gutted an enormous building and caused losses aggregating half a million dollars. The fire was attributed to an explosion of malt.

Any fine, inflammable dust, when mixed with a certain proportion of dry air, will explode. There was a similar accident in a New York candy manufactory last year. A terrific explosion which wrecked the entire building was discovered to be due to the fact that particles of fine icing sugar had been allowed to invade the room where the furnaces were.

An eminent authority on explosives declares that many of those accidents in coal mines usually attributed to fire damp have been caused by dry coal dust suspended in the galleries having been accidentally fired. Even so apparently innocent a substance as flour becomes fearfully explosive when mixed in suitable proportions with dry air.

Another substance recently proved to be extremely dangerous when stored in large quantities in chlorate of potash. The disaster two years ago in a big London factory proved the destructive powers of this simple remedy for colds.

Sugar and chlorate of potash mixed form an explosive which has been tried for blasting purposes; but so dangerous a compound is it that any explosive containing these ingredients is not likely to pass the government tests in this country.

A good many years ago it was discovered that cellulose soaked in strong nitric acid changed from a substance no more harmful than paper to a fierce explosive. The number of materials on which nitric acid will work a similar transformation is almost endless. Wood, paper, straw, coal, peat, pitch, starch, sugar, tan, phosphorus, iron, zinc, copper, and magnesium are only a few that could be named.

One of the best known and most terrible of these mixtures is nitro-glycerine, which is simply nitric acid and common glycerine mixed together, and allowed to fall into a stream of water. Dynamite is nothing more than nitro-glycerine absorbed by some spongy substance. Alum, asbestos, plaster of Paris, sawdust, bran, meal, even dried and pounded potatoes have been employed for this purpose, but the substance most commonly employed is what is known as "kiesel guhr," or spongy earth. This is a kind of clay formed of minute fossil shells, great beds of which are found in Germany, and other parts of the world.

Gun cotton, which was first made in 1846, is the form of nitro compound usually employed in war.

It is manufactured from ordinary cotton waste treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids.

There is one very curious point about gun cotton. It cannot be made from raw cotton in the bale; waste cotton is necessary for its manufacture. It seems as if the bleaching to which manufactured cotton has been subjected has something to do with fitting the waste for becoming explosive material. Oily waste is, however, completely useless for making gun cotton, and even if a little is carelessly used, a whole batch of the manufactured product may be spoiled.

Gun cotton is so extraordinarily sudden in its action that a small quantity has been exploded in contact with a heap of gunpowder, and has failed to set fire to it.

The great advantage which gun cotton possesses over all other explosives is that damp does not injure it. In fact, wet gun cotton explodes with just as great violence as dry, but is, of course, much harder to fire. Consequently it is one of the safest explosives to carry, as it can be thoroughly wetted before packing and kept wet during transport. For mining purposes, or for use in war, gun cotton is usually compressed into hard cakes.

The cordite which is now used in British military rifles is a rather more compound substance, being composed of thirty-seven parts of gun cotton mixed with fifty-eight of nitro-glycerine and five parts of mineral jelly. It is formed into little cords each three-eightieths of an inch in diameter. These are made up into little faggots which are placed in the cartridges.

What seems a very odd substance from which to make an explosive is gutta percha. But by the action of nitric acid it can be turned into a formidable detonator.

Each country has its pet powder. The United States uses picrate of ammonia, the French have a beautiful, semi-transparent, chestnut colored powder made of the nitrates of potassium and barium. Besides these there are dozens of explosives with fancy names, such as ballistite, cannonite, rifleite, randite, plastomenite. These vary in size and shape of grain, color and power; but they all depend on the action of nitric acid for their explosive force.

The very latest in explosives hails from Australia. It is called byronite, and is made—so its inventors state—chiefly from common vegetables.

* * *

WE are in receipt of a great many commendations on the Colorado State issue of the INGLENOOK. We are pleased to know that our efforts on behalf of the Nook family are so widely and thoroughly appreciated.

GERMAN BASKETS.

ORDINARY willow and split baskets are made in this country, many of them right in the shops where they are exhibited for sale; but the finer baskets are mostly imported from Germany. These baskets are made of fine straw, sea grass, shredded palm leaf and some other materials. The best of them are handsome in form and attractive in coloring. In fact, there is evidently an excellent tradition among the German basket makers, for an ill-formed or crudely colored basket is rarely seen among the imported wares.

Those baskets made of fine straw, together with sea grass, are the most beautiful in coloring. The colors are pale-green and warm yellow. In form

The German baskets are relatively cheap, says the New York Times, being made largely by women, children and superannuated men, whose time would be otherwise almost valueless. A German basket that sells here for \$2.50, the price of the finest imported baskets, could not be made in New York for half as much again. They are all hand-made, and they cannot be profitably produced in this country until machinery can be applied to the manufacture. The German housewife of the quarter counts her baskets as among her treasures. She buys only the best and has them for all uses, but they last her half a lifetime and are repaired again and again by the skillful basket weavers of the quarter. These beautiful baskets are handled with the utmost care, are not loaded with what they



STOCK ALONG THE SANTA FE RAILWAY.

the baskets are not quite rectangular, with double lids and strong handles. They look soft and pliable, but are rigid and strong. Sometimes the handle is strengthened with a strap of steel. The lids are secured by a catch of straw strongly woven or sometimes a hook of metal.

Handsomest of all the imported baskets are those of shredded palmleaf. They are rectangular, roomy, beautifully woven with little triangular interstices, ivory white in color and extremely strong and rigid. The lids, of the same material, are securely hinged and provided with metallic catches. These baskets are in two or three sizes, of which the largest is big enough for a market basket. Other baskets from Germany are fishing baskets big enough for a hearty luncheon and the necessary liquid refreshments, baskets with domed-lids suitable for carrying light bulky articles, work baskets for German housewives, children's gayly decorated lunch baskets and a variety of variously-formed baskets for special uses. Few of the baskets are merely ornamental; most are designed to serve some useful purpose and none is so delicately wrought that it will not long serve the user.

are not intended to carry and kept scrupulously clean and dry.

♦ ♦ ♦ STEAM.

If the cover of the kettle is lifted, the boiling water seems to be covered by a cloud of white steam, but this cloud did not exist before the cover was raised. It has been formed by the sudden cooling of the vapor. In a glass boiler which is either completely sealed or provided with only a narrow outlet for the vapor the space above the water is perfectly transparent and apparently empty.

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In some Nook families the parents get ahead of the youngsters by spelling the words they don't want known. A bright boy caught on the plan, and when the preacher at a formal dinner took the last piece of cake Johnny remarked to his parents, "Our preacher is a p-i-g." Imagine the result!

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An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges; a lemon tree 6,000 fruit.

TRAINS PARROTS.

THE Chicago *Tribune* tells of a queer business.

In an obscure back street lives a man who pursues a curious but not unlucrative calling. He is a language teacher to parrots, his specialty being that of teaching parrots to speak sentences, etc., in various languages, according to the particular foreign market to which they are to be sold. The whole of the parrot tutor's house, except two rooms, is given up to the birds, the rooms in which are their cages being divided up by sound proof partitions into several smaller compartments, each containing a cage, that the birds may not hear each other.

"I believe I am the only language tutor to parrots," said the man. "I've lived in several foreign cities and I know seven foreign languages. At one time I was a waiter and at another an interpreter, but lost my work, and for a long time I subsisted in a garret, doing translations and giving French and German lessons at fourpence an hour. One day I thought of this. I was talking to a big parrot dealer, and chanced to ask if he sold many parrots abroad. He replied: 'Hardly ever, because of the different languages spoken abroad, English speaking parrots naturally not being in much demand in foreign towns.' This gave me an idea, and I suggested that I should experiment with one of his parrots. I took home a quite uneducated bird, and after a few weeks had taught it to repeat several short French sentences. After this I started teaching his parrots to speak French, German, and Italian regularly. I work now entirely for the dealers, not for private people. I've got quite a good connection of my own among the large parrot dealers.

"The best bird for teaching foreign languages is the African gray parrot, from the west coast of Africa and Prince's island. My methods? Well, diet and warmth are important. I keep my parrots in an artificially warmed temperature of about 80 degrees, acclimatizing them to cooler temperatures before selling, and give them some proportion of their native food—palm nuts, bananas, etc. I instruct my parrot pupils in the mornings and evenings, first pronouncing one word for days together, later two or three words. I make sentences of words that join easily together. A bird will learn a short sentence in less than a fortnight.

"An important secret is that of so teaching a bird that it will seem to speak intelligently and as if it understood what was happening at the moment. Thus by pulling out my watch and then saying, 'What's the time?' the parrot soon learns to say 'What's the time?' whenever it sees a watch produced. To teach a bird to greet a visitor with 'How d'you do?' on the proper occasions, I repeat these

words as I enter the room where the parrot is. To make him say, 'Must you go? Good-by,' I rise from a chair, pick up my hat and stick, and go out of the room repeating the words.

"A parrot will quite frequently catch up the exact tones of its tutor's voice as well as the words. Working on this idea, I have now, after extraordinary trouble, an intelligent parrot that has been taught to give imitations of actors—only a few, of course, but he can give an exact imitation of the voices of Ellaline Terriss, George Grossmith, Jr., and Yvette Guilbert, the French singer. His best selection, however, is the four words in voice and tune of Phyllis Rankin's 'When we are married' song from 'The Belle of New York.' How was he taught? Well; of course I couldn't engage these artists to teach him, but there is a clever lady amateur actress who is wonderful at imitations of actors' and singers' vocal peculiarities, and she had the bird to live with her and coached him several months, until his vocal imitations were so exact you'd think they'd been acquired from the originals.

"One especial feature I've tried recently is an idea of my own—that of teaching what I call my advertising parrots. They are taught so that whenever they see anyone enter a shop they say, 'Have you tried So and So's milk porridge?' or 'Hair Restorer?' or whatever the commodity is. The parrot's cage, bearing a label advertising the patent commodity, stands on the shop counter, and the bird puffs the article all day long, for he has been purposely taught nothing else."

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REBEL ARCHIVES.

EVERY Nooker knows that the written material of the government constitutes its archives, which are always very carefully filed away, as they constitute the history of the country. In an old country like England, the mass of material that is thus accumulated is something enormous in its character and extent. Even in a country as young as the United States there is an enormous mass of it. It may never have occurred to the reader what became of the archives of the rebel government after the Confederacy had collapsed. Thereby hangs a very interesting story.

Naturally a great deal of very interesting material accumulated at the seat of government, Richmond, and at the time of the collapse in 1865, or just before that time, when Gen'l Lee's messengers advised Jeff. Davis that they would have to evacuate Richmond, the boxes of records, some hundreds in number, were sent South in all haste on cars. The question that immediately presented itself to the Confederate authorities was what was to be done with these records. Some wanted them burned, while others wished to preserve them,

in order that the history of the war might be correctly written. They were turned over to General Sherman and forwarded to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, at Washington. When they arrived in Washington, they were housed in an old building, filling every room in the house, and even the cellar and barn. A custodian was placed over them and there they remained, until a corps of clerks was selected to go through them and arrange them according to subject. Everything was done systematically and all the various papers were arranged in their places, giving practically the skeleton of the Confederate government as it existed in Richmond. A great many secrets were thus made public property and many things were cleared up. The correspondence of the defunct government was of the utmost interest to the Federal authorities. Not a few people were compromised by letters they had written, as they subsequently fell into the hands of the authorities. One instance of which I may relate. A prominent Union Officer, who had fought well and bravely against the rebellion, had previously offered his services to the Confederacy and had either been turned down or overlooked in some way and took up arms for the Union. He subsequently applied for a place in the Federal service and would have received it in consideration of his bravery, had not his previous correspondence with the Confederacy been established beyond a doubt.

These papers that came to us are of such unquestioned value that they are guarded with the utmost care and without them it would have been next to impossible to have written a correct history of the war.

There is no doubt whatever but that here and there, through the South, are important papers, in the possession of private individuals, which would throw much light upon the mooted points, if they were all collected in one place, and possibly some of our Nook readers may be in possession of such records of the Confederacy that would be of great value if their existence were known to the authorities.

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THE CHINA TOWN DRUG STORE.

THERE are few places more interesting in Chinatown than the oriental laboratories and drug stores. Quaint and curious are many of the prescribed remedies, although many of the herbs used are excellent for some maladies, and this fact is pretty generally recognized, for the average Chinese doctor who can speak English counts among his patients Americans as well as orientals.

One of the largest drug stores in Chinatown is that of Wong Woo, who has over 3,000 different barks, roots and berries, all imported from his own country. Some few of the herbs grow here, but they have not the strength of the Chinese plants. For instance, gin-

seng grown in Pennsylvania, from which state large quantities are exported, brings only fifty cents a pound, while Chinese ginseng sells for three dollars and four dollars.

A certain bark, which upon being broken into pieces discloses a silvery-colored silken fiber, is much used as a tonic; it is the bark of the tree called toy chung. Orange skin, betel nut, licorice, sweet-tasting red berries, bamboo shavings and all sorts of roots and herbs are used. A man is constantly at work preparing the different varieties for the concoction which is boiled in the adjoining laboratory.

The Chinese herb medicines have an indescribably sweetish-bitter, entirely unappetizing taste. They are served steaming hot in teacups, a dainty little dish piled high with preserved prunes being given with each dose, to take away the taste. Dr. Wong is a very busy man; he issues all the orders and writes out the prescriptions. Although he handles none of the medicine himself, he generally stands by to see that each order is properly executed.

It is curious enough, says a San Francisco correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, to see the native druggist fill a prescription, cutting off a piece of snake, chipping a bit of horn, a few shavings of betel nut, an herb or two and lastly a couple of lizards.

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A MEXICAN RAILROAD'S RECORD OF SAFETY.

CONSIDERABLE prominence has been given in the press of the world lately to the fact that not a passenger on the English railroads has been killed during the year 1901. It may prove of interest to know that the Mexican National Narrow Gauge Road, from Corpus Christi through Laredo to the City of Mexico, with its branches, amounting to more than twelve hundred miles of operated road, for more than twenty years, has never killed a passenger. This, in the face of the fact that this road climbs more mountains, turns more curves, than any road in the United States.—*Galveston Daily News*.

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TOO MANY WOMEN SMOKERS.

THE stationmaster at the Richmond, Va., union station posted orders recently forbidding women to smoke in their waiting-room. The maid had been frequently sent out to the cigar stand for packages of cigarettes, and the practice had grown so rapidly in the luxurious apartments provided for the comfort of women passengers that the railroad authorities took this unusual action.

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ALL the cork used in the world in a year weighs just over one thousand tons. It comes from France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and North Africa.

NOT A PLEASANT JOB.

WHEN a valued snake at the New York "Zoo" refuses to take kindly to plucked chicken, and lets months roll by without any evident intention to eat, no matter how enticing the food which is offered it may be, measures have to be taken to prevent it from committing suicide. Usually large snakes are placed in cages with several others of their kind. It is a difficult matter to extract from this cage one of the snakes without exciting the others.

The greatest precautions have to be taken by those conducting the food compelling operations. Under Prof. Ditmars, at the New York Zoölogical gardens, are assistants Charles Snyder, Frederick Dahl, and George Stockdale. It is the province of the first named assistant to enter the python cage and throw blankets over the heads of the snakes which are not to be fed.

This task is by no means free from great danger. Aside from the fact that the snakes might envelop the man in their coils the man runs great risks from bites. The bite of the python, anaconda, and others of this class is not poisonous, but it is painful.

When the snakes have been covered, the one to be fed is seized by the body just back of the termination of the head. With a remarkably quick movement, the head of the snake is then drawn from the cage.

As soon as the snake has been pulled from his cage he begins to resent the treatment. His coils mount up with wonderful rapidity. At this point, Assistants Dahl and Stockdale throw themselves upon the reptile and prevent him from constricting. The greatest care has to be taken in performing this task in order not to let the snake get the folds of his body about any of the men.

They keep well without the terrible circles by jumping over the snake's body whenever he gets them "in chancery," as it were. This often requires a nimbleness on the part of the assistants which would be almost laughable were it not so fraught with danger.

When the body of the snake has been drawn entirely out of the cage, from twelve to fifteen other men throw their weight on the folds of the snake and compel it to remain in a straight line.

The snake is then carried out into a large room in the reptile house, where its enforced meal awaits it. Usually a meal for one of the big anacondas or pythons consists of five or six guinea pigs strung together. They have been killed and soaked in water previous to the feeding hour. The guinea pigs are attached to a long pole. The jaws of the snake are forced open, and this pole, with the pigs attached, is thrust down the snake's throat. When the pole has passed down about one-sixth of the snake's length it is withdrawn, minus the guinea pigs.

Up to this time the snake has offered little resistance, save for the first rebellious paroxysm. Now, however, he begins to assert himself forcibly. He makes desperate efforts to rid himself of his meal by a series of convulsions which would do justice to a skilled contortionist. It seems to an on-looker as if he were trying to tie himself into various kinds of knots, from a half hitch to a "granny." The fifteen men are swayed about as if they were mere children. It requires all their combined force to keep the reptile straight. If once he is allowed to draw himself into a tight coil all the feeding has to be done over again.

After about five minutes of strenuous effort to free himself from the grasp of his captors, the snake finally seems to reconsider his decision not to swallow his food. One can observe the progress of the guinea pigs down through the body of the reptile in the form of a great lump. When it has reached about half the length it comes to a standstill.

The snake is now taken back to the cage. The door in the rear is cautiously opened and the head of the snake is rapidly thrust in. The rest of his body is forced in after him, and the door is closed with a sharp snap—sometimes just in time to prevent the other snakes from darting out, for they have probably crawled under the blanket.

IN A HAIR STORE.

It is not pleasant to have a bundle of twenty pounds of human hair thrown down on a counter before you. There is not only the pervasive odor, not necessarily offensive, but the attendant suggestion of its origin, the reminder of the squalid, unromantic surroundings in east Germany or southern Russia, where reckless or avaricious peasant girls come to the fairs and voluntarily have their pigtailed cropped for a ruble or a florin an ounce.

Looking at a row of boxes filled with brown, chestnut, drab and golden tresses, the air of the wholesale storehouse redolent with the oily, ineffable human smell, one's thought is naturally of a romance of old world starvation and women's sacrifice. Such reverie is distributed by the wholesale merchant's placid quotations: "You'd think France would buy most hair, wouldn't you? Well, it doesn't. England does. But France comes next. We're a warm third.

"The best hair comes from Germany and Austria-Hungary, Little Russia and Italy. The cheapest hair comes from China and it is made up for our colored people. Over there's a lot of it." There was a lot of it—bushels.

"It's almost as stiff, you see, as horse hair, and it's not worth much more an ounce, only a few cents."

"What is the most costly hair?"

"That," said the merchant, holding up a bunch of beautiful snow-white and silken tresses. "That, 'way beyond anything. It looks like silver, but it's worth its weight in gold."

"That's 'old lady's finest natural white,' and it costs you \$25 an ounce. I'll sell you an ounce of Chinese hair for 75 cents. That's the difference."

"Where do you get it?"

"Where do you get anything that brings money?" Our agents look for it. The peasant women in Europe don't set great store by their hair; they all wear caps and head dresses, and even the girls think nothing of cutting off their coils or queues for \$1, which they can spend on trinkets or clothes at the next fair."

"What comes next to the 'old lady's finest?'"

"Why, this," showing hair which was neither so snowy nor glossy as the first sample.

"That's plain 'natural white,' and it is worth about \$15 an ounce. Then comes gray, worth from \$6 to \$7 an ounce. Then the hair runs in descending scale—drab, black, brown and dark brown, worth from \$18 to \$16 a pound, about an average of \$1 an ounce if there's no drab in it. Look here, for instance."

He led the way to the end of the long wareroom, opened a deep box and drew from it and threw down on the counter a heavy bundle of varicolored or rather tinted hair, most of the strands shading from light brown into dark brown or light black. The odor was overpowering, but not offensive.

"There are twenty pounds in that bunch and not two ounces of drab in it. The whole thing came with a lot from Russia. It's worth about \$350."

"Was it all cut from the heads of living women?"

"Indeed, it was. We don't touch the other kind; it's no good. You can tell it at a glance; it's coarse and brittle and it's dry and—well it gives itself away."

The writer mentioned the Angora goat farm which is about to be established in the west.

"Yes," said the merchant, "the Angora hair is good, very good. There is always a demand for it. But it can never compete with the hair of the yak, and I suppose we've seen the last of that. Its exportation from Asia has been prohibited."—*New York World*.

THE universe is as full of truth and goodness as it is of light. And no more surely does the constant day return alike to the "just and the unjust" than true lives will rebuke our untruth, earnest opportunities rebuke our reluctant sloth of spirit by their brave and cheerful solicitings.—*Henry Wilder Foote*.

HERE AND THERE IN CANADA.—No. 4.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

I SAW an old deserted cabin, many miles away from any settlement, where no fruit or grain could have grown, and wild animals revel all around this forsaken place among the rocks and forest. Nobody knows what connection this fallen cabin may have had with the development of the country.

The Red Man can be seen in his wigwam in some of the wild mountains of Canada, living as did his fathers, centuries ago. He has imbibed the silent, sullen nature of the grim, bare hills about him, and lives by hunting.

Shattered canoes and deserted log buildings mark Lord Wolseley's disastrous march of four hundred miles through a barren, rocky waste, to subdue some rebellious Indians before the Canadian Pacific Railway was built. He was finally successful.

Lumbering in these regions is an extensive industry. The log rafts of Canada are an important feature. Hardy lumbermen, provided with saw and ax and a box of salt meat, cut and roll down the great hillsides thousands of logs each summer. Tens of thousands of these logs are floated out into the river in a body. Then logs, twenty to forty feet long, are fastened together at their ends by a short chain, until the chain of logs fastened is long enough to go entirely around the thousands of logs in the river. The bigger the river the bigger the float. Then sometimes they just simply float down to the mill, or a small steamer is hitched to the chain of logs and tows them to the landing place. Men with large pikepoles walk round and round the encircling logs, like guards on a penitentiary wall, and keep them in position so as not to let them duck and pass under the outside logs and be lost.

Forest fires are very destructive. It is sickening to see the vast areas of pine that are swept clean by forest fires every few years. Countless millions of dollars have thus been lost to the world, and much of it is caused by the carelessness of hunters, travelers, and others.

The Hudson Bay Company, chartered by the king of England in 1670, is still in existence and flourishing all over Canada. Like our Standard Oil Company, they get every vantage ground possible and hold it tenaciously. Their stores, warehouses, and trading stations are in evidence everywhere. They own much land that is growing valuable. Another company, strongly capitalized, started in competition many years ago, but was pushed to the wall and sank in the whirlpool of financial disaster.

Who can tell of an older commercial house in existence to-day than the Hudson Bay Company?
Eaton, Ohio.

LOST.

LOST, somewhere on the road of time while journeying from nowhere to the land of Over There, a youth. The finder may have all the loser has if the youth is returned. Here is how you may know it:

It has not a gray hair, not a care nor a wrinkle. It got up when the dew was on the grass, hurried breakfast and the necessary chores and went down the meadow fishing in the run. There never was such a glisten as that on the spider webs hung with pearls, from rail to rail in the old worm fence, nor such a nimble ground-squirrel as the one that scampered along the top rail and disappeared in the clump of blackberry bushes.

This youth knew every bird's nest for half a mile around the house, knew where the rabbits hid in the thicket, and the stone pile in the field that once swallowed a snake that grew in size with each recital of the adventure. In the spring the youth knew where the meadow was full of Johnny-jump-ups, and in the little swamp the "snake-feeder" with filmy wings darted here and there over the pool fringed with the uncanny flower of the skunk cabbage. There was a dog that romped along, but the dog died at home, of old age, while the youth simply slipped away and was gone.

The youth kept telling stories of fame, of honors and wealth, and they have proved to be romances. But the youth had such a pleasant tone of voice, and beckoned and pointed so gracefully that I want it returned, even though I know that now, at least, there is no pot of gold at the other end of the rainbow, no truth in the prophecy of the field daisy being torn off, petal by petal, as we said, "He loves me, he loves me not," and so on to the last one that told the story.

This youth loitered in the shade of the big tree in the meadow field, fished in the holes in the creek, chased the rabbit and the chipmunk, and peopled the shades of evening with unknown ghosts that would never do to encounter alone unless one whistled or sung. The youth made no promise of going or staying, and when it went was about the time the dandelion became known as the *Taraxacum leontodes*, and when Min Brown became Miss Minnie and turned up her nose at my bunch of wild daisies.

There are other marks, but by the above you will know the youth. When found deliver to the man with the gray hair, and spectacles. No questions will be asked if it has been taken by mistake.

FOUND.

Dear Old Man:—

YOUR advertisement of your lost youth met my eye to-day while I was bidding good-bye to some ladies

who were engaged in plucking out a few first gray hairs.

I don't mind telling you that you needn't waste any more time, or lose sleep over your youth. I took it while you were thinking of what you would do when you grew up. You were so absorbed that you let it stray away from you and I ran off with it. You needn't try to look me up. I am known as

TIME, THE THIEF.

FIRST GLOBE CIRCLING MESSAGE.

CHARLES J. GLIDDEN, of Boston, is a man with imagination. When the new British Pacific cable was completed the other day, it occurred to Mr. Glidden that somebody ought to send a message around the world. Nobody had ever done it, and nobody else seems to have thought of doing it; so Mr. Glidden wrote a message, "round the world," addressed it to himself and started it on its journey. It was not a "rush" message, and therefore did not reach Mr. Glidden until thirty-eight hours and twenty minutes after it was sent; but it came and it was the first one of its kind. The *Springfield Republican* says it cost the sender twelve dollars; and was not transmitted correctly; but twelve dollars is cheap enough for the privilege of sending the first cable message around the world. The cablegram traveled by the way of San Francisco, Vancouver, Fanning Island, Fiji Islands, Norfolk Island, Australia, Singapore, through India to the Red Sea, across the Mediterranean to Paris, thence to London and across the Atlantic to Boston. In view of the number of times it had to be repeated, the errors seem inconsequential and the rate reasonable.—*Detroit Free Press*.

ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR PHRASES.

"CUT A DIDO."—More than eight hundred years before Christ, Dido, Queen of Tyre, was obliged to fly from the city over which she reigned—fled after her husband had been put to death by her brother—and founded a colony, afterward famous as the city of Carthage, upon the north coast of Africa. To acquire possession of the site upon which she wished to establish herself, Dido made a bargain with the natives, to whom she agreed to pay a certain sum of money for as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide. She then had the hide cut into extremely narrow strips, tied them together, and then exacted and obtained the land that was surrounded by the long line. So now when anyone plays a sharp trick, he is said to "Cut a Dido."

A MILE of wreck-strewn coast in southwestern Norway proves to be filled with magnetic iron ore, deflecting the compass a whole degree.

Aunt Barbara's Page

GOD'S LITTLE GARDEN.

My heart is in God's little garden,
And the fruits that grow each day
Are the things he sees me doing,
And the words he hears me say.

The flowers in "God's little garden"
Are "joy," and "truth," and "love;"
And the seed by the Master planted
Is raised in his gardens above.

There's a spring in "God's little garden,"
Whose waters, so sweet and clear,
Flow out into other gardens,
Which God plants very near.

I must tend "God's little garden,"
Lest the weeds and sharp thorns grow;
If the flowers should droop and wither
His heart would be sad I know.

—A. W. Spooner, in the Presbyterian Journal.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"MAMMA!" said Fred, looking up from his history lesson on Ponce de Leon's fruitless quest, "Is there any real Fountain of Youth?"

"I know of one," said his mother, smiling.

"Do you?" he asked eagerly. "Where is it? Could I find it?"

"Certainly, for it is everywhere."

"I don't see how that can be," he said blankly.

"I think our own grandma has a very tangible one, for instance," said his mother, still smiling at his mystified face.

"Grandma?" Fred asked in surprise,—"Grandma isn't young!"

"No, she is not young in years," his mother answered. "But Fred, if you were to choose between Grandma, who is seventy-six, and Mabel Norcross, who is sixteen, which would you wish for a playmate? And remember, you are only eleven years old."

Fred made a very wry face.

"Well! I should choose Grandma!" he exclaimed emphatically. "Of all the selfish, stuck-up budgets, Mabel Norcross is the worst!"

"And why would you choose Grandma?" his mother still persisted.

"Because she cares, and wants to hear what a fellow's got to say, and can help him think out ways of doing things," he replied promptly,—"she's so jolly."

"Yes, that is just it, dear. With all her years and sorrows, and feebleness of body, she has kept herself young by her hearty, helpful sympathy with everybody. There's your real Fountain of Youth, Fred. That is what men and women have gone traveling up and down to find, when all the while it was following them like their shadows. And the best time to begin using this fountain is when we are young, as Grandma did, Fred, dear."

"Yes, I know it," he said, slowly, "but," with a long breath, "I wish we could stay young in our bodies, too. You don't know what fun it is to play and just tear along, Mamma."

"Don't I?" she laughed. "But I think young-old bodies are possible, too, in a great degree. I once knew a man over ninety who could walk six miles without tiring greatly, and who wrote articles for a paper, which everybody read with interest. He was vigorous through living in the fresh air, on simple food; thinking pure thoughts, and never letting his body—or soul—muscles shrivel up for want of exercise. That's all there was to his Fountain of Youth."

Fred sat a long time staring at nothing, with very bright eyes.

"Poor old Ponce de Leon!" he said at last. "I wish we could make it up, somehow, to those dead-and-gone fellows, for teaching us such a lot by the mistakes they made."

Elgin, Ill.

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COLD QUARTERS FOR A CAT.

"SLIPPERS," being an Arizona kitty, doesn't know how well Tabby in Elgin, or Tom in North Dakota, likes to curl up and go to sleep in a soft nest in the basket behind the stove, or down in the furnace room, these winter evenings, after having a good supper of warm new milk, but what would he think of the Philadelphia cat who stays all the time in a room that is never warmer than twenty-two degrees below freezing? This cat lives in a large cold-storage warehouse where things are kept so cold to prevent their spoiling. She was accustomed to warmer quarters until one of the cold apartments was overrun with rats and mice, and she was turned loose in it to see what she would do. She seemed to think she had found a happy hunting ground, and, as she appeared to suffer no ill effects from the cold, she has been allowed to stay there, much to the satisfaction of the owners.

The Q. & A. Department.

What are the Pure Food Laws, that is what is meant by such laws?

It is intended to protect the innocent purchaser. The idea is that if you go into a store and ask for butter you get it, and not an imitation. The same with all other commodities. Adulteration has become so frightfully common that some protection was needed, hence the law. Here is an illustration. If you put up some syrup, label it "Pure Honey," and to assist the deception, insert a piece of real comb honey, and sell it for honey, if you get caught at it you will be punished for the fraud. And the law ought to be enforced everywhere. Often the retailer catches it by selling a fraud for what was represented as unadulterated to him. Like all laws it sometimes works inequity, but the idea is a good one.

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What was the "Tulip Craze?"

About three hundred years ago people in Holland went mad over buying and selling tulip bulbs. Some of them bought a single bulb for over \$2,000. The usual industries were abandoned, fictitious values placed on tulips, and then, all at once, prices fell to the normal. Thousands were ruined, and it was a long time before the country recovered. Such spasms occasionally overtake a country and a people. For instance, how about the Belgian hare business?

❖

Can starch be made at home?

Yes, but it will be better to buy it. As an experiment grate a big potato, after peeling it, and then put it in a quart fruit jar and fill with water. Shake hard for a while, let settle, pour off, and the starch will be found at the bottom.

❖

Are there any signs that indicate an earthquake?

None. Some recall premonitions after the fact, but none know when it is coming or what it will do. The Nookman was through a big one, and it came on without a note of warning. Everybody is scared, and many get sick.

❖

Is there a way of painting by machinery, so to speak?

The writer has seen paint sprayed on a surface. The inquirer refers specially to the Christmas toys coloring, and these are painted by hand. Girls do the work.

❖

Is there anything quicker than powder?

Yes. Nitroglycerine has been exploded in powder, blowing it away without igniting it.

What will become of us when we die, according to the Nook view? This is asked in good faith. I have thought much about it, etc.

Neither the INGLENOOK, nor anybody else, for that matter, has any exact knowledge whatever about it. Our querist knows as much as anybody about it. The one shrouded in his coffin knows more than all of us, even though he may know nothing. There is the ever-present, and universal feeling, that tells a story of a future life. Personally, we think it is a sure thing, but could not tell why beyond a sincere expression of faith in the matter. As no thinking beyond looking on death as a certain thing will be of any help it is advised to think not at all on it. Do all the good within reach, and leave the rest to what is beyond. Believe in Christ, obey his teachings, do all the good you can, and have no fear of what may follow. It will be all right.

❖

Can rice be grown in the north?

No, but you can plant some in the garden and see how it grows. It is a hot country plant, and requires water to do well, that is, water enough to flood it.

❖

What is the septuagint?

A translation of the Bible into Greek by seventy learned Jews,—the work of the seventy—the Septuagint, done about 280 B. C.

❖

Is there anything in dreams?

There is a great deal of evidence that there is. Also there are many dreams without any foundation or results.

❖

What became of the first letters or books of the Bible?

They were utterly lost, nobody knows where, when or how. Copies have survived, and these are accurate beyond question.

❖

Does colored light affect vegetable growth?

Yes. Using a red glass advances growth, not because of the red, but because the glass strains out the red rays.

❖

Is gold often found in large pieces?

No, it is the exception. When so found the pieces are very irregular in formation.

❖

Is steam in a boiler visible?

No, it is not, as may readily be demonstrated in a glass boiler.

The Home



Department

FRUIT CAKE.

BY SISTER M. E. EATON.

TAKE one cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of baking molasses, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one nutmeg grated and two pounds of seeded raisins.

Baltimore, Md.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.

BY M. B. B.

TAKE one quart of sour milk, one pint of shortening, three pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with flour as stiff as you can stir. Set in a cold place to thoroughly chill the dough, which makes the rolling-out process easier. Sugar top while rolling out. They can be frosted or have nuts on or in them, or fixed up as one's fancy dictates.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

GINGER SNAPS,—SUCH AS WE BUY.

BY MRS. AMOS WAMPLER.

TAKE two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of shortening, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one and one-half cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix stiff with flour, roll thin and bake quickly.

Knobnoster, Mo.

SHOOFLY PIE.

BY MILLIE STUDEBAKER.

FOR four pies, take one cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of soda and one cup of boiling water, mix, and put in pie pans lined with crust. Mix three cups of flour, one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter, put on top of the liquid and bake.

Prescott, Arizona.

CRULLERS WITHOUT MILK.

BY SISTER ODA GARVEY.

TAKE seven pints of flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda, fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one and one-half cups of sugar, sift all together. Put four pints of lukewarm water in your mixing pan, add five or six tablespoonfuls of lard, one egg, flavor with vanilla and stir well. Then add the flour, soda, cream of tartar and sugar and stir till smooth, roll about one-fourth of an inch thick, cut in any shape desired and fry in deep hot lard.

Windsor, Mo., R. R. 1.

BROWN BREAD.

BY SISTER LIZZIE MINEELY.

TAKE two cups of flour, two cups of corn meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, mix with sour milk so that you can stir it with a spoon. Steam for three hours.

Johnstown, Pe.

COUGH RECIPE.

BY SARAH A. SCOTT.

DISSOLVE three-fourths of a pound of white sugar in a little cold water and mix with it one-half ounce of tincture of sassafras, one ounce of anise, one ounce of peppermint, one ounce of squills, one ounce of tincture of lobelia, and one-half ounce of wintergreen.

Hillsboro, Ohio.

COLD SOURKROUT.

BY SISTER KATIE E. KELLER.

WASH and press out of the brine one quart of kroust and put it in a vegetable dish. Mix one cup of granulated sugar and one cup of vinegar if not too strong. If too strong add water to taste. When sugar is melted pour over the kroust and let stand one hour before using.

Tipton, Iowa.

LITERARY.

ONE of the things that notes the passing of time is the receipt of a magazine the middle of this month, bearing the date and imprint of the month to come. In fact the earliest harbingers of the coming month are the next month's magazines. There are so many of them, and all of them possessed of so much excellence, that we would hardly know where to begin the enumeration of periodical good reading adapted to the generality of the public.

Very few people know the history of a magazine article, or the course through which it must go before it appears on the news-dealer's stand. We buy the magazine and pay ten cents therefor. We sit down at home and read its pages with more or less care, and find that everything in it is well proportioned and "strings out" smoothly. The ordinary reader does not know the length of time that has elapsed since the article was first conceived in the mind of the writer, nor does he know the devious course it took before it finally became his own, one of the fifty thousand similar copies scattered all over the earth. To those of us who know, the wonder is that we can hold the magazine, or even a daily or weekly paper, so lightly. Fifty people have given their time and their best efforts to the production of the publication. All that money could buy in the way of skilled labor in the highest arts and sciences, are tastefully arranged and may be put in the hands of every farm boy or girl for the price of a half dozen eggs. That there should be any ignorance as to current events abroad in the land is difficult to conceive when we consider the facilities that surround us on all sides. He who is ignorant or illiterate, in the sense of not knowing what is going on in the world of letters, is in that condition of his own free will. There may be cases of extreme poverty where even ten cents a month is not to be considered, but to the great majority of us the family without any magazine, of any character, seems like a family that has strayed far away into the shadows of ignorance. We advise every Nook reader to put his spare money into books and magazines. They come to us fresh monthly and after we have read them may be passed on to others as a sort of missionary effort until they are worn to a frazzle.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information rel-

ative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

SINGERS GET LARGE PAY.

SOME singers receive as large emoluments as do the crowned heads of the world. The highest figure ever paid to a singer at Covent Garden was the sum of forty-eight thousand dollars paid to Mme. Adelina Patti in 1870 for sixteen appearances, or three thousand dollars for each appearance. Mme. Patti has, however, beaten this record in her American tours, when she has obtained, as she did at New Orleans in the '80's, as much as six thousand dollars a night.

Jean De Reszke holds the record for male singers, his contract for sixteen appearances being thirty-six thousand dollars, while the famous Polish tenor never fails to stipulate for free hotel expenses and a certain sum for carriage and horses.

The famous La Salle has always drawn his two thousand dollars a performance, and during the golden jubilee of 1887 he appeared with the two De Reszkes at one time on the stage, the aggregate of their nightly salaries amounting to over five thousand dollars.

* * *

HOW THE BOY CHOSE HIS CALLING.

A WELL-KNOWN politician once asked a New England clergyman what were his intentions for the future of his vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," he said, "my wife and I believe in natural selection and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was we left him in the sitting room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar and an apple. I said, 'If, when we come back, he is reading the Bible I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple I will put him on a farm. When we returned he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked: 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician of him.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

* * *

COLD words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words make people good-natured. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.—*Pascal*.

THE INGLENOOK

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JANUARY 10, 1903.

No. 2.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land of the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And, O, we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-coming fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
This world's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

—Lady Nairne.

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

Love and sympathy are common enough things, perhaps, but oh, how pitifully slow they sometimes are to gladden our homes! Families will go through life loving each other, ready to make almost any sacrifice for each other and yet holding back expressions of this love and readiness to serve as though they were something to be ashamed of and concealed. Now and then, in time of great strain or anguish, the crust will be broken for a brief instant, and the heart will reveal itself. But a return to the normal conditions, and the love—the sunshine—will be overshadowed by a cloud of reserve, abiding just as strong and true, perhaps, but not familiar enough for everyday use. Not all are like this, thank God! There are some whose lives are as open and sunny as days in June, and between whom and those around them there is no timidity and lack of frankness. Such as these are true missionaries in the world, rising above reserve and

misgiving and repining, and making all around them more beautiful and glad by the sunny inspiration of their presence.

SELF-RELIANCE.

THIS is self-reliance,—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your convictions against the world is to overcome the world; to believe that what is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, certain that, while you stand firm, the world will come around to you,—that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions; nor is it difficult to mix with men, and follow their convictions; but to enter into the world, and there live firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience,—that is Christian greatness.—*F. W. Robertson.*

THE QUALITY OF CHARITY.

THERE probably never was a man or woman who did not occasionally need the charity of those with whom they came in contact, and on hearing a story relating to the silliness or fickleness of some one it is surprising that they do not hope, for the honor of their race, that it is not true, or at least treat it with charitable silence, as they hope to be treated. There never was a great man who paid much attention to gossip; there never was a woman distinguished above her sister for goodness who was not charitable. You might as well amuse yourself by remarking the ugliness of people as to amuse yourself by remarking their faults and transgressions. We are all ugly enough, heaven knows, and we all have too many faults to warrant us in being surprised at faults in others!—*Atchison Globe.*

OUR greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

TURN not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.—*Solomon.*

ON A HACIENDA.—No. 5.

To continue our story about "playing the bear" in Mexico it should be remembered that it is one of the costumbres that all courting is done according to fixed rules, an infraction of which is not deemed desirable by any true Mexican. Travelers who go into Mexican cities can see this going on almost any evening and it is often the cause of wonder. The man will take his stand on the opposite side of the street and stare intently at the senorita in the window opposite. This will continue for hours and be repeated for months and sometimes even years will elapse before they finally get together. Don Jose, in his love-making to Ruby, was simply carrying out the customs of his country, while our girl did not know what was going on. The next night the Mexican was opposite her window again, and the same program was gone through with as before. They did not see much of Jose in day time except that when they went walking he was tagging along behind at a safe distance. There was no talking for the excellent reason that Ruby knew no Spanish and Jose no English. But Love laughs at the locksmith, as the saying goes, and such a little thing as spoken language constitutes no barrier. Quinter first noticed Jose's insistence and he called Ruby's attention to the fact that her friend was "making a fool of himself." And Ruby, without knowing what she was talking about, to any great extent, suggested the importance and the truth of the rule about people minding their own business holding good in Mexico as well as in the United States.

After about a week of the bear business which was strictly along the lines of Mexican customs, matters came to an abrupt conclusion one day. A representative of an English machinery firm called on Don Miguel in the interests of his house, and naturally Quinter and Ruby were delighted to have someone with whom they could talk. The visitor being familiar with Mexican customs laughed loud and long when the music and the serenades were brought to his attention. He explained what it meant and Ruby turned the color of one of the giant cactus blooms out on the plains. Quinter wanted the Englishman to tell Jose to give it up as a bad job, but he refused to do it on the score that it did not come within the province of a stranger to interfere with family matters. However, he told Ruby to simply remain away from the window and matters would adjust themselves in the course of time. But she did not reckon with the insistence of the Mexican customs and the serenades went on all the same.

One source of unending pleasure to Ruby and Quinter were the visits to the peons' houses. On the hacienda were several considerable towns which were oc-

cupied entirely by the natives who belonged as much to the hacienda as though they were its slaves. Here they saw the manufacture of tortillas, which every Mexican peon eats. In order to make tortillas, Mexican corn is taken, soaked, and boiled with lime water until it is softened, when it is worked out into a smooth mass on a flat stone with a stone roller, and then a piece is pinched off, patted into the shape of a buckwheat cake, only thinner, and baked over a charcoal fire as any griddle cake would be. These tortillas are in universal use all over the country and are very nutritious and not unpleasant to eat. If a peon is given a handful of tortillas and a mess of frijoles, or black beans, he considers himself lucky, and is entirely happy if added thereto he has chile con carne, which is simply boiled meat with peppers. Thousands of acres of peppers are grown in Mexico and are dried and sold by the pound to customers. Quinter and Ruby learned to like tortillas and took kindly to chile con carne.

Don Miguel's table was supplied with many Mexican dishes the most of which were new to our two young folks, but which they soon learned to like. No Mexican meal is considered complete without coffee, beans, and eggs, and those who go to the country will find these three articles of food at every railroad eating house and on the bills of fare in every restaurant.

Quinter and Ruby began the study of Spanish in earnest and knew the names of most of the commoner things about them, and were able to make themselves understood by those around them. It was a never-ending source of delight to Don Miguel to hear the children of his friend speak his own language even though all the mistakes foreigners make characterized their efforts.

Matters were going along smoothly when the father arrived to find his children so far ahead of him in the Spanish language that he sometimes used them as his interpreters. He found Quinter wearing a sombrero, or Mexican hat, while Ruby sported a reboso, or Mexican shawl, in regular Mexican fashion. When the time came for them to leave Santa Clara for the mining property, farther in the interior, the adieus were real, and Don Miguel told them in true Spanish style not to forget that Santa Clara was their hacienda.

It must be added that Don Jose did not seem entirely heartbroken after all, and when the whole party clambered into the carriage drawn by three horses abreast, and set out for the remote mountain hacienda where the mines were located, everybody was happy, and so we will bid them Good-bye, or "Adios" as we say in Spanish. And yet it is just possible that they may be heard from again in the Nook if there should be seen any general interest in their life at the mine.

BOOKS OF AN EARLY DATE.

AN American excavating expedition engaged in operations at the ancient city of Nippur has recently unearthed documents that prove that ancient Babylon existed in a literary age, and that there was no small amount of culture in the time of Abraham, the patriarch. A library of clay books has been found which had already been lost and covered by the earth when Abraham was born.

They are in the shape of tablets, of which it is calculated there were more than one hundred thousand. The inscriptions on them relate to all the various branches of knowledge and literature that were

boring town of Borsippa. The tower of Babel was undoubtedly the great tower attached to the temple of Biemerodach in Babylon itself. These same German excavators discovered the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, in which Alexander the Great died.

ONE day, a short time ago, the pavements of Elgin were a glare of ice. The streets were safe. It was a study to watch people. The older ones took the street. Younger people scorned the safe way and illustrated their superiority by using the pavement, only to come to grief. It is often this way. Some of us learn only



A POULTRY RANCH IN CALIFORNIA.

studied at the time. The chief cities of Babylonia all had these libraries of imperishable clay. A contemporaneous record of events had long been kept and an accurate system of dating had been invented.

The discovery of these libraries and the facts for which they stand has an important bearing on Old Testament criticism and history. It disposes once and for all of the contention that no written documents of the Abrahamic age could have descended to later times. Palestine, at that period, was a sort of dependency of Babylon and Abraham when he moved westward was simply entering another part of the Babylonian empire. So even in Canaan he was surrounded by the influences of Babylonian culture.

Another discovery, that of the site of the tower of Babel, is thought to have been made by a party of German excavators. It has usually been identified with the mount now called the Birs-i-Nimrud. But this was a mistake, for the Birs-i-Nimrud represents the temple not of Babylon, but of the neigh-

by attending the Bump and Thud school of Experience.

"SAMUEL, I wish you would not use those vulgar words 'I be' and 'be you?' If we are going to be married, and we are not yet married, I must insist on your using better languages."

It was Samuel's touchy point, and so he said, "Now what I axes, an' I axes it final and free; is this here. Be you a going to marry me or be you not?"

And Maria answered, "I be."

THE Women's Butchers' Union, at the Chicago stock yards, has six hundred members. St. Louis has a similar union.

BAKED mouse, it is alleged, is still considered a good remedy for whooping cough in some parts of Yorkshire.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 5.

THERE is one book that every seeker after an education must have, and there is no correct getting on without it. Reference is had to a dictionary. This does not mean the trifling pocket affair which excels in the fact that it never, or hardly ever, contains the word we want, but the standard dictionary as large as the family Bible. And it should lie side by side on the table with the Book. It is indispensable.

Now supposing that our student has mastered the use of elementary English, what next? It is but just to say that right here there will be a chorus of approval and disapproval from all over the world. Like practicing medicine, or editing a paper, everybody seems to know better how it should be done than the parties engaged in it. We will suggest a course of systematic reading, not, however, such as is usually suggested, but one based on the training idea. It will not do to say that any book will answer. In fact the reverse is true. There are many books, as we all know, but few of them are easily classics. What is wanted is a book written in pure English, one that has won for itself a place in the world of letters, and upon which the world has set its stamp of approval. The INGLENOOK will chance it in suggesting Washington Irving as an author filling the requirements of easy, fluent, and good English. What we want to start out with, and what we want to keep up, is an acquaintance with the best. Nobody on earth can follow all the diverse streams of literature, nor is it a desirable thing that it should be done, even were it possible. What is needed is an acquaintance with the best, which costs no more, and which must be had by the scholar if he would claim acquaintance in good literary society. There is no question as to where Washington Irving belongs.

It should be remembered that we are not studying literature as such, but that we are reading with a view to a study of methods, and for the purpose of putting ourselves more or less on the same plane with the author, and this we will do by following him as best we know, and always intelligently as far as we may. Now what is the first thing we need after or before we begin to read our author? The writer suggests that a good copy of some standard work on American and English literature be acquired in some way, bought if at all possible, borrowed if need be. It should be remembered here that the tools of the student are largely his books, and that the accumulation of a library is not only a concomitant of an education, but a practical necessity to the scholar, and the sooner it is begun the better for him.

Now learning who and what Washington Irving was, what he did, how he did it, and the estimate of

the author on his work, puts us in touch with certain preliminary facts that will be of permanent value.

Finally we sit down in peace and quietness to peruse the book. At the very outset it is well to inquire what the book is about, and then to have the author's own statement of his case in the preface to his work. We ought to know what we are going to have, whether fiction, and if so, is it along historical lines, or pure thought, or in whatever way the subject is to be treated. The author clearly has a story to tell. A publisher has printed it, and it has come into our possession and now we are going to travel his road, see as he saw, and to a certain extent we will be influenced by what we read. There is no getting away from this fact, and it is one of the most potent and important reasons for being careful as to what we take within us. Let us therefore have "a mind of our own," and inquire what the man intended in writing our book. What good was meant, what lesson was to be taught? And when we have settled this let us go on, slowly, carefully, and discriminatingly, and see how he goes about it.

Just as one may pick up a piece of polished and complicated machinery, for a certain purpose, and curiously examine its parts and relations to each other, and determine on the value of the machine, so let us read the book. Let us observe carefully the turn and manner of the author, his mannerisms, and his ease and accuracy in the use of words to convey his ideas. Let us observe his sense of proportion, how he makes his story hang together, in short what sort of mechanism he has put together. And let us note carefully the word painting, the nearness with which he comes to telling the story in the right way, according to our notion of things.

* * *

NORTHWEST CANADA.—No. 5.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

THE grain belt of the Northwest is an immense area of virgin soil of the first class, full of buffalo bones, and inhabited by wolves, deer and other small animals. But such soil, and such crops as can be produced here with little labor, are astonishing, and some day a richer scene of farming land and prosperous people cannot be found in the world than on these fertile plains.

Beginning fifty miles east of Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and continuing nearly one thousand miles westward, and nearly as many miles northward from the United States boundary line, lies a garden that some day, not far off, will be famous all over the world.

Winnipeg, to-day, is a city of nearly fifty thousand inhabitants, while five years ago it had five thousand. It looks like the center of all nations, with train loads of emigrants from all European countries unloaded

here every hour in the day. Such sights cannot be seen in our States outside of some eastern seaports. Winnipeg is destined to become a great commercial center some time, while the new towns that are springing up by the hundreds each year may also command attention by the next generation.

Calgary, six hundred miles west of Manitoba, is the center of an immense grazing district. The Chanute Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, lets the warm sea breezes pass over on the plains and the climate of that far-away North is mild, so mild that livestock remains without shelter all winter, and thrives on the native grasses.

A furious rush into that section by the cattle men, the last few years, has filled up a good portion of the district, but the frenzy is still on, and people are going north and making fortunes there in a very short time.

The conservative farmer of the East cannot realize the commotion and success of these western territories in Canada. Actually, there are, to-day, towns of several hundred people, just as busy as bees, where last year it was all one golden wheat field with no prospect of a town for ten years to come.

The Canadian Pacific Railway covers all this good country with her network of lines, and is constantly calling for more laborers to extend her lines to accommodate the new settlements.

When land that will produce as high as sixty-seven bushels of wheat per acre, without any manure or commercial fertilizer, and one hundred and forty-seven bushels of oats per acre, can be bought cheap, it is no wonder that the poor renters of other places are rushing here to buy or homestead one hundred and sixty acres, from the Government, for ten dollars.

This grain belt, one-fourth as large as the whole United States, has a bright future, and Uncle Sam's children are getting their share of it.

Eaton, Ohio.

SOMETHING ABOUT VENEZUELA.

JUST at the present time there is considerable turmoil in Venezuela and as very few of our Nook readers are familiar with the conditions of things in South America, perhaps a few words in regard to the country in question would not be out of place. In the first place it is quite a considerably sized country, about eight times that of the State of Missouri and it has a population of 2,285,054. Like all Spanish countries it is not noted for progressive development nor are the natives characterized by any special habits of industry. It is one of those countries originally occupied by the Spanish adventurers and a vast number of native born people who are not characterized by their intelligence or industry.

The government is planned along the lines of that of the United States, and is sort of a Republic. Its legislative power is vested in a Senate and House of Delegates. Theoretically it corresponds to the United States methods, but in practice it is what those in authority make it. In other words the President and those next to him, especially the army, constitute public opinion.

Caracas, the capital, is seven miles inland from the Caribbean Sea and nine miles from LaGuayra, the seaport. It has a population of 70,000 and is regularly laid out and well-lighted. Its plazas, or public squares, like those of all Spanish towns, are planted with trees and flowers, the military bands discourse music and here the promenades are held at given times. The capital building covers two acres and contains fine paintings of the statesmen and the literary men of Venezuela. The present trouble between England and Germany and Venezuela is that the latter country owes the English and Germans certain amounts of money, and as she has refused to pay them, England and Germany have combined to compel payment and this has resulted in the trouble of which the papers have been so full.

Since there is no attempt at settlement or occupation of territory, by either England or Germany, the attitude of the United States is one of allowing them to fight it out by themselves.

AN UNUSUAL BUSINESS.

THERE are a good many ways of earning a living and some of them unusual, but that pursued by two girls in Maine is rather out of the ordinary.

It appears that along the coast of Maine, and in its lakes, catching fish through the ice is a profitable industry, and the best bait for the purpose is naturally a small fish. These fish are caught in large numbers in the ponds and lakes before the winter's cold freezes them over after which they cannot be caught. When the small fish in the ponds lay their eggs to be hatched during the winter, they deposit them in spots so near the ice in shoal water, that the large fish cannot reach them. This egg-laying is done in the fall and at that time the fish are indifferent to the approach of man and may be dipped up by the thousands in hand-nets.

These two girls, believing that there was money to be made in selling bait, have built a large tank near a running stream and have stocked it with more than a million small fish, all of which they expect to sell as bait. They hope to realize about one thousand dollars from the sale of their fish.

The project shows what two live girls can do when they set their heads together in a business project.

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

THE following letter comes to the Nook with a request for an answer, coupled with the repeated wish that names will not be given. It is impossible to get the matter before the family without printing a good part of the communication. As it represents a class, and not an individual's predicament, this prominence is given it:

Dear Old Inglenook:—

. . . I have two children, and am in the enjoyment of good health, and my husband has a fairly good job, but we are relatively poor. . . . I can't get the things I want, and the people around me are not congenial, and I find life monotony itself. I get up in the morning, get breakfast, then do the work, and sit around afterward thinking where it is all going to end. Is this all there is of life? The things I want I cannot get, nor can I go to the places I want to see. . . . It is all a recurrence of drudgery, and one day is just like another. Sometimes I think that it is as well if I had never been born. . . . I wish that you would say something about this in the Nook, and tell me a way out of this wilderness of unending commonplace.

Yours, etc.

What we have to say is this: If the writer of the above will take stock of her blessings she will find something to be thankful for. It seems that she is married and has two children. Her husband is a worker; she has a home, and all are well, and in the average successful as the rest of her class. But she repines at the drudgery of daily life. She wants to get at something just over the hill. She sickens at the monotony of things. She is morbid, and wishes that she had never been born.

Now as to the drudgery, everybody has to submit to more or less of it, all save the helplessly rich, or the hopelessly imbecile. It is a part of all healthy, normal, human life. It is inseparable from the game. If any reader thinks that there is a Utopia anywhere outside of poetry he is mistaken. Every business no matter what, is in time a grind.

As to the monotony of it all, take the Nook's word for it that the time will surely come when there will be a break in the even tenor of her life. Suppose that scarlet fever takes one child, and leaves the other deaf as a post. It has happened many a time that the man is brought home in an ambulance and is taken away in a hearse. It is the case with untold thousands that women have to fight it out alone, with shoes to buy for the children, and food to get for all, and then the "dreadful monotony" of the husband going to and coming from work will stand out like a picture of gold. You wait, woman! Death has not stopped at your house yet. Disaster has not stepped inside your home. Wait! Then the "recurrence of drudgery" will seem like a June day. Nobody has ever escaped. It is only a question of time.

You get a few books. Enter into correspondence with some of the writing Nookers. Make a dinner for a friend. Go out to one yourself. Think of the advantages you have. Quit repining. Remember that you are looking in the direction of the Asylum, as you view the daily circumstances of your surroundings. There is too much sunshine abroad in the world to sit moping in the shades all the time, too many flowers to be considering possible thorns among them.

* * *

THE WOMEN AND MICE.

CHAUCER'S nun was so charitable and so piteous that she "wolde weepe if she saw a mouse caught in a trappe, be it ded or bledde." Chaucer's nun must have been an exception, or it would have been written "she wolde squeele." From time unchronicled, womankind has been afraid of mice. There is good reason for it, as several learned men have recently taken the trouble to explain.

Professor McGee, of the bureau of ethnology at Washington, says that a woman's fear of the "wee, timid, cowerin' beastie" is an inheritance from her monkey sister. Man undoubtedly received something of the same sort from his monkey brother, but, as Eugene Field explained with reference to baldness, men are further evolved than women, and have therefore not so much hair—nor so much fear of mice. However it is, or was, most women are now afraid of mice, and take to the high places when they come around. Prof. McGee explains by saying that the ancestral monkey woman was a creature of arboreal habits, and always sought the highest branches of the tree, when the rodents showed themselves. It is thus that women to-day instinctively climb on a chair when a mouse appears. So says Prof. McGee, and suggests a further reason that primeval women were vegetarians, and lived on the nuts and fruits, which the mice sought constantly to steal. The monkey woman, it appears, fought the little creature quite as much as the careful housewife to-day.

Dr. Salmon of the United States bureau of animal industry refers the feminine antipathy to a mouse to a later period, when men and women had left the trees and become troglodytes. The mice pursued the women into their caves, and had an uncomfortable trick of scurrying over them at night when they were asleep on their beds of leaves. To be wakened up by the squeakings and scamperings of the little creatures gave the troglodyte woman a fright from which her descendants have not yet recovered.

Prof. Otis Mason, of the Smithsonian Institution, is more charitable to the women and says it all comes from the fact that they are petticoated—this fear of mice. If women wore trousers as the men, Professor

Mason says their fear of mice would disappear. But brave trouser-wearing men have been known to be afraid of mice, and it was Napoleon—was it not—who was afraid of a little soft, purring kitten? There are some things in this world for which there seems to be no accounting, and first and foremost of these is the feminine fear of mice.—*Des Moines Register and Leader*.

A GIRL'S LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

ONE of the interesting things in travel across the

elaborately served and as dainty as she would have in her own home. One of the niceties of a voyage lies in the fact that she may have her fresh flowers every day. Her admirer on shore has furnished the bouquet for every day of the voyage and turned it over to the steward who stores it in the refrigerators, and every morning a fresh bouquet, with the accompanying card, is at the girl's plate. They are just as fresh as though they had come out of the garden or green house, but will not last as long, but as every day brings a new bouquet it will not make much difference.



PRIVATE PUMPING PLANT FOR IRRIGATING PURPOSES.

ocean is the way of life on board an ocean liner. No matter what the girl may be in a social way on land, after the first few days out she finds that she will have to lay aside all her preconceived notions of exclusiveness, and become one of a set of entirely different people. The narrow world of the ship compels everybody on it to be thrown in contact, one with the other, and naturally different relations obtain than on land. The first thing our girl is likely to hear in the morning, if she is not a very early riser, is the rapping on her stateroom door by the stewardess, informing her that her bath is ready. After the bath she can go on deck where coffee is served one-half hour before breakfast. Breakfast proper is announced by a bugle call at 8:30, by which time everybody who is able to be up at all is out and on promenade.

As a rule everybody is in the best of spirits and with a sharp appetite our girl sits down to a breakfast as

After breakfast is over the real business of the day begins. Steamer chairs are brought out, games are played, and if our girl is a pretty one, which she is sure to be if she is a Nook girl, she finds herself the center of more attention from the men on shipboard than she has ever known on land.

About eleven o'clock bouillon and crackers or some such refreshments are served on deck by the steward. On some of the vessels there is also a band concert at this hour of the day, which adds much to the gayety. The band plays usually for about one-half an hour.

Freedom from conventionality on shipboard is a thing apart from life on land, and nearly everybody on board, practically all who are able to be up and about, soon begin to disregard the small so-called proprieties. Some of the warmest friendships are thus formed and people remember to their dying day the good time they had on their voyage over and back.

DREAMS AND MORALS.

MAY sleep be dreamless and moral?

That it may be dreamless will be answered promptly in the affirmative by most persons on the ground of personal experience. Yet many authorities, such as Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Henry Holland, Godwin, and Dr. John Reid, have held that sleepers who assert on waking that they have not dreamed are mistaken. In the *Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal* Sir Arthur Mitchell affirms that these writers are correct. The writer of a notice in the *British Medical Journal* says that "upholders of the theory of a dreamless slumber will be comforted in finding that nothing of the nature of actual proof is offered by Sir Arthur Mitchell." This, indeed, he admits, as he expressly states that he does not expect to be able to do more than show that his theory "is possible if not probably correct," and that he desires to bring the matter into prominence. With regard to the proposition that continuous dreaming possibly occurs, the author may fairly claim to have established a case.

Sir Arthur Mitchell first attacks the idea of a dreamless slumber. Many persons when awakened from sleep assert very positively that they have not been dreaming, and yet, later on, remember that they have done so after all. In a large number of cases such people may never be able to remember at all.

The absence of a knowledge of having dreamed furnishes no proof that dreams have not taken place. The watcher by the bedside of a sleeping person may have what he regards as satisfactory evidence that the person is dreaming, yet that person, when the sleep ends, may feel quite positive that dreams have not taken place. In the direct support of his theory the author can not be said to be very convincing, nor from the nature of his subject is it possible that he could be. "Several resolute observers," he says, "had for a considerable time scarcely ever failed to ask themselves immediately on awakening if they had dreamt or not, and they nearly always got a satisfying affirmative answer."

In many such cases the details of the dream were completely gone, but they knew that a dream had occurred. If, then, these mental processes continue both during sleep and while we are awake, it might naturally be supposed that the brain would become worn out. Such dreaming, or "sleep thinking," however, according to the author, is not to be considered as affording no rest. On the contrary, by the withdrawal of "will" during sleep this form of thought is, so to speak, left free to sport, and accordingly refreshment actually comes from the change, not weariness. Similarly, delirium is merely another form of this thinking without the control of the will. Further, on such a hypothesis a reason might perhaps be found to explain

why raving may go on for a considerable period without ordinary sleep.

Some persons, again, are never really wide awake, and their thinking is normally of this disordered character. Into this class Sir Arthur Mitchell would even place the man in a "brown study," although surely one would rather look upon this condition as a concentration of thought and very clearly under the direction of the will.

Sir Arthur Mitchell also touches on other interesting points. All dream-thinking is incoherent and purposeless in character. Consequently all stories of intricate mathematical problems having been solved during sleep he regarded absolutely as myths. In the same way he considers none of the reported somnambulistic feats will bear scientific investigation. In stating that there is often loss of moral sense during dreams even in the most moral people, the author is in agreement with Miss Power Cobbe. Accounts, however, of dreams must be received with caution. With this certainly all will agree.

* * *

TORTOISE AS A VOUCHER.

UNITED STATES CONSUL GENERAL EVANS has forwarded to the Pension Bureau in Washington what is probably the most curious voucher of identification ever filed in a pension case. The voucher consists of the shell of a field tortoise with the name "Bob Williams" scratched on the under side. It was sent to Consul General Evans from Christ church, New Zealand, where the applicant for a pension is now living, and it is accompanied by letters and affidavits which explain that the soldier's real name is William Wright, but that he enlisted under the name of "Williams." Wright, or Williams, says in his application that he caught the tortoise during the Shenandoah campaign, and afterwards gave the shell to Mrs. Mary Johnson of Port Henry, Essex County, New York, who kept it until recently, when Wright decided to apply for a pension, and sent to New York for the shell in order to identify himself as Williams, under which name he served in Company E, One Hundred and Ninety-second New York Infantry. The curious document was addressed to Consul General Evans at London, who was formerly Commissioner of Pensions at Washington, personally, and was forwarded to him from Washington by mistake. Mr. Evans returns it to the Pension Office without comment.

* * *

VACCINATION against distemper is to be tried in the case of a pack of hounds in North Wales.

* * *

PONDER the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.—*Solomon*.

FRIENDS OF THE HORSES.

How many readers are aware of the value of a spider's web in the right place? The neat house-keeper would prefer other kinds of traps for ridding her kitchen of flies and even a star boarder might hold to the old-time mosquito bar when he lays himself down to sleep, but it is doubtful if anything so cheap, so simple and at the same time so effective has ever been utilized for the comfort of horses in a stable as the cozy parlor of the tiny threadmaker. A reporter was standing in front of Lloyd Grubbs' livery stable a few mornings ago when a hostler trotted out Dr. Lawson's mahogany bay. Like most men who have long lived in Texas, the scribe loves a good horse, and the animal referred to has a pretty build, a stylish step and claims to have aristocratic blood in his veins. He had been well groomed and his sleek coat of hair, pretty head and neck made a picture, but in spite of his rich blood and good looks he soon became restless. He squirmed and switched, stamped and fretted, though there were very few flies about him. Mr. Grubbs came out, fanned the pests off, after which the horse stood quietly enough, but gazed longingly into the stable. Half a dozen men were eyeing the animal and all interpreted the expression in the horse's eyes and action of his ears to mean he wanted to get back into his stall. Mr. Grubbs was quick to speak. He first called attention to the two long ranks of horses standing in stalls on either side of aisles that led entirely through the building.

"Notice," he said, "not a horse is switching his tail, nor is there the slightest noise, though on a wooden floor, from stamping feet. You can turn any of those horses out of the stable and they would break right through this crowd to get back. Why is it?"

If any of the others were prepared to answer his conundrum they failed to speak out.

"Look at those cobwebs," Mr. Grubbs proceeded. "For years after I first went into the livery stable business I swept every stall fore and aft, overhead and on the sides. I could not tolerate spider webs, for I knew they gathered dirt and looked so untidy. An old Colorado miner dropped in here one day. He claimed to have been a hostler for years on a stage line between Silver Plume and Colorado Springs. The old fellow offered to tell me how to rid my stable of flies and mosquitoes. The proposition looked fishy. 'Let the spider webs alone and when they get pretty thick about the upper part of the stalls they will keep off flies, gnats and mosquitoes.' He was gone before I had time to think how his face looked—whether he was trying to tell the truth.

I told the men about the stable that we would try it. Within a few months friendly spiders had filed pre-emptions and finished up a pretty good job above the stalls, and for years my stock had never been harassed while in the stall with flies, gnats or mosquitoes. You see the hocks of the horses are not swollen or their hoofs split from pounding the hard floor with their feet, nor do their eyes run water, as do the eyes of all horses where gnats and flies haunt them."

There hung the dingy festoons, while forty or fifty horses sleeping peacefully testified to the truth of all that their owner had said about the value of spiders in a stable.—*Denver News*.

* * *

CAT STORIES.

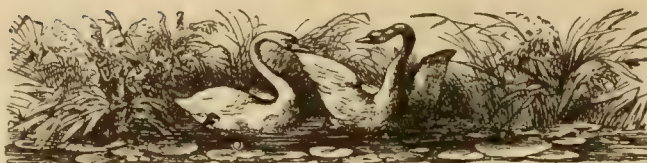
THE cat is mentioned in literature more frequently than any other animal, but the references are not always of an affectionate nature. Buffon says: "The cat is an unfaithful animal, kept only from necessity in order to suppress a less domestic and more unpleasant one, and, though these animals are pretty creatures, especially when they are young, they have a treacherous and perverse disposition which increases with age and is only disguised by training. They are inveterate thieves; only when they are well brought up they become as flattering and cunning as human rascals." Shakespeare also makes several unkind remarks about cats. "Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, thou vile thing!" cries Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Scottish cats were accused of witchcraft as far back as 1591. In that year when King James of Scotland was crossing from Denmark a great tempest arose at sea. This was supposed to have been caused by a "christened cat" being placed in the vessel by witches. The following is an extract from an old pamphlet: "Againe it is confessed that the said christened cat was the cause that the king's majestie's shippe had a contrarie wind to the rest of the shippes in the companie, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and goode winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether against his majestie."

Mahomet did not give encouragement to those who ban the cat from the company of honest folk. A cat, it is said, once went to sleep on the sleeve of the prophet's robe. When the hour of prayer arrived Mahomet, so the story goes, cut away his sleeve in order that the cat should be undisturbed.

Scotch peasants believe that a cat scraping is a sign that some beast—horse, cow, pig or dog—will be found dead on the farm before long. A cat washing its face portends rain next day; turning its back to the fire portends storms and rain.

NATURE



STUDY.

THE WOODCOCK.

It is during the months of August and September that the mystery of the woodcock's life begins. This is the molting season, when the bird changes its plumage before beginning its journey southward. At this time it leaves the swamps. Where does it go? That is a question which has never yet received a satisfactory answer, although each sportsman and naturalist has his own opinion, and many fine spun theories have been advanced. Some say that the birds move toward the north, some that they seek the mountain tops, coming into the swamps to feed only after nightfall; some that they seek the cornfields, and there have been many other such theories.

Probably the truth lies in a mean of all these statements. I think it probable that the birds know the loss of their feathers renders them to a certain extent helpless and more exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, and they therefore leave the more open swamps and hide in the densest and most tangled thickets. It is certain that they scatter, for at this season single birds are found in the most unusual and unexpected places.

Years ago when shooting in Dutchess County, N. Y., I knew one or two swamps, which we called molting swamps, where in August we were sure to find a limited number of birds. These swamps were overgrown with rank marsh grass and were full of patches of wild rose and sweetbrier. If we killed the birds which we found there, we were sure in a week or ten days to find their places filled by about the same number.—*Outing*.

* * *

 IS A FROG FISH OR GAME?

THE Dominion of Canada has another and peculiar grievance against this country. Canada is a land in which frogs multiply and grow fat because of the immense stretches of waste places, yet because of the enormous demand for their legs in the United States the Canucks are fearful that unless restrictions are placed upon the killing of their native croakers there will be none left in the country.

The Dominion department of marine and fisheries can do nothing practical, it appears, to stop this destructive export of frogs' legs until they determine whether the frog is fish or game. If a frog is a fish the department at Ottawa has the power to institute a close season for it. If, however, it should be de-

cided that the frog comes under the category of game the question of a close season must be settled by the provincial authorities.

If the law officers of the different governments interested fail to come to an agreement on the subject the matter will probably be submitted to a committee of experts. Everybody agrees that something must be done to prevent the total destruction of a valuable article of both food and commerce. If it should be decided that the frog is neither fish nor game it may be necessary, in order to secure a law for its protection, to obtain from the imperial parliament the passage of an amendment to the act of British North America.

* * *

 A LOVESICK CODFISH.

At a country house last summer I saw quite a unique friendship, writes a correspondent. The cat of the household, a magnificent Persian Tom, goes, when thirsty, to a large glass bowl in the drawing room, wherein a goldfish disports itself, and there seems to have an interesting tete-a-tete with its finny friend—drinking the other's health, I suppose. The lady of the house told me that a week or two previous to my visit the cat had been unwell and could not be induced to leave its quarters in the kitchen. It was noticed that the fish also seemed sickly and refused to nibble the crumbs and seedlings thrown to it, but not for a moment did any one dream of associating its indisposition with the absence of the cat. When, however, master Tom appeared on the scene again, with quite an elastic step, the fish became itself once more and is now as frisky as ever.—*London Chronicle*.

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 TARANTULAS A SEVILLE PLAGUE.

IN Seville, in addition to the many other things that bite, and those who have visited that wonderfully interesting place know they are not few, the townspeople and those who live in the neighborhood are suffering from a plague of tarantulas.

The Sevillians do not mind the ordinary biting things, but the big spiders drive them frantic. The Spaniards believe that the bite of a tarantula produces a madness for dancing.

Although it has been scientifically proved that the bite of the tarantula is not really dangerous, and does not of itself inspire the bitten with the dancing

mania, it is impossible to disabuse the ordinary Spaniard of their ancient superstition. As soon as the bite begins to work the sufferer believes that he is compelled to dance, and that his dancing impulses can only be allayed by the tones of the "tarantela-guitarre."

In Orsuna, as in other towns, there is a "guild of tarantula players," who earn considerable fees by sending round their members to heal the sufferers from the tarantula bite. The victim lies in bed, and as soon as his musical physician begins the monotonous clang of the "tarantela-guitarre" the patient rolls about wildly in the bed until he has worked himself into fearful sweat, which carries the mild tarantula poison out of his body, and with the poison his mad desire to dance.

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INSECTS AND MILKWEED.

THE life of insects is beset with many perils, and the chances that they will live to "a green old age" are exceedingly remote. Honey bees and insects and bugs of less degree find pitfalls and often death in the beautiful blossoms of the milkweed, otherwise known as the Virginia swallowwort. If these flowers are examined any sunny day one will be pretty sure to find them decorated with a miscellaneous assortment of struggling or dead insects with their legs fast in the slits of the peculiar blossoms. The pollen of this common plant, instead of being a powder, as in the case of most plants, consists of sticky, waxen masses hidden within the blossom. When a visiting insect thrusts a proboscis or leg into the opening of such a flower some of these masses stick to it, and the natural course is for the insect to fly off to another flower and fertilize this with the adhering pollen.

All insects, however, are not strong enough to extract their legs from the sticky places, and then ensues the slow torture of hanging there until death or a helping hand releases them from misery. Besides being beautiful, it could be quite a useful plant if we cared to develop its virtues. Thus its milky juice contains caoutchouc; brown sugar has been made from the flowers; the silky hairs of the seeds are serviceable in the manufacture of textile fabrics, as cotton is, and a fiber of good quality for rope-making may be extracted from the stalk.

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CRICKETS HEAR WITH THEIR LEGS.

ONE of the strangest and most unexpected of uses to which one could imagine a leg being put is that of an organ of hearing. Yet such seems to be one at least of the functions of the forelegs in the cricket. On the outer side of a tibia a small oval space may be seen, in which the strong armature which covers

the rest of the body is reduced to a thin and membranous condition, making thus a sort of window, or drum-head. Communicating with this, inside the leg, are the ends of a nerve, and it can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the whole apparatus constitutes an auditory organ.

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ODORS FROM THE SKIN.

A FRENCH medical review asserts that the human skin possesses a certain odor which varies according to the individual, the age and the race. This was noted by Rider Haggard in "Allan Quatermain." When Umslopogaes and Quatermain sat in the tree together waiting to kill elephants on a dark night the Zulu moved away from the lee of the white man, not relishing the white man's personal essence. The nervous system is said to exert much influence over the odor of the cutaneous secretions. Hammond cites the case of a woman who always gave out the odor of a pineapple when she was in temper and that of another who emitted a violet odor when suffering from hysterical attack.

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NOISES THAT ATTRACT SNAKES.

IT is a remarkable fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure them and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months so many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on a farm in India.

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PIGMY CAMELS OF PERSIA.

THE western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pigmy of its kind. These camels are snow white, and are on that account almost worshipped by the people. The Shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is twenty-seven inches high and weighs sixty-one pounds. The other is four inches less, but the weight is not given.

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BREATHING OF INSECTS.

INSECTS generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their bodies, and if these pores are closed by oil they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp. It very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

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"Two mothers that night,
Boer and British, did kneel
To one Father to pray
For their lads in that fight:
—By each other's cold steel

Both lay dead, side by side, on the dread plain that day.

Church of God, wake and rise!
Live, at last, thy true creed;
Follow Christ, Prince of Peace:
Fling the scales from thine eyes;
Call war, Hell;—conquest, greed;

In the name of the Lord, bid this dread crime to cease!"

THE CANADIAN OUTLOOK

THOSE of our readers who have followed the trend of affairs cannot fail to observe the manifest tendency to migrate to the Northwest Territories of Canada. It is said by those who know that there are in the Western part of Canada probably 100,000 Americans and in the next year this will probably be doubled.

The reason for this condition of things lies in the fact that the country is an excellent one for wheat-growing and grazing purposes and the conditions under which one may acquire a home are so very easy that thousands of our people have taken advantage of them and become property holders. The country itself is not at all unlike the adjacent states, and the people are just about the same on one side of the line as on the other, while the opportunity for securing a home is somewhat easier than in this country. In our own country it is not easy to find a place to homestead where everything is favorable. In the Canadian Northwest there are millions of acres of excellent land and it requires only three years before a perfected title may be had. The only apparent drawback to the country's being flooded with Americans is the fact that, in order to acquire property under the homestead laws, one must swear allegiance to the Eng-

lish sovereign, and renounce his citizenship in the United States. This is a purely sentimental matter and thousands upon thousands of our people promptly take the oath of allegiance, which in all human probability will never amount to anything in particular.

The welcome extended to the man from the United States who wishes to settle in Canada is a warm one, and he is made to feel at home on every side. In fact there is nothing visible to lead him to believe that he has got out of his own country.

In all human probability, as the years go by, the vast territory north of the settled portions of Canada will be filled with a lot of hardy growers of cereals and raisers of stock. There is a great country there which is slowly but surely filling up. A hundred years from now, all that vast wilderness will be occupied the same as the Dakotas or adjacent states. The rigor of the winters does not seem to deter anybody from going, and the virgin soil and practically certain crops, will make thousands of families turn their faces Northward. What the effect on the country will be, from a political standpoint, is hard to determine.

THE GLORY OF DRUDGERY.

THERE are few NOOK readers who, probably, have not lamented the narrowness of their surroundings at times, and who have not looked forward to imaginary conditions that would serve to relieve them from the daily grind of circumstances. It is just the same as though we had a bundle of trouble which we were ever ready to throw away, and to take upon our shoulders the troubles of others. The chances are, a hundred to one, that, if the transfer could be made, we would be willing to return to our old troubles with infinite willingness and a greater degree of contentment than ever before.

Watching the crowd pass along the streets of a city we may see many whose lot we are disposed to envy, but the facts are, if we knew their history, how their lives are made up of troubles, to us unseen and not known, our envy would turn to pity and helpfulness. A little boy who is taken to ride in a fine carriage may be the envy of the ragged urchin on the sidewalk, but he would turn his envy to pity, were he to see the crutches tucked under the blankets or the appliances for spinal curvature that must be endured.

Or we may see what appears to us to be wealth and everything desirable and know absolutely nothing of the secret sorrow that is in the life of the possessor.

The best way, under the circumstances, is to be contented with our earthenware and not envy the prosperity of the passing individual, for who knows what unseen sorrow is in his life? Health with peace of mind is better than riches and fine purple.

CHURCH UNION.

A GREAT many people have often wondered why there cannot be a union of all the denominations into one grand Christian army. More thoughtful people know that the idea is a Utopian one,—impossible of realization. It is impossible in this way—the millions of people who have allied themselves to the various sects would have to be of one mind before the union could be formed, and this is truly out of the question, and even were the combination effected, there would be schisms and divisions immediately.

It has been found in actual practice that where but one church has undisputed sway, morality suffers. This is to be noticed in Catholic countries, where there are no opposition and no struggles to keep even, morally, with outside denominations. Where there is no rivalry, neither expressed nor understood, there can be no emulation and the result is a practical lowering of moral values.

The dream of a common church, for it is nothing but a dream, will never be realized, as long as men and women think differently about the same things. And indeed, it is not a desirable thing that such a union should be made, if it were possible to have it.

As the churches are now constituted they excel in good works and endeavor to remove any stigma that is cast upon them by the opposing classes. Instead of causing a deterring influence, the multiplicity of creeds having a common end, has a value not be overlooked.

* * *

LAZY PEOPLE.

To some people laziness is a mortal sin. To others it is a cardinal virtue. A good deal depends on who it is, and what his surroundings are. It is doubtful whether any of us would work if we did not have to. Given youth and health, the assertion that their possessor likes to do things may be true enough, but when he "gets a back," and knows that he has arms and legs that protest, as a very general rule he is willing to let the other man do the lifting.

It is altogether likely that the extraordinarily active man, who is ready to cry out about the laziness of people, would change his tune if he fell heir to ten thousand a year. It makes a difference if we work because we have to, or because we love it. Did any of you ever know the man with a fortune getting down in the cellar and digging from morning to night just because he liked to see the hole deepen? Or if he did, wasn't it more of stinginess than a real desire to work? Let us be honest about things.

* * *

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; carry your charity into deeds. Do and give what costs you something.—J. H. Thom.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Can't is oftener than not a coward.

*

A closed incident is the open winter.

*

The eternal victory is for the right.

*

Concentration of effort spells success.

*

Kindness may be misplaced but not regretted.

*

Our first obligation is to our nearest real duty.

*

Never ridicule a difficulty you have never met.

*

Quick conception is a sister to immediate action.

*

Man proposes—and often he wishes that he hadn't.

*

Study the clear eyes of truth in childhood and be shamed.

*

Some people whisper their thanks and bellow their complaints.

*

The hoarse whisper of a lie is heard farther than a chorus of praise.

*

Heaven bless the man with convictions and the courage to back them up.

*

Don't complain about being robbed if you have invited a thief home with you.

*

Don't worry when you are passing through the shadows. There's light beyond.

*

Every day ought to be thanksgiving day, and every week might be the holidays.

*

To beat another through mental superiority is as small as a giant's beating a cripple.

*

Some people try to advertise their Christianity by calling attention to the defects of others.

*

If men and women understood one another better there would be less loss of faith between them.

*

The children of Christian parents never wholly forget the truth, no matter what they, themselves, become.

*

Don't let your ideas of well-doing suffer because of the ingratitude of others, as that's serving God on a salary.

WANTED.

THE INGLENOOK wants a few living stories. It does not want anybody to write fiction for it, or what they think to be a good story, but it does want living stories nevertheless, and let it be understood as follows.

The other day the Editor, in looking over some of his exchanges, saw an account of a little girl under thirteen whose father had died leaving some three or four children, all of them younger than herself, and shortly after the mother died. This little woman, thoughtful beyond her years and with ability that is only too rare, made up her mind to keep the family together and be a mother to her smaller brothers and sisters. So she set about finding work, for herself and for one or two of her younger brothers, at the same time keeping them all at home. And she succeeded very well in the matter of caring for them.

The whole account was simply an unversed poem, descriptive of human heroism. These things happen now and then. Sometimes it is a boy who gives up all his opportunities in life and settles down to maintaining a mother or an invalid sister, sacrificing himself on the altar of duty. As a rule such people do not talk about their work and it goes unrecorded and unknown.

Now, within the knowledge of the INGLENOOK family, there must certainly be a number of cases unknown, unhonored and unsung. Of course we could not expect them to tell their own story, as probably not one of the whole lot of them would ever think of committing it to paper and sending it on for publication. Nevertheless that is no reason why some friend, or some neighbor, should not write up their story as he knows it and as he sees it and send it on to the INGLENOOK. Certainly names may be suppressed, but the facts ought to be brought to the notice of all lovers of truth, duty and devotion. Now what we want, that is, what the INGLENOOK wants, is for anyone to write the details of such a story as far as known, and send them on to us. We will put the matter in shape and print it.

This is a dull, careworn world we live in, and when some good act shines forth, or nobility of character is shown, or sacrifice made to duty, and we hear of it, it enlarges our hearts and enables us to believe that the world is not altogether bad, which it is not, and that here and there are unknown heroes and heroines living lives of purest devotion and self-sacrifice. What the INGLENOOK wants is any story of this character that may have come under your observation, and which you think would be a lesson that would be helpful for the NOOK family to know.

In the very nature of things this will have to be done without the knowledge and consent of the parties, and we hope to be snowed under with accounts

of heroic deeds, and tales of the nobility of God's own people.

Send on your story, tell it in detail as much as possible in letter form, and we will do the rest. Wherever there is any man, or woman, or boy or girl making a lonely fight with fate theirs is the story we want.

* * *

ABOUT SOME OLD PEOPLE.

If the NOOK family were asked to guess how many people are living in the United States over one hundred years old they would, in all probability, make the estimate too low. The United States census report, which is as reliable as anything can be, has published a table from which we learn that there are 3,536 people who are one hundred years old or over. A study of the list is interesting. Below we give the number of centenarians in the country as well as a number of those older than one hundred years. It will be observed that there is one person who is one hundred and fifty years old.

100 years old,	1,506
101 years old,	261
102 years old,	251
103 years old,	205
104 years old,	212
105 years old,	246
106 years old,	114
107 years old,	72
108 years old,	90
109 years old,	50
110 years old,	215
111 to 119 years old,	193
120 to 130 years old,	86
130 years old,	6
132 years old,	2
135 years old,	1
136 years old,	1
137 years old,	2
143 years old,	1
145 years old,	1
150 years old,	1

The United States has twice as many centenarians as Germany, France, England, Scotland or Servia. Out of the 3,536 centenarians in the United States, 1,289 are men and 2,247 women. Out of the whole lot the number of native born is 3,117. Twenty of this number of centenarians, ranging from one hundred to one hundred thirty-one, were interviewed on their views as to how to live to be one hundred years old. Each one gave his or her rule, and all agreed upon certain things. First, excesses of every kind should be avoided, and worry be banished. Hard work, they all stated, was an essential, as well as regularity of habits. It is not strange that all agree upon hard work as being the chief requisite of long life. A great majority of them also stated that marriage is conducive to long

life. Only one centenarian, a woman of one hundred and twenty years, was unmarried, and perhaps it would not be out of the way to class her with the old maids.

It seems that certain localities favor long life. Parts of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania show many centenarians, while Ohio has more than any other State in the Union.

It would appear from the above that if one would live long he must be regular in his habits, do hard work in the open air, and must not worry. The use of tobacco and whiskey was not mentioned as either having lengthened or shortened their lives, though undoubtedly the excessive use of either would be a very serious impediment in the way of reaching advanced age. It is further known, although not

salt on the table (of course only because it wastes the salt).

We are not given to superstition, but if the dish-cloth falls on the floor, or your nose itches, someone will call on you before the day is over. I have heard honest, good people declare they did not believe in signs, and instantly exclaim, "Someone will be here to-day," if the rooster suddenly crowed on the door stone. No, we don't believe in signs, but still we would rather have the sign right.

In some parts of the country they are still "measuring" children for the "Go-backs," and I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they "tap them for the simples."

There are many superstitions about new-born babies, too. One is that if you hang a bundle of straw



BEET SUGAR FACTORY, ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

shown in the tabulated statement, but can be verified by the old people within the range of the observation of the Nooker, that those who are apt to live longest are the medium-sized, of spare flesh and nearly all muscle. Given a medium-sized man, leathery and tough in make-up, good-sized hands and feet, slightly bowed legs and deep chest, and all things being considered, such will have a greater possibility of long life than a large person, built along ungainly lines.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN SIGNS.

BY SARA REESE EBY.

"REALLY, I am not the least bit superstitious, but I would rather not start on a journey on Friday." And I wouldn't come back for anything after I had started, either, or if I were compelled to do so, I would sit down and count ten. Also I dislike to spill

in the chimney, the smoke will carry away the disease known as thrush and the baby is saved the pain of having it. The list might be extended indefinitely, but I think this is enough to show how foolish some of us are. Of course not you nor I!

West Elkton, Ohio.

A MANIFEST CONCLUSION.

AN editor who runs a notes and query column received the following: "What ails my hens? Every morning I find two or three lying on their backs, toes curled up, never to rise again." The editor replied as follows: "Your hens are dead."

PTOMAIN poisoning, the result of eating a damaged apple, has caused the death of a Dublin schoolboy.

DEFECTIVE teeth led to 2,451 soldiers being invalided home from South Africa during the war.

COSTLY PIANOS.

THE *New York Times* tells a good story of some expensive pianos.

When announcement was made recently that Chas. M. Schwab had paid \$10,000 for a piano, many persons may have considered this to be a large sum to pay for a musical instrument. But as a matter of fact, when it is explained that 'this particular piano was made according to Mr. Schwab's own design, to match the general scheme of decoration of the room, the amount is modest in comparison with some prices which have been paid by other wealthy New Yorkers.

Many of these expensive instruments are seldom played upon. They are parts of the furnishings of the room; ornaments purely and simply. In the homes of the very wealthy there are often to be found three or four instruments in different rooms, and for these, when decorated according to the design and the fancies of the owner, large sums of money, amounting in some cases to as much as \$50,000, have been paid. Here in New York alone are many of these high-priced instruments in the homes of the rich.

The cases are made of the finest material obtainable in the world, and after they are put together and made complete the different parts represent the products and skill of many countries. For instance, there may be wood from South America or some out-of-the-way part of Europe. Workmen in London, Paris, and other foreign cities may have spent months in perfecting and fitting the material, all of which costs money, and when the duty demanded by the government is added the reason for the large prices demanded may be appreciated. The demand for decorated and ornamental pianos far exceeds the ability to supply them. Sometimes it requires years to meet the wishes of some customers.

The case of the ordinary piano is made of various woods, but none of these can be used for the piano which requires decoration. The most expensive wood generally used for this purpose is found in South America, and is called carmena. Only small pieces of the right veneer for use can be obtained, and these have to be put together before the decorator or painter can begin work.

The large sums of money which are paid to manufacturers for pianos do not represent the total outlay. Millionaires have sent to London, Paris and Berlin for artists to come to New York and paint the panels of pianos for a certain room. Sometimes the customer has to wait for a long time before the necessary wood can be secured and matched to be ready for the artist. When this is accomplished the panels are turned over to the painter, who after studying the other decorations of the room in which the piano is to be placed starts to work. Meanwhile the wood

carver is busy, and he must also conform to the design of the furniture in the room. In some cases several wood carvers are employed in different parts of the world.

The legs of the piano naturally come in for the most elaborate decorations as far as the wood carving is concerned. These decorations are usually designed by the owner.

The most expensive piano in New York at the present time belongs to the estate of the late Henry G. Marquand, the banker. This piano cost \$20,000 to construct, and \$30,000 more to decorate. Well-known artists were engaged in its decoration. It is a grand in model, resting on three legs. Its construction occupied two years. After the wood was sent to New York the panels were sent to a painter in Paris to be decorated with paintings.

One piano recently sold by a New York firm was purchased by Alexander Peacock of Pittsburg for \$15,000. The metal used was imported from Paris, and involved the payment of heavy duties.

Another has just been sent to a man in Los Angeles, California, which will cost the same amount. It is of the Louis XV. style, and in color is of green and gold.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt had in his mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street, a piano which cost 35,000. Two famous French painters were employed to decorate it, and it is of the most expensive of wood. J. B. Oliver of Pittsburg is also the possessor of an instrument the cost of which can be estimated in the thousands. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has a piano which cost several thousand dollars, and the Gould family are also noted for not alone their number of pianos in their different homes, but for the rich decorations on the cases.

THE EYE.

BY PROFESSOR V. DELOSIERE.

THE celebrated German oculist, Helmholtz, said that if an optician offered a customer an instrument as imperfect as the eye the customer would refuse to accept it with indignation. There is much exaggeration in this outburst, but we know the eye is not absolutely perfect, although it is an organ of incomparable delicacy and precision.

There is a great diversity in the position and character of the eyes among man and the various races of animals; the organ being adapted in each case to the needs and habits of the animal. Among carnivorous animals the eyes are less near together than in man and the ape, but they are still comparatively close together. The widening of the nose among

the carnivora places the eyes further apart than in man. The fact that the eyes are closer together in these meat eating animals than among herbivorous ones has been attributed to the habit which the former have of fixing their eyes on their prey in order to spring upon it.

The eyes of lions, tigers, cats and the other felines are probably not very useful to see objects at a great distance, but they are very effective in distinguishing nearby ones. The pupil of the eye among the large felines such as lions, tigers and leopards is round and becomes much larger when the animal is angry. Among the small species like cats, the pupil has an elliptical form and may be dilated enormously. Under the effect of strong light it contracts until it appears only a narrow slit. When the animal is irritated or in the darkness the pupil dilates and takes a form almost circular. In the latter case when the animal is in the dark the faint amount of light present is gathered at the back of the eye and reflected by the retina as by a concave mirror. This is the reason which explains the so-called phosphorescence or green eyes of the cat in the darkness. This phosphorescence is observed to a greater or less extent among all animals and is noticeable among some men.

Hassenstein has proved that there is no real emission of light, but a simple reflection on the retina which concentrates the small amount of light present. In absolute darkness there is no light even from a cat's eyes.

Among most of the carnivora a part of the coloring layer of the iris near the optic nerve is without pigment. It appears to have, however, a handsome color of greenish blue.

The eyes of the herbivorous or grass-eating animals are large, as a rule, and are placed noticeably at the side, which augments the field of vision and enables them while cropping the pasture to see for a great distance in a horizontal direction. This arrangement of the eyes in these animals has been explained by naturalists on the ground that they need to see for a great distance in order to protect themselves from the attacks of beasts of prey, while the eyes of the latter are fitted peculiarly for attack and combat.

The eyes of the horse present many peculiarities. Although this animal is not peculiarly nocturnal it sees in the dark much better than man. The relief or prominence of objects appears much greater in proportion as the eyes are placed far apart. This may be verified by looking through a stereoscope. For this reason the prominence of the objects must seem very great to the horse whose eyes are placed at widely different angles. This is why he often takes fright at objects on the ground the bigness of

which, not apparent to man, appears quite an obstacle to him. In addition to the upper and lower eyelids the horse possesses a nictitating membrane like that of birds, which can be lowered apart from the eyelid to protect the eye.

The separation of the eyes is more marked in the giraffe than in any other ruminating animal. This arrangement, in combination with their great height, gives these animals an enormous field of vision. The



BISCUIT BASIN, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

eyes are very large and of gentle and intelligent expression.—*Chicago American*.

HIS PROBABLE FATE.

"WA-AL, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest farmer Bentover when the suave dispenser of encyclopædias had paused in his siren song. "Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere cyclopedee in forty-seven parts, includin' the index and appendicitis, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay fer it that I'd bee too tired to enjoy readin' it; while if I read it at my leesure, as I'd ort to, in order to git the good of it, I wouldn't hev time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I guess I'll hev to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the northwest, don't it?"—*Judge*.

A CUTTING RETORT.

A RICHLY deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institution not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"

CALIFORNIA has 65,000 trade unionists, of whom 40,000 are in San Francisco.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM IN ARIZONA.

BY W. E. SMITH.

THE Verde Valley is the old home of the Mojave tribe of Indians, about three hundred of whom now live in this part of Yavapai County, Arizona. When they were captured by General Crook he promised them that if they would come in and be friendly to the whites he would see that they were put on a reservation here on the Verde river. The government saw fit to put them on the San Carlos reservation, but by the consent of the agent at San Carlos they have returned to this valley.

About four per cent of them have been to school and it is pitiful to see the girls come back and be obliged to go into the tepees, or tents, in which their parents live. I have known them to lament for weeks before they could get back to the heathen ways, but they could not do otherwise than adopt the customs of their parents.

All of those who have been to school for any length of time are members of some church, but when they get back home they all say that they are nothing but Indians. In response to the question as to whether they would not like to have someone preach for them they always give a negative answer.

If the majority of them could be educated, then they might turn or win the others over to their ways, or the ways of the whites, and it seems to me that the only way to improve the Indian mentally and spiritually is for the government to buy land here where they want to live, establish schools for them the same as for the whites, and make education compulsory, thus getting most or all of the rising generation educated to a better way. A number of the Indians have told me that is what they want the government to do. May God move the heads of the government to help these poor heathen—the only pure-blood Americans.

Camp Verde, Arizona.

* * *

THE STREET FAKIR.

If any reader of the INGLENOOK has been in Chicago during the week preceding the holidays and during the holiday season, the street fakir, or the man who peddles toys, would have been a prominent feature, and one to be noticed by all. Although it seems to be but a small business, to be taken up when everything else fails, yet it is stated on very good authority, that the professional fakir does not do so badly in an actual money way. Some of them, after all incidental expenses are paid, think they have been successful if they have cleared from \$1000 to \$1,500.

It is managed something after this plan. Some man invents a toy and a manufacturer brings it out. It is almost impossible to tell just how it is going to tempt the public without first giving it a trial, so the practice of the dealer is to fit out some skillful and successful fakir with a stock of the new toy and let him try to sell it on the street. It may seem to be all right in every way, looking at it from the dealer's and the fakir's point of view, but may fail to impress the public to any great extent. On the other hand it may be an instantaneous success. In nine cases out of ten it is the children who decide the fate of the toy and who make it a success or ruin it as a money gatherer.

As a rule five cents is about the extent of the cost of the toy usually sold, some go higher, but they are the exception and not the rule. The ingenuity expended in these toys is something wonderful and as a good many NOOK readers may think the business is small, which it perhaps is, from their point of view, yet it is stated as a fact that in ten days or two weeks prior to Christmas the total cash sales and money transferred from the public to the fakirs' coffers is not less than \$2,000,000.00. It hardly seems possible, yet the statement is made by those who are in a position to know.

* * *

FISH RAPACITY.

ABOUT fifty miles from Brisbane, Australia, a huge shark about twelve feet in length was hooked on a line, which broke. A second time the big fish got on the line and escaped. Then a large shark hook with a chain was thrown out, and the ravenous brute grabbed it and was caught. All hands tugged the shark to the vessel's side. A huge hook of the anchor tackle was put through his jaw and one eye, and the fish was then hauled out of the water. One of the crew ripped the monster open from the head to the tail. The vital organs and entrails were thrown overboard and then both jaws were hacked out for the sake of securing the teeth. Nothing but the shell of the fish remained, and the shark was lowered overboard. A rush was made to the side to see him sink, but the company was astounded to see the fish make off. First he swam about fifty yards away, returned to the steamer, then went off on another tack for about thirty yards, came back to the vessel and swam astern, and was still swimming when he was lost sight of. That the fish should swim away with the whole of his interior from head to tail and jaw and one eye gone simply raised the hair of the pilots and crew, who had never seen or heard of the like before.

* * *

WITH the one exception of the potato crop, the Irish harvest this season has been the best for many years.

THE CHURCH BUILT FROM A SINGLE TREE.

BY ADELAIDE M'KEE KOONS.

THE First Baptist Church of Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California, is the only church in the world that can boast the unique distinction of having been constructed from foundation to roof, out of lumber sawed from a single tree.

In 1873 the members of this church decided to build a new edifice for religious worship, and gave an order for the lumber to Rufus Murphy, who owned a saw-mill near Guerneville, in Sonoma County. He conceived the idea of getting the entire amount of lumber out of one of the gigantic redwood trees of California, as an advertisement for himself, and to show what it was possible to do with this marvelous product of California.

The congregation knew nothing of his intentions, until they were surprised to see it announced in the papers, after the building was completed. The authenticity of this story was disputed by many as impossible, but there is in existence the affidavit of one J. T. Butts, a lumberman, who helped cut and plane the lumber, and cut the shattered top of the big tree broken by the fall, into shingles.

The tree, which was eighteen feet in diameter, grew near Guerneville, in Sonoma County, and when sawed, yielded 78,000 feet of lumber, of which 57,000 feet were clear of knots.

The Church, which is by no means diminutive, is Gothic in style, finished with buttresses outside, and heavy beams inside. The main part of the church is 60x37, with a seating capacity of three hundred. It boasts a tower seventy feet high, also built of redwood. In fact the entire edifice, except the flooring, which is of pine, is constructed of the lumber from this single gigantic redwood tree.

In front over the door is a large stained glass window, with a beautiful design of a redwood tree, and the inscription, "The Church built from one tree." The congregation are very proud of this unique building, as indeed they ought to be, but I could not help thinking, as I sat beneath the painted semblance of that fallen tree, rightly canonized and accorded its martyr's place in the window, that "The groves were God's first temples," and wondering whether the spiritual blessing was not poured down every bit as freely upon the heads of the fathers of the church, who in the early days of its history, held their protracted meetings under the sheltering boughs of a large live-oak tree, famous in local history as the scene of many a penitential confession and stirring exhortation, even though it had the disadvantage of "being open to both winter storms and summer cows."

620 Charles St., Santa Rosa, Calif.

ANKYLOSTOMA.

THE above unpronounceable is the scientific name of a real disease known, popularly, as the "lazy disease." It is the subject of a bit of telegraphic news which we reproduce here. The patient is in Baltimore, at the Johns Hopkins hospital and is said by the physicians there to be suffering from a disease which, as far as records go, only once before appeared in this state. The disease is known as ankylostoma, or, in common parlance, "lazy disease," and acquires its popular name from the fact that the most striking outward symptom is an increasing disinclination to physical exertion.

The authorities at the hospital refused to divulge the name of the patient, but they said he was from the south and came under their care two weeks ago, saying his brother had died recently from a disease whose symptoms were like those with which he was afflicted.

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, who is credited with having discovered the existence of the disease in this country, paid a visit to the Johns Hopkins hospital Thursday to make an examination of the case. Dr. Stiles is head of the government bureau of zoology in Washington.

The malady, which only recently was recognized as the result of a germ, will now be classed definitely. The parasites are abundant in sections of the Carolinas and Georgia, and the disease is prevalent among what are known as the "clay eaters." The ova of the parasites are found frequently in the peculiar clay which these people consume and by this means are introduced into the stomach. The ova are found in other species of soil and may be taken into the system by eating unwashed vegetables or other food.

Once in the intestines the uncinaria increase rapidly and at once begin work. The parasite is a worm, one end of which is armed with hooklets, and the process of destruction is accomplished by boring with these hooklets into the mucosa until frequently half the body is buried. When the body is withdrawn a small round hole is left, through which blood escapes. The malady is curable by destroying the parasites.

Doubtless it is prevalent in places where clay eating is unknown. The Nookman has seen its symptoms in others and where a patient has the anky, etc., early treatment may prevent the patient becoming bedfast. The procedure varies. A few well directed kicks have been known to prove effectual. Refusal on the part of the grocer to credit anything helps the development of the anky, etc. A boy at the woodpile, hearing his father say, in no uncertain tone: "John William Henry!" has often been saved. The girl who refuses to get up mornings, hearing her mother clamping up stairs with a tin of water in her hand, has been known to jump into her clothes. Even animals get it. Take the case of a fat old horse which, seeing that the whip

has been forgotten, slob along at his own gait. When the driver gets out, cuts and trims a gad, it is a clear case of suggestive therapeutics, and the animal gets over the ankys at once. It is more prevalent in early spring than at other seasons of the year, though, at all times, it generally lets up between twelve and one o'clock, to return just thereafter.

* * *

CERTAIN POLE CAN BE REACHED.

It may seem to indicate overconfidence to state boldly that the pole can be reached, and yet it is a fact, even though the struggle for it has been going on unsuccessfully for years and years. Each time we have come a little nearer, each time we have learned a little more, and I say to you here that it is not an impossibility; that it can be done; that it is no more difficult than many of the great projects which we see being pushed to completion every day and which require money, persistence, hard work and some ability to bring to full fruition.

The man who has the proper party, the proper equipment and the proper experience and can start fresh from the northern coast of Grinnell land with the earliest returning light of February will hold within his grasp the last great geographical prize that the earth has to offer, a prize that ranks with the prize which Columbus won, and will win for himself and his countrymen a fame that will last as long as human life exists on the globe.

* * *

TIDAL WAVES IN HARNESS.

A PROPOSAL is on foot at Hikuraki, in New Zealand, for the utilization of the tidal waters of the place in the generation of electricity. The plan is to build a tunnel through a narrow neck of land at Pelorus sound, eighty-five feet in length. The rise and fall of the tide at this place varies from six feet and seven feet to ten feet and eleven feet, and the tunnel would, it is said, command 50,000 acres of tidal water. It is not stated how the power would be generated, but presumably the tunnel would be made below the level of the lowest ebb tide and turbines would be installed at either end of the tunnel. The scheme has been taken up by a local company, which has a capital of \$375,000.

* * *

ILLITERACY IN NEBRASKA.

In proportion to its population, Nebraska has fewer illiterates than any other State in the Union, with the States of Iowa, Oregon, Ohio and Kansas following it closely in their respective order. Massachusetts, which ranked first ten years ago, now ranks ninth.

GOOD-BYE.

BY JOS. GEARHART.

THE word good-bye has come to be considered a rather homely expression and many inferior expressions have been invented to take its place. Farewell is a good word but it does not mean a great deal after all. Good-bye is a very old word, or rather the product of contractions of a very old phrase. Since we all use this word quite frequently we should know what we are saying and should say it, therefore, with the meaning there is in it.

Good-bye originally was *God-be-with-ye*, and has been contracted as follows:

God be with ye,
God b' wi' ye,
Good b' wi' ye,
Good-bye.

There are many times when it is the only word that will express our meaning. Adieu, Farewell, etc., all mean well enough, but Good-bye embodies all, for if God be with our friends with whom we part what more could we wish?

Elida, Ill.

* * *

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S."—This very familiar admonition took its rise from a custom which prevailed in the inns of the olden times, when the simple accounts of the devotees of the flowing bowl were kept on a blackboard hung in the drinking room, plainly showing—with P. for pints and Q. for quarts—how the P's and Q's were being scored up against the bibulous guests. Whenever a patron was likely to reach a state of inebriety, or was observed to be getting too deeply in debt, he was jokingly told to "mind his P's and Q's." If every one followed this advice to-day the world would be vastly better off.

* * *

EDWARD VII is the first English sovereign to figure on the coinage as bald-headed. It is very possible that several of his predecessors had less of nature's crown than his majesty and that when taken to pieces for the night they became almost unrecognizable instead of remaining in the ever-the-same condition of present-day kings and emperors. However, their coinage represents these bygone monarchs in caps and crowns or voluminous wigs and wreaths or skillfully arranged toupees that are very like the genuine thing.

* * *

LET thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.—*Solomon.*

* * *

DUESSELDORF exhibition has made a net profit of \$250,000.

Aunt Barbara's Page

FOUR DOGS.

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk,
And as they trotted along their way
They began to laugh and talk!

Said Dog No. 1, "I really think
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses tall and grand
That reach clear up to the skies!"

Said Dog No. 2, in a scornful tone,
"Ho! ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me—my master writes books!
He's sold a million, I guess!"

Then Dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
And gave a sly little wink;
"That's nothing to tell! My master is rich!
He owns half the world, I think!"

The fourth little dog had been trotting along,
With a wise, reflective mind.
At last he said, with a happy smile,
"My master—he is kind!"

Now, if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say!
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day?

* * *

MR. INDEPENDENCE.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"MOTHER!" said little Ezra, "I'm going to do just as I please!"

His mother did not look up.

"Very well," she answered.

Ezra got up, leaving his task of rocking the baby, and went out doors. He had grown thoroughly tired of obeying, but he was surprised to see his freedom come so easily. He walked down the garden path, still wondering what could have come over his mother. Climbing the fence, he stood for a moment gazing into the pasture woods. How dark and mysterious they looked! Many a time he had longed to go exploring and see if bears and lions really lived there, as Elos declared. He knew there was a brook at the foot of the knoll yonder, for he had played in it, once. So he started out to find it again, feeling, he imagined, very like Christopher Columbus or some of those wild, funny Norsemen who really did discover America, in spite of the geography.

Ezra found the brook, but it was nearly dry. He

stepped across, and lo! Into the mire he sank, half-way to the tops of his copper-toed boots.

He scrambled out, after much pulling, but, in the struggle, left his boots sticking stubbornly there in the mud. So in his stocking feet he clambered upon a fallen tree and sat there looking sadly at the boots. He fancied they looked sadly at him.

How in the world was he to get them? Then he remembered that he had seen Elos lay down a branch of a tree, for a walk over a quagmire. He would try that. He started to get off his seat, when—crack! snap! The dead limb broke, but it caught Ezra's blue pinafore on the stump, and there the little boy hung, his feet just touching the ground! Wiggle and squirm as he would, he could not get loose. Freedom, indeed!

The sun sank lower. Elos would be coming home to milk the cows. But would his mother let any one search for a boy who was doing just as he pleased? A big lump rose in Ezra's throat. He was trying very hard to put the bears and other animals out of his mind, when suddenly a monstrous lion came tearing down the hill toward him. He gave a shriek of terror which ended in a gasp of relief, for it was no wild beast, after all,—only Bounce. The big dog cleared the brook at one leap. In a minute Ezra's arms were around his neck, and he was licking the soiled little face lovingly.

Ezra pulled once more at the pinafore, and Bounce, with quick understanding, went at it with his teeth. Growling and tugging, they worked, and soon the little boy was free. Bounce waded out and brought the boots. Ezra sat down and pulled them on, with a sober face.

A very draggled, tear-stained boy presented himself at the supper table that night. Mother did not seem to notice it, however, and she washed the little stockings and mended the great jagged tear in the pinafore, without a single comment.

That was fifty long, busy years ago, but Ezra says to this day he always remembers it, big man as he is, when he feels like doing anything "just because he's a mind to."

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

Three little rules we all should keep
To make life happy and bright:
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night.

—Stella George Stern in St. Nicholas.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the difference between cast iron and wrought iron?

They are the same except in structure and texture. Wrought iron is made up of larger or smaller crystals. When a piece of heated and brittle cast iron is passed through a set of rollers these crystals are stretched into fibers or threads which are flexible. In the course of time jarring on a piece of wrought iron breaks these threads and they again resume their crystalline form. This is why iron axles and that sort of thing sometimes snap, showing at the break the crystalline texture of the material. It is probable that a piece of wrought iron, if left to itself long enough, would again resume its crystalline texture.

What is the Monroe Doctrine?

This has been answered before in the columns of the NOOK. It is the statement that no foreign nation shall acquire a foot-hold in this country or on this hemisphere. If France or Germany should attempt to set up a colonial government in Mexico, it would be a breach of the Monroe Doctrine, and would, in all probability be settled, even though it should lead to war. It is altogether probable that sooner or later the Monroe Doctrine will figure in a war.

What is allotropism?

Allotropism is a term for the different conditions which the same object may show under different surroundings. For illustration, if you melt sulphur and pour it into water it will become waxy and can be moulded. If left alone it will gradually resume its original character. This change is called its allotropic condition.

What are the bulls and bears mentioned in the market reports?

The bulls are those who have anything to sell and the bears the buyers. The idea being the throwing up of prices or the pulling down of the same.

Would the discovery of the north pole be of any material value to the world?

Only so far as to settle some vexed geographical questions, or determine some scientific facts that would not affect the general welfare a particle.

Does the Publishing House at Elgin bind its own books?

No, the binding is not done here. Binding is a trade or profession separate and apart from printing.

What makes the fog hang over a river on cold days?

In case of a sudden cold snap the water has not had time to cool off and the dampness being continually thrown off is frozen into visibility as it rises. When the water itself gets cold it does not appear. It only shows when the water is warmer than the air.

Does freezing a potato destroy its power to grow?

No, not the freezing but the forced thawing out does the business. Potatoes missed in the digging freeze solid over winter and come up all right if left to thaw where they freeze. Frozen potatoes, if buried, will be found all right in the spring.

Why do all the cold spells come from the Northwest?

It is thought probable that the atmosphere that envelops the earth is disturbed in some way and that it pours down from above, striking the Northwest and carrying with it, a part of the extreme cold that is everywhere above the earth.

What is meant by the Lost Arts?

The art of doing things having a value the process of which has been lost in some way. Thus the tempering of copper and bronze until it has an edge like steel, or making flexible glass are instances of Lost Arts.

Is the humming of telegraph wires caused by messages going over them?

No, never. The wires are stretched taut and the wind playing on them causes the hum and singing. It may be near or miles away, and the noise is never wholly absent.

Does a watch factory make both the case and the works of a watch?

We do not know how this is as a whole, but here in Elgin the watch works are made at one factory and the cases at any other where it may so happen.

Does freezing destroy animal life?

Not all, nor always. The cocoons and the like are frozen solid, in cold weather, and come out all right in the spring.

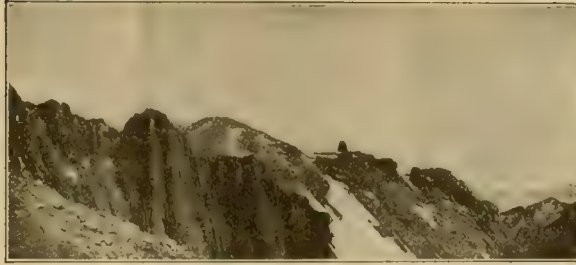
How many different kinds of type are there?

There are endless varieties.

Where is "Home Study" printed?

At Detroit, Michigan.

The Home



Department

ALASKA MACARONI BAKE.

BY S. P. VAN DYKE.

TAKE two cups of dry macaroni broken into short pieces, two-thirds of a cup of chopped cheese and the thin part of a can of tomatoes. Boil the macaroni fifteen minutes, then put one-half of it into a baking dish, sprinkle with cheese and tomatoes, then more macaroni and so on until all the ingredients are used. Season with salt and pepper, drop a little butter over the top and add a little cream. Bake twenty minutes and you have an inexpensive dish, fit for a king.

Note.—It is not the rule for brethren to send in recipes, but I baked this so often in Alaska and found it splendid. Let the sisters try it and see how they like it.

Holmesville, Nebr.

GOOD BISCUIT.

BY SISTER REJINAL GLICK.

TAKE one quart of new milk, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of butter and lard, and one cup of good yeast. Boil the milk, add the butter and lard while the milk is hot, when lukewarm, add the salt and sugar, and flour enough to make dough as stiff as for bread. Knead well, let raise till light, then turn out on your moulding board, roll thin, cut into biscuits, let raise again and bake in a quick oven.

Bridgewater, Va.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.

BY SISTER OMA CULLEN.

TAKE one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup molasses, two cups buttermilk, four cups flour, two teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful of different kinds of spices. Bake in layers. Use any kind of filling preferred. This is a good winter cake as no eggs are used.

Holmesville, Nebr.

SPONGE CAKE.

BY MARY W. BLOUGH.

BEAT together until smooth and foamy one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, three eggs and a pinch of salt. Add slowly one and one-half cups of flour, measured after it is sifted. When all the flour is stirred smoothly in add slowly one cup—not quite full—of boiling water. Last add one teaspoonful of sifted baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir only enough to fold the baking powder into the batter, bake in a slow oven sixty minutes. Use the same cup—an ordinary coffee cup—in measuring all the ingredients. This makes a cake almost as delicate as Angel Food and is economical.

Pittsburg, Pa.

SUET PUDDING.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE one cup of syrup, one cup of milk, one cup of seeded and chopped raisins, four cups of flour, one cup of suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cinnamon and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix and bake. Serve with sauce made of one cup of white sugar, one and one-half level tablespoonfuls of flour, one and one-half cups of boiling water, butter the size of a walnut and flavor to taste.

Lafayette, Ind.

MINCE MEAT.

BY MISS LONA CRIPE.

TAKE three bowls of meat, five bowls of apples, one bowl of molasses, one bowl of vinegar, one bowl of cider, one-half bowl of butter, two bowls of raisins, five bowls of sugar, one tablespoonful of nutmeg, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of black pepper and one-fourth of citron. Boil until tender the apples and raisins and pour on meat and spices.

Battle Creek, Iowa.

THE BRETHREN LESSON COMMENTARY.

THE Brethren Lesson Commentary has just been issued by the Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois. Eld. I. B. Trout, Sunday-school editor of the Brethren Publishing House, has brought it out for use in our Sunday schools. It is intended for Sunday-school teachers, but not especially so, as any other student of the Bible may use it with pleasure and profit. It is well printed, contains 268 pages, and has one of the best maps we have ever seen of the Temple in the time of Christ. The subject matter of the lessons is treated along the lines of the Brethren point of view, and as an effectual aid to Sunday-school work it is not equalled by anything we have ever seen.

It is a matter fervently to be hoped for that all of our people who are interested in Sunday schools, either as teachers or students, avail themselves of the opportunity of adopting and using our own literature. It is a mistake to go beyond the pale of the church for publications, which are as good within as those without. The original comment in the book is pertinent to the subject and clear to the understanding.

The publication can be had from the Brethren Publishing House.

* * *

THE special edition of the *Scientific American*, devoted to Transportation on Land and Sea, cannot fail to attract widespread interest, both because of the very handsome manner in which it is gotten up and on account of the voluminous amount of information that it contains. It is safe to say that anyone that reads it carefully through will find himself thoroughly posted both as to the magnitude and high quality of our railroads and shipping. The *Scientific American* has its own characteristic way of presenting what some people might call dry statistical matter in an interesting form, and the present number is no exception to the rule. Both artist and Editor have collaborated to certainly very good effect, and we believe the number will meet everywhere with a hearty reception.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever but is simply a matter of offered assistance

and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

MONOGRAMS ON PEACHES.

THE peaches placed on the table at a London dinner party bore the monogram of their owner traced distinctly in the velvety bloom. Letters had been cut from paper and pasted on the growing peaches. When the fruit was ripe on removing the paper letters the monograms were found picked out in most delicate green, the rest of the fruit being rosy and deep hued.

* * *

ALL THE NOOK FAMILY WISHES THEM WELL.

ON December 25, 1902, near Jonesboro, Tennessee, two Nookers, Franklin Wine, of Oakgrove, and Martha E. Bashor. Bro. Peter Miller officiating. It is a little out of the ordinary for the Nook, but glad to welcome them and others similarly situated. Good luck!

* * *

THE INGLENOOK:

IN answer to the question concerning the use of cocoanut shells, I see you say they are only used as fuel. I wish to state further that they are also used for making a fine grade of vegetable charcoal. This is made and used by some of the most up-to-date specialists on digestive disorders. Bran charcoal stands first on the list and cocoanut shells next, both being considered far superior to willow charcoal which is almost the only kind handled by the majority of druggists and pharmacists. Drugs are like a good many other things, the best are not the most popular.—A. K. Graybill, 111 8th St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

* * *

AT an old-fashioned revival meeting the minister approached Minnie, who was only ten years old, and urged her to go forward to the "mourners' bench" for prayers, as many of her young friends had done.

"No, thank you," said Minnie, holding back.

"But why?" questioned the minister. "Don't you want to be born again?"

"No," replied Minnie, "I'm afraid I might be born a boy next time."

* * *

"I HAVE enjoyed the INGLENOOK, especially the trips through California and Colorado."—Ora Hour Burgan, Idaho.

* * *

THAT is a golden day in which you do a golden deed.

THE INGLENOOK

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JANUARY 17, 1903.

No. 3.

MAUD AND MADGE.

By Nora Perry.

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille,
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons, too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done,—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lusters shimmering stream
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odors sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech,—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh, Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,—
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh, beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of Life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
Oh, beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

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GERMANY is reported to publish about 23,000 books in a year. Great Britain is credited with between six thousand and seven thousand a year, of which about fifteen hundred are new editions. France turns out thirteen thousand new books and Italy nine thousand five hundred in the same time. The year's total new books is seventy thousand. Many of the modern books, the *London Express* reminds us, are written for the moment only. "They are merely enlarged magazine articles. If there is a revolution or a big disaster, or a war, the men on the spot promptly rush out a volume apiece. Of course, these works do not last; but they pay at the time. Not ten per cent of one year's books continue to sell or to be remembered a twelve-month later."

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LONDON DEATHS.

Out of one hundred deaths in London forty take place in winter and twelve in summer. Twenty-three acres of ground are needed to bury London's dead of one year.

COUNTERFEITERS' WORK.

THE New York *Sun* writes thus of making spurious money:

"It is apparently an absolute impossibility for a man to make a perfect counterfeit coin or note," said William P. Hazen, formerly chief of the United States secret service, in a conversation a few days ago.

"It is certain," he continued, "that a perfect counterfeit has never been made and, strange as it may appear, with all the will and endeavor in the world, the counterfeiters seem to be wholly unable to complete a perfect job, although they get many details of the bill or coin to absolute perfection.

"Some strange power appears to get possession of these criminals at a crucial moment in their fraudulent work and, to render their art vain. The real reason for this I have never been able to fathom.

"It may be psychic. You may smile—some people will—but the criminals themselves, so far as I have ever talked with them on the subject after we have captured them, have indicated to me that they believed that it is 'conscience which balks them.'"

During his term at the head of the secret service, Mr. Hazen had a large experience with counterfeiters, the record of captures for those years being a longer one than later times have shown. Having noted that all counterfeits were defective in some particular, he made inquiries as to the reason of this.

It is not, by the way, always by reason of a defect that a counterfeit is detected. Sometimes suspicion is raised merely by an indefinable feeling on the part of a treasury or bank employe that a bill or coin does not look or feel just right and then examination discloses the fatal error in the bogus money.

"Even the most expert engravers," Mr. Hazen said, "and it of course is well known that some of the best have gone into the counterfeiting business, cannot turn out in their counterfeit work the perfect results which they can readily get in legitimate work. With counterfeit bonds it is the same as with notes or coin.

"One of the most remarkable cases occurred with the counterfeiting of the old United States 7-30's by the notorious Brockway-Smith gang. One of the members of that gang got his freedom by offering to go to Washington and pick out the spurious from the good bonds, for the government experts themselves could not do it at

first. He was Charles Ulrich, who is straight now, one of the few of whom that can be said.

"He said that at some point or other conscience was sure to prevent him from making a perfect job at crooked work. The only error in those bond plates was in the lathe-work border. Up in one corner this border in the counterfeit was not uniform in its lines.

"Thomas Johnson, now dead, who made the counterfeit Windom \$2 notes, had a curious experience with his plates. He made five plates, each one wrong in some minor particular. In one plate the error was in the right eye, which was so drawn that it gave the appearance on close examination of being cross-eyed.

"He said that when he was making that part of that plate he was frightened by some noise, a thing that would not have bothered him in the least if he was at honest work, as he was an expert engraver. Had it not been for this error the plate would have been a finer one than the government plate, really, for it gave a clearer impression.

"In another of his plates he got the letters in 'two' reversed, so that they read 'owt,' and yet the bills printed from that plate got into circulation.

"Johnson was even a better engraver than Ulrich and in each of the four plates he made after the first one, to counterfeit this bill, he endeavored to correct an error. Yet in each one he made another error. He simply could not help it, he said, so long as he was at the crooked work.

"His last error—that is, the one on the last of the five plates—was in the treasury numbers. In that the '8' was not uniform with the rest of the numerals. So throughout the series of plates he would correct one error, only to make another, and no effort would save him from making one.

"A person would scarcely believe that a \$5 bill with the word 'owing' spelt 'ownig' could get into circulation, but this happened with a bank note counterfeited after one of a Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, bank. In another instance the word 'thousand' came out on the counterfeit 'thousaud.'

"Who pays attention to a cent—especially in New York? But one gang circulated bogus cents. They had a good plate, but the copper they bought was not of uniform quality and the Indian's head came out clumsily.

"These people operated largely in Boston and got little girls to put the bad cents in circulation through Chinese laundries, which use a lot of cents. The girls would go to the laundries with bundles of one hundred cents, of which thirty per cent would be good coins, and they would get

change from the Chinamen. These counterfeiters were caught finally.

"The counterfeit half dollars and quarters which were circulated so largely here not so long ago through the street car lines of Manhattan and Brooklyn had only slight defects and those were such that anyone would say that there was no excuse for them in the work of expert criminals. But they went through the banks of both companies and were detected at the subtreasury.

"These coins were made of silver .942 fine, or thirty points finer than the United States coin silver. But in the fifty cent piece the word 'half' was spelled 'hale' and in the quarters the '9' was dropped below the line in one plate, while in another the '1' was above the line.

"This reminds me of a counterfeit fifty kroner note of the Swedish bank, the only defect of which was in the water mark, in which the 'o' leaned toward the '5'. The maker of that note we caught here. He had his plant in Brooklyn. He shot himself in West street.

"In another instance a counterfeit plate was perfect except for the lack of a crossing of a 't'. The maker of that plate was run down and caught eventually, but not until after a long chase and after he had done other work.

"He acknowledged that he had purposely left the crossing off the 't' in order to find out how long it would be before the government got on to the fact that a counterfeit of that particular note was in circulation. So soon as the counterfeit was advertised from Washington he crossed the 't' in the plate and printed more notes, but an error in the plate discovered afterward made that attempt a failure also.

"It seems a queer thing, but people often write to Washington asking to have counterfeit notes or coins redeemed. It is possible to have a bill that has been fraudulently raised redeemed at its original face value, but congress in its wisdom has not yet seen fit to provide for the redemption of notes printed from counterfeit plates.

"There have been counterfeiters ever since history began, apparently, and the counterfeiter began his work in this country early. Samuel Browne, a tailor, was indicted in the province of New Jersey for altering a lottery ticket from the number 6,014 to 6,015 in 1742. No punishment for his crime is recorded.

"But in 1744 John Stevens was hanged in the same New Jersey for passing bad bills. In 1748 a fractional note was altered on Staten Island, being raised to several times its original amount, and

this was, I think, the first piece of note-raising by pen work done here."

RABBITS AS ACROBATS.

THE rat is, as no one will doubt, a very fair climber. He can scamper about anywhere in the roof of a barn or can ascend the ivy that grows on the house wall, and make the lives of the pigeons in their cotes anything but happy ones. The rabbit, on the other hand, is not usually accounted a climbing animal. A writer in *Field* describes the astonishment of his sis-



VIEW ALONG AN IRRIGATING CANAL.

ters at seeing a rabbit jump from the bough of a tree, and, picking itself up, "scamper off rather dazed to its warren." Whenever a rabbit is found in a tree, except when he is carried there by flood or left there by a receding snowdrift, it will be found that a sloping trunk or other easy method of approach has been made use of. He is, however, very expert at climbing stone walls that bound his fields, and even the wire netting that the farmer vainly imagines will keep him from the choicest crops. We have seen rabbits run up the face of a quarry to their holes toward the top, a feat which we have not found it easy to imitate.—*London News*.

GLACIERS IN MONTANA.

BUT few people are aware that there are in Montana some of the finest glaciers in the world.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

Dear Nookman:

ALLOW me to add my contribution to the list of living heroines and my help to make a "living story," you called for. I know a girl, who, at the age of seventeen, found herself with a sick mother and both of them dependent upon their personal labor. This girl worked in a factory for three dollars a week and out of this sum she supported herself and her mother, and everything they had came out of this small sum. No debt was incurred.

This girl had neither brothers nor sisters. Her father had died, leaving them nothing, although previously they had been in very good circumstances, which unforeseen reverses had totally destroyed. It was this seventeen year old girl that took up the burden and kept herself and her mother. Four years later she married and took her mother with her. She is thankful to have a place for her mother, who is grateful beyond all expression for the devotion and help of her daughter, without which she would have fared badly, being unable to work herself. This girl, I think, deserves a place of honorable mention among the uncrowned kings and queens of the earth.

* * *

HEROES AND HEROINES.

IN accordance with a call made in a recent INGLENOOK I have the pleasure of reporting an instance of a heroic life. It is the case of a little girl whose mother died, leaving a family of children to look after. This girl was a very bright young woman intellectually, and she raised her younger brothers and sisters, who one by one drifted out into the world and away from home. At this juncture the father sickened and became a confirmed invalid. What our girl may have thought about the matter there is no way of telling, but one thing she did do, and that was to uncomplainingly care for the invalid father. His invalidism was of such a character as to demand constant care and watchfulness day and night. This our girl did quietly and unostentatiously. She was about twenty years of age when she took up her burden and was just at that period when most girls want to get out into society and are looking around to their settlement in life. This the girl deliberately set aside, cheerfully she abandoned all the pleasures common to youth and resolutely put beyond her anything that might interfere with the subsequent care of her father.

This went on for about ten weary years. At the expiration of that time her father died, leaving the girl without means and with her life practically behind her and nothing in front. A few gray hairs had come and wrinkles made themselves known. Thoughtless people called her an old maid, young girls laughed

at her, and the older part of the population of the neighborhood accept her as a fixed fact without comment. And so this girl lives to-day earning her own living, and giving up voluntarily everything that might have made life worth living, and she stands out clearly, to all who stop to think, as a heroine as much as any that ever lived in legend or story. She wears the bonnet and cap of the church and thus far and no farther may the Nook family know.

* * *

POSTAL ORDERS.

CHICAGO possesses what is practically an international bank. This is the money order division of the post-office, which transacts a larger volume of financial business every year than does any other postal money order division within the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam.

"There is absolutely no safer way to transmit money from one point to another than by postal money order," said Joseph B. Schlossman, superintendent of the money order division of the Chicago post office. "That this is generally appreciated is shown by the fact that people in nearly every habitable part of the world find occasion to draw money orders on this office. The safety involved in this method of transmitting money lies in the system the government has perfected and the absolute guaranteed payment of each and every money order drawn against the money order division of the postal department."

During a stroll through the money order department one day last week drafts against this office were seen from Russia, China, Japan, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, Italy, France, England, Germany, and other foreign countries.

As Chicago is the greatest mail order business center in the country a large number of domestic money orders are drawn on this city during the course of a year. To transact properly this large volume of business, which averages \$200,000 every working day, an arrangement has been effected with the Corn Exchange National bank, which immediately cashes these money orders from the clearing house as they are daily received from the banks in which they were deposited by business men for collection. At the close of business the bank furnishes the postmaster with an itemized account of money orders paid and a check is drawn to the order of the bank for the amount involved, thus effecting a settlement with the post office and the bank every twenty-four hours.—*Chicago Tribune*.

* * *

THE child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer meeting, was taken to the circus by his nurse. When he came home "Oh, mummy," he exclaimed, "If you once went to the circus you'd never go to a prayer meeting again in all your life!"

SOME BATS.

A WRITER in the *New York Times* tells of how officers and men of the American army returning from service in the Philippines are bringing with them some curious trophies from those islands and incidentally relate some startling tales of the strange animal and bird life of our new possessions in the far east. By far the most startling of these tales refer to the bats of the islands. The variety current in the Philippines is not the "Bat, bat, fly under my hat" familiar to the American small boy. They are veritable giants of the bat world, measuring often five feet from wing tip to wing tip. Their bodies are as large as those of foxes and their heads are not unlike these animals' heads in shape.

The Philippine bats make their homes in the caves (which are very plentiful in the forest districts of the islands) in large colonies, clinging to the sides and roofs of the caves during the day and coming out in countless hordes about dusk to feed and indulge in their aerial stunts.

Many stories are current as to the effect of the first experience with these giant bats upon men fresh from the States. Raw recruits assigned to picket duty on the outskirts of camp at late dusk have rushed into quarters white with terror. Recovering, they would relate, amid the suppressed mirth of their more seasoned fellow soldiers how some enormous thing (and in these recountings the bats were often given credit for considerable more bulk than they actually possessed) had come upon them silently while they were patrolling their picket line. Without a sound this ghoulish specter, with nothing about it to signify life but a pair of extremely bright eyes that shone out from the sombre blanket like a pair of demon lights, had swooped so close to them that they felt the rush of air against their faces, some averring that they detected the smell of sulphur. All in all, the thing is just a trifle too uncanny for them, and their superstitious horror had gotten the better of their physical bravery and they had, unheroically, fled.

To the wives of the American officers the giant bats were a special dread and annoyance. At home they had always harbored a creepy dread of the smaller winged rodents there that have a tendency to intrude in boudoirs, half believing in the bats' fondness for attaching themselves to human hair, but this could be counteracted on the evening stroll by the affecting of a "fascinator." Not so in the Philippines. It was altogether too great a strain on the imagination to think that this remedy would suffice to shield one from the unwell-

come curiosity of the winged monsters that circle the air there.

It is related that on one occasion one of these giant bats, astray in its bearings, penetrated to the dining room of the most fashionable hotel in Manila at a time when the room was crowded with American and European guests, after the concerts.

Its appearance in the room, as it fluttered excitedly about, attempting to find an exit, created as much of a stampede as an earthquake or a volcanic eruption. Women fled in shrieking terror from the room, fighting and struggling at the doorways to escape from the uncanny intruder, and men rolled under the tables and sought refuge in corners and behind every convenient shield. And it was some time (the bat in the meantime having been captured by the hotel attendants) before quiet was restored and things had assumed their wonted gayety.

Parties of Americans and Europeans have visited the caves resorted to by these giant fruit bats in colony, with the smaller insectivorous bats of the islands. They speak of the sight as indescribable. Every available inch of the space on walls and roof is utilized by the creatures.

These caves also present a field of commercial interest that will in all probability commend itself to American capitalists. The guano deposits contained within these caves have never been worked, and with the increasing interest in agriculture in the islands. They speak of the sight as indescribably material will have great commercial value.

The skins of the giant bats that have been brought home by American soldiers are examples of the largest specimens to be obtained in the Philippines. The skins are very soft, the fur being as smooth almost as seal, and are of a brownish color. One skin brought to the United States by an officer measures almost five feet between the tips of the wings, and the skin shows the body must have been fully as large as that of a domestic cat.

Since the American occupation it has become quite the thing among devotees of the shotgun to spend a half hour before absolute darkness "pegging away" at the enormous bats with duck shot, and the easiness of the targets make the sport productive of great joy and profit to the native islanders, the bats meaning both meat and money to them, they eating the flesh and curing the skins and selling them to visitors to the islands.

♦ ♦ ♦

If you would advance in true holiness you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—*Abbe Guillore.*

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 6.

ONE of the things that the student should remember is that, while the world is full of books of all classes and descriptions, there are really very few, after all, that are absolutely necessary to an education, that is to say that, while no end of books appear from week to week and year to year, yet the majority are of such character that they are of no permanent value to the reader. Just what to choose to give the learner the best idea of the all-around conditions of human thought, past and present, is, indeed, a very difficult thing. For him who has attended school, received his training and who has lived under the direction of teachers and others similarly situated with himself, there are certain well-defined rules, into which the young person naturally drops. But with our man or woman who is prevented from entering the race later in life, there is no such provision. He lacks the company of his fellows in school, and is debarred from the association of college students and college men and women, and in the nature of things is required to carve out, or, at least, to pursue the course by himself. Now just what this course had best be is a very difficult matter to decide, in fact there can be no general rules made, applicable to all persons alike.

It used to be the case, a lifetime or so ago, that any man or woman who went to college had a choice of two and sometimes three similar courses. Now there are a half a hundred which can be adapted to the capacity and inclination of the student. But not all people take kindly to language, nor do all have a taste for science. Yet in all past generations the classical course was *the* course and people took the classics in the order in which they came, and when they had finished the matter and the manner, were supposed to have received sufficient training to enter upon life's graver duties along its highest levels. This thing is all changed now and any student about to enter college may select for himself, out of the pre-arranged courses of study, that to which he is best adapted. Every student at this stage of the work should assume that there are certain things that every scholar must know, and that he should get hold of at the very beginning.

One of these is the history of his own country. He should put himself in the possession of a comparatively complete history of the United States, such as is usually taken in the High-school or academic course. This need not necessarily demand more than close application and an effort of memory. Every educated man should know the salient facts in the history of his own country, and this his school history will give him. It should be read with care and thoughtfulness. The leading features of our national existence should be so

impressed upon his mind that the causes that preceded them and the results that followed stand out clearly and distinctly in the learner's mind.

And now, supposing that, up to this time, matters have been more or less preparatory, we find our learner in the possession of an elementary grammar which he is supposed to know very thoroughly, a dictionary for consultation, a copy of one of Washington Irving's works, and in his hand a copy of United States History. When he has once made himself the possessor of the prominent features of national existence, it may occur to him that other countries have histories as well as our own, and it would not be amiss to take one of the smaller histories of England and learn something of the mother nation, and its rough island story. At this juncture of the student's life as a scholar there will be in all probability a determination of course, that is to say whether literature, science, history, art, or what not, seems to offer the most valuable returns. And whatever is taken should be handled in such a way as to leave no doubt in the mind of the learner that this is the proper course of procedure for him.

Pure literature or pure history opens up an endless field for exploitation, while the sciences, many of them exact, offer to take him into the unknown world round and about him. It is impossible to decide which is better, as each requires a peculiar temperament and no common law can be laid down.

In our next we will give our idea of the study of history and also some of the modern sciences.

(To be continued.)

RAREST OF ALL STAMPS.

PHILATELISTS all over the country are just now envying John F. Seybold, of Syracuse, New York, who has recently added a twelve-pence (black) Canadian to his rare collection of postage stamps. This may not mean much to the uninitiated, but speaks volumes to the philatelist. Its rarity may be guessed when it is known that it is valued at \$600, and Mr. Seybold says he would not part with it for a great deal over that figure. The best informed dealers and collectors agree that there are not over thirty-five of these stamps in the world, while some of the more conservative place the number at thirteen. This one is on the original cover and is the only one known to exist in that form, the others being separate stamps.

The stamp is of the issue of June 14, 1851, to December 4, 1854. There were in all 51,400 stamps issued, of which the largest number sent to a single office was to Hamilton, which received four hundred. On May 1, 1857, the stamps not used were all destroyed. The total number of stamps put into cir-

ulation from the issue was 1,510. The stamp purchased by Mr. Seybold bears a Hamilton postmark.

The stamps of this issue were made by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Edson of New York, who also printed the first issue of United States government stamps in 1847.

At the time of the issue of the 12-pence stamp the postage to England was 1 shilling (25 cents) sterling, the Canadian currency being at a discount. The postage to the West Indies was 12 pence and to the United States 6 pence. Therefore about all the stamps went either to the West Indies or came to this country, few, if any, going outside of the two countries and Canada,



A PEACEFUL SCENE IN KANSAS.

those coming to this country carrying, of course, a double weight letter. As there were few, if any, collectors in the West Indies, the stamps sent to that country were about all destroyed.

Government buildings and old correspondence have been turned over to discover more of these rare stamps and the ground has been thoroughly covered, so that there is little chance of others being found. In Kingston, Ont., a boy collector had one, which he parted with not long ago for \$2 and the stamp was resold in a short time for \$260. A pair also sold recently in Boston for \$1,300.

GREEDIEST FISH OF THE OCEAN.

THE sea does not hold a more voracious rascal or a greater hypocrite than the goosefish. Not that this is its only name. It has at least seventy others. Each locality where it occurs gives it one that indicates its great greediness.

In Connecticut it is called "greedigut," in England "sea devil," "wide gape," etc. Its mouth is enormous and its capacity unlimited. It is a matter of record that seven wild ducks were taken from the stomach of one specimen, states the *Morning Oregonian*. Live geese are not too large for them, and a fisherman told the late Dr. Goode of one that had swallowed the

head and neck of a large loon, which had pulled the fish to the surface and was trying to escape.

The goosefish has been known to seize a boat anchor when it could not have anything else to devour. It will even make a meal of fishes of its own kind, so that it might properly be called the "cannibal fish."

The Duke of Argyle writes that the goosefish is admirably adapted by nature for concealments, generally at the bottom of the sea, with its cavernous jaws ready for a snap. From the top of its head rise a pair, or two pairs, of elastic rods, like the slender tips of a fishing rod, ending in a little membrane or web which glistens in the water and attracts other fishes.

The goosefish can afford to go to sleep, knowing his bait is always in place, and as soon as he "gets a bite" the elastic rod bends over, coming close to its huge jaws, which immediately open, engulf the victim and close again.

WHY YOU SHOULD NEVER WEAR NOSE GLASSES.

DR. ROBERT D. JOYCE, ophthalmic surgeon to the Richmond Hospital at Dublin, has just called attention to a very curious point in regard to the use of nose glasses. He declares that the wearing of "pince-nez" is positively dangerous.

In some cases it sets up a flow of tears in consequence of the pressure, which drags down on the tissues at each side of the nose to such an extent as to pull the lower lid out of position and prevent it lying properly in contact with the bulbar conjunctiva. In the cases observed by Dr. Joyce the displacement of the lid was small. This might easily escape detection, and all the more so as it has to be looked for while the glasses are on the patient's face.

But even this small displacement is sufficient to cause a great deal of damage to the nasal organs. It also causes epiphora, commonly known as "watery eye," a condition in which the eyes are continually filling with tears, which trickle down the cheeks.

RINGS A FEVER ALARM.

THERE is a new medical invention in Paris. It is a little apparatus which is put under the arm of a fever patient and so constructed that on the temperature reaching a dangerous height it rings a bell, summoning doctor and nurse.

Do you ever find it in your heart to lend your books to others? If you do, and have no qualms about it, you are a Christian sure enough. And it's practical missionarying.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

"PROBABLY the thing which interested me most in Mexico," began the man who recently returned from the cactus republic, "was Mexico's vegetable cow. Scarcely one farmer in five hundred keeps a milch cow, and milk is a dietary article seldom found on the table of the Mexicans who live in the smaller cities, towns and agricultural districts. Even in the largest communities dairying as a regular business is followed in a desultory sort of way, there being an extremely modest demand for the lacteal fluid created by the very well-to-do natives and foreign residents.

"The majority of the people find an acceptable substitute in the product of the vegetable heifer, which is nothing more or less than the 'century plant,' common to American conservatories and gardens, or, as it is locally known, the 'maguey,' whose sap or milk is converted into the far famed Mexican pulque. Several properties of the milch cow's milk exist in pulque, which is a fluid necessitating but trifling expense and care to gather—a matter of vital importance to the work dreading Mexican. In his native soil the maguey attains magnificent growth, its leaf lobes frequently reaching a height of sixteen feet. It flowers at an age ranging from eight to ten years, or eleven years, or when it has reached its full growth, for the name of century plant does not apply to the indigenous maguey.

"On attaining full development, the maguey rears a slender shoot to a height of from eighteen to twenty-five feet. The top of the shoot bears a beautiful mass of white flowers several times larger than the blooms of the slow growing 'century' of Northern latitudes. At the period of efflorescence the plant is teeming with the juices which have been accumulating for years in the deep leaf reservoir for this supreme outburst of floral majesty.

"But its triumph is the maguey's death-blow. No sooner have its blooms attained perfection than the plant begins to wither and soon is dead.

"Most of the haciendas raise the plants as an ordinary and regular farm crop, and it is no unusual thing to find on the estates of greatest magnitude maguey plantations several thousands of acres in extent. This is the most profitable use to which sandy soil can be put. The maguey is almost a desert plant, and, therefore, requires little or no cultivation. The plants when young are set out in rows, which sometimes extend for miles, and the richness of their green affords an acceptable relief from the hazy dun of the tedious, maddening landscape.

"In Hidalgo, where probably more maguey is grown than in any other Mexican state, the maguey plantations have a valuation of ten million dollars. They pay heavily on the capital invested.

"When the flower stem is about to burst into bloom the tall shoot is cut off and its base is scooped out to form a sort of basin in the heart of the plant. Within eight or nine days this basin fills with the nutritious fluids intended for the life of the beautiful flowers. As the sap collects it is almost as pellucid as spring water and as sweet as sugar. It is called 'honey water' by the Mexicans. The pulque gatherer, who is termed a *tlachiquero*, makes a visit daily to all the bearing plants, on which he has carved a cross to win the favor of his patron saint and to show that they are to be milked.

"The fluid is not collected in buckets or casks. Skins of different animals are used, the hairy side forming the interior of the vessel. The hair is never entirely removed from the inside of the skin bottle, because it is held by connoisseurs in pulque that it imparts a peculiar delicacy to the beverage.

"The *tlachiquero*, or 'milk man,' carries his skin bottle upon his own back, else piles it upon the back of a stubborn, long suffering little donkey, which follows its master about as he adroitly picks his way among the knife pointed spikes of the great maguey leaves.

"The productiveness of the maguey is remarkable. One large plant will give six quarts of pulque daily, or about one hundred and fifty gallons in its season. To gather the fluid easily a rude, primitive siphon is used by the milk man. It consists of a hollow gourd stem nearly four feet in length, with a hole at each end. In the lower end of the gourd is fitted a smaller stem, made from a cow's horn. The tip of this stem is immersed in the flowing bowl of sap or milk, and the gatherer, applying his lips to the upper hole of the siphon, sucks the large stem full. The contents are then emptied into the mouth of the skin.

"The souring vats are huge basins made of cow-hide and swung on frames, with the hairy side up and plastered thickly with decomposing milk curds. The basins are filled with fresh pulque three times a day, and at the end of three hours the fluid, affected by the chemical action of the curds, acquires the consistency and color of a rich buttermilk. All of the original and delicious sweetness is lost, and the pulque has a taste and odor not dissimilar to that of an admixture of sour milk and yeast.

"There are not many visitors from the United States who care for more than a sip or two of

this seemingly repulsive beverage. Indeed, most of them are entirely satisfied not to progress beyond an initial sniff of its discouragingly rank odor, but if you keep at it long enough your repugnance wears away and you eventually acquire a marked liking for pulque as a table drink and ever refreshing draught.

"When used as a table beverage by the better classes, the taste and odor of pulque is frequently disguised by the addition of the juice of the orange, prickly pear, nectarine, pineapple or other fruit. Such a compound is known as pulque compuesto, and is really a most delightful, thirst appeasing draught. In this form it has been in vogue for feasts and banquets for several hundred years. Tradition has it that pulque compuesto was a beverage particularly favored by the Mexican kings long before the reign of the great Montezumas."



EXPERIMENTING WITH VALUABLE PLANTS.

The Department of Agriculture is starting experiments in the cultivation of drug and medicinal plants, and about an acre is being devoted to this purpose in the neighborhood of Washington, including a patch on the Potomac flats and another bit of land on the new model Government farm at Arlington.

Secretary Wilson says that we pay something like \$8,000,000 per annum for such plants imported from abroad, and there is no reason why we should not save most of this money if we would only take the trouble to find out how to do it. No attention whatever has been paid to this kind of gardening in the United States, and comparatively little is known about the climatic and other soil conditions demanded. Before long, however, the government experts will have gotten together a lot of facts which will be published in a little book for the instruction of farmers.

The experiments are being made under the direction of Mr. F. V. Coville, Uncle Sam's botanist-in-chief. Small plats are being grown of belladonna, digitalis, stramonium, aconite, arnica, hyoscyamus, valerian, golden seal, Seneca snakeroot, and the opium poppy that yields the familiar drug of commerce. Belladonna is better known as deadly night shade, digitalis is foxglove, stramonium is jimson-weed, aconite is the monk's-hood of old gardens, and hyoscyamus is henbane.

There is money in the culture of these drug plants, it is believed, and the experiments will be pushed with a view to ascertaining not only the best methods of growing them, but also what areas of this country are best adapted for the production of the different kinds of medicinal crops. Thus

before very long we may become comparatively independent of foreign sources of supply in the matter of materia medica.



A LENTEN TABLE FOOD.

FARMERS in Florida have begun to raise calla-lily roots for market. The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs underground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave



SHOWING A YOUNG IRRIGATED ORCHARD.

the parents to propagate anew. These roots look a good deal like every-day potatoes, save that they are more elongated, and they may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to taste.



BLARNEY INCREASED HIS FARE.

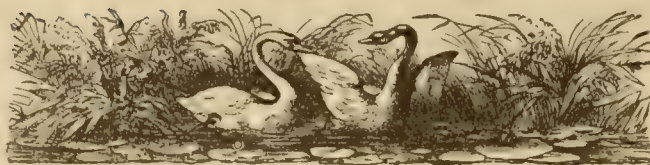
A CERTAIN English actor with some slight claim to fame had engaged the services of an Irish carman and, having completed his journey, he asked what was the fare. "Well," said the man, "Sir Henry Irving always gives me half a crown and Mr. Wyndham gives me 3 shillings." After a significant pause he added: "And you are a greater actor than either of them!" Needless to add, he got the amount he wanted.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE last words of Marie Antionette were: "Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu forever, my dear children. I go to join your father."

NATURE



STUDY.

TRADE IN RABBIT SKINS.

THE English rabbit skin trade is one of interest to Americans, according to a report made to the State Department by United States Consul Halstead at Birmingham. "Instead," he says, "of being sent to certain parts of the European continent—where for a great many years rabbit skins intended ultimately for American use have undergone a process known as pulling—a few bales of these skins were shipped last winter, experimentally, direct from Birmingham to the United States. It was thought, a shipper told me, that we had produced a new machine in the United States which could pull out the long hair of rabbit skins at less cost than by the extremely cheap hand labor of the continent. I learn that the machine experiment was not a success, and I know the English dealers who were interested in the American venture are again sending their skins to the continent, where the long, useless hairs are laboriously pulled out by hand and the skins reshipped to hat manufacturers in the United States, who shave off the close hair and use this fur to make felt hats.

"Millions of rabbits, British and Australian, are consumed annually in Great Britain. Dealers purchase skins from game and poultry shops, and where rabbits are dressed in households there is, as a perquisite, a penny apiece to the cook. One Birmingham dealer tells me he handled 3,000,000 rabbit skins last year."



THE ASTONISHING TRADE IN BULBS.

THE man with the little garden walks round the public park and sees crocuses and daffodils, hyacinths and tulips by the thousand. He understands they are imported direct from Holland by very large users of the bulbs. It is an astounding trade as so measured and taken as an example of what others do in the same line, as tradesmen say. Take the Japanese trade, which comes next in importance to the Dutch. During last season eighty tons of lily roots were sold, and this amounts in numbers to about 3,000,000. But this is nothing to the Dutch trade, if we take the same basis of weight and numbers as in the Japanese instance. The average sale is sixty tons per week, which is in numbers about 2,500,000. The season lasts about four months—sixteen weeks—so that in weight

960 tons are sold; and this amounts in numbers to the almost incredible sum of 40,000,000.—*Saturday Review*.



A PUNCTUAL BIRD.

WHAT tempts the little humming bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle, leaving behind him, as he does, for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming birds that pluckily leaves the land of gayly colored birds to go into voluntary exile in the north, east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky! Borne swiftly onward by rapidly vibrating little wings, he covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages and arrives at his chosen destination, weather permitting, at approximately the same date year after year.



SPEED OF RACING CAMELS.

THE racing camel is very carefully bred and valuable prizes are offered by a racing society at Biskra for the fleetest racer, says *Pearson's Magazine*. I have seen the start of a race and it reminded me, in a far-off sort of way, of a horse race. The camels were all arranged in line and they sniffed the air in their anxiety to be off. A flag was waved and they set off at a terrible pace, as if they were only racing for a short distance. They kept together until they were almost out of sight. Then they seemed to settle down to their habitual pace and the race proceeded with long intervals between the competitors. I have also seen the finish of a camel race, and it reminded me of the first motor car promenade between London and Brighton. The camels were certainly not so broken down and bedraggled, but they came in at intervals of several hours and great patience was necessary to watch them arrive.



GOATS FURNISH THE MILK.

THE population of the island of Malta, situated in the Mediterranean sea, amounting to some 200,000

souls, derives its entire milk supply from the goat herds that abound in that little speck of rock. It is estimated that there are about 20,000 goats on the island. There are no regular grazing fields for goats, but every morning the herds are driven out along the roads and hillsides, where they pick up whatever they can find in the way of weeds or any other edible matter, which, however, seldom includes grass. This is supplemented by carob beans when the herd is driven back to shelter at night.

How the Maltese goat can give the quantity and quality of milk which it does upon this food is a matter of frequent conjecture and it is out of the question to get anything but thin and watery milk from cows under the same conditions. An average goat produces four and one-half pints of milk per day and the animals cost from \$10 to \$25 each. No special effort seems to be made by the natives to preserve strains, but, nevertheless, the Maltese goat manages to keep up its reputation for looks and productiveness.

MOUNTAINS ARE MOVING.

"THE mountains are constantly moving," was the remark of an officer of the Denver and Rio Grande road recently in speaking of the great landslides in the canyon above Glenwood Springs, Colo. "We find from actual experience in maintaining tunnels, bridges and tracks in the mountains that the mountains are moving. It costs a railway passing through the mountains a great deal of money in the course of ten years to keep the tracks in line, and maintenance of tunnels is even more expensive. Drive a stake on the side of a mountain, take the location with the greatest care and return after a few months. The stake is not in the same location. The whole side of the mountain has moved. This experiment has often been tried and in all cases the result proves that the mountains are moving. The mountains are gradually seeking the level of the sea."

SAGACITY OF THE ANT.

AN interesting demonstration of the intelligence of the ant was made by a student in the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania recently. The young man constructed a roadway, two feet in length, of metal, and divided this into two parallel paths, separated by a high partition. One of the paths he painted red and the other blue; and at their end, in plain view, he put a morsel of rich cake. Then he set an ant at the beginning of the roadway. The ant at once made for the cake over the red path, whereupon the student turned on a lamp under his mechanism and heated the path to an uncomfortable degree. The ant kept on,

and finally secured the cake, but on its return it must have told itself that it had had a mighty uncomfortable journey. Several hours later the student brought it out again, another morsel of cake being set at the end of the roadway. The ant thought a moment, and then started for the cake over the blue path. It remembered that the red one had been hot. To prove still more conclusively that it remembered, the student next blocked up the blue path, whereupon the ant did without the cake rather than venture after it by the red one.—*Philadelphia Record*.

AN INSECT IMITATOR.

THE "walking leaves" of Java are perhaps the most wonderful of insect imitators, counterfeiting green leaves so remarkably that the eye is deceived, even when one scrutinizes them. They are closely related to the katydids, and one of the strangest things about them is that their coloring-matter has been proved by analysis to be practically the same substance as the chlorophyll which gives the green hue to real leaves.

In Java the natives believe that these insects are actually transformed leaves, having originated as buds on the trees.

There is a so-called "leaf butterfly" which looks like any other butterfly when flying. But when it alights upon a branch it holds its wings in such a fashion that they look exactly like a leaf, even showing the "ribs" thereof.

YOUR DIAMOND.

THERE are many ways of discovering the value of your diamond.

Perhaps the simplest method of all, however, is to examine an ink spot on a sheet of white paper through a diamond by holding the upper surface against the eye. If the stone be counterfeit the black spot will appear greatly multiplied, or at least doubled. The outline will, moreover, appear blurred and indistinct. By using a magnifying glass the test can readily be made absolute.

FEMALE ANTS HAVE MAIDS.

A NATURALIST of Berlin, Professor Hirsemann, has been making observations on the toilets of ants. He has discovered that each upper class female insect goes through a cleansing process which is performed by an assistant, evidently one that acts as "lady's maid." The assistant begins by washing the face of her mistress and then performs the same service over the entire body.

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The prairie grasses I know the best;
Type of the wealth and width of the plain,
Strong of the strength of the wind and sleet,
Fragrant with sunlight and cool with rain.
—Hamlin Garland, "Prairie Songs."

* * *

THE DOCTOR BOOK.

A COPY of the Doctor Book premium is before us. It is just what it claims to be, a home remedy book, and it is a good one. The tendency to make a joke about it will be readily offset by the earnestness with which it will be consulted when an emergency arises. It is a good thing to have about the house. Every recipe in it has probably been proved in actual trial. Some of these remedies are worth all the INGLENOOK costs for a year's subscription, and not a few of them have been famous secret remedies for which large sums have been paid their original discoverers. The Nook advises that if there is any special tendency to certain forms of disease, in the families where the book goes, the preparation of a remedy to have on hand when needed would be the part of wisdom.

* * *

BOOKS TO READ.

It is very often the case that the Nookman is in receipt of letters asking advice concerning the reading of certain books. Or information is requested as to the books it is best to read. It is impossible to give a correct answer to any question of this character. One might as well ask what articles of food they should eat. No two people are constituted alike, nor do their likes and dislikes run in parallel lines. The practice has been with a great many people in advising those

who ask these questions to read difficult and impractical books. Thousands of people see nothing in Shakespeare. And other thousands could not be induced to read Rollin's history. However well adapted they may be to the wants of some people they are "caviare to the general."

Nevertheless the department of literature is so enormous in extent and so diffuse in detail, that no matter what domain in human knowledge one desires to enter, he will find before him a list of books from which he may select to his heart's content.

After this question is once decided, that is to say, what fields are to be explored, the Nook can safely give this piece of good advice: read only the first-class productions belonging to that section. Life is too short to fill up with watery or adulterated productions. If you run to history get the best, and if you must have fiction, take the purest and highest. If you prefer science, select your subjects and get the highest authorities in that particular line. In other words, while it is impossible to indicate the line of reading or study, is it entirely safe to suggest to the learner that he must choose for himself and to advise him to select only the best authors upon a subject he prefers. Anybody can intelligently direct one after the selection is made, a list of the books on the subject is rather an easy proposition.

* * *

DID YOU EVER THINK OF IT?

DID you ever notice in arithmetic the problem of two men, or three, walking around a circular island, at different rates of speed? The answer sought is the time when they will be exactly together. There is such a time in all these cases, where, no matter how they travel, or in what orbit, if they keep it up long enough, they will be exactly opposite one another.

It is also true in human life. If you meet and are introduced to a person whom you have never met before, and part after the few items of conversation incident to the introduction, if both of you live long enough it is simply a question of time till you will meet again. If the circles we describe are small ones, and near a common center, the time will be reduced and the meeting will happen at an earlier date, but no matter how remotely we may be separated, one from the other, if we live long enough, and with the movements that characterize people generally, it is only a question of time until we are brought face to face once more, and this may happen any number of times, if we live long enough.

This is a mathematical certainty, than which nothing is surer, and considering the shortness of our orbits as a rule, and the times we cross and recross in our paths, it should be a lesson to us to conduct ourselves with those we meet so that when we meet again it shall be with pleasing recollections and mutual profit.

THE MATTER OF UTILITY.

THERE is a certain class of people who are so utilitarian in their views that they never see anything good or desirable in any thing that is not of practical value. They are always asking, what is the use, or, what is the good of it? Such persons seem to be deficient in the highest and best parts of human nature. It is one of the most unfortunate things that can happen an individual to be so constituted that he sees nothing but the possibilities of dollars and cents in everything at which he looks.

Let us consider what would happen if these utilitarians had their own way. The world's greatest poetry, masterpieces of art and sculpture, would all be relegated to the lumber room and forgotten. Utility would abolish the rose and root up the daisy. It would have no use for the gray and gold of the sunrise and the cloud-castles at sunset. It would see nothing in the starlit night, and the rainbow would have to go.

In fact all the best things of human life would be done away with, and only its hard, practical actualities would be left. Yet there are people in this world who are constituted along just such lines. They see nothing good in anything which cannot be sold in the market and find no use for anything that tends to uplift from this sordid, workaday world of ours. And then, thank God, there are others!

* * *

BE CONTENT.

THE good Book tells us that contentment with godliness is great gain. And true it is. But the most of us envy those around us and spend our time in repining at our lot in life, letting happiness slip out of the back door while we vainly gaze out of the front entrance.

Probably one-half of the unhappiness of life consists of unavailing regrets and hopeless envy. If we would stick to our own, and make the best of it, we would have more peace of mind than some of us now possess. There are some things we cannot help, do what we may. Can the Ethiopian change his skin? Let us accept the inevitable for it is always right. If we cannot be Kaiser we can dwell in a cottage where hollyhocks bloom and bees hum.

* * *

FAKIRS IN INDIA.

ALTHOUGH there are over 3,000,000 fakirs in India, a beggar never starves, except voluntarily in self-punishment, so afraid are the natives of incurring the wrath of their multitudinous gods if the holy men were not cared for.

* * *

PUT away from thee a forward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee.—Solomon.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Is your heart in your work?

✱

How can a handless man ever feel well?

✱

Many a smile is more eloquent than words.

✱

The singing Nooker is winging heavenward.

✱

How we come to dread the eternally funny man!

✱

Truth is mighty and must prevail. But does it?

✱

Don't go to bed thinking bad or you may dream bad.

✱

The long line of many a family is the clothes line.

✱

What's your idea of lying? Ever do any little ones?

✱

Sooner or later the new woman looks up the old man.

✱

Should we love our neighbors as they love themselves?

✱

God gives us our relations, but we choose our friends.

✱

The poorer the family, the more dogs kept. Ever notice it?

✱

If misery loves company the company never seems to reciprocate.

✱

The Nook would rather have appreciation than a long obituary notice.

✱

And it's a pity you don't see where the child got its propensity to talk.

✱

A fair exchange is no robbery, but how about the church fair exchange?

✱

Laugh and grow fat,—but what the Nookman wants to know is how to get rid of it.

✱

You plant, build, rake, scrape and save, but where are you going to spend eternity?

✱

Yes, you may chafe under that bonnet, but you would be a laughing stock without it.

✱

Is there any more disheartening sight than a grown man acting like a muley cow when brought face to face with trouble?

FILMS FROM A WINTER KODAK, ALONG THE JUNIATA.

BY ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

OLD Boreas has had a troubled sleep. Before daylight he springs out of bed with a bound, grasps the drowsy earth by the hair, and gives her a good shaking. There is a twinge and stifled groan, but the old mother has long ago learned that it is of no use to parley with the lord of the north, when he makes up his mind to a campaign. From the summit of Terrace Mountain, where the sight of magnificent areas of carousal has pushed his spirits up to the notch of "Ready, go!" he swoops down the breathless toboggan, bending over the young saplings and planting an enthusiastic whack in the ribs of their sires, splashes into the blue river at the bottom, stirring up its placid face into a thousand wrinkles, and is up and away through the dismantled forests stuck like pins in the round hills opposite, shaking the drops as he goes, tipping with jewels every twig in the astonished company.

Jack Frost has been keenly watching his father's escapade, and with the imitative faculty so strongly developed in all youngsters, slips out of the wide-open door with a bag of crystal powder over his lusty shoulder. Tirelessly trudging over the landscape, he chuckles as he throws generous handfuls over Nature's gray gown, encrusting it with brilliants, making a robe fit for a dame of the house royal. As he comes to the river bank, he encounters Madam Mist, taking an evening stroll. Making obeisance, he begs permission to join her in her ramble. They agree to spend the night in touching up the wardrobe of the old Queen. With what diligence and harmony they labor let the dawn reveal.

A long rift in a dun bank of cloud through which Aurora peeps for the first glimpse of the decorations, the day's eye twinkles in approval, and the veil drops again. For exclamations listen to the rustic hamlets and well-groomed suburbs, just waking. Every tree-branch, rose-bush, trellis, fence, and telegraph wire is outlined in broad white furry strokes, so delicate in texture withal that they vanish before a breath. Queen Nature stirs at the end of the long night's slumber, apprehensive of something unusual going on. With serene delight she inspects her superb garments, the gift of her loyal subjects. She remembers her coronation robes of last May-day, and concludes that she will now celebrate her diamond jubilee.

In unconscious dignity and grace, lingeringly, carressingly, the blue Juniata has meandered among the cloven hills for centuries. Year by year, on the stroke of the still, dead hour of winter, knights of mail have thrown their protection over her, and now the music

of her summer voice is locked up under leagues of transparent masonry. Here the southern sun, creeping along its winter arc, gambols solitary, or glances in and out among a gay group of skaters on holiday afternoons. The shelving rocks on either side, crowned with pine and laurel, echo the shouts of the healthy young tribes, successors of the Indian braves once at home in the heart of these hills, now vanished far toward the West. Across from my library window Warrior Ridge stretches in old-time, familiar picturesqueness, reminding one of the dusky aborigines in these happy haunts.

Beyond, and higher, and paler, and bluer, Tussey's Mountain draws in undulating crest against a suspicious-looking horizon. The great globe of light drops from sight as I watch it through a rifled walnut tree. Presently, galloping over the far ridge comes a cavalcade of phantoms, now scurrying down the hither slope, and briefly scaling Warrior Ridge, down once more to the frozen river, and in a moment more I am in the midst of a delightful snow-storm! All the landmarks lose distinctness; all meditations give way to admiration of the noiseless buffeting, the airy daintiness of the myriad combatants, and the exquisite grace of the tumble-down sport! The twilight stuffs its pillow with snowflakes and wraps itself up in a blanket of the same. So night turns the key. At midnight I look out, and the clear-cut stars are playing over the spotless fields.

Huntingdon, Pa.

* * *

LITTLE TOES NOT NEEDED.

UNLESS there is a reform in the fashions in shoes the little toe will ere many years be crowded out of existence. At first sight this will strike the average person as a consummation devoutly to be dreaded, but chiropodists and physicians unite in the assertion that people can get along very well with but four toes. Just as, according to Darwin, the tail was crowded out of the human bony skeleton many ages back because it had absolutely no useful function to perform; just as the vermiform appendix, the only apparent function of which is to necessitate dangerous and expensive operations, will eventually find no place in human anatomy, so, according to present indications, the little toe must ultimately disappear altogether.

The conditions prevailing at present are such, indeed, that but a short period of evolution will be necessary to bring about this radical change in the human system. The little toe is at its best in childhood, but even then it is seldom much more than an apology for a toe, while it is a fact well known to physicians that after a certain age has been reached in ninety cases out of a hundred the two end joints

of the toe become ankylosed—that is to say, so united as to make separate movement impossible.

Nor are these conditions brought about entirely or even mainly through modern methods of footwear, but are more directly the results of the civilized methods of locomotion.

Whether or not the big toe is all that is needed in walking and running is a question which has not yet been satisfactorily answered, but the fact remains that athletic instructors and coaches have universally striven to develop the big toe at the expense of the others in the training of fast runners and football players, and to that end the shoes have been made so narrow that any possibility of using the little toe has been precluded.

The modern method of walking, however, is really responsible for the nonuse of the little toe. The full weight of the body is thrown first on the left big toe

toe becoming smaller in each successive generation, until it loses all semblance of a toe and consists of a stump merely.

It is estimated that by the beginning of the twenty-first century, unless some very radical change is made in footwear and locomotion, the eight-toed man and woman will be the rule and the ten-toed ones the exception.

❖ ❖ ❖

HAD A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

THOMAS J. MINNICK, an English newspaper man, sought glory by imitating the old-time American reporter's trick of having himself locked up in a Belgian madhouse to secure a sensation. The doctors, however, "got on" to Thomas and to teach him a lesson dosed him with vomiting powders. Next he was put



WHERE THE WATER FROM THE DAM IS LET INTO THE CANAL.

and then on the right big toe. If by chance the rest of the foot is allowed to participate in the support of the body the little toe receives less of it than any of the others. Ninety per cent of the shoes are worn out considerably more on the big toe side than on the little toe side.

Between the modern method of walking and the wearing of tight-fitting shoes the little toe is doomed to an early end. The disappearance will, of course, be gradual. As the use of the foot is more and more confined to the big toe the little toe will slowly but surely diminish in size with each successive generation.

According to a physician who has given the matter some study, the process of evolution will be something like this: The ankylosed joints of the little toe, now so common among grown-up people, will begin to appear in the newly-born babe. From the ankylosed member to the web toe will be a short step. Cases will begin to appear of the little toe and its fellow united by membranous tissues or cartilage, the little

on a diet of sour herrings and no water; at night he wasn't allowed to sleep and when he complained he was told that he had a tumor in his brain and was imagining ill treatment. He would feel better as soon as the tumor was cut out. When finally the doctors tried to chloroform him and made preparations to operate upon him Thomas disclosed his identity. But the doctors would not let him off. They sent him under guard to the police station, where he was booked as an impostor and for obtaining the county's charity under false pretenses.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT HE FEARED.

"DEAR me!" said May, scornfully. The idea of your being afraid of old Towser, a poor old house dog! Why, he eats out of my hand!"

"I don't doubt it," replied Skeers, dubiously. "What I am afraid of is, that he may take a notion to eat out of my leg."

SOME BIBLE LAW TRIALS.

AN editorial in the *Chicago Chronicle* tells an entertaining story that will interest Nook readers of the Bible.

Judge Hilcher of Joliet, one of the prominent jurists of the state, delivered a lecture recently before a Chicago secular club on the subject of Christ's trial before Pilate, the representative of the Roman empire at Jerusalem. This has been a favorite subject of comment with many of the most enlightened modern lawyers.

The questions of law involved are not practical, but the study is one of extreme interest. It is bathed in a sort of gospel atmosphere which gives it a sanctity different from that which prevails in the study of the case where Shylock's claim against Antonio was adjudicated before Portia, the counterfeit judge of the court in Venice. These theoretical cases have a strong interest for lawyers with powerful imaginations, in the depths of which truth may rest as the most valuable gems rest at the bottom of the deepest mines.

The investigations of lawyers as to the trial of Christ are inspired by a curiosity to find out if the record is correct—if it was in strict accordance with rules of judicial procedure under the Jewish law as administered through Roman jurisdiction—and with the evidence in the case. The accounts of the trial are meager, but probably they embody all the facts, as the early lawyers in our courts before the stenographic era kept their own brief minutes of testimony and pleas in cases which they tried. It is generally conceded that there were no irregularities in the case.

Studious lawyers seeking interesting problems of ancient law would find in the trial of Paul before Festus a curious case. It involved more important questions than were presented in the case of Christ, and it has been regarded as of less note only on account of the difference in Christian rank held by the two illustrious defendants.

It will be recollected that after Paul's arrest at Jerusalem and extradition to Cæsarea he was haled before Felix, the Roman governor in that city. He was held in prison two years, when Porcius Festus succeeded Felix as governor and Paul was brought into his court. Before Paul's trial commenced the Jews made a motion in court, as we would say nowadays, that he should be sent back to Jerusalem for trial. The court of Festus was a civil court under Roman law. The court at Jerusalem was the sanhedrin, a Jewish ecclesiastical court.

Paul was a scholar of the highest accomplishments. He was a general linguist as relates to the few civilized languages of his time. He wrote and spoke extemporaneously with equal facility Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

He had studied at the feet of Gamaliel and was an expert in both Jewish and Roman law. He was an unrivaled orator. Diminutive in stature, red headed, a chronic invalid and lame, he possessed the magnetic force of eloquence which moved every audience which he addressed as the winds of a tempest move the leaves of a forest.

The charge against Paul before Governor Festus was that of sedition—that he had reviled Cæsar in teaching the supremacy of Christ. The charge against him at Jerusalem was that of blasphemy—an entirely different charge, though based substantially on the same ground. Governor Festus did not like absolutely to turn him over to the Jews for trial, but asked him if he had any objection to returning to Jerusalem for trial. The consent of the defendant to a change of venue was sought.

Paul evaded the question by denying that he had violated either any Roman or Jewish law—that he had offended either Cæsar or the temple. He denied both charges, that of sedition and that of blasphemy, but he declined to go voluntarily to Jerusalem for trial before the sanhedrin and denied the power of Governor Festus to send him there for that purpose. He said:

I stand at Cæsar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged. To the Jews have I done no wrong. If I be an offender or have committed anything worthy of death I refuse not to die. But if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me no man can deliver me unto them.

A better question of jurisdiction never was raised in any court. He was before the Romans' civil court. They attempted to send him for trial to an ecclesiastical court. Held for sedition, they wanted to try him in another court for blasphemy. It was as if in a case under our laws a change of venue should be asked from the criminal court to the probate court.

* * *

MAIL COMES ONCE A YEAR.

Here's a post office located farther north than any other in existence at present and maintained by the United States government. If you look at your geography and find Alaska, you will see Point Barrow, away up at the top of that ice bound peninsula, and, according to the scale on which your map may be drawn, anywhere from an inch to perhaps a foot from the mystery enshrouded North pole. It is at Point Barrow where a postmaster and his handsome wife have trouble only once a year in receiving and distributing mail matter or preparing it for shipment to other and far distant parts of the universe. It will be seen that there is ample time for you to write

any letter you have in mind and discharge any obligation with your correspondent up there, because the next mail is due to arrive in and from Point Barrow next August.

Notwithstanding the temperature up there may be anything from seventy to one hundred and fifty degrees below zero, it is a matter of record that sentimental letters still burn with love, even after they have been brought to the post office over fields of ice and have traversed hundreds of miles over ice bound country.

A post office inspector, John P. Clum, established the post office at Point Barrow a year ago last summer. He selected as postmaster Dr. H. Richmond Marsh, who, with Mrs. Marsh, has charge of the Presbyterian mission house at Point Barrow. Dr. Marsh accepted the responsibility with all the formality of a postmaster within twenty miles of New York and furnished a bond for \$500 with his bondsmen in Nome. When Dr. Marsh had qualified he was given a die stamp with which to cancel stamps, locks for the mail bags and a supply of stamps, mostly of the two-cent denomination, and then the Point Barrow post office was open for business.

The mail to and from there is carried by the revenue cutter Bear, which is able to reach Point Barrow only once a year, on account of the ice. That is either in the latter part of July or in August. The nearest post office to Point Barrow is six hundred miles away, at Kotzebue. When the mail is placed on the Bear it is in an ordinary mail pouch that is carefully locked and remains so until it is opened with a key in Dr. Marsh's possession.

There is no crowd of "summer girls" around the post office waiting impatiently for the mail to be sorted. Not much; but there may be a few traders in the neighborhood with summer-weight fur garments who listlessly await Postmaster Marsh's stamping of thirty or forty letters. The country at present has in it several exploring parties who are working their way down the Colville river, but that is hundreds of miles distant, and perhaps mail is sent to them by means of reindeer that are starting for that section.

* * *

SEEK WEALTH IN STREETS.

"THE 'lost and found' column of the newspaper is responsible for a rather peculiar habit," said an observant citizen, "and it produced a rather singular mental condition. It has caused a great many persons to make a rather close study of the sidewalks of the city, and no doubt many of them live in constant hope

of picking up something very valuable. They have all sorts of wild dreams about finding jewelry, more or less valuable, and big rolls of money, and things of that sort.

"I am not speaking of the unhappy and extremely unfortunate class we find in the city, whose life is spent in searching the sidewalks and the gutters for whatever trifle they may pick up. I have in mind a different sort of people, people who are more cultured and more refined, and whose minds have by degrees bent into the groove. Maybe some of them have found something at some time or other, and this has caused them to search, more or less diligently, the sidewalk as they rush along the street. I know of one case of this sort, a young man who has been so influenced by the habit that he goes along the street with his head down, often passing his nearest and closest friends without seeing them. He made the statement to me a few days ago that during the last year he had found six silver dimes on the sidewalk, and he had gradually drifted into the habit of searching the sidewalks with his eyes as he passed along the streets. 'Besides,' he said, 'I am always reading the lost and found column in the newspapers, and the thing has a sort of fascination for me. It has produced a perpetual condition of mental excitement, and of course I get a great deal of pleasure out of it.'

"Now, here is a curious thing. Men for some time have indulged the foolish habit of counting the cracks in the sidewalk, or telegraph poles, and touching things with their hands, but few of us have been aware of the existence of a class of men who are constantly trying to find something as they brush along the street. When we have found men looking intently at the sidewalk we have supposed that they were counting cracks or trying to keep from stepping on cracks, or making some sort of curious study of the sidewalk's topography, but instead we now learn that they are actually looking for wealth, trying to find something that somebody else has lost. What strange flights fancy doth take in these latter days."—*New Orleans Times Democrat*.

* * *

PETROLEUM DRINKERS.

THE Medical society of Paris has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum drinking. At first it was thought that the habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol imposed by the French government, but an investigation showed that this was not the case; the habit had been prevalent some time previously in certain districts and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, only morose.

RELICS OF ST. PIERRE.

NOOKERS who read the papers know that the eruption of Mont Pelee destroyed the city of St. Pierre, and a correspondent of a Chicago paper writes thus entertainingly of some of the relics.

The collection at Harvard is an expression of a new and rather picturesque policy in a museum of this special character, namely, that of securing objects not only of geological but at the same time of human interest, showing, as in this case, the bearing of the various earth processes—volcanoes, earthquakes and the like—upon human life. A complete list of the articles brought together would very well reproduce much of the household life of St. Pierre on the very day before Mont Pelee finally poured forth its threatened storm of steam, vapor, sand, ashes and half molten rock, and the shelves of the museum thus present a picture, more real even than photographic reproductions of the wrecked city, of the horror of a great volcanic eruption. Except for the volcanic dust, however, with which many of them are plastered, the various articles show rather the effects of the tremendous heat to which they were subjected than of the volcanic eruption that occasioned it.

It is the personal character of the collection that makes it of more than ordinary interest. Here are the forks, knives and spoons, for example, that were used on the breakfast tables of the city, even while the great volcano, considered dead for half a century, was ominously drawing breath for the final destruction. Some of them are still separate; others melted together, twisted in masses, stained in various colors by the oxidization of iron, silver, copper or other metal and by the overflow of the muddy, sandy stream whose component parts were as many as the elements—stores, houses and humanity itself all mixed together—that made up the life of the streets over which they were scattered by the force of the eruption and the falling of roofs and walls. Glass vessels, pitchers, fruit jars and other objects whose use can now only be guessed at are fused and run together by the heat; candlesticks are partly melted and bent to one side by their own weight; coins are welded together in indiscriminate chunks of metal in which perhaps ten or twenty bits of copper or silver still retain enough of their former character to be recognizable, but cannot be separated one from another. There are pitchers, sugar bowls, jars and platters, many of them of solid silver and still bearing the monogram of families now completely wiped out of existence; plates still covered with the fine gray dust of the eruption, some welded together and others separate and still unbroken, although it is necessary to handle them with extreme delicacy, and finally one of the two \$5 American gold pieces that

proved at once the presence of American money and the scarcity of gold coin.

The tremendous heat, which crumbled cemented walls often more than a yard thick and reduced to a level every roof and wall in the city except the towers of the cathedral, has played its most curious pranks with the smaller articles of tableware. Three spoons, for example, are joined together by their handles, suggesting some novel "yankee notion." Other pieces have been molded into new shapes that recall the work of renaissance silversmiths and in which one can vaguely trace grotesque faces and graceful bodies, and the effect is heightened by the fact that the fire has given them an appearance of extreme age and a suggestion of the green coloring of Etruscan bronze. On the other hand, a cross from one of the private shrines of the city is almost uninjured.

The collection also contains a curious commentary on the state of mind of the people who owned and used the articles which Dr. Jaggar has gathered together in the shape of a copy of the last issue of *Les Colonies*, the newspaper whose fatal optimism did more perhaps than any other one thing to keep the people of St. Pierre from flying before the threatenings of the volcano. This, of course, was not found in the ruins, having come as a gift of a French planter, but copies are now very rare if not altogether unobtainable.

* * *

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

EVERY now and then there crop out in the papers references to the Monroe Doctrine. As a rule few people understand what it is. In a few words it is that no foreign government shall establish a monarchy or political dependency based on European methods on this hemisphere. From a completer presentation of the case we append a fuller explanation. It will pay every Nooker to read it carefully. Some day it will doubtless figure in a war.

1—It must be remembered, in the first place, that the declaration on which Monroe in 1823 consulted his cabinet and his two predecessors, Jefferson and Madison, related to the meddling of the powers of Europe in the affairs of American states.

2—That the kind of meddling then declared against was such as tended to control the political affairs of American powers, or was designed to extend to the New World the political system and institutions of the old.

3—That the declaration did not mark out any course of conduct to be pursued, but merely asserted that interposition of the kind mentioned would be considered as dangerous to our peace and safety, and a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

4—That this doctrine has never been indorsed by any resolution or act of Congress, but still remains the declaration of a President and his cabinet.

5—Nevertheless, it was and is an eminently proper and patriotic doctrine, and as such has been indorsed by the people of the United States, and needs no other sanction. The people, not Congress, rule this country. It is not of the smallest consequence, therefore, whether Congress ever has or ever does indorse the doctrine, which very fittingly bears the name of the first President to announce it.

6—The Monroe doctrine is a simple and plain statement that the people of the United States oppose the creation of European dominion on American soil; that they oppose the transfer of the political sovereignty of American soil to European powers, and that any attempt to do these things will be regarded as "dangerous to our peace and safety." What the remedy should

the present instance, therefore, the doctrine does not apply so long as England does not hold the ports of Venezuela longer than is necessary to secure the payment of the sum she is determined to extort. Should she attempt to hold Venezuela forever, the Monroe doctrine would apply and our duty and policy would be resistance.

COURSE OF THE CABLE.

WHEN we follow the course of a cable dispatch and see how many hands it passes through before reaching the person it is intended for, the wonder is that all cipher messages do not contain mistakes. The operator ticked it off to the cable station at Hongkong, writes the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. From there it was sent to Singapore; it entered India, was caught up at Madras and hurried on to Bombay; with lightning wings it flew to Aden,



FARM SCENE ALONG THE SANTE FE RAILWAY.

be for such interposition by European powers the doctrine does not pretend to state. But this much is certain, that when the people of the United States consider anything "dangerous to their peace and safety," they will do as other nations do, and if necessary defend their peace and safety with force of arms.

7—The doctrine does not contemplate forcible intervention by the United States in any legitimate contest, but it will not permit any such contest to result in the increase of European power or influence on this continent, nor in the overthrow of an existing government, nor in the establishment of a protectorate over them, nor in the exercise of any direct control over their policy or institutions. Further than this the doctrine does not go. It does not commit us to take part in wars between a South American republic and a European sovereign when the object of the latter is not the founding of a monarchy under a European prince in place of an overthrown republic. In

in Arabia, where it was put on the cable to Suez, Africa. Then began the race toward Europe by the way of Malta, Gibraltar and Lisbon, ending on the eastern hemisphere at London. From the English capital it made another deep-sea journey to New York, and from there was telegraphed overland to Washington, having been transcribed no fewer than fifteen times.

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

It was a woman who invented the tack puller, which is now so widely used in this country. The tack puller is simply a leverlike arrangement by means of which the tacks holding a carpet to the floor can be easily and speedily pulled out.

KEEP thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—*Solomon*.

NO-PAY HOTEL GUESTS.

"I wish you would have some new pens put on the writing table," said a well-dressed man to the clerk of an uptown hotel.

"Certainly. Front!" and a boy was called and instructed to attend to the matter.

"Now, wouldn't you think that he was our star guest?" asked the clerk. "If you did think so you would be wrong, for he never spent a cent in this house. He lives quite a distance from here, but comes in as regularly as the day, reads his papers here, writes his letters at our desks and receives his callers in our reception-rooms. He is not alone in his class. There are hundreds of men just like him. They are respectable, and in no way offensive, but they enjoy a lot of hotel privileges for nothing so long that they finally look upon them as vested rights."

The clerk told about the various kinds of "no-pay guests" to be seen in all New York hotels, and said that they were a source of expense to hotels, but that they helped to distribute the hotel stationery, and occasionally some of their friends left a dollar there, says a writer in the *New York Tribune*.

"The man with the long hair over there," said the clerk, pointing to a distinguished-looking man who lolled in an easy chair with an air of proprietorship, "is one of our 'regular' guests. His specialty is newspapers. He has his breakfast at a coffee and cakes place near by, and comes early every morning. He sits about with his eyes half closed, apparently oblivious to all around him, until some one lays down a paper and walks away.

"Then he will jump for the paper quick as a flash and begin to read. While he is reading he keeps his eye on the others in the room, and as papers are cast aside he adds to his store, but when he has finished reading he leaves the papers in the reading-room, and some of his fellow 'regulars' carry them away. At the writing desks our expense for stationery is looked upon as legitimate, but there is one feature that goes a little beyond the limit, and is rather exasperating. That is the pilfering.

"Penholders, with pens and without, pens new and old, and blotters in all stages, are carried away in great quantities. A man who is known as 'the professor' in the hotels in this neighborhood, probably because he was once a school-teacher, used to sit around a writing table for a long time every day, pretending to read, but he really watched for an opportunity to conceal a new blotter in the folds of his paper. When this had been accomplished he folded up the paper and walked out. What he wanted the paper for I don't know, because he did all his writing here. One day I called him aside and told him that he must stay away. He asked no

question, but he understood why. I am sure, however, that his place as a blotter pilferer has been filled."

In the winter these hotel loungers make the public rooms their club, and in warm weather they cannot be distinguished from the real guests in the fresh-air parts of the hotels.

"Of course," said the clerk, "if we would allow everyone to make our house his headquarters we would soon have no room for our guests but we do not. Our 'sitters' are reputable people, who have no business to occupy their time; old men whose day has passed or men who are waiting for something to turn up, and I am sure that they are all honest people, even if they do occasionally take a few pens and other articles of stationery or the daily papers.

"This class belongs to a New York hotel as much as that other class which consists of men who stand around the ticker all day figuring how much money could have been made if a certain amount had been invested on a certain stock. These people never speculate, because they have no money, but they haunt the hotel ticker, and live in hopes of some day to play the game again which they understand so much better now than they did when they played it before."

FEEDING THE ANIMALS.

AN animal is almost as demonstrative when he is hungry as when he is in a rage. They are both natural feelings, and he sees no reason for disguising them. Human beings who are affected in the same way as animals by hunger pay tribute to civilization by not letting this appear. At an animal show in this city the wild occupants of the cages get very wild when the hour comes for them to be fed. A truck laden with meat and vegetables is wheeled around. Long before it gets to their cages the lions act as if beside themselves over the maddening prospect of food. The cages are very small, and yet a lion and lioness will often be in one. They tear from one side to the other, the lion jumping over the body of the lioness rather than make a "longer trip around." Though they ought to have learned that each will get a share, they both plunge for the great chunk of meat. Once they get it they eat it with a certain intensity, but deliberation.

The hyenas, "bounders" of the animal realm, are horribly greedy and will steal from each other every chance they get. The apes, the "snobs" of animal kind, are rather fastidious, if greedy. The ostrich, large, robust bird that it is, awaits its food with much stolidity and when it gets its head of cabbage pecks at it in a most contained, ladylike fashion. The stoical elephant is a placid eater also.—*New York Times*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

CHESTNUTS.

Two brown babies in a rough green ball
Swinging away in a treetop tall.
Up came the wind and blew a hard blast;
Green prickly ball, hold fast, hold fast!
Down to the ground, with an awful thump
Fell the green ball—and such a hard bump
Cracked it wide, and the brownies jumped out!
The boys picked them up with many a shout!

By Maude Whitmore Madden in Good Housekeeping.

* * *

A DEVOTED FOSTER MOTHER.

IN one of our exchanges we have an interesting story of Amanda, a beautiful, well-bred Angora cat owned of W. F. de la Tour of Worcester, Mass. The writer says, Virginia may be the "mother of Presidents," but Amanda is the foster-mother of rabbits.

Those who know her well call her "Mandy." In "Mandy's" affectionate mind, mother love, foster-mother love, has conquered the instincts she inherited from her cat ancestors.

Any cat will attack a rabbit, for all cats seem to have the greatest antipathy to rabbits, which, defenseless, are their easy prey.

Not so "Mandy." She nurtures orphan rabbits with the same devotion as she does her own kittens; most literally she takes to her bosom motherless, helpless little rabbits.

It was quite accidentally that Amanda first showed her willingness to be the wet-nurse of rabbits. Two years ago, Nature, in unkind mood, presented nine wee rabbits to their mother. The rabbit mother was very attentive to her motherly duties, but it was utterly impossible for her to fill the needs and little "tummies" of more than eight of her children at a time. His brothers and sisters crowded aside the very smallest and weakest rabbit when their mother called them to breakfast or dinner or supper. And the very smallest rabbit grew smaller yet, and pitifully thin, until it seemed that he must die. If he had been a human baby the learned doctors would have said he suffered from "inanition."

It so happened, then, that three kittens had lately come to bless "Mandy." One kitten died and the mother-cat deeply grieved for it. At once to console "Mandy" and to save the life of the puny, hungry rabbit, Mr. de la Tour determined on a hazardous experiment.

He took the starving, almost dying baby rabbit from its cage and put it in the big straw-lined box where

"Mandy" and her two kittens lived. De la Tour says "Mandy," regarded the tiny stranger from the tip of its pointed ears to its funny little tail for at least five minutes. "Mandy," good, careful mother, wore an expression of disgust, which said, plain as words, "What an extremely dirty baby you are! When did you have a bath?"

Then the mother-cat carefully and thoughtfully washed the rabbit. After bath time it was supper time. There being only two kittens, there was no crowding. The rabbit for the first time in its short life got a full meal of the "very best prepared food for infants." Then he fell into a sound, happy sleep, realizing that this is not a bad world, even for young rabbits.

Thereafter "Mandy" treated the rabbit as one of her family. She showered the same endearments on him, but, when he was bad, he got a cuff on the ear just as the kittens did. He and the kittens grew to be fast friends.

The rabbit was ready to leave home before the kittens. Let us say he was more precocious than the kittens rather than that he was ungrateful to his foster-mother. One day when "Mandy" was out searching for a choice meal, the young rabbit took advantage of her absence to try the strength, which, thanks to her, he felt stirring in him. After many falls he succeeded in hopping over the edge of his box-nursery; one startled glance around and he set off investigating. Mr. de la Tour happened on the spot just as the rabbit ventured forth. He called "Mandy" and watched the cat spring into the box to her charges. She was out again in a second and stood by the box calling softly and looking around. No answer, of course.

The mother-cat was plainly greatly worried. Mr. de la Tour pointed out to her the rabbit's hiding place and, in an instant, "Mandy" had the runaway by the back of the neck and in the box again.

After that she watched the rabbit more carefully than ever. When she permitted him to leave the nursery she was always near him. She tried to give him lessons in the cat language, that she might recall him or give him warning as she did her kittens. Perhaps the rabbit learned the language; perhaps it was only hunger that often brought him back to her. When he was old enough to eat he was restored to his own mother's cage. "Mandy" sorely missed him for a while, then forgot him in completing the education of her own offspring.

The Q. & A. Department.

Dear Mr. Nookman:—

I am a reader of your splendid magazine, though not a member of the church. . . . A friend of mine who has just been married has a lot of duplicate silverware presents, and she has ten sets of teaspoons. . . . She appealed to me as to what to do with them. I advised her to exchange. She seemed perplexed, being conscientious in the matter, but agreed to defer to the Nook's advice. The tags came off the spoons, and she does not know "which is which." . . . Now what she wants to know is whether it would be right for her to exchange her presents.

The answer to the above has been rendered easy by what has gone before. To give away or sell the presents would be almost a crime. But what use has any woman for sixty teaspoons? The gifts were all right, but the facts are embarrassing. The Nook's advice is for the bride to keep a few sets, and let the friend who writes go to the local jeweler, *one* of them, and try to trade them in for something of real value. He will be glad to do it, because it gives him a chance to value new spoons and to overvalue his wares. He will not tell, you will not, and the donors will not inquire. The gratitude and the good intentions remain the same. Nobody is harmed, and that is the moral side of it all.

The Nook's word is for any sake don't sell them, don't give them away, but exchange them quietly, and thank heaven for good friends. The givers could not be expected to go around and ask what was wanted, and if a mix-up resulted what wrong is it in righting it all? But there is no need to tell it, not even to an intimate, and be it known the Nook *never* tells.

*

Why does my thermometer vary from my neighbor's? We hang them side by side and they vary several degrees. How can I tell which is right?

There was probably never a thoroughly accurate thermometer in existence. The only possible way to accuracy is to take one as a standard for all the thermometers in the United States, and then, placing another by its side, under identically the same conditions, note the variations on a card accompanying your instrument, supposing it to be the one "corrected" as it is called. For instance, yours would read 70, exact, while the card says, "for 70 read 73," and so on. Thus you see that, unless corrected by the one standard both yours and your neighbor's are scientifically worthless. This is done by the government, and if the Nookman's memory serves him rightly, the corrected instrument is worth about six

dollars. Some friend with a corrected instrument might compare and note for you.

The cheap thermometers are like the cheap watches,—they work, but are not accurate, and are no good at all for scientific purposes, though good enough to show which was the colder day or the warmer. Notice the readings of a lot of them hung together in a store. They vary wonderfully, and this is at the bottom of the talk about the weather—that it was 35 below on Brown's thermometer while yours was only 25. Likely both were wrong, yet for personal use in *comparing weather* both were as good as the best.

*

Is a barometer any use or good in telling weather?

If the cheap toy barometers are meant, then, no. They "tell the weather" the day after. But a good mercurial barometer is an excellent thing, and if intelligently watched will surely foretell a storm. They are somewhat expensive but last practically forever, unless broken.

*

Will we finally be judged in accordance with exact justice?

Not with justice as we understand the word. If so none of us should have the reward of eternal life, as none can earn the enormous boon by the rules of human justice. Infinite wisdom is naturally not confined along the lines of finite understanding.

*

What are the western railroad snowsheds like?

They are simply long sheds, loosely boarded up, big enough for the train to run through. The idea is to keep the track free from snow, which drifts and slips badly in the high mountain regions through which the train goes.

*

Is there such a thing as an absolute right or wrong?

No, not ordinarily. Circumstances ever alter cases. No situation may be made which cannot be offset by conditions. Right and wrong are terms which are never absolute but which always depend on the conditions.

*

In what part of the country is Christmas made the most of?

The Nook, from what it knows in the case, would say in the South. The farther South the greater and the longer the demonstration.

The Home



Department

GINGERBREAD.

BY MRS. JAS. F. THOMAS.

THE following is No. 807, Inglenook Cook Book, corrected: Take one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, three or four tablespoonfuls of melted lard, a little salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two cups of sifted flour—no more,—and just before putting in the oven add one cup of boiling water.

Inglewood, Cal.

* * *

POTATO FRITTERS.

BY MARY FRANTZ.

PARE and grate three large potatoes, add four eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix, and fry like pancakes.

Beattie, Kans.

* * *

A GOOD WAY TO FRY MUSH.

BY SISTER GUSSIE V. CULLEN.

MAKE mush in the usual way and leave in the mold over night. Cut in even slices. Beat two eggs until light. Dip slices of mush in egg and then in rolled cracker crumbs and fry brown in drippings.

Holmesville, Nebr.

* * *

GINGER SNAPS.

BY SISTER BALINDA STONER.

TAKE one pint of sugar, one quart of molasses, two cups of lard, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, and flour to make stiff. If you prefer you can make half the amount.

Union Bridge, Md.

* * *

BREADED SAUSAGE.

WIPE the sausages dry. Dip them in beaten eggs and then in bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat for ten minutes.

CAPITAL GINGERBREAD GEMS.

BY JENNIE NEHER.

BEAT till light one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one-half tablespoonful of cinnamon. Add three-fourths of a cup of boiling water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and only enough flour to make a batter that will pour. Last, add two eggs beaten very light—whites and yolks together,—and bake in gem pans.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

* * *

RECIPE FOR CANNING SAUSAGE.

BY KATE HOWARD.

TAKE fresh sausage, smoked or not as you like, put in a pan and fry in a hot oven. Cut in lengths and put in tin cans and cover with the lard in which they were fried. First have the cans lined with good paper, and seal when filled.

Cambridge, Ind.

* * *

SUGAR COOKIES.

BY LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE eight cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of melted lard, three eggs and six teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, mix, roll thin, cut in shapes and bake in a quick oven.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

BISCUIT.

BY MARY FRANTZ.

TO one pint of sour milk add one scant teaspoonful of soda (or enough to make it foam), one tablespoonful of baking powder in enough flour to make dough as soft as you can handle. Bake in a quick oven.

Beattie, Kans.

SOME GOOD READING.

THE January issues of the leading magazines are all good, as usual. The home without a magazine or two has missed much that it ought to have. Now what is the best, the very best? There is no such thing in the whole magazine world. One might as well go into a dry goods store and ask for the very best fabric. The merchant would likely ask him what he wanted it for. It would all depend. Just so in the world of periodical literature.

*

Here are a few of them as they come to the Nook. If you lean to fiction, with a laugh at the end of the book, you get a complete story in *Lippincott's*. And there is always an article of lasting value. There are no pictures in *Lippincott's*, their space being taken up by reading matter. Twenty-five cents will get you a copy of *Lippincott's* anywhere.

*

If you run to pictures there's *Country Life in America*, perhaps the finest thing of its kind, in black and white, in the world. The pictures are beauties, being halftones, hence photographically accurate. The letterpress and the character of its literary contents are good, but the Nook advises *Country Life* mainly on account of its illustrations, though you will be pleased with the reading, too. Twenty-five cents.

*

But suppose you want something substantial, something to read that "stays by you" and keeps you fully abreast with the world's doings,—that's the *Review of Reviews*. You'll not miss it.

*

Then there's the *World's Work* on the same order and for the same price. The *World's Work* is relatively a new publication along eclectic levels, but still of sufficient individuality to make it a very formidable rival in its peculiar field. It is a little more modern and up to the hour than some of its competitors, and the Nook advises you to get it the next time you pass a news stand. It is well illustrated.

*

While the above are substantial you may not take kindly to them, or, rather, you prefer something livelier. Very well! There's *Everybody's* for ten cents, and you would go far and fare no better in the line of popular literature if you sought a superior. And there's always something of permanent value in *Everybody's*.

*

Of a slightly different turn and manner in *The Era*, also finely illustrated, and perhaps a little higher grade of matter, but that's as you may look at it. The way for you to find out is to sample it. Ten cents for

The Era is as well spent as any dime you could part with.

*

Possibly you disregard pictures and take to what you may call being on the frontier of thought and speculative philosophy. Well, there's the *Arena* for twenty-five cents. It is not a popular magazine in the picture sense, but it skirmishes around among the causes of things sociologically and otherwise, and always in a dignified and scholarly way. With the *Arena* you are in thoughtful company, though you may not always agree.

*

Then you may want something that will help you right at the moment, uplift and upbuild you from the start. *Success* is the name of it, and ten cents the price, and cheap it is for the money. It is a practical magazine, treating of the elements of a successful life in all of its essential phases. We recommend *Success*.

*

There are others, and yet others, some of which will be noticed later on.

* * *

FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

DEAR NOOKMAN:

I thought I would defer writing you till my birthday, which was on the 30th of last December, and then I was ninety-five years old. I remember distinctly how it was when I was younger than I am now. In my girlhood days they had big parties, and they danced and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. I have known forty couples to be on the floor at one time, and I was one of them. Everything would pass off pleasantly. On Christmas we would have roast beef and plum pudding in Faversham, England, where I was born. God bless you.

Elizabeth Bowdon,

Rockingham, Mo.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end, will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JANUARY 24, 1903.

No. 4.

BEYOND THE HILL.

Long, long ago, when life was sweet,
And days with love and hope replete,
I lived where shade and sunshine meet
Beside a rill.

I used to gaze, with wondering eyes,
Away to where the hill-tops rise—
Where bending low, the purple skies
Caressed the hill.

The blue rim of the horizon.
The vaulted skies at rest thereon,
And over all, the yellow sun
Poured mellow light.

My fancy, with a strange unrest,
Went often to the far-off crest
Of hills low-lying toward the west,
With eager flight.

What strange new things beyond might hide!
My world so narrow—that, how wide!
What was there on the other side?

I questioned still,
Till one sad day my restless feet
Went out across the meadows sweet—,
Went gaily out, the world to greet
Beyond the hill.

How long I journeyed, where I left
The blue hills which the distance cleft,
Or how, or when, of hope bereft,
I do not know.

The way led through a dreary night,
And o'er my spirits fell a blight;
The path grew rough and chill and white
With frost and snow.

It seemed the time was years and years,
The way through leagues and leagues of tears,
And I, beset with doubts and fears,
And longings vain;

The world I found was wide and cold,
And hard and selfish; fame nor gold
Could comfort me, and I grew old
With grief and pain.

But now, at times, through tears arise
Sweet visions of empurpled skies
And wondrous hills and golden dyes
That know no chill;

And to my homesick heart I hear
A low voice calling, "Over there
Is life and love and rest from care—
Beyond the hill."

KRUPP, THE GUNMAKER.

THE recent death of Friederick Alfred Krupp, of the gun-making firm in Germany, was felt all over the world. He was a man who disliked publicity and strange as it may seem, although he made cannon, he was a thorough man of peace and a relentless foe of war. He inherited the business of cannon making and acquired an enormous fortune valued at one hundred and fifty millions. He was never a happy man, and if he had not been cursed with this vast fortune and the business on his hands he would have shone in some department of art or literature. He was one of the great captains of industry in the world, and the business he left behind him is of enormous magnitude and importance. It is to be hoped that the time is soon to come that the making of cannon wherewith to kill man shall be one of the lost arts.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

IF we accept the old adage that "figures won't lie," as a true one, here is a plausible way of proving that all the people in the world are akin to each other.

A man has two ancestors in the first generation, his father and his mother. In the second generation his ancestors are four, because he had two grandfathers and two grandmothers. Each of these four had two parents, therefore, in the third generation, there are eight ancestors, that is, eight great-grandparents.

Going on with this calculation, we find that in the fourth generation there are sixteen ancestors; in the fifth generation, thirty-two; in the sixth, sixty-four; in the seventh, one hundred and twenty-eight. In the tenth generation there are 1,024 ancestors; in the twentieth, 1,048,576; in the thirtieth, 1,073,834.

And as the entire population of the globe is only about 1,500,000,000, you see how it is possible to prove a common relationship.

THE way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble.—*Solomon.*

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 7.

ONE thing the learner wants to do and that is to extend his vocabulary. It is not meant by this that he wants or needs to acquire the polysyllabic language of the colored brother of the Golden Cross Christian church, but that he wants to enlarge his horizon intellectually by learning the words that express thought on unfamiliar levels. In connection with this, no man can truly say that he understands the English language. If he did he would be the impossible who "knows it all," really a charlatan. Every rural reader, and also many others, understands what is meant by the phrase "a rotation of crops." It conveys in a few words what would require many to fully explain. But do you know what is meant by the phrase, "conservation of force?" Honest, now, for as learners we must not be given to unwarranted assumptions, does the reader understand as well what is meant by "conservation of force" as he does by "rotation of crops?" No? Well, then observe the holes, the rags and tatters of the minds of all of us, when it comes to a wide and accurate range of knowledge.

Now we said originally that information is not education, that education is something different. In this case it is the ability to acquire knowledge of the terms, conservation and force, by the quickest and the easiest methods leading to accuracy. The sodden, uninquiring mind cares nothing for either rotation of crops, conservation of force, or anything of the kind. The educated man may not care, either, but should he do so he would be able to get hold of it in a very short time while the untrained man would probably find out by asking and patching out his knowledge with a sort of crazy-quilt of misinformation. That is one difference between an educated and an uneducated man, or, what is the same thing, a trained and an untrained person.

Therefore, when our student reads his classic, his Irving, let him note the roads taken by the author, his methods of telling his story, and let him have before him an everlasting and eternal WHY? He will see that the story flows easily, gracefully, and makes the music of language. What is the trick? How is it done? He will never get to the bottom of this, never understand it clearly, for if it were an open secret all men might become Shakespeares, but he can talk about it with those who know, and while they may not be found sitting on nail kegs at the grocery or the cross-roads store, still there are people who, belonging to the freemasonry of scholarship, will always be ready and more than willing to talk of these things. And, be it known, when a man once begins, voluntarily, to earnestly seek the views of others who are scholars, he may know that he

has entered the only right way that leads to the final truth. No man knows all the truth. But many always know more than one. It is a case of the safety that lies in the multitude of counsel. Our scholar, for he is now becoming one, must read the higher-class and higher-priced magazines. This should be a recreation, literally a re-creation. When he is wearied of buckling down to a task, tired of boning his way through a study, let him take Harper and read the story, the study, the poem, and when he swings on his coat to go to his work he will have something to think of, and while he wields the sledge, or digs the ditch, he will be the brighter and the drudgery the lighter because he does not live with and belong to the clods.

To return to our Irving, let the student remember that he is not to get an Irving book and begin with it. He *must* know the English language, *must*, mark you, *must* know the a b c of the skilled literary worker's art. Let none wreck themselves on the Rock of the Uneducated by beginning where there is something that ought to go before.

A word of caution. Let no man or woman buy or read the stuff in paper covers that color the cheap book store or the news stand. Let us compare it to a man who desires to become an athlete and who, with desire in his heart, and money in his hand, goes down the street buying bright-colored confectionery off the Italian vender's stand and indulging in pop or red lemonade. It is not to be thought of. The same cheap dissipation appeals to all passers from the news stands. Avoid it. There is a plenty of inexpensive and first-class authors, people the world has wept with or laughed with, and who have stirred the very foundations of human thought and endeavor. These are the ones to sit down with, to learn from and to converse with.

* * *

A GREAT PICTURE.

FOR a good while the Nookman has been promising the Nook readers some art talk, but on attempting to get it has found almost insuperable difficulties in the way. In the first place, he, himself, did not feel that he knew enough to write intelligently and on inquiry found that those who were asked to do something knew little or nothing on the subject. But in order to make the promise good we will describe one or more of the world's great paintings.

It is believed that the Sistine Madonna is the world's most popular painting. Note that the words "most popular" are used, and not the greatest, or the best. It is a great picture, a grand picture, an ennobling picture, yet there are others that stir the writer more than the Sistine Madonna. This, however, is only the exercise of the privilege accorded to the reader.

Now what is the Sistine Madonna? Nearly every reader has seen reproductions of the picture and would recognize it instantly if he saw it. It represents the Virgin and the child. On one side of her is a kneeling woman, on the other a man pointing downward, and in front the heads of two cherubs, resting on their hands. Practically the picture is meaningless if we stop there. Now for the facts.

The picture was painted by Raphael, one of the world's greatest artists, in the year 1518 for the church of San Sisto at Piacenza. A Catholic organization known as the Black Monks had a church they called

smoke and smell of burning incense. Around us are the kneeling worshipers. Up there, just back of the high altar, is the picture, apparently flush with the top of the altar. It is ten feet high and seven wide. It is the same as though we were looking through a window at the end of the church, seeing the Virgin coming through the clouds right down to us. The child is in her arms and all around her and away back she is surrounded by cherubs, two of whom have arrived and are in front. On one side is Santa Barbara, a Christian martyr, with averted head, dazzled by the sight, and on the other San Sisto, looking at



THE PUNCH BOWL.—A SCENE REACHED BY THE OREGON SHORT LINE RAILWAY.

San Sisto, and they commissioned Raphael to paint a picture to be put up behind its high altar. San Sisto had been a martyr after whom they named this church, and it is this fact that gives the picture its name,—the painting of the church of San Sisto, or, for short, the Sistine Madonna. It remained in place for over two hundred years and was then sold for about \$40,000 and is now in an art gallery in Dresden.

Up to this point there seems to be nothing apparent to make it a wonderful picture. Now what really is the element of its greatness? Probably not one of a thousand who has seen it knows, and nobody at all, seeing it in Dresden, would understand without the historical facts.

Now suppose you and the Nookman to be in the San Sisto church when the picture was where it belongs. We are standing in one of the aisles. There are the hush of the church, the chant of the choir, the

her beseechingly, and pointing to us, praying that she may intercede for us and bless us. Now do you see the meaning of the picture? The expression of the life-size pictures, the pose and all that, we cannot describe. It must have been glorious, in its place.

When the church sold it, and it was taken away to Dresden, everything spiritual and liturgical was destroyed. It is a shame to have it thus.

Now the Nooker who has a picture of the Sistine Madonna can better appreciate it. Such will understand why a *good* picture is necessary. The world is full of them, and they might be everywhere. They are cheap and worth while. And right here, where those who have not read will not see, let us ask the readers whether we shall continue our art talks. What is your opinion about it? Unless we hear something we shall not know whether we are talking to an empty house.

EATING THE LOTUS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Chicago paper tells how the carp are destroying the beautiful lotus growing in waters frequented by the fish.

The beautiful Egyptian lotus beds which for the past quarter of a century have lined the extreme westerly shores of Lake Erie from Monroe, Michigan, to Point Place, near this city, are threatened with complete annihilation, and from a very peculiar cause. At the present rate of destruction, which has been going on for the past five years, it is stated by good authorities that not a single lotus bed will exist in this locality within the next three years.

Five years ago the westerly shores of Lake Erie and Ottawa river a few miles below this city were fairly covered with Egyptian lotus beds, interspersed with water lilies. The surface of Ottawa river was apparently so contracted in width by the growth of this beautiful water flower that only a space ten or twelve feet wide in the deep channel was left clear. All the rest of the river was one great swaying, undulating mass of broad leaves and flowers resting on the surface of the water and whose movements were responsive to the condition of the water. The broad fields of thousands of acres were a sight that attracted thousands of visitors yearly.

About five years ago it was first noticed that the channel of Ottawa river was getting wider. Each succeeding year the clear channel of the river became wider and the water flowers were apparently being driven back into the marsh and toward high ground.

Many theories were advanced as to the cause of all this great change. Some thought that the ice in moving out had torn up the plants by the roots and carried them away, but when the same kind of destruction was apparently going on in the marshes directly connected with the lake the ice theory was abandoned. The real cause of destruction has now been ascertained beyond all doubt, and the destroying angel is none other than the fish known as the "mud hog of the marsh," the German carp. The carp has found that the roots and bulbs of the lotus make splendid food for himself and family, and they have completely exterminated thousands of acres of these water flowers to satiate their appetites. The carp is a regular water hog and will snout, root and dig in the mud for roots as industriously as any razor-back will do on land.

The carp in these waters has an appetite like a tapeworm and he grows as rapidly almost as a balloon while being inflated. This is due entirely

to the great amount of food supplied. The carp works much on the same principle as the beaver does in securing his food supply of poplar bark. Both begin operations at a common center and work out in all directions from it, cleaning up every speck of food as they go along.

The enormous size of the carp caught at this end of the lake—many of the fish weighing from fifteen to forty pounds each—is the wonder of all fishermen, as the fish in its native German waters never grows, it is claimed, to exceed six to ten pounds. All other fish look on the carp with contempt and will not dwell in the same waters as he does.

It is stated that if the carp has its way a few years longer not only will all the lotus and other water plants disappear, but that Lake Erie will be depopulated of its food fish owing to the carp appropriating to itself all the feeding and spawning grounds along the shores.

The story of how the lotus found an adopted home at this end of Lake Erie runs back half a century. At that time the town or city of Monroe, Michigan, numbered among its citizens two noted scientific gentlemen—Thomas Whelpley, a civil engineer, and Edward Dorsch, an eminent chemist, physician and naturalist, and who for years had been a correspondent for and contributor to the Smithsonian Institute. This institution had come into possession of some of the seeds of the lotus. These were sent to Whelpley, and as plant-growing was not in his line he consulted Dorsch as to the possibility of propagating them. Dr. Dorsch, after obtaining all information possible on the subject, inclosed each seed in a pellet of dried muck and then carefully deposited them in the waters of a sheltered cove near Monroe, or rather the mouth of the Raisin river. The first season's growth showed about a score of flowers. For a few seasons the seeds were gathered and replanted the succeeding spring. This was done in the belief that the cold weather of the winter would kill the seeds owing to their being a tropical plant. But to the surprise of everybody the seeds either became acclimated or were frost-proof in the beginning, for it was proved the third season of their growth here that they were impervious to frost.

Thereafter nature attended to the propagation until the great beds covered tens of thousands of acres of the fertile marshes lying along the western borders of Lake Erie.

The fame of the lotus beds spread all over the country and thousands visited them yearly in July and August when in full bloom, when they looked like a great sea of waving white and yellow. The

plant thrived to such a degree here that thousands of persons who had seen the lotus grow in its native soil on the banks and marshes of the Nile unequivocally declared that the lotuses of western Lake Erie surpassed in beauty, luxuriance and magnificence the lotus of the Nile.

ONION FINDS A DEFENDER.

THE onion is one of those strenuous vegetables about which one cannot be indifferent. One either yearns for it with a passionate longing or else utterly repudiates it and everybody who has any trafficking with it.

If one never had to take one's onions at second hand it would not be so bad. If the law would only set apart one day a week for the consumption of onions and forbid it, under penalty of fine and imprisonment—preferably imprisonment—at all other times it would be a boon to the world. The onion hater would at least know when to take to the woods and how long to stay there.

As for banishing the onion from the kitchen, that would be a crime. There have been poets who have sung its praises, but perhaps some of the prose rhapsodies are just as eloquent. For instance, if you want to crush your neighbor who regards your dish of onions with a supercilious eye just ask him if he knows that the onion is called "the rose among roots."

Ask him if he knows that "without it there would be no gastronomic art;" that "its presence lends color and enchantment to the modest dish, its absence reduces the rarest dainty to hopeless insipidity and the diner to despair."

It is quite possible that your haughty neighbor may decline to follow this hint and may show signs of not being plunged into despair pending the addition of onions to his own menu. The antionionist is a stiff-necked party.—*Providence Journal*.

CATCHING A BIG SHARK AT SEA.

Frank T. Bullen, a writer of tales of the sea, has the advantage over most men who have chosen ocean life as their theme of having been a sailor from his earliest youth. He describes the capture of a shark in vivid language. "Here is a big shark hook," he says, "upon which we stick a mass of fat pork two or three pounds in weight. Fastening a stout rope to it, we drop it over the stern with a splash. The eddies have no sooner smoothed away than we see the brilliant little blue and gold pilot fish coming toward our bait at such speed that we can hardly detect the lateral vibrations of his tail. Round and round the bait

he goes, evidently in a high state of excitement, and next moment he has darted off again as rapidly as he came. He reaches the shark, touches him with his head on the nose, and comes whizzing back again to the bait followed sedately by the dull-colored monster. As if impatient of his huge companion's slowness he keeps oscillating between him and the bait until the shark has reached it, and, with hesitation, has turned upon his back to seize it, if such a verb can be used to denote the deliberate way in which that gaping crescent of a mouth enfolds the lump of pork.

"Nothing, you think, can increase the excitement of the little attendant now. He seems ubiquitous, flashing all round the shark's jaws as if there were twenty of him at least. But when half a dozen men, 'tailing on' to the rope, drag the shark slowly upward out of the sea the faithful little pilot seems to go frantic with—what shall we call it?—dread of losing his protector, affection, anger, who can tell? The fact remains that during the whole time occupied in hauling the huge, writhing carcass of the shark up out of the water the pilot fish never ceases its distracted upward leaping against the body of its departing companion. And, after the shark has been hauled quite clear of the water, the bereaved pilot darts disconsolately to and fro about the rudder as if in utter bewilderment at its great loss. For, as long as the calm continues, or until another shark makes his or her appearance, that faithful little fish will still hover around, every splash made in the water bringing it at top speed to the spot, as if it thought that its friend had just returned."

BEAUTY VS. BRAINS.

A PHYSICIAN with wide experience among the insane has come to the conclusion, after examining the brains of sixteen hundred subjects, that Nature makes palpable differences between male and female brains. And he fears that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose beauty. He instances the Zoro women of India. They are supreme; they woo the men, control the affairs of the home and the nation, transmit property, and leave men nothing to do. Result, they are the ugliest women on earth!

A BALLET MUSEUM.

PARIS has a museum of objects relating to the ballet. It includes everything, from old ballet skirts to jewelry, worn by famous dancers. There are also casts of the feet of these terpsichoreans, among them being one of Mme. Vestri's feet.

ABOUT NEW YORK'S GOLD.

Next door to the Sub-Treasury, in a dingier building, is the United States assay office, where, in heavy ingots of silver and neat bars of gold, are stored forty million dollars of the world's treasure. This sum varies from day to day, as the supply and demand vary.

From every conceivable source gold and silver are brought to this office, where they are assayed free of charge and full value paid. One will come bearing gold filled teeth, another will bring plate, another loving cups, another Spanish doubloons, or pieces of eight. It matters not to the office what shape the metal has, nor what its value. Ten millions are received as coolly as five hundred. But one must bring at least \$100 worth to tempt them.

The first process on the way from spoons or rings to bars is the weighing in bulk as the material comes in. This is done by two different weighers, whose results must tally. The receipt is then prepared, stating that so much material, "alleged to be gold" or "alleged to be silver," has been taken in the office.

After being weighed a small part of the metal is put into crucibles and put through a melting process. Quarter-ounce bits of the fused metal are cut from the bars, and these, in turn, are cut into half a dozen bits that are assayed independently by different workmen. One of these tiny fragments has the following history: Into a cupel made of bone ash the tiny, rolled-up fragment is placed, then put into a furnace where the heat is intense. The bone ash absorbs the alloys—supposing gold is treated—leaving a bead of pure gold and silver at the bottom of the cupel. This is then boiled in nitric acid, which dissolves the silver, and the gold is precipitated to the bottom. This is taken out and weighed, on a balance so delicately adjusted that the lightest breath of air affects it, and the result compared with the weight of the original sample. In this way the proportion of gold and silver is ascertained with accuracy. Each of the half dozen assayists must get the same result, however, or the whole process must be repeated.

English sovereigns are the purest metal that the assay office has to treat, and South American ore contains, perhaps, the largest amount of alloy. From the ordinary mine ore averages from \$17 to \$20 an ounce.

After the sample assaying, the material in bulk is sent to the reduction plant, in the building back of the assay office. On the top floor of this building the melting pots are placed. From the pots the melted material is thrown into cold water, where

it is broken into fragments, the "pop-corn" stage. A bath of dilute sulphuric acid comes next, when the silver and copper are dissolved and the gold precipitated to the bottom.

The solution drawn off, the gold is shoveled into lead-lined boxes and washed. In this process, as it is prodded and stirred with wooden paddles, it resembles closely a great "mud pie." The washing completed, the metal goes to be cooled and pressed into bars, the "cake" stage. And these are stored in vaults to await a demand.

All of this most interesting process—by far the most interesting of all in the production of gold—may be observed by anyone who takes the trouble to go down to Wall street.

The owner of the metal that is put through the reduction process may either take away the bars of gold and silver or get an order for their equivalent in money on the sub-treasury next door. The firms that ship gold abroad buy it in bars, for it is easier handled, cannot be counterfeited, and is of full weight, whereas coins are more subject to abrasion and counterfeits may slip in. About fifteen million dollars in bars are sold every year for use in the arts in this city.

It is not unusual to meet in the Wall street district a two-horse truck, driven by a stout, square-shouldered man, with another keen-eyed small man beside him, and having two or three clerks swinging their feet from the rear end. Thrown carelessly on the truck are, perhaps, a score of small kegs, with some heavy bars of white metal loose on the bottom.

There may be one-half million dollars in the kegs, on the way to the steamship pier, or from one safe-deposit vault to another, as the exigencies of business demand. There may be one million in bullion going out of the assay office vaults, but not much more, for a million in gold will weigh 3,800 pounds.

But the government vaults do not hold all, or even a greater share, of the city's stored treasure. Safe-deposit vaults and bank vaults, now built so securely that the builders defy anything or anybody to break into them, hold untold millions.—*New York Letter.*

CHINESE ARE HONEST.

HONESTY is a prevailing virtue among most Chinamen. Some of them in their native towns and cities often leave their places of business unguarded while they go off for half an hour or more.

HEAR, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many.—*Solomon.*

HELEN GOULD AT HOME.

"To know her, one must see Miss Gould in her country place, Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where she spends half the year," says Juliet Wilbar Tompkins, in *Everybody's Magazine*. "There she is seldom without visitors—not formal house parties, formally entertained, but friends, often self-supporting girls, who come for a week or six weeks, to visit on the simple basis of companionship. For these there are half a dozen horses in the stable, and a riding master comes up from New York to accompany and teach the less proficient. On summer mornings Miss

even her own right hand does not know, so modest is the left.

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A REMARKABLE CITY.

ONE of the most remarkable cities in the world is Kelburg, near Cracow, Poland, for, besides being situated underground, it is excavated entirely in rock salt. The inhabitants, to the number of over three thousand, are of course workers in the famous salt mines, and all the streets and houses are of the purest white imaginable. One of the most famous features of the city is the cathedral, carved in salt and lit



THE TETON RANGE OF MOUNTAINS.—A YELLOWSTONE VIEW.

Gould and her guests will be up at half past six, fortified with coffee, and off into the country lanes, riding hatless and shirt-waisted in the freedom of that early hour. It is not park-riding—that is for her winter months in New York—but good, happy, country galloping, with sometimes a brisk race against a shower by way of excitement. For Miss Gould fears thunder as some women do mice, and there is no tranquil waiting under a tree for her when the cannonade begins."

Most of us can be reached by a dramatic cry for help, a pitiful, obvious tragedy flung in front of our windows. But Miss Gould's true claims to the hearts of her countrymen lie in faithful, undramatic, day-by-day service: the ready help, here for a struggling student, there for a crippled child; the long hours of work on committees by which some public end is achieved; the thousand good deeds of which

with electric light, and when the late Czar Alexander visited it eleven years ago he was so fascinated with the magnificent effect of the light upon the crystal walls that he presented the cathedral with a jeweled altar cross. Such a thing as infectious disease is unknown in Kelburg—in fact, the majority of the inhabitants die of old age.

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A DISCOURAGED MAYOR.

BECAUSE he found it utterly impossible to please everybody with his decisions a mayor of the little French town of St. Emiland hanged himself with his scarf of office.

* * *

By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

HOW TO BE A CENTENARIAN.

THE advice of Mr. Ralph Bullock of Fort Hamilton, who celebrated his one hundred and fourth birthday recently, is like that of all other centenarians who give counsel on the art of attaining the age of one hundred years. It is in substance this: "Have a good heredity and don't worry." The secret of the thing is simple; first make a judicious selection of grandparents, and then choose conditions of life which are smooth, restful, never irritating or exhausting. These prime conditions fulfilled, it does not matter greatly what you eat or drink, where you live or what occupation you follow. As a rule it does not appear difficult to these admirably complacent old people to choose one's ancestors. They seem to think that they picked out theirs from all the world. It is rather a common characteristic of old people to assume at least a personal credit to themselves for their forbears—to ennoble them by their own merits, according to the Chinese practice.

The other half of the requirement—that we should, in order to live long in the land, choose calm and comfortable circumstances and surroundings—is easier to meet on the whole than the first half. We should elect to be at least moderately wealthy. Other things being equal, poverty should be eschewed. However, it is to be noted that the inmates of almshouses and other public institutions are continually attaining the age of one hundred years; and it should be observed that this means of avoiding care, worry, responsibility and all nervous and creative endeavor also has its advantages. If it does not occur to us to choose a competence, let us by no means worry if the burden of our support falls upon the general community.

Such seems to be the genial, practical philosophy of the centenarian. If one does not see any particular advantage in living to be a century old—if one agrees with the Psalmist that the accumulation of years is the amassing of labor and sorrow—one will doubtless prefer to fight the battle of life somewhat strenuously, after the fashion of the time, with particular attention to acquitting one's self creditably while here, rather than to the attainment of extreme old age.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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WHAT SOLDIERS EAT.

The Connecticut National guard is being starved out in camp, we hear. Too much fat, too much bone and too little bread in the ration seems to be the trouble. Wellington and Napoleon believed in fat commissaries. The former would not have a command until it was well fed. A United States

army officer, when asked by me what kind of meal a soldier could make of his ration, replied: "Better than I can get at home." An examination of the components of the ration shows this to be true. For troops in garrison the ration contains, as standard articles, fresh beef, flour, beans, potatoes, prunes, coffee, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper and these substitutive articles: Fresh mutton, bacon, canned meat, dried fish, pickled fish, soft bread, cornmeal, peas, rice, hominy, onions, canned tomatoes and fresh vegetables, or when it is impracticable to supply these fresh vegetables, desiccated vegetables. In addition to the ration company funds are drawn on to purchase delicacies for the subsistence stores.

On the march to Peking the food of the United States soldier exceeded in quality, quantity and variety that of any of the allied forces. The Japanese had only rice, dried fish and occasionally canned meat; the Indian troops mainly rice. The British white troops had a ration similar to the American in quality and quantity, but not so varied or flexible. They used tea instead of coffee. The Russians had little besides a black bread and soup. They received one-fourth of a pound of canned meat preparation at intervals. The German ration consisted of bread, fresh or smoked meat, bacon or sausage, canned meat, rice, barley or potatoes, salt, coffee or tea and sugar. The French ration included bread, fresh meat or tinned meat or bacon, rice and beans or desiccated vegetables or potatoes, condensed soup, lard, salt, sugar, wine, rum and brandy.

The United States army ration costs about thirty cents. The food of our army, therefore, necessitates a daily expenditure of nearly \$25,000. European nations would adopt our ration were it not for the cost. Germany maintains an army of 491,136 men. If it were supplied with the American ration the Berlin government would have to spend \$53,779,000 for food alone. In time of war, with the entire army of 3,000,000 called into service, the cost of food would aggregate the immense total of \$328,500,000. These figures simply stagger the German commissariat. To supply the American ration to the Japanese army the Tokio government would have to pay out \$66,041,275 annually. Russia's army under American conditions would eat food costing \$120,540,000 a year. France would have to spend \$57,560,000 on her commissariat; while Great Britain's expenditure would be \$47,063,000.—*New York Press*.

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ENTER not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.—*Solomon*.

AN ANGORA CAT THAT CAPTURED A HOUSEHOLD.

HE is a Malta Angora with white points. He came to us when he was three months old. His dimensions then were those of a cube, eight inches the width of his collar, eight inches from tip of nose to root of tail, and eight inches high.

When he was six months old we brought him to his country home. I may safely say he prefers country life. He has a wire cage on the lawn. This cage is six feet square on the ground and three feet high. A large bush of catnip grows in it, under the shade of which Kitten spends many happy hours. Honeysuckles twine about the wires, and Kitten has learned to listen for the whirr of the hummingbird at dusk.

He is never out of doors loose unless some of the family are about. Spending half his life in a city apartment quite unfits him for doing battle with his country cousins. Fear is an unknown quantity with him. He meets the world with sublime faith in universal kindness. The bigger the passing dog the more desirous Kitten is to play with him. He is the only Angora cat for miles around, and the beasts big and little stand in awe of his furriness. If Kitten tries to make friends with a tramp cat, the beast will either fight or run. Kitten has spent three summers now in the country. He has learned to regard the stretch of lawn from the house to his cage as his special property. He has also learned to know the line that divides his property from that belonging to the cat on the next place. Like many a human being, he is happy to show his authority. If the common cat of our neighbor dares to cross our lawn when Kitten is loose, he does it at break-neck speed with Kitten hot after him. But Kitten always stops at the walk which divides the grounds and turns haughtily home.

He never goes freely in and out of the house. If any one wants to take him for a run he is asked if he "wants to go outdoors?" Quick as a flash he is up on that person's shoulder and ready to start.

He knows the dinner-bell from the doorbell. When the former rings he trots to the dining-room. He sits on the arm of his mistress's chair until after the meat course, when his portion is served to him on a silver tray on the floor. When the door-bell rings he knows it. He is ready to receive callers in the drawing room, and hastens to clamber into his pet chair before it is otherwise occupied.

He has a decided preference for light colors, his favorite chair being light blue. He is fond of music, or rather fond of sleeping on the pink cover of the the upright piano. In all his trips over the mantels and dressing-cases he has only broken one vase.

He sleeps in his mistress's bedroom. When she is ill nothing can tempt him from her side. He seems

devoted to a few people, but moves from one place to another with unconcern. His pet playfellow is a fox terrier. They are good comrades. The brisk strength of the fox terrier makes the slower grace of the cat's movements more apparent.—*Country Life in America*.

FORTUNE IN ELKS' TEETH.

EIGHT hundred elk's teeth in the grave of an Indian chief, all splendid specimens and susceptible of mounting, was the wonderful find by a Philadelphia curio hunter named Zimmerman, who has been gathering relics along the canyon of the tortuous Snake river for several months. Zimmerman dug into the grave, which was in a wild, barren and remote country along the Snake river, above Lewiston, Idaho. Some distance down he encountered several small bones, which on examination proved to be magnificent specimens of elk's teeth, and on scooping away the earth with his hands he found that a loose tunic wrapped around the ex-chief's skeleton had been literally crammed with teeth—the best obtainable in the days when elk were plentiful. Zimmerman took his find to Lewiston for shipment to Philadelphia, keeping very quiet about the discovery. One man to whom he confided the secret in Lewiston offered him \$10 a piece for the 400 with the red streak.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

DID you ever stop to think about the custom of shaking hands and wonder why it is that we always shake the right hand? Probably you have never thought about it at all or if you have you think that the only reason for using your right hand is that you were taught not to use your left one, says the *Buffalo Courier*. In reality this custom, now so common, is a very ancient one, and it originated in this way:

In the days when people were not so peaceable as they now are and when each man settled his quarrels in his own way every man carried a sword or dagger to defend himself. This sword was worn on the left side, where the right hand could quickly grasp it for use in time of peril.

Therefore when a man wished to show that he was friendly he extended his right hand, which would be clasped by the other's right hand if he, too, meant peace. Thus each could be sure that the other would not draw his sword.

With the dawn of more peaceful times the custom lost its one time purpose, but it still retains its original meaning—to show friendship.

NATURE



STUDY.

TO THE INGLENOOK FAMILY.

THE Editor of the INGLENOOK has very kindly allowed me to examine the manuscript of a series of natural history articles which it is in contemplation to print in the magazine. The object which influenced the editor in submitting his work to me was to get an opinion as to the probable merit and the interest with which his talks would meet. It was certainly not due to the fact that I am a skilled naturalist, but he wanted to know how the productions would strike me and wanted my opinion as to whether or not the Nook family would be pleased with them.

At first I refused to express an opinion, but made the bargain that he should print what I had to say in regard to them as an introduction to his articles. To this he finally assented and this is my explanation and excuse for my intrusion here.

I have read these articles carefully, and I am perfectly satisfied that they will prove of the utmost interest to the entire Nook family. The majority of the Nook readers are country people. They live in daily contact with nature and while few of them have the instincts of the naturalist, yet all love to hear these things when they are set before us in the manner peculiar to the Nookman. There are so many little things he has noticed, and so much in what he has written, that I feel satisfied that every reader will be amply repaid for a perusal of his contributions. He himself has won a distinction in the world of science for original investigation along natural history lines. Coupled with his knowledge is the skilled pen of a ready writer, as all of us know. And what he has said below and what he will say hereafter, as far as I have read, will undoubtedly prove of utmost interest and of no little value to every member of the Nook family.

I inquired of the editor whether he would be willing to answer questions that may arise in the minds of the readers. His reply was, "Certainly." In this issue of the magazine the first article appears, and it will be followed by others, either weekly or every other week, dependent, as he says, upon his continued presence in the office. If he happens to be away the work will go over until the next week. I feel sure that every reader will be more than repaid and feel grateful to the Nookman for these most interesting articles.

G. A. H.

OUR NATURAL HISTORY CLASS.—No. 1.

NOOKERS, one and all, let us vary our Nature Study pages by doing a little Natural History work of our own. Most people are delighted at the idea of studying out the life secrets of bird, beast or plant, yet few have the gift of original investigation, and fewer yet know how to go about it. To use a very forcible illustration, one which will be understood by all readers on the farm, they are "like a little pig nibbling at a cow pumpkin. They can't get hold of it." It's too big for them. Now let us go out together and see what we can turn up worth the study, as though there were anything in the whole wide, wide world that is uninteresting!

Now suppose that down by the meadow is an old fence, a split rail, worm fence, with weeds and bushes and an occasional tree growing in the corners. There could be no better place than this to learn something of the winter haunts of the little folk in fur and feather, as well as the insects and plant life that love to dwell in just such out-of-the-way neglected places.

Right here is a lot of briers, the dead stalks of last year's blackberry and raspberry bushes. Sleeping under the frozen ground are the buds that will make the shoots on which the berries of next year will grow. For all practical purposes the old bushes might as well be cut down, for that is the end of their blooming and bearing, once they have fruited. Here is something we will start with, and of course every reader knows the berries all grow on the new wood. This being true, as it is, the new wood should be encouraged and the old cut away. This bearing only on the new wood is characteristic of how many plants you can name? Is it true of currants, grapes and the like? Is it true of apples, peaches and pears?

We notice that a good many of the older canes are broken off at irregular intervals and you might not know that in the last drifting snowstorm the snow banked up on this side of the fence, then weighted down, it sagged and packed, and carried with it the canes and a good many broke off as you see.

But here under one of the rails is a cocoon of a butterfly. It is brown, oblong, and if we detach it from the rail carefully, we will find by gently shaking it, that the chrysalis is there all right, and by its weight we can tell that it is alive. We can take it

home, and with a sharp knife cut away the rough case of the "silkworm," as you call it, and if we have done no violence to the cylindrical body in the case we can hatch it out in the house. This we will do. But first, let us remember that this chrysalis has been out every night this winter, of course in zero weather as well as in all other conditions, and it has been frozen solid. One would naturally suppose that freezing weather would destroy all life. But cold weather does not affect them, just the same as it does no harm to the countless thousands of insects and their larvæ in the ground, and under the bark and everywhere. Neither does the cold affect the plant life under ground, for in places the earth is frozen solid for several feet, yet when the warm sunny days of spring come the whole buried millions of plants and insects promptly come to life and seek the upper world. A good many people think that freezing kills things, but not always by any means. Our butterfly, or what will make one, is an instance in point. But while it is true that cold will not kill these lower forms of life not one of them can stand a high degree of heat. Boiling will kill any of them, but freezing only suspends their animation while it lasts. We may now know why we boil water to destroy germs, which is a nice, elastic word for a great many forms of unseen life.

Here at the foot of this stump a mouse has made a nest. He selected a slight depression for his home, and then he cut grass with his sharp teeth and worked it into a hollow ball. He took care, as far as he could, to put his home in the midst of a lot of berry canes, and so the fox that slunk along could not get him. Did he freeze solid along with the cocoons? No, he didn't. Nor did he even hibernate in the sense of "going to sleep" and not waking up till spring. Several times during the winter, when he felt pretty warm and comfortable, thank you, under the snow, he made up his mind to unroll himself and bore through the snow till he got to the top. Here he wandered about aimlessly, leaving his tracks to tell where he had been, and one moonlit night Old Fluffwing who sat on a fence post looking for just such tourists, made a dash and nearly had him, but he dived into the soft snow and tunneled back to his globular nest, crept in and arranged the opening through which he entered, took a wash in his way of doing it, and shivered while he put his nose and bare feet under him and went to sleep again. Old Fluffwing watched for many a night, but Mousie had the scare of his life and stayed at home. Now we will not disturb the nest for it may be the only home the animal has.

If we think that the cocoon, the mouse and the insects are all the life in the old fence corner we are vastly mistaken. There are worms in the rot-

ting wood under the bark and they are very much alive. A rabbit passed this way and crept through the rails of the fence as any of us can see by the few hairs or loose parts of his coat of fur left sticking to the rail. It takes eyes to see these things, but, after all, that is at the bottom of all Nature study—to see things when we look at them.

If we came along here early in the spring we would find that almost before we thought it possible the weeds have started growing. They are the first to show up. And here's something you may not have noticed. Here is a dandelion, squatty and flat on the ground. In its center is plainly a blossom and it is a fact that you may never have noticed, but a fact, all the same, that it only takes a few continued days of mild weather and warm sunshine to bring the flower out. How many of you know that the dandelion blooms every month in the year, only wanting half a chance?

The tree overhead is a wildcherry, and if I hold one of you boys up, so you can reach a limb with a queer thing swung on it, we will find, on inspection, that it is a cocoon made in a rolled-up leaf, and on looking closer we can see numbers of them on the tree. But they are all of one kind and the reason is that after the butterfly laid the eggs that made them the worms lived exclusively on the leaves of the wildcherry and naturally spun their cocoons in the tree on which they were born. We would not find this kind of a cocoon on a hickory tree nor would we ever find the hickory tree's cocoon on the cherry. Now if we will just take a dozen of these wildcherry cocoons and put them in an empty cigar box we will see just what the butterfly looks like and we will be able, next summer, to see the worm that is eating the leaves of the cherry in such numbers and we will know that it is the leaf roller cocoon party and having seen the whole generation we will *know* the next time we see the same butterfly just about what will happen if the conditions are right all around.

And here's another queer thing. Do you notice these crinkled and curled brown patches of vegetable growth on the old rail? Well, they have a history,—but that's the horn from the house, and we must go. Next week, maybe, or the week after, we will go again if you like. Would you?

* * *

ANTIQUITY OF THE FAN.

THE antiquity of the fan in the east, particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

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A Weekly Magazine

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"Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

It has probably entered into the thoughts of nearly every reader that it would be an excellent plan to live in the South during the cold weather and return to the North during the heated season. At first blush this seems to be an excellent arrangement, but in practice it is frequently the case that those who have tried it have suffered. It is true that those who live in the arctic regions enjoy life and good health and live the allotted span of life, and it is also true that those who live in the tropics last relatively as long. It is a further fact that the system becomes accustomed to certain conditions, and these conditions, when once interfered with, are very apt to result in disaster to the individual's health. The man from the North who goes to the tropics to live is almost certain to pass through a preliminary spell of sickness before he becomes acclimated, in fact this is the general rule. After his system has once accommodated itself to the surroundings he may get along, as long as he lives, but should he alternate between the North and the South, about the second or the third time the body refuses to respond to the changes required of it and very serious results follow.

It is much better for everybody that the weather is warm in summer and cold in winter, than that there be a condition that requires no change at all. Everyone has heard the proverb about the green

Christmas making a full churchyard and the idea back of it is a correct one, and is unquestionably true. It would be exceptionally more so in case any one of us should live North during the summer and go South during the winter, taking the extremes, as those who would do that sort of thing would almost invariably earn for themselves the severest penalty that outraged nature could exact.

THE CERTAIN DAY.

THERE are few things absolutely certain in this life, but one of them, if no other, is that the day of our death will come. There are many people who have an instinctive and unconquerable dread of death. It is, perhaps, natural, this fear of the unseen and unknown future. But there can be much done to render it harmless.

In the first place it is inevitable. If every man does not bear on his brow the written, invisible date, the coming of the day is not less certain. What we can not avoid we must assent to and submit to the result. One thing we can do, and ought to do. When we are in health, and unhampered and undulled in thought by weakness, we should set our house in order so that when the caller comes he will find us in readiness. If we can say to Death, as we face him in the anteroom of eternity, "I expected you. I am ready. I have done all that I could to prepare for you. Now do your will," it will only be a question of sinking to sleep.

There are two periods of our existence that, could we return, we would know nothing about—our birth and our death. Both are painless, and if we find ourselves floundering on the sands of eternity, helpless as a fledgling, the chances point to no knowledge of our mode or exact time of entrance into the new life. And there is something more than all this. Also born into that undying life, and recognizing us, are those who have gone before, in the midst of which is the living Savior, helpful and welcoming. Is there aught to dread in all this? And this is the correct view, one of absolute trust and faith that, in the nearing end, all things will turn out all right for us. Then come that not fateful, but hopeful and joyous day of release! Welcome!

TRY THIS.

WHEN the long winter evenings are on us, and they seem longer in the country than they do in town, and the whole family are sitting by the wide, open fireplace, or gathered round the table, there is sometimes a lack of something to break the monotony of the assembly. Each family has different ways of enjoying them-

selves, running all the way from popping corn to playing games. Let the Nook put you on something pleasant and profitable.

Some time when you are in town go around to where they sell magazines or books and buy one. Without looking at it further than to cut the leaves if necessary, when the whole family are seated in place, let one take a story and read about one-third the way through, the rest listening during the reading. None of them know how it is going to turn out, because none has read it. Now close the book or magazine when the one-third is finished, and let each one give his opinion as to what the natural finish of the story should be. Remembering the start of it, what would be the natural turn and how do you think the writer is going to handle it? After each one has expressed his opinion, and probably given his reasons therefor, proceed with the reading and see which one has come the nearest to the completing of the picture as it was in the author's mind, and as he has presented it in his story. Nearly all the magazines have a number of good, cleanly stories, and many an hour may be profitably spent in this manner. At any rate it is much better than gossip, or lying around in idleness. Moreover it will beget a taste for good literature and that, itself, is no small gain.

* * *

STOP AND THINK.

BEFORE doing anything in which a moral issue is involved it is well to stop and think, to consider first whether it is the right thing to do. Morally it may be all right and yet not productive of good. It may be unkind and profitless. It may be true enough, but disastrous in telling or doing. Therefore hesitation, even to actually turning from it, should be our course.

In undertaking anything involving the moral welfare of others, not so much the immediate advantage should be considered, as the outlook in the long run. In other words stop and think of the main point, and it is well to apply in all moral relations with others the sign often seen at a railroad crossing, "Stop, look, listen."

* * *

NEW YORK'S CITY RECORD.

THE New York City Record, an official publication owned and issued by the municipality, is the biggest newspaper in the world. It appears every day in the year, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, and sometimes contains as many as 383 pages.

* * *

THE path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—*Solomon*.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Quit envy and save wrinkles.

✦

A crooked life never fits the straight path.

✦

In the outcome truth is better than the pleasantest lie.

✦

The Nookman knows there's no fool like an old fool.

✦

Money may not really talk, but it cheers one up grandly.

✦

Many a blessing in disguise gets by without our recognizing it.

✦

If all babies are cute, my! how some people must have changed!

✦

Love and peace to you, Nooker. That's the way we feel toward you.

✦

One swallow does not make a summer, nor one beau a marriage.

✦

Don't expect others to keep what you have set an example by blabbing.

✦

If you can't say anything good about people keep your mouth good and shut.

✦

Blame neither girl nor duck for taking to either love or water. It's natural.

✦

Funny how we dread gray hairs and spectacles. All the same we have them.

✦

A good plan is to tell people what you are going to do after you have done it.

✦

If the commendable early bird got the worm what did the worm get for being early?

✦

Preaching with notes is like shooting with a rest, a rather common but poor performance.

✦

The way to get some people to do what you want them is to try getting them to do the other thing.

✦

Being too busy to take care of one's self is like a workman's being too busy to care for his tools.

ALWAYS A DEMAND FOR NOAH'S ARKS.

The ark and the animals are accepted and believed in to-day as always. The Noah's ark of Christmas time is the foundation of all Christmas toys and will go on unchanged and unquestioned to the end. It is the one really permanent fixture not to be moved by modern skepticism.

There are arks and arks, but the main idea of all is the same—the barnlike house on a boatlike base and the animals inside with Noah to look after them.

There are scores of families whose living depends upon the continued popularity of the ark. These families work for year after year building the arks and making the animals. When the Christmas season is ended they are already at work on a new stock of animals. These are consumed in such great numbers that to make up the supply for the coming season no time can be wasted.

A vast majority of the arks are made in foreign countries and are sent to the United States after they are completed. But in recent years there have been many ark builders established on this side of the water.

A small, plain ark, with only a few animals in it can be purchased for ten cents. This represents the labor of half a dozen persons. One made the ark proper and another made the figures of Noah and his wife, and Ham, and the other boys. Still another made the animals without legs, like the dog sitting down and the little rabbits, that do not require unusual skill. The more difficult animals, with each leg separate, are made by the most expert workman of them all. Another workman, or in some cases a girl, does the painting of the animals. The painting does not require so much skill as it does ingenuity. The animals must be painted so as to give each one an individuality that will impress itself on the mind of the child that is destined to own it.

The more expensive arks are made by more skillful workmen and it is doubtful if they are any more popular than the cheap ones. The ark is a more pretentious affair and has a top that opens both ways. That is, both sides of the top can be lifted up, exposing the entire interior. The animals, too, are more complex and look more real than the cheaper ones. The small children do not really like them any better, but there are more of them.

In these more expensive arks the animals cover a wider range than in the little ones, and the cows have horns and the lions and tigers have tails and separate legs to break off unless the child is particularly careful. Noah wears a big hat and car-

ries a staff in his hand, and his wife is easily distinguished from the other women of the family.

IN ORDER TO KNOW.

THE Editor has something on his mind he desires to say to the family. It is not a very serious thing but it is important for him. It is this. In making the NOOK from week to week the object is to set up an interesting and entertaining magazine. In general we know that we are doing it. But we are never satisfied. A publication like the INGLENOOK is like a man on a bicycle. It must keep on or fall over. People do not subscribe for the NOOK from any sense of duty, but they pay for it because they want it. And the Editor wants them to want it more and more.

But he will be able to act with more intelligence and greater precision if the intelligent readers of the magazine will favor the Editor with suggestions as to additions, or lines of future exploitation. This is not meant as a bid for every old maid, masculine and feminine, to write scragging letters, but for the intelligent friends of the magazine to indicate lines of interest, as they see it. Thus if a hundred writers of letters, without the possibility of collusion, think the Nature Study, or the Q. and A. Department a good thing, the Editor will know what room in the house, so to speak, to brighten up all that is possible.

Do not hesitate to write. It is information we are after and we do not care where it comes from. A great many such letters have been received.

The situation is peculiar and has developed some queer things. To illustrate this let us remember that the majority of the NOOK family are really and truly religious people. Naturally one would suppose that a religious turn and manner would most interest them. This has been proved incorrect. Several years ago we conceived a Life of Christ, written chapter by chapter, by the most eminent men and women in the church. It was all arranged, advertised and begun. Not a word of comment! At the end of the year it was dropped out without explanation. It went into the sea of oblivion "chug," and left not a ripple. No inquiry was ever made, and there it is now.

The reason seems to be that when people turn heavenward they want their Bible, the hymn book and the church paper. When they face life and its duties they want the best and the brightest going. Then they turn to the NOOK which is just what the NOOK family make it. The Editor lays no flattering unction to his soul that he is doing it. When he lets go or passes over the world will go on just the same, possibly better. But if we pull together we will have the best magazine made anywhere. Now write the Editor and give your ideas of what will be a good thing. He wants to know.

THE SPHINX.

We extract an interesting editorial from the *Chicago Chronicle* about a mysterious but commonplace Egyptian relic.

A distinguished Egyptian scientist now in London asserts that the famous sphinx is showing marked signs of decay. Its disintegration is attributed to the moisture in the atmosphere created by recent extensive systems of irrigation.

Probably no great damage would be done to the world of history, literature, science or romance if the sphinx should crumble into dust and entirely

It is probable, therefore, that the sphinx is no worse in appearance now than it was in the fore part of the last century. Probably it was no worse in appearance then than it had been for centuries before. More probably still what is called the "countenance" never had more than the rudest similarity to a human face divine.

All the poetry and romance about the sphinx—that it represented mystery, the eternal questionings of the human mind to which no answer in nature is given—have little foundation in philosophy or fact. It is merely a huge image partly hewn from rock and partly composed of concrete,



EAGLE-NEST ROCK NEAR CINNABAR. ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE SCENES OF THE FAR WEST.

disappear. It would amount to no more than the destruction of any other idol or image of remote origin.

The sphinx has been greatly overrated. Except as to its immense size there is no mystery about it. It is a rude image in stone of a lion's body with a man's head and breast. It is very ancient; it was planted there on the sand before the first pyramid was built.

The leonine form of the body is nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length. The assumed human countenance is twenty-eight feet long from the top of the brow to the chin. Its immense proportions constitute its only claim to mystery and sublimity. In a description of the image written seventy years ago it was said that "the countenance was so much mutilated that the outlines of the features could scarcely be traced."

such as savages with no idea of art, but with great ideas of magnitude, might have created. The story that it looks right on with calm, eternal eyes—is a myth like nearly all else in literature on the subject.

* * *

WIT AND HUMOR.

IN a perfect state of being wit and humor could not exist because both depend upon imperfection or incongruity for their matter.

* * *

CHINA'S HUMID AIR.

IN southern China the air is so humid in summer that, despite the intense heat, clothes cannot be dried in the open air.

THE HALL-MARKING OF GOLD AND SILVER IN ENGLAND.

THERE are probably few countries where the gold and silver manufacturers and the public are so protected, and all possibility of fraud rendered abortive, as in Great Britain. In England, no plate manufacturer is permitted to sell, and no member would even attempt to purchase a piece of silver or gold plate, that had not received the "hall-mark." This symbol is stamped upon every section of plate, and is an absolute guarantee of the purity of the metal. "Hall-marking" is protected by the legislature. Fraudulent hall-marking is so heavily-punishable an offense, that attempts to deceive the public by means of spurious hall-marks are practically unknown. Probably few articles can be so easily adulterated as silver and gold, and were there no such protection as hall-marking in vogue, the public would be extensively defrauded, as the purity of the metals cannot be determined by cursory examination, but only by elaborate testing.

Hall-marking gold and silver plate in England is an exceedingly ancient custom. In the whole of the United Kingdom there are only seven government assay offices—four in England, two in Scotland, and one in Ireland. Although the principal office is the Royal Mint, London, the most important and busiest assay office is that at Birmingham, the center of the jewelry industry of England, where enormous quantities of articles are stamped every day. The first statute passed authorizing the stamping of gold and silver with its carat purity, was enacted over five hundred years ago, and the main principles then laid down, are still in vogue to-day. The wording of the original law was as follows: "Because gold and silver, which is wrought by goldsmiths in England, is oftentimes less fine than it ought to be; because the goldsmiths are their own judges, be it ordained that henceforth every goldsmith put his mark upon his work, and the assay of the Touch belongs to the mayor and governors of the cities and boroughs, with the aid of the Master of the Mint, if there be such, putting the mark of the city or borough where the assay is." During the course of years, owing to the mayors of cities having become more deeply engrossed in more urgent municipal affairs, the task of testing plate originally assigned to them, has devolved upon the Goldsmiths' Company.

The standard of purity is governed by the legislature. Pure metal is estimated at twenty-four carats. But pure gold articles, owing to the softness of the pure metal, would be of practically no use for commercial purposes, so a certain per-

centage of alloy is permitted, the carat value being reduced correspondingly. Formerly there was only one standard in existence, and all articles which were not equal to this standard were destroyed. But in view of the demand for plate articles containing various proportions of metal, five standards of gold and two of silver have been authorized by the government. The five old standards for gold are 22, 18, 15, 12, and 9 carats respectively, in an alloy of 24 carats. Every article submitted to the Assay Office must correspond with one of these standards; otherwise it is not stamped, but is broken to fragments and rendered unsalable.

The Birmingham Assay Office employs one hundred and ninety hands, a large majority of whom are women. The amount of jewelry stamped is considerable, and the work is carried out with remarkable thoroughness. For instance, in the case of gold and silver chains, every link is assayed and stamped, yet the fee is only ten cents in the case of a gold chain, and three cents for a silver chain. Owing to the heavy business transacted at this office, the fees levied for hall-marking are only approximately one-third of those authorized by the legislature. No hollow plate ware less than .0076 inch thick is stamped, this being the minimum thickness stipulated by the office. Thin wares need not be stamped, nevertheless the retailer, if required by his customer, must get his goods stamped.

The plate is brought to the institution in a practically completed state. The manufacturer stamps each article with his own initials, and indicates upon a statement what the gold or silver carat value of the articles deposited is supposed to be. The goods are deposited at the office in the early morning and are fetched in the evening.

The plate is then taken in hand by the assayers. The maker's initials are first compared with those registered at the offices, the articles are examined to see if they are quite complete, and also to ascertain if the amount of solder required to effect the necessary joints is not excessive. If these investigations prove satisfactory, a small portion of the metal is cut or scraped away, and this, which is called the "diet," is sealed up and reserved for the Master of the Mint, who periodically tests the metal and checks the work of the assayers. The article is then passed on to the testing room, where exactly five grains of it are weighed out with delicate scales, and wrapped in a thin sheet of lead ready for the assay.

There are two consecutive methods of testing gold, and two alternative processes for assaying silver. Formerly the metals were tested by simply rubbing the plate with a piece of hard, black,

smooth stone, and then wetting the "touched" pieces with the tongue, which operation divulged the various tints that distinguish one rare metal from another. But this process is far too primitive nowadays, when metals can be so easily and closely adulterated, while too much also depends upon the judgment of the operator, for any reliable estimation of the purity of the metal to be gained, though it is still employed for certain purposes.

The testing process for gold, recognized by law, is that known as the "dry" process, but there is also another method known as the "wet," which is more efficacious and quicker than the former, and is indeed rapidly superseding it. The dry process is utilized in the testing of both gold and silver. The five grains of metal obtained from the article is rolled up in the small sheet of lead, and placed in a small cupel containing calcined bone. The vessel is then heated over a gas fire in an air furnace, the result of which operation is that the base metals alloyed with the gold or silver oxidize, and are absorbed by the calcined bone. The small pill of gold left in the cupel is then weighed, and by deducting its present weight from the five grains which it weighed before cupellation, the proportion of gold or silver in the plate can be ascertained. For testing silver by this dry method, nothing more is necessary, but as silver is alloyed with gold, a further operation is necessary to extract the silver from the rarer metal. The second operation is technically called "the parting," and consists of boiling the small pill of gold, which by the way has been treated with a quantity of silver to facilitate the dissolving of silver alloyed with the gold, in a platinum vessel containing nitric acid. This solution rapidly dissolves the silver, but exercises no effect upon the gold. When all the silver has been extracted from the gold, the latter metal is so brittle that it cannot be handled, and therefore has to pass through an annealing process, after which it is weighed, and, by comparing its present weight with the original five grains, a correct estimate of the quantity of gold in the assayed article is obtained.

In the "wet" testing process, so far only utilized for silver, the latter metal is plunged in nitric acid and dissolved, and solutions of iron and salt are added by means of graduated pipettes. Common salt may be employed, but better results are gained with sulpho cyanide. This test is based on the principle that a certain quantity of salt solution will precipitate a certain quantity of silver before acting on the iron. Therefore, if the liquid in the glass vessel is not discolored by the iron, the vessel contains at least the standard quantity of sil-

ver. Then it is necessary only to compare the sample with one prepared for standard silver, and the assayer can immediately ascertain whether the sample is equal or below the standard.

After passing through the tests, the articles are stamped, or "hall-marked," as it is called. This process is simultaneous with the assaying. For gold articles, the standard marks are a crown and the carat number for the two highest carat standards—22 and 18 carats respectively—this number being followed by decimals representing the proportion of gold in the alloy for the 15, 12 and 9-carat quantities. The number is followed by the symbol or mark of the assaying office, which in the case of Birmingham is an anchor, while the year in which the assay was made is represented by a letter. At last come the manufacturers' initials. Although the hall-marks are stamped boldly upon the article, some makers are agitating for them to be imprinted with still bolder marks, and also for the addition of further marks, as customers are always guided in the choice of wares by the hall-mark, knowing full well that the article is as represented, and that no fraud is being practiced. By the foregoing series of marks it is possible to ascertain by reference to the hall-mark, the manufacturer, the year of assay, quality of gold, and the office in which the article was assayed. Last year 407,698 ounces of gold, and 3,272,950 ounces of silver were hall-marked at Birmingham.

Every article submitted to the Assay Office is returned marked. If it does not correspond to the manufacturer's statement of the carat value, it is smashed to pieces, and returned to the manufacturer, in fragments to be remade. Under no circumstances whatever is gold or silver plate delivered from the Assay Office without the hall-mark. If a private person wishes to ascertain the carat value of a piece of gold or silver plate, procured abroad, and submits it to the Assay Office to be tested, it is duly assayed, and the owner informed of its carat value, but if it does not correspond to one of the standards, no matter what its value may be, it is smashed and returned to the owner in pieces. Last year 2,995 ounces of gold plate, and 3,804 ounces of silver plate were destroyed for being under the manufacturers' statement values.

Extreme precautions are observed to prevent fraudulent hall-marking, or the stamping of articles with a higher carat mark than they actually are; and to prevent ruthless breaking owing to deficiency in carat value, one assay master and two warders are compelled by law to be present when any plate is being marked or broken. To prevent tampering with the hall-marking dies, they are always kept in a strong box, whenever they are not

in use, fitted with three different locks, the key of each lock being retained by one of the trio. These precautions are absolutely necessary because the manufacturer is entirely at the mercy of the assayers. The manufacturer suffers no loss from the abstraction of the "diet" for the master of the mint, but the amount is voluntarily surrendered by the office.—*Scientific American*.

* * *

ONE OF THE BIG TREES.

The gigantic cross-section of a California "big tree," 1341 years old, is used for a unique purpose at the New York Museum of Natural History.

It has recently been mounted as a history chart, and as such it shows in novel and impressive fashion the sequence of events in the last thousand years.

This great section of trunk was taken from a famous tree named "Mark Twain." At the ground it was ninety feet in circumference, and eight feet up it measured sixty-two feet. The section in the museum was taken twelve feet from the ground. It is four feet thick and sixteen feet in diameter. It weighs about thirty tons and was split into ten pieces for easy transportation. These have been so perfectly joined that the section appears unbroken.

The age of a tree is determined by the number of rings of wood its trunk contains. The growth of woody fiber is slower in winter than in summer, and hence a distinct ring is formed, each ring representing a year.

"Mark Twain" began life in A. D. 550, or only seventy-four years after the fall of Rome. Practically all of medieval and modern history has been made since it first sprang from the seed.

Seven rows of small printed cards, fastened to the face of the section mark the principal historical events during the life of the tree. Each card represents an event and is fastened to the ring representing the year in which it occurred.

Here is a sample card:

```

*****
* 1619.                                     *
*           HARVEY                         *
*  Discovers the Circulation of the       *
*           Blood.                        *
*****

```

One row of small black cards marks the successive centuries and gives the growth of the tree in each hundred years.

The principal row is of white cards, showing the chief events in general history, progress and civilization.

Below this line is a series representing changes of thought in the philosophy of biology and below that are indicated the great discoveries in the science itself.

The progress of thought in comparative anatomy and embryology and the discoveries among the fossils (paleontology) are each given separate notice.

When "Mark Twain" was a slim youngster the Goths, Vandals and Franks had overrun Europe and almost universal war prevailed.

Mohammed was born twenty years later, when the tree was somewhat more than a sapling.

The tree was the size of a large elm when King Alfred first tried to establish schools in England.

On down through the centuries are marked the Crusades (1006), the founding of the universities of Paris (1200) and Oxford (1249); invention of printing (1438), the discovery of America and Newton's enunciation of the law of gravitation.

* * *

LAST OF THE WATCH MAKERS.

THE clock and watch industry of Bornholm, once famous all over Europe for its excellence of workmanship and for over a century the mainstay of the island's village population, has died out. Herr H. P. Dam, the last of the old Bornholmian masters, who elevated their trade to the dignity of a fine art, as did Benvenuto Cellini of old, and whose nimble hands made watches and clocks for princes of the blood, has just completed his last work—a watch for the American merchant in Copenhagen, Victor Holmes.

This watch, entirely hand made, shows both seconds and minutes. Its cost is three hundred kroner (about \$80), and it is said to be in every way a fine specimen of the best work of the old masters. Now, however, the art is dead. Modern machinery and the cheapening process which to-day enables anyone to possess a timepiece, have forced the hand-made watches to the wall and their expert makers have returned to their old vocation of fishing.

Probably few readers have heard of Bornholm before. It is a small island far out in the Baltic Sea, with a superficial area of two hundred and twenty square miles and a population estimated to be close to forty thousand. The island belongs to Denmark and fishing was for ages the chief vocation of the population.

But one dark night in the middle of the eighteenth century an English vessel went ashore and broke to pieces near the township of Ronne. There was nothing really unusual in that. Bornholm's coast is

high and rocky and full of dangerous reefs and shoals and annually hundreds of ships had found a tragic ending there.

But this particular vessel happened to have on board a cargo of Geneva watches. (In those days Switzerland was the Mecca of the art of clock-making.) Some of these clocks and watches were rescued and greatly surprised the ignorant natives. Clocks were rarities in those days, and the good Bornholmians had probably never even heard of them before.

They therefore feared at first that the devil had something to do with this nefarious work and were

THE SHORTEST LIVED CITY.

WHICH of the large cities of the world had the shortest life?

In the ancient world the answer is Palmyra. The period of its prosperity extended only from 117 to 273 A. D., one hundred and fifty-six years. In the fifth century B. C. Persopolis was the capital of the Persian empire for thirty years only, but this was merely an accident of war and politics. Carthage was the shortest lived seat of empire, for it only endured about five hundred years. In modern times the answer would be Amarapura, the former capital



THE GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

for tearing the things to pieces. But the winter nights being long and dull on Bornholm, a more scientific investigation of the "infernal things" was begun, and soon the inquisitive minds were bent upon emulation rather than destruction.

And this was the beginning of the famous Bornholmian clock industry, says the *New York Times*. In a few years the ignorant fishermen became so expert in making clocks that the trade from Switzerland fell off perceptibly and soon the colony around Ronne was supplying the aristocracy of Scandinavia with timepieces of all sorts. Napoleon was presented with one by Bernadotte when that famous Gascon led an army into Scandinavia and the kings of Denmark became patrons of the art, so that many of the first masters waxed both opulent and famous.

of Burma. Founded in 1783, it had in 1800 a population of one hundred and seventy-five thousand. Sixty years later the seat of government was transferred to Mandalay, and Amarapura is now represented only by a few ruined temples and bamboo huts.

EAT A GOOD BREAKFAST.

STATISTICS show that the longest lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day.

WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.—*Solomon*.

WHERE COFFEE GROWS.

COFFEE, like other things, is not always grown where the advertisements say. When the grocer is asked for a pound of Java or Mocha coffee, he pours out several hundred dark brown beans which probably never saw the other side of the Atlantic. If the coffee could speak it would be apt to say it was raised in Brazil, where at the present time the greater part of the world's supply is grown, says the *New York Tribune*.

The little island of Java, in the East Indies, and the little town of Mocha, with its five thousand inhabitants, on the banks of the Red Sea, in Arabia, have now, in fact, if not in name, given way to the great South American republic. Travelers in the State of San Paulo, in the southern part of Brazil, tell of enormous coffee plantations, some of which contain more than a million coffee trees.

At Buenopolis, for example, is a plantation which is said to be the largest in the world, and which has five million trees. The coffee tree when wild grows as high as twenty feet, but when cultivated it is only half as large, with evergreen leaves and white flowers in the blossoming season.

The fruit is a pod containing one or two beans. The pods are spread out on an open field to dry, and often these drying grounds cover nearly a square mile. When thoroughly dry the pods are run through machinery which separates the beans into two kinds, those flattened on one side and those of complete spherical shape. The first is called Java coffee and the second Mocha.

The coffee raised on these great plantations of Buenopolis is sent by rail to the port of Santos, on the Atlantic coast, where it is shipped to all parts of the world. Brazil produces each year about 660,000 tons, although the world's consumption is estimated at only 600,000 tons. There is thus at present an overproduction of the coffee bean, which has frightened many dealers of this city to such an extent that recently they met to consider how they could get more people to drink coffee. They said that there had been so much talk about coffee hurting the nerves that the business, unlike almost every other business in these prosperous times, had been on the decrease. How far this movement to increase the drinking of coffee will succeed is still a question.

* * *

ENGLISH AND GERMAN WINE LISTS.

IN many of the hotels in Switzerland there are two wine lists—one priced for the English and the other for the Germans. The German list is thirty-three per cent cheaper than the English.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

YES, Mirandy, it's just 'as you say. I remember the time the same as it was yesterday. I aint so old but that I remember clear enough if it was sixty years ago, for I was only a boy of twenty-five then when it happened. I remember just how you looked. You had on a calico dress,—what, it wasn't calico? Well, you had on something or other anyhow and I mind it like it was last week.

It was in 1806, or was it in,—what's that, in 1826? Well, that's what I said only you don't hear good like you used to. Now my hearing's like my memory. It's good as ever it was. As I said when you interrupted me it was in 1836 I first met you at the raising of North's barn. North, he had a raising, and I was there and so was you. I remember you in that blue calico dress and you was the best looking girl there. Hey? What ye say? You was'nt, wasn't you? I ain't deaf. I tell you I mind it like it was only last week. I know it was in 1836 for that was the year the Mexican war was and you was over early to help do the cooking. Oh I mind you all right, Mirandy. You was rigged out in an old blue calico dress. Naw, I ain't mistook, either. Jim, our next to the oldest— what, Jim wasn't born yet? Well, mebbe, mebbe, but if you're going to tell this story you tell it. You was there and I was there. I mind it for I said, "Mirandy"—*Now* what's the matter with you? You're always saying, "Grandpop, you forget." I *don't* forget. My mind's as clear as a bell. You said to me, "Jake," says you, "Jake." Says I, "Mirandy, what is it?" and you said, "Jake." No it wasn't me begun it. Wasn't I there? D'ye think I oughtn't to know how it was? "Mirandy," says I, "don't you think so and so?" Think what? Here you go contrarying me again. Do you mind what the Bible says about such as you—"Woe unto such as is stumbling-blocks to others."

Now you can just tell this story yourself. If I've got to be interrupted by some old woman all the time I'll go to bed. The bed aint ready, isn't it? Then *get* it ready. I've had my fill of being contraried and your trying to mix me up. "Grandpop's a failin', grandpop's a failin'," and next that'll be your song. No, I aint going to bed till I get good and ready. Then I'll go to bed. I aint ready yet. I *was* going to tell you about the raising at Brown's down on the creek. No, I aint going to tell it now. If you know you can tell it. I'm going out on the back porch where I'll have peace.

* * *

SEVERAL detective agencies do a large business watching the movements of bank clerks after business hours.

Aunt Barbara's Page

LITTLE GOLDEN SHOES.

May bought golden shoes for her boy,
 Golden leather, from heel to toe;
 With silver tassels to tie at top,
 And silken lining as white as snow.
 I bought a pair of shoes as well,
 For the restless feet of a little lad,
 Common and coarse, and coppertipped,
 The best I could for the sum I had.

"Golden," said May, "to match his curls;"
 I never saw her petted boy,
 I warrant he's but a puny elf,
 All pink and white, like a china toy.
 And what is he, that his feet should walk
 Shod in gold over life's highway,
 While little Fred, with a king's own grace,
 Must wear rough brogans every day?

And why can May, from her lily hand,
 Fling baubles fair at her idol's feet,
 While I can scarcely shelter Fred
 From the cruel stones of the broken street!
 I do not envy her silken robe,
 Nor her jewels rich, nor lackey's care,
 But, oh, to give what I cannot reach—
 This—thus it is so hard to bear.

"Good-bye, friend Ellen," "Good-bye, May;"
 What is it dims her eyes so blue
 As she looks at the rugged shoes and says,
 "I wish my boy could wear those, too.
 But he never will run, or walk, they say"—
 And May, with a little sob, is gone;
 And I am left in a softened mood
 To think of my wicked thoughts, alone.

Golden shoes that never would walk!
 I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
 And thanked the God that gave him health
 And made him such a merry wight,
 Nor envied May one single gift
 If with it I must also choose
 The sight of little crippled feet
 Shod but in useless, golden shoes.

—Selected.

* * *

HOW POLLY SAVED THE HOUSE.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

As late as the "thirties," the tribes of the Northwest, incited, generally by the British fur traders, kept the border settlers in a perennial state of terror. Under the treaty of 1804, renewed from time to time, the majority of the red men moved peaceably back to their reservations, as the whites advanced. Now and then, however, a disaffected "brave" who wished

to make himself a reputation, and to whom an agreement was but a matter of the moment, gathered together a party of his own sort, and swooped down on some remote pioneer or defenseless settlement, not so much to kill as to steal and destroy.

On the very edge of civilization, John Marble, a sturdy farmer from "back east," had taken up a farm, and built a snug little home. He was a widower with a family of five children, the eldest a girl of sixteen, named Polly.

Like many another daughter left motherless, Polly was the mainstay. Small and slight as a child of twelve, she was brisk and energetic, a true type of our scrubbing, managing, nerve-wasteful foremothers in their youth.

One morning there came a report that Little Fox, a Winnebago chief, had been seen with a war party about ten miles up the river.

"Polly'll have a fit if he comes this way," laughed Ned, the oldest boy. "They say he comes right into the house without cleaning his feet!"

Polly made a wry face at the thrust. Nevertheless, she looked worried, as she packed the children off on their two-mile walk to school, and went about her work. She was giving the last whisk of her broom to the flag-stone door step, when suddenly around the corner of the house, in full war paint and regalia, the dreaded Winnebago chief and his band appeared.

Polly did not scream or faint. She stood speechless for one instant, and then, raising her broom, stepped forward with impulsive fierceness.

"Shoo!" she cried shrilly. "Clear out, you dirty things! Shoo! Do you hear me!"

She advanced threateningly, and over little Fox's grim features a queer look swept, followed by an expression of abject terror. He turned to his braves.

"Run! Run! little Injuns!" he cried, waving his arms wildly. "Big squaw sweep um all away with broom!"

As one man, the band caught up the joke. Shrieking, howling, gesticulating, they ran like a pack of frightened demons down the cleared space to the wagon trail, and disappeared around a turn of the maple woods.

Polly sat down on the step and laughed till she cried; but she never saw Little Fox or his war party again.

Elgin, Ill.

The Q. & A. Department.

The Nook says that an inaccurate thermometer is as good as any for telling the difference in the weather. How can this be?

Because the scale is a purely arbitrary invention, while the rise and fall of the mercury is the result of the change of temperature, and if your instrument stood at the boiling point in the middle of winter, a fall of ten degrees would indicate a lowering of the temperature. Thus any thermometer will indicate a rise or fall of temperature, and be as good for that as a corrected instrument but is only of use to show *change*.

*

What, in brief, was the Norman conquest?

The people of Normandy under the leadership of William the Conqueror, met Harold, king of the English, defeated the English army, and William became king of England. It was a matter of pure conquest, there being no moral principle at stake. The English element finally overcame the French intrusion and the two grew together with the English uppermost.

*

How should I go about getting a book published?

In the first place, don't do it at all. If you must, submit it to a publisher for an opinion. If rejected all around you can then have it done by paying for it. The selling will be the sticking point. As a very general rule once you have sold to your friends you will be stuck with the balance.

*

How is the "Wanted" department of the Nook managed?

It is free for all who want *work* or *workers*. It is not for buying or selling anything, but for labor of any kind, and is free for Nookers in search of work or workers. Things to sell do not come within its scope.

*

I saw a picture of a man in a printing office with something over his eyes. What was it? Do all printers use it?

Likely an eye shade, an excellent thing for everybody. Costs ten cents, and is invariably used in such work as proof reading in a strong light. The writer has one on at this moment.

*

What sense most assists the memory?

Smell, strange as it may seem, and all unconsciously most of us apply the test in the case of material objects we are in doubt about. Thus the smell of a perfume, rose say, at once calls up forgotten roses.

I am engaged and my intended wants to give me a ring which some of my friends don't want me to take because of its value. What is the right thing to do?

The Nook has no sympathy or patience with meddlers. Take that ring. Forty years after this it may be your one priceless thing. It seems from your letter that the "friends" are not of the family. If they don't like it you tell them what they can do about it. You please your husband and yourself and let the "friends" attend to their own business, if they have any.

*

What is the difference between Christianity and Mahometanism?

A great deal more than can be put in this answer. In brief Mahomet taught, and his followers believe, that there have been four great revelations to man. Moses, David, Jesus, and last and greatest Mahomet. It will be seen that the followers of the prophet believe in Christ, but put him beneath Mahomet in importance.

*

I learn that dimples can be made. Is it true and how is it done and at what cost?

A dimple is a depression between two muscles, or over a hollow place in the flesh. A skillful surgeon cuts a little out the flesh so as not to make a scar, and the dimple follows. Don't be a fool.

*

Do the questions for the Q. and A. page come to the Nook as printed?

Not once in a hundred times. They are usually in letter form, and are condensed by the Editor into reasonable space and directness.

*

Is there a machine used by stenographers?

Yes, but it is not in common use. It is operated by a few keys, the depression or elevation of which makes the marks which form the clews to the word sounds.

*

What is the sign language?

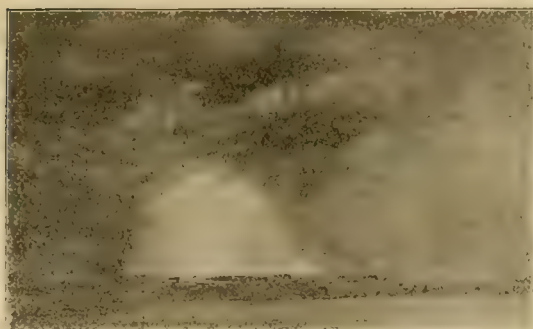
The language much used by Indians and it is entirely possible to communicate any thought whatever common to everyday life.

*

I noticed a mistake of a word in the Nook, etc.

And we, the people who make it, see ten to your one *after* it is too late. It is practically impossible to put out a weekly publication absolutely free from error. It has likely never been done.

The Home



Department

BROILED SARDINES.

SARDINES broiled in a chafing dish are nice for Sunday night suppers. Use just enough of the oil in the box to cover the bottom of the dish and keep the fish from sticking. When they are browned on both sides sprinkle liberally with lemon juice and serve hot.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS.

BY SISTER GUSSIE V. CULLEN.

TAKE two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, two table-spoonfuls of cold lard, and one cup of sweet milk. Mix in the order given. Work lard in with the hand until like coarse corn meal. Bake in a quick oven.

Holmesville, Nebr.

MAMMA'S COCOANUT CAKE.

BY SISTER PRISCILLA MYRTLE NEHER.

TAKE four eggs, beaten separately, two cups of sugar, one cup of half butter and half lard, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and three cups of flour. Flavor with nutmeg.

Avilla, Mo.

BANANA FRITTERS.

SEPARATE two eggs; to the yolks add two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cup of water, one pint of flour in which has been sifted one teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in carefully the white of the eggs beaten to a stiff dry froth. Cut the bananas in quarters, dip in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

FOR GARNISHING DISHES.

PARSLEY and watercresses are not the only green things suitable for garnishing. Tiny white leaves of lettuce, nasturtiums, pepperglass, little red and yellow

tomatoes, celery leaves and shredded cabbage are equally good. So, too, are small string beans, olives, gherkins, capers, mushrooms and truffles.

FITTING A CORK.

IT is commonly the way when one is trying to fit a large cork to a small bottle to get a knife and trim the cork. This is a waste of time, for it is only necessary to let the cork soak in boiling water for five minutes, and it will fit the neck of the bottle without any further trouble.

CUSHIONS AND PILLOWS.

WHEN making down pillows, wax the inner covering, and then the down will not work through. To do this iron the wrong side of the tick with a hot flatiron rubbed with beeswax, rubbing the iron over the wax each time before putting it on the cloth.

CREAKING HINGES.

THESE can be quickly cured by dropping a little oil on the hinges, or a tiny bit of vaseline does equally well. Black lead is another excellent remedy, and places that cannot be got at with an ordinary brush can generally be reached with a black lead pencil.

PATENT LEATHER POLISH.

A HIGHLY recommended polish for patent leather is made by taking a quarter of a pound of sugar, half an ounce of gum arabic and a pound of ivory black and boiling the ingredients until thoroughly blended. When cold, the polish is ready for use.

HARD OIL FINISH.

BY SISTER ELIZABETH VANIMAN.

MIX one pint of linseed oil, one-half pint of turpentine, one-half ounce of butter of antimony and one ounce of cut shellac.

McPherson, Kans.

LITERARY.

India; A Problem, by W. B. Stover, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois. 344 pp. Price, cloth, \$1.25; morocco, \$2.00. This book is by Wilbur Stover, missionary to India and very well known to the majority of the Nook readers. It is the first book written by any of our missionaries that has been put out by the church. It is a well-bound book, printed on good, heavy paper, and has a large number of interesting pictures representing the people and scenes in India. It is a book of more than ordinary interest because of the pleasing style in which it is written. Those who are acquainted with the author and have heard him speak will again hear him when they read the book, for the book reads as the author talks. This condition in any book, when the matter and manner are well taken, gives that peculiar quality known as style. The style of this book is of such a character as to make it very interesting to every reader. Those of us who will read this volume will know more about India in everyday detail than we would by reading through a more ponderous book. The first part of the book is devoted to life among the people, and then missions are fully discussed and the famine phase of the vast country is told in a very touching way. The last chapter deals with the future of India. The author takes a very optimistic view of the prospects of redemption of India. We advise our Nook people to buy this book as it will be of great interest not only to the grown ones but it will make an excellent gift book for any person, young or old. The book taken as a whole is a pleasing and entertaining addition to our literature, which is not, by any means, too extensive. The main feature about the book,—the one which commends it to the Nookman and which impels him to recommend it to the Nook family, is its conversational style and the ease and fluency with which it is written. There is no striving after effect, and no rhetorical flourishes to mar its pages. It is a plain, first-class, good, everyday book, and those who buy it will not be disappointed when they come to read it.

* * *

OUR STATE ISSUES.

THE NOOKS given over to the several States are proving a great success. One thing about them, and one we think of considerable value in their make-up, is that they are not done at second hand, but the Editor sees the sections, and writes them up on the spot. In no instance are they of an advertising character, no matter how flattering they may seem. It is a fact that there are places where the conditions are excellent and results are of such a character as

to provoke comment and criticism. If this is the case in anything written the reader should attribute it to the fact that the writer tries to see the best, and of course there is always a worse side, and this need not be sought at a distance. It is in every community, and when we go from home we wish to see the very best they have to show. Then there is a chance for comparison. Read these State issues carefully, as they are well worth the while.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"WE have in our Reading Room a number of papers, periodicals, etc., but the INGLENOOK is one of the fittest and worthiest. The Nookman is an editor in a "big" sense of the word. We wish him many Christmas joys!"—*J. C. Beahm, Va.*

❖

"DON'T know how we would keep house without the Nook. Getting better all the time. Wonder where it will stop. Thanks."—*G. W. Hopwood, Iowa.*

* * *

MYRTLE SUTPHIN, of Welsh, Louisiana, writes us that on the last day of the year the thermometer stood at sixty-six, and that English sparrows and black-birds are all around the house, also that robins are singing. It appears from her letter that they have new onions, radishes and lettuce right from the garden, while the roses are blooming and the season is away ahead of the many sections where the Nook is read by a roaring fire.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK had the pleasure of a call from Bro. D. M. Click, of Washington. He lives in the wonderful wheat country of the Northwest, while the fruit which grows there, judging from a sample given us, would make it an exceptionally desirable place to live.

THE INGLENOOK

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JANUARY 31, 1903.

No. 5.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE.

Back to the home of childhood days,
To scenes of long ago;
'Midst old-time scenes and old-time ways
To wander to and fro.
Beneath the moss-grown old roof-tree;
'Midst lilac bush and vine—
Hark! Through the mist of gathered years
Hear the clock strike nine!

Sweet visions come of days ago
When on this porch we stand;
We feel again the loving touch
Of mother's tender hand.
We hear the slow and solemn tick,
The same low, warning sign
That always came from out its wheels
Ere the clock struck nine.

In yonder room the old clock stood
With quaint and solemn face;
There, too, each night we'd gather round
The cheery old fire-place.
There 'round each child a mother's arms
Would lovingly entwine,
A mother give a good-night kiss
When the clock struck nine.

There, too, the ancient bookcase stood
Well filled with treasures rare,
But one old book—the Book of books—
Held place of honor there.
Each night we heard from father's lips
Its messages divine,
And hearing, kneel before the throne
Ere the clock struck nine.

Those dear, dead days of long ago,
Recalled through misty tears—
And mem'ry walks with lengthy stride
Back through the vanished years.
O, how we yearn to live again
The days of auld lang syne;
To bid good-night to mother dear
When the clock strikes nine.

When death's dark angel comes at last
To beckon unto me;
When o'er the waters deep and dark
The jasper walls I see,
This boon I ask, may mother's hand
Once more be laid in mine
And lead me into life and light
When the clock strikes nine.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD HAVE KICKED IT.

AT noon a few days ago when Park Row, Manhattan, was crowded with hungry mortals looking for their favorite eating place, a half-starved black and white kitten made its appearance on the sidewalk. It might have wandered out of some cellar or some tattered newsboy dropped it, hoping to see some fun. The ball of dirty fur landed directly in front of a clerk. He made a frantic effort to avoid stepping on the kitten and was successful. A young woman following stepped to one side. The crowd followed her lead.

Then at the rate of one hundred or so a minute people were turning aside lest they injure the kitten. Any one of the number could easily have raised the little mass of bones on his or her toe and tossed it into the gutter. The kitten held full possession of the sidewalk for fully five minutes. Then a banker, whose time is worth several dollars a minute, caught up the little feline, worthless from almost everybody's point of view, and carried it a distance of twenty feet and tenderly deposited it in an alley. And yet somebody the other day accused New Yorkers of lacking tenderness of heart.

* * *

ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHENEVER you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—*Catholic Home Companion*.

* * *

HEAR ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding.—*Solomon*.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THE streams that flowed into Salt Lake are now diverted for irrigating purposes and the Lake is drying up. A correspondent writes thus of the matter:

There is no question about it, Salt Lake is one of the phenomena of this country and everyone who goes near or through the city stops to view it. Every train which runs across country, either east or west, if it passes through Salt Lake City stops there. Several hours at least are given the travelers and a bath in the lake is advertised as the feature of the city. Therefore you will find that the average traveler, whether he has had time to see the temple or not, whether he has even had time to lunch, has bathed in the lake. Of no small consequence is this lake treasure to the city.

But the country people? There lies the seat of the trouble. It is they who are robbing the lake. The farmers have no use for tourists, they gain nothing by them, it is their fields that they think most of. And those fields, except for the irrigation ditch, would be desert. The government, when it put in the big irrigation ditches and cut off the supply waters of the lake, did not, perhaps, realize what the result would be on the lake. The ditch has served its purpose well, the desert now blooms with peach and plum trees, it is green with alfalfa and a country which was once uninhabitable is now dotted with comfortable farms and cozy farm houses.

As it stands, the contest lies between the city and the country, the lake and the alfalfa field. Shall there be a lake or shall there be a field? It has become evident that there is not the water for both. Ever since the ditch was built there has been very little water running into the lake. Except for some hidden springs which supply it, no one knows how many or how large they are, the lake water is unchanged. Yet while no water was coming into the lake thousands of gallons were constantly being drawn off. The great salt refineries, which produce 150,000 tons of salt a year, draw off 15,000,000 gallons of water in the same time. And busy old Sol, shining down day after day, summer and winter, has plied himself with a multiplication of those figures.

Although there has always been a greater or less amount of refining done it is only within the last few years that the salt industry has brought Salt Lake into the open market. The process now employed is to pump the water some fourteen feet above lake level and carry it through flumes three miles back to the evaporating ponds. The ponds cover 1,400 acres of ground and 14,000 gallons of

water pours over them every minute. It is, however, only during the summer that the work can be carried on, for sun heat is used for evaporation. Early in August, when the ponds are like great fields of salt, car tracks are laid over them and the salt is dug up and carted away for refining.

The district of farm land which is watered by the streams which formerly loaned their forces to the great lake covers 210,000 square miles. It spreads over the western half of Utah, the greater part of Nevada and part of eastern California, southeastern Oregon, southeastern Idaho and southwestern Wyoming. This vast territory has been fed at the expense of the lake and in the last fifteen years the lake surface has fallen ten feet.

As an evidence of the prosperity the lake brings them the people of Salt Lake City quote the 160,000 visitors who visit them annually. They point further to the handsome bathhouses which have been built, their great hotels and splendid public buildings. The city breathes prosperity and happiness and wealth and the citizens attribute it all to the proximity of the lake and the thousands of people and consequent thousands of dollars which it brings to them.

They point with pride to the big bathhouse, which is built out into the lake a distance of four thousand feet. The water is very shallow and the great salt banks which surround it are an annoyance to the visitor. To overcome this a pier was built out into the water, with a railroad running the length of it, and a veritable city at the far end. The water even here is but waist deep and series upon series of stairs lead into it from the pier.

A shower of fresh water is an absolutely necessary accompaniment to the lake bathing. The moment the bather leaves the water he is covered with a crust of salt, which hardens as it dries until it is like a suit of armor and almost as heavy and uncomfortable. The moment the bather leaves the water he runs for comfort to the shower. There is no stopping to sun oneself or to gossip with friends.

With the lowering of the lake's surface it is said that the brine has become brinier, if possible, than it was before. Chemists find by analysis that the water is heavier with salt than it used to be, and there is a noticeable difference to the bather. Although there is absolutely no danger of drowning in such water, the life saver must be on hand, for strangulation is frequent. The bather who gets that water into his nose and then tries to breathe is in great danger, and there is yearly a series of fatalities of this sort. The visitor is warned of this by the attendant at the bathhouse, and people are usually careful to remember it. The sight

of hundreds of bathers with their heads and necks poking out of the water like turtles is funny enough, and the onlooker at the baths has quite as much fun as the bather. People struggle in vain to keep under water, yet in spite of all they can do their heels go up, and if they are not watchful their heads will bob down. The only way to make any



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FEET HIGH.

progress through the water is by paddling. The bather sits in the water as though he were in a chair and his head and shoulders and arms will stand well out of the water. He then uses his hands as paddles and by a slow and steady motion moves carefully about. It is next to impossible to swim in the water—indeed, no one tries it—and the small boys of Salt Lake City are no better swimmers than their country friends.

FALLACY ABOUT MAD DOGS.

WE long ago stopped drowning witches, and we believe it is no longer considered quite *comme il faut* to skin a black cat alive for the cure of Herpes zoster. But to the dear, dear legend of the rabid dog men cling as to the last hope of faith. The moment a dog resents brutal treatment or shows impatience to being teased and tormented, or becomes thirsty in an arid land, it is incumbent on all right-thinking men that they should cry "Mad dog!" and chase him furiously about and beat him to death with clubs and stones. Indeed, it has long been law, and not merely crowner's quest law either, in these enlightened parts, that the so-called mad dog shall be incontinentally slain. But now this temerarious commissioner proposes that on being called "mad" by some street arab or beery hobo, a dog shall not be killed off hand, but shall be put to death decently if rabies shall indeed be developed, and to be restored to his owner if he be found in his proper health.

Without further recalling all the variegated details of this widespread and barbarous delusion, it may be said advisedly that probably not one "mad dog" in a hundred is really mad, that the popular conception of rabies in dog and in man is as widely erroneous as that the moon is made of green cheese and that the rage for instantly killing every dog suspected or accused of madness is unspeakably brutal, stupid and calculated to defeat the very object which those who cherish it vaguely think they have in view. That such a mania should prevail in a civilized community, after the enlightenment given to the world by the illustrious Pasteur, is a sad exposition of the perverse persistence of human frailty and folly and of the savagery which centuries of civilization has not been able to eradicate.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NOT A BOTTOMLESS LAKE.

A GEOLOGICAL survey report on Crater lake, in Oregon, proclaims as untrue the assertion, commonly made, that this remarkable body of water is bottomless. It took a line 2,000 feet long, however, to reach the bottom in the deepest part, making this probably the deepest fresh water in the United States. This lake was formed in a former geological age by the collapse of a volcano.

WHAT you need is the INGLENOOK.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 8.

THOSE who have followed these articles have recognized the fact that we have based our requirement on a knowledge of a language and the history of our country, coupled with the art of some of our literary people of worldwide repute. We now arrive at a stage where the student will have to decide for himself what particular line of study he will take. That is to say, if he decides upon continuing the course in English or American literature or both, he will naturally use those books which, by common consent, best teach the subject. Or, if he should prefer, in place of gathering the flowers of literature, to enter the domain of science there lie before him unexplored worlds in any department which he may wish to enter. If he finds that he loves flowers and plants, there are a thousand works on botany. If he would pry into secrets of nature's laboratory, the literature of the subject is something wonderful in extent and character. Whatever way he turns he will find there have been thousands of people before him, who have anticipated his every want, and there can be suggested no line of investigation or no domain of thought into which the daring explorer has not hitherto entered, and who has left a record of his adventures and discoveries.

Let no reader think he can master all human knowledge. There never was a man so capacious nor a life so long that all knowledge might be his. After the foundation is laid and habits of study acquired the natural bent of the individual must be recognized and the course for his future development in study mapped out. He will soon have acquired the habit of a scholar of comparing authors, and placing side by side the opinions of those who have gone before and left their record behind. Vast unexplored worlds will open up before him and he will not go far before he has learned that the universal is impossible.

If he is wise he will become a specialist and after mastering what is known and has chosen a study, if indeed, the mastering be possible, he may then begin investigations of his own and become himself the discoverer of knowledge. It is not a wild dream of the imagination, for perhaps every book that was ever written was preceded by something such as we have pictured, and thus the results were obtained. No two men require the same treatment, nor will two persons enter upon the same study with equal avidity, nor with like results, but to him who has mastered the language of his people, and the history of his country, and has tasted its best literature, kept abreast with current thought and made a specialty of some line of knowledge, if he begins when he is forty years of age and keeps up his stu-

dious habits until he has reached his three score years and ten, when he has finally passed into that realm where there is perfect knowledge, those who are left behind may well have the right to grave upon his tombstone that marks his final resting place, "Here lies a Scholar."

The End.

* * *

DUST ON A RIVER.

"THE Mississippi is the dustiest road in the whole country," said a man who travels on the river a great deal, "and if you don't believe it put on a white shirt some time and make a cruise up the river a few hundred miles. Really, no thoughtful man would be stupid enough to question the statement if he had ever had any experience on the river.

"I was reading an article some time ago about the dust of the sea, and from the description given of the fine, dry sediment which falls from the damp mist of the sea I am inclined to think that the deposit is not in it with the dust of the Mississippi. The water of the river is charged with fine particles. The heavy particles in the water do not leave the surface except to sink at some point where an obstruction diverts the current and causes a temporary poise. It is this condition which forms the immense bars or sand banks which we find along the river. These formations are due altogether to the resistance encountered by the currents of the river. Mind you, the heavier particles of the river figure in these formations. The lighter particles and the kind I have in mind at this time form a sort of river dust which is wafted here and there by the winds which sweep the stream.

"I have heard a great many men advance the idea that this dust was blown from the sand bars and banks of the river during the dry season. But there is nothing in this claim which will explain satisfactorily the constant settling of dust on the boats plying the Mississippi. It blows into the cabin, settles on the deck and other exposed portions of the boat, and is just like any other kind of dust which one may find in an ordinary road during a dry season. There is this difference, that it is possibly not so dry, and hence has a greater cohesive power. It sticks to the thing it falls on. I have been traveling on the river for a quarter of a century in the lower trade, and I have paid considerable attention to this question of river dust, and it is really a very interesting subject and one which should receive more attention. It may be pure or impure. In my judgment no kind of dust can be very pure. How this dust gets out of the river I cannot say, but since

no scientist has explained the matter or set up a standard of judgment in this respect, I have a right to my opinion on the subject.

"There are, in my judgment, two ways of getting the fine particles out of the water. They may rise with the mist of the morning, and when the sun dries and dissipates the mist, these fine particles become the sport of the winds and are blown hither and thither. Or it may be that the influence of the sun on the surface of the water will sufficiently dry and bake these finer particles to make them an easy prey to the winds. The wind which constantly sweeps the surface of the river would brush them from the water and waft them with the direction of the wind. I do not pretend to say that this is exactly what happens, but it seems to me to be a reasonable explanation of the existence of the strange phenomenon we call river dust."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

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FATAL DREAMS.

YES, people have actually been killed by dreams. Most persons have suffered from those terrible nightmare visions in which the victim is pursued by an assassin with upraised knife, or is trembling on the edge of a fearful precipice, or is in some other imminent danger of a sudden and terrible death. These dreams are common enough, and nearly always the sufferer awakes, thankful and happy at his escape. But sometimes he doesn't awake. Sometimes the knife falls or the sleeper, in his hallucination, plunges down the precipice. These are the dreams that kill.

A very recent example of the fatality of dreams is found in the case of Timothy Kelly, of Philadelphia. Kelly had been pursued by nightmare since childhood. As he grew older, the attacks were less frequent, but more severe. His nervous system was wrecked, and finally he was found dead in bed. The physician who had attended him for several months, declared that the cause of his death was heart disease, induced by the attacks of nightmare from which he had suffered, and that the immediate cause was doubtless a particularly vivid dream of the same character, which found his heart too weak to stand the strain.

From Brooklyn comes the report of another case of death resulting from dreams that kill. Miss Mary Hendrickson had been subject to horrible nightmares for six months. Again and again horrible dreams awakened her trembling. Yet as soon as she recovered her senses she forgot what had frightened her and could never describe her dreams.

This continued nervous strain weakened her heart. She lost flesh also, and her general physical condition was greatly impaired. At last the mother of the af-

flicted girl was awakened by a shriek, and, running into her daughter's room, found her standing erect in her bed with an expression of intense horror upon her face.

A moment later, with another shriek, the girl fell back upon her pillow and dropped into a state of unconsciousness, from which the most strenuous efforts of physicians could not revive her, and the next day she died.

If a person has bad dreams it does not necessarily follow, however, that he has heart trouble. Dreams, indicating heart disease, are usually of a very terrifying nature, and relate to death. On awakening the sufferer will notice a violent heart palpitation. Chronic pericarditis is always preceded by horrible dreams, such as that of being thrown into a lake or fire or of being crushed in a railroad wreck, or burned by a volcanic eruption.

Dyspepsia often causes bad dreams. An overloaded stomach will do the same thing. These causes have for a result what is called the real nightmare.

The causes of nightmare are divided into two causes: existing causes and immediate causes. The existing causes are: a full stomach, too much drink, over mental strain, or it may be a tight collar on the nightshirt, or a position which the sleeper has assumed while asleep. The immediate causes are: the insufficient aeration of the blood that circulates through the brain or an excessive flow of blood to the chest.

* * *

MUST KEEP THEIR PROMISES.

THE Latin races do not have the love for humbugs characteristic of Anglo-Saxons. If an American is "bilked" he enjoys seeing his neighbor go against the same game, but that is not true of a Mexican. If a man advertises an attraction and fails to produce it exactly as advertised he gets into serious trouble in Mexico. Theater-goers insist on having all performances up to specifications and go out of their way to see the managers punished who attempt to defraud the public. The sphere of the press agent is limited in that country. Many managers who are not familiar with the customs and laws of Mexico have found themselves behind the bars because they posted paper picturing acts which were not reproduced faithfully.

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CLEVER STREET SIGNS.

SOME of the artistic street signs now on exhibition in Paris are clever. One of them is by Gerome, who exhibits a sign for an optician's shop. It represents a Yorkshire terrier standing on its hind legs and wearing eyeglasses. It bears the label, "Opticien," which is a good French pun for "Oh, little dog."

WHERE CHOLERA STARTS.

CHOLERA and the plague every single year carry off hundreds of thousands of victims in India and the East, while the rest of the civilized world is continually menaced by the possibility of being stricken by the same scourges.

When there is an epidemic the victims number two to five millions, and scarcely more than three years pass without an epidemic.

Now, all this destruction of human life is due chiefly to the religious pilgrimages which people of the East go upon annually.

These people, dirty and ill nourished, gather in certain sacred spots. A certain number of them being infected with cholera or the plague, they communicate it to the others, and those who do not die carry the germs all over Asia.

Now the question is, Shall the Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina and the Hindu pilgrimages to the Ganges be suppressed?

Every year the faithful Mohammedans of Egypt and other countries start out on a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. Mohammed was born in the first city and is buried in the second. The pilgrimage lasts from December to March.

The two holy cities are in Arabia, which is now in the domains of the Sultan of Turkey, but is semi-independent. Infidels are absolutely excluded from this land on pain of death. Two or three Christians may have reached there secretly. The only well authenticated case is that of the famous Sir Richard Burton, who was able to pass himself off as an Arab with the natives.

Cairo, the Egyptian metropolis, is one of the principal Mohammedan cities of the world. Here a great carpet called "the Kiswa" is manufactured every year to cover the tomb of Mohammed. This of course, is carried to Medina when the pilgrimage goes. Last year's carpet is taken off, cut up into small pieces and sold at large prices among the faithful.

The original carpet after its journey to Mecca may bring back many germs of cholera, but it is after its division into small pieces that it becomes the greatest source of infection. These pieces of carpet are carried year after year to the sacred cities and become soaked with all kinds of germs and dirt.

The Kiswa is part of the yearly tribute paid by the Khedive of Egypt to the Sultan of Turkey, for, although actually in British possession, Egypt is still nominally a dependency of the Sultan. The Kiswa is a wonderful piece of embroidery in eight pieces, two to cover each side of the shrine, with a broad band to mark the place of juncture. It is worked in re-

splendent Arabic characters and this work is hereditary in a certain family. Although the Kiswa is called the sacred carpet no one ever treads on it.

No profane eye is supposed to look upon the Kiswa. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has been unable to obtain a specimen. It is inclosed in a curious wooden box with a high pointed roof covered with costly stuffs, while silver and gold ornaments gleam from the four pinnacles at the corners. This gaudy case is called the Mahmal and its purpose is to shelter the Kiswa from Cairo to Mecca. An escort of soldiers drilled by British officers is sent along to protect the carpet. It starts from the citadel of Cairo with a long procession. People fight for a chance to touch it.

The procession stops at Hajji's Lake, ten miles from Cairo. Next day the coverings are taken off the Mahmal so that they may be kept bright until Mecca is reached. The great case is put on board a steamship at the head of the Red Sea and conveyed to Jeddah, which is the port of Mecca. This is an astonishing place. The harbor is constantly filled with steamships of all nations, and the town is quite cosmopolitan, but no Christian may pass beyond it into the interior on pain of his life. The P. and O. and other European steamships that run to Eastern ports arrive here loaded with pilgrims, rich pashas in the saloon and poor Mohammedans crowded closer than cattle in the steerage.

Jeddah is consequently the greatest place in the world for dissemination of cholera and plague. Ships from this port are generally subjected to the severest examination in quarantine, but this cannot always be effected. It was utterly ineffective against the plague for a long time, because it was not then understood that the disease was carried by rats. A ship would be passed by quarantine because there was no infected person on board and then the rats would be allowed to carry the plague all over the world.

A broken down steamship of 1,500 tons, about the size of a ferry boat, is allowed to carry six hundred deck passengers to Jeddah. Many naturally die on the journey either going or coming. Among the pilgrims are withered-up little men and sick children who are carried in baskets and concealed from the British health officers.

To suppress these disease-laden pilgrimages and to break into Arabia, the Holy Land of the Moslems, for the sake of its trade, is the double object of Europeans. The Mohammedans are prepared to fight with equal ferocity against both these plans. The natives of Arabia live chiefly by robbing the pilgrims and they are very reasonably opposed to any reform. England, however, will begin by making reforms in her possessions and will endeavor to persuade the Sultan of Turkey to do the same thing in his.

The principal objects at which the Mohammedan pilgrim must pay his devotions are the Kaaba, the tomb of Mohammed, the fountain of Zoraida and the holy well of Zem Zem.

Zem Zem is in the outskirts of Mecca, and is regarded as sacred because Mohammed quenched his thirst here.

Here the faithful crowd and gather water in their bottles until the well is as filthy as can be imagined.

The Kaaba is a small black enclosure in the great mosque at Mecca. Within is a great stone which was once a ruby but has been turned black by the tears of sinners.

QUEER PETS.

ALL sorts of odd creatures have of late been brought before the public as pets of famous people. Mme. Bernhardt has had a young tiger as her bosom companion and Bob Fitzsimmons a lion. Now a Frenchman comes to the front with crocodiles as his favorites. M. Pernelot of Paris makes these creatures his hobby and now exhibits his specimens. From a sketch of him it is learned that he prefers catching his own crocodiles and visits Africa or America himself when he wishes to make recruits for his curious army. His methods are simple. Originally he tried strong nets, but the savage beasts tore these to pieces or were



GARDINER KANYON. A WILD WEST SCENE.

It is quite dangerous for the pilgrim to enter the Kaaba on account of the crush. He who succeeds must not again go barefoot or tell lies. The pilgrim tries to get, by bribing the guardians or by theft, which in this case is virtuous, a piece of the discarded Kiswa and a bottle of water from the well Zem Zem.

Now the pilgrims separate. Some may go to visit other shrines and holy places in far lands—the grave of Eve at Jeddah, which is 500 feet long and as slender as a pencil, the five sacred mosques of Medina, Stamboul with its splendid tombs of the Sultans, the desert shrines of Sinai. In the end those that have survived the throng, the utter lack of sanitation upon a soil saturated with filth by successive hosts of campers, and the combats by the way, reach their homes again, to be ever after honored.—*Selected.*

so maimed and mangled in their attempt to escape that they had to be killed outright. Later he had resort to the lasso, but that also was unsatisfactory.

Ultimately M. Pernelot hit upon a simple but ingenious method. The tenacity of the crocodile is proverbial. Once its teeth are fixed in any object it hangs on with the utmost desperation. M. Pernelot's method is to use as bait a small piece of wood at the end of a rope and his captor gradually draws him away from the bank of the river. Then the crocodile is lured by slow degrees to a rectangular box, into which its head is inserted. At both ends of the box there are holes, so that the crocodile, seeing the light beyond, feels perfectly safe and lumbers its ugly carcass inside. The moment it gets within both ends are secured and the crocodile is boxed.

STORIES ABOUT CLEVER PETS.

A PARTICULAR pet of a country lady of whom we have heard is a very knowing donkey, whose passion for apples has more than once got him into difficulties. On a recent occasion this fruitloving ass was turned out to graze in an orchard, and to prevent him from lifting his head to the trees, his halter was fastened to his fore feet. In spite of this precaution, however, he contrived to reach the fruit. His ingenious scheme was to back against the tree and kick at them earnestly until a shower of the delectable dainties he desired descended all round him. On the occasion referred to he chanced to kick just a trifle too high, and so got one of his hind hoofs firmly fixed in the fork of a low-lying branch. In this ludicrous position Neddie had to pose for more than four hours, until one of the family discovered his trouble and released him.

A merchant known to a friend of the writer brought home from his last voyage a small monkey which soon became a general pet. His favorite friend, however, was the family cat, which he appeared to think it was his duty to protect, as well as her family of kittens. One morning the outhouse where they all lived together caught fire and the astute monkey—who evidently feared for the safety of his charges—went into the shed and brought out two of the kittens in his arms. He returned to find the cat and her other kitten, but his heroism cost him his life. The flames caught the plucky little fellow, and he was burned to death.

A gentleman in London has a pretty rabbit which plays about the house with the children. The rabbit has seen the gentlemen take up his walking stick in the evening, prior to going for a stroll. The thoughtful animal evidently considered the subject and concluded that fetching a stick was the proper prelude to going for a walk. So when this odd pet is tired of running about the house he goes and finds a short stick, stands on his hind legs and nods to the assembled family. Then he makes for the back door, waits until it is opened for him and scuttles away to his hutch.

An Indian soldier had a grass snake for a pet. The creature was quite harmless, though rather noisy, and by no means pleasant to look at. One night the soldier's tent was visited by thieves who were about to confiscate all available valuables, when they were suddenly confronted by the snake, who approached them in a threatening attitude. This circumstance so scared them that they at once made off. On another occasion this curious pet saved its owner from death by facing a subtle enemy, who stole in at night to take his life in revenge for some fancied injury. The snake was afterward killed by a mongoose.

A gentleman residing in Scotland has a superb collie dog and a small Persian kitten of which the dog is very fond. The two will play together for hours. One day a member of the family openly petted the kitten and ignored the dog, to see what would happen. The collie became very jealous. Shortly afterward he went into the garden, made a hole in the mould with his paw, put the kitten into it, covered her entirely with earth, which he pressed down with his feet, and then walked indoors. The gardener, who had witnessed this peculiar premature interment, went and released the unhappy kitten, and then told the tale to the interested family.

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SWEARING.

SIGNIFICANT as it was timely and impressive was the recent protest of the Roman Catholics of Brooklyn against blasphemy. Twenty thousand members of the Holy Name society took part in the demonstration, one feature of which was mass meetings in the churches, at which addresses were made by the vicar general of the Brooklyn diocese and other clergymen dwelling upon the evil of blasphemy and the need of a higher feeling of reverence for divine things. It is a deplorable fact that the silly and vicious practice of using profane language of the worst sort on any and all occasions seems to be on the increase among the men of all ages and classes, and particularly among young boys.

It is only necessary to listen for a few moments to the casual conversation of boys and young men who congregate on the street corners and other public places to be aware of this. The practice is not only silly but vicious and degrading to the last degree, and parents, religious leaders and teachers, and all others who have oversight and guidance of the young, cannot too strongly reprobate and discourage the habit. No man who would have the least respect of those whose respect is worth having will indulge in blasphemous language, no matter whether he has any religious scruples or not. It is never the mark of a gentleman anyway.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

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CHARLES ROTHSCHILD has, perhaps, the most curious museum of any collector in Europe. At Tring Park he keeps thousands and thousands of fleas. The museum is in charge of Dr. Jordan. Every animal and bird has its particular kind of flea. Very many have several different kinds. It clearly follows that the gathering of fleas affords diverse material for the collector. In the Rothschild collection is one mole flea (*Hystrichopsylla talpæ*) a fifth of an inch in length.

AMERICAN INDIAN GAMES.

THE Sioux Indian boys have an exciting game, in which they seldom allow their sisters to join. We would probably call it "playing pony or antelope." If there are eight boys playing, six of them are ponies—wild Western bronchos of the prairies. The other two, armed with lassoes or ropes, give chase to the "ponies," and try to lasso them. This requires much practice and considerable skill, for the "ponies" are light of foot, and dodge and dash this way and that. The most skillful way of eluding the lasso is to drop on the ground like lead, then up and off again. The interest in the game increases as more ponies are caught, for it is only the skillful player who can manage to catch a third while holding two balky steeds. I have seen Eastern boys playing with a lasso, but never with three at once.

"Paslohhanpi" is another favorite Indian game, played by old and young. It consists in throwing sticks, and sometimes spears, over the ground in as straight a line as possible. A hummock of earth is selected, not as a goal, but as a "bounder." The stick is supposed to graze the top of this mound and bound beyond it. He who makes his stick go farthest wins the game.

"Painjankapi" is another game played with straight sticks about a yard long. Each player is provided with one, excepting the boy or girl at the head of the line, who holds a hoop about fifteen inches in diameter, strung twice with cords of narrow leather thongs, crossing once at right angles. The players, holding sticks, toe an even line, the one holding the hoop stands at right angle to them, and throws the hoop, in as straight a line as possible about four feet in front of the waiting line of players. The object of the stickbearer is to catch the hoop on the stick as it whizzes by. It is the object of the pitcher to throw the hoop so rapidly that it escapes the whole line of stickbearers. He who catches the hoop is the next pitcher, the line moves up to fill his place and the pitcher goes to the front. The game is very exciting and exercises much skill. It may be likened to the reverse of our "merry-go-round"—the ring being in motion instead of the players.

Tanpa is a quiet game, and played mostly by squaws. They have prepared twenty-five plain stones on which are carved little figures. They are put in a round basket, and shaken up by knocking against the knee. The stones are then turned out on a blanket, and the leader reads a fortune in turn for each player from the stones.

Indian boys play top and whip as well as their more civilized brothers, and also shinny or hockey. The name for hockey is "tapakapisica." Their goals are

oftentimes placed a half-mile apart on the prairie, and the ball is made of lead and covered with skins. The game as played is similar to shinny.—*New York Tribune*.

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SNAKE VENOM IN DEMAND.

IN Rochester, N. Y., there is an industry of a decidedly unusual character that has been conducted for a considerable time unknown to any but a privileged few among the citizens. It is the manufacture of a powder from the venom of rattlesnakes by Rattlesnake Pete at his Mill street museum. So wonderful in its workings is this deadly powder that scientists in all parts of the civilized world are engaged in studying its properties. Some weeks ago Pete received a communication from Germany directed to "Rattlesnake Peter, Rochester, America," asking in what quantities the venom from rattlesnakes could be furnished by the Rochester snake man and what he charged for it.

When interviewed Pete said: "I have just received another letter from Germany. It is from Dr. Edwin L. Faust, pharmacological laboratory, University of Strassburg, and he wants \$500 worth of rattlesnake venom in its powdered form to experiment with. He thinks my price of \$25 per drachm is too high, but when it comes to procuring the stuff, in the manner it has to be taken from the snake, with a slip meaning a bite that would result in either death or weeks in the hospital, I can tell you I will not furnish a drachm for one cent less. I have to pick each snake up with my hand and force a spoon into its mouth in order to procure the venom, and although I have handled rattlers all my life I never court trouble unless there is a financial consideration worth taking the risks for."

The rattlesnake venom is used by the medical world in cases of leprosy, diphtheria, lockjaw and other diseases where desperate chances are taken for the patient's recovery.

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RIGHT HANDED.

THAT man has been right handed from the earliest times is shown by the greater size of the bones of the right arm in prehistoric skeletons. All the evidence goes to show that righthandedness is due to a transmitted functional pre-eminence of the left brain in which the soul is now said to reside. All manual acts requiring precision and skill, except fingering the violin cords, are done with the right hand.

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HORSES THAT WORK.

THE horses that are best able to stand hard drains are those which work steadily every day in the week.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 2.

Dear Nookers:—

WHEN we were last together in that corner of the fence where the briars grow, you remember the wild-cherry tree we found, the one with the leaf-roller cocoons on it. Now if we look on the ground carefully we will see the seeds of the fruit, and the most of them have a hole in them. That's where our mouse has dined. If it had happened to be a walnut tree the nuts under the tree would have been eaten out, but that would have been the result of the squirrel's banquet. He took the nuts up on the tree, ate the kernel, and dropped it where he sat.

And oh yes, that leathery substance on the rail! That's a vegetable growth as much as the weeds, or the trees. It is called a lichen, and is a low form of vegetation. It can be found anywhere, almost, and if, a little later in the season, we had come along on one of our expeditions, we would see on the surface of the plant, that is on the top side, a something that looked like a little cup. At the right time we would see in it a few little red pin points of eggs, so to speak, and these are the spores, the seeds of the plant. They grow there, ripen and then get loose, and either are blown out, or the first rain washes them out, and if they hit the right place they will start another lichen. One thing we will see to wonder about, and that is the multitude of seeds that never amount to anything in the end. If every seed that fell off the wildcherry tree grew, then there would be a forest so close that it would trouble our mouse to get through. But from one cause and another not one in thousands ever strikes the combination that results in a new growth.

Here is the mark of a tragedy. There is no doubt about it, and this is the way of it. There was a little bird, a hop-o-my-thumb winter bird, of the kind that stays with us all the winter long, and she had been flying around all day, chirping and singing her one or two notes, and filling up on the weed seeds that are everywhere, if we will but look. She was not very cold, as she was well protected with a soft, warm coat of downy feathers under her winter coat of outside protection. She had eaten all the seeds she wanted, took a drink of a snow crystal or two, and then, when night came she settled down on the limb of the wildcherry tree. Then she looked all around and as far as she could see everything was as safe as it had been

many a night before. She sought a place where the wind would not catch her, and after preening her, feathers she settled down, her body covering her feet, and then she put her head under her wing, and in a few seconds was sound asleep. And she dreamed a bird dream of next spring, and a mate. There would be a nest in the crabapple tree a short distance down the lane. It would have five little speckled eggs in it, and she would sit on them, wondering how they would look when they broke the shell. The days would be warm, the sun would shine, and the evenings would be long, and the insects plenty. There would be no long, hard, cold winter nights. And so she slept.

Now off in the distance, perched on a dead tree, was a murderer in feathers. It was Old Fluffwing himself. He looked with his telescopic eyes through the dark, and just as the light went out in the upstairs room of the house he saw, off on the wildcherry, the little brown and gray lump of feathers. Never a note he uttered, not a motion did he make, but he loosened his great claws and launched motionless as a thistle-down into the night air.

Not a thought of harm entered the head of the little bird, or marred the dream it was following about the June afternoon foray down the brook after insects. Old Fluffwing was coming in a wide circle, but he never took his eyes off the little bird. The circle narrowed. Fly! bird, fly! Drop on the ground where he can't get at you! And the circle grew less. Never mind the dream, fly! fly away, anywhere! Death's coming!

Silent as death Fluffwing poised a moment over the little thing and then dropped right on the dream where the little bird swung on a mullen stalk. Two sharp, steel-like claws clutched and pierced the little body. There was a pitiful squeak, a drop or two of blood, and murderous Old Fluffwing sat down and tore the body apart and gorged the quivering morsel. When through he dropped the bunch of feathers, right where we see them, hooted once or twice, and sailed away after another victim. And the woods, and the fields and fence corners are full of just such unwritten tragedies. It is a sight like this that makes us murderous. If we could only have been hid somewhere with a good gun, and just as he was turning in one of his near circles let him have it, we might have had him mounted for the library, and perched on a top shelf we would

have hung a card around his neck, and thereon his name and crime, "Old Fluffwing, the Murderer."

Yes, after all, is Fluffwing to blame that he was made that way? That is a question that will come to us often as we pursue our studies. The strong overpower the weak, the swift run down the slow, the robust kill and eat the weak. It seems to be an undoubted part of the plan. But think of what is going on in the little bird's brain when it is flying like an arrow across the open field while following it like a shot is the hawk gaining every moment!

Here are a few leaves that have been disturbed. Look closer, and we can all see that there has been something dug up. That's the writing of shadow-tail, the red squirrel. Last autumn he hid a hickory-nut there, and when he got hungry one day he went right there and in a moment had it in his mouth and was tripping along the top rail, zigzagging along the course of the fence, to the tree where he lived. It was a good thing for him that Mr. Hawk did not fall like a stone from the upper region right on him.

Now it is getting too dark to see more than the outlines of things and we will cross the fields homeward, and sit around the table and talk of what we have seen. Maybe we will go down the lane again later on.

* * *

BIGGEST CRAB EVER FOUND.

THE biggest crab ever discovered, it is said, is now mounted and on exhibition in the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences. The natural home of this creature is under from six hundred to four thousand feet of water. The crab measures eleven and one-half feet in diameter and for the most part it has a very beautiful complexion—for a crab—ranging from a delicate old rose tint on the top of the carapace and legs to a pale brownish shade on the underside.

The two front legs have the usual crab claws, which are big enough to crush a man, but the others end in narrow brown hoofs without toes. The eyes on the branches are enormously large and the feelers are as big as garden hose.

The crab was taken off the Japanese coast and formed a part of a collection made by Professor Bashford, Dean of Columbia college, last year and it was presented to the Brooklyn museum by Eugene G. Blackford. It took more than a month to mount it.

It is supposed that the giant crabs grow to twelve feet in diameter, says the *Detroit News-Tribune*, but the one in Brooklyn is the biggest ever captured. Not many of them are captured—not more than ten or twelve a year—although the Japanese are fish-

ing over the grounds where they are found all the time.

The Japanese fishermen set lines several miles in length, with many hundreds of hooks, which are sunk to the floor of the ocean and left over night. When the lines are hauled in the next morning all manner of extraordinary things are found attached, from giant crabs to sea lilies.

* * *

THE LIFE OF DEATH VALLEY.

DEATH VALLEY, one of the worst of the deserts of the Great Basin, is by no means so devoid of life as its aspect by daylight would lead the observer to imagine. As soon as night falls it is all aswarm with creatures of various sorts. Countless lizards come out of their burrows to look for insect prey; snakes wriggle across the alkali crust; horned toads creep about; and scorpions and tarantulas of enormous size sharpen their claws for combat. Wildcats and coyotes forsake their lairs on the mountainsides and roam over the plain in pursuit of smaller mammals.

Of birds there are very few in the neighborhood of Death Valley; the "chaparral cock," which prefers scorpions to any other food, though it eats great numbers of centipedes, lizards and horned toads, is the most notable.

Queer desert toads live in Death Valley, in "washes," where there is water for part of each year. When the water dries up they bore their way down deep into the mud, which hardens over them like so much brick, and stay there, buried alive, until the water comes again a few months later to release them from their baked prisons. This is one of the most extraordinary examples of the adaptation of animal life to extreme desert conditions.

* * *

ANTS MAKE THEIR TOILET.

NATURALISTS who have been studying the habits of certain ants have discovered that each insect goes through a most careful operation of cleaning itself. Each ant performs this operation not for herself but for another. She acts for the time as lady's maid. She starts by washing the face of her companion, and then goes over the whole body. The action of the ant who is being washed betokens the utmost satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out, she rolls over on her side, even on her back, a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect shows in being thus combed and washed is really an object lesson to many higher animals.

* * *

DARWIN asserted that there is insanity among animals, just as there is among human beings.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
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The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

* * *

OUR SMALL KNOWLEDGE.

DID it ever occur to the readers of the NOOK how little we really know, while the amount of the knowledge we have classified and arranged for us is really something enormous, referring now to the entire world's in-gathering, still there remains the dismal and discouraging fact that our actual knowledge is indeed very limited.

In a few months the majority of the Nookers will be planting corn. They put the grain of corn into the ground and understand that pretty well. It is covered up, and now what takes place? When we begin to define the happenings in succession, from the first swelling of the corn to the rustlings of the leaves in the autumn, our highest knowledge consists mainly in giving long Latin or Greek names to some parts of the vegetable growth, and we call this learning. The reason why, for the different processes that take place, we

know nothing about. We know when the little shoot comes up through the moist earth, and are immediately confronted with a set of facts that we try to explain, and get bewildered and really know very little about it.

What is true in the case of the corn is also true of countless thousands of other things, concerning which our knowledge of bottom facts is very small indeed. As a great philosopher once said when dying, we may feel that we are but little children playing along the sands of the seashore, while the great ocean of truth lies unexplored about us.

* * *

THE DINNER PAIL ARMY.

You can see it here in Elgin every week-day,—the people who work, going in the morning to where they do their daily stunt, and returning in the evening. Between six and seven the hosts sweep up and down the streets, fill the cars and crowd along. At ten o'clock the smoke is pouring out of the tall chimneys, there are the orderly confusion of the work room, the quiet of the streets, and the thousands of hands doing something. Then comes the blare, the shriek or the toot at noon, and then the dinner pail with its napkin, bread and butter, and the rest of it.

All afternoon the wheels go round, and the great buildings blaze out from every window when the early dark comes on. Then the blast of the whistle and it is a sight to see the army set its face homeward. The dinner holder is empty, hands are tired, but hearts may be light, and supper is ready, after which the family can gather about the lamplight in the evening. It is a picture of healthy work by day and home at night.

* * *

THE temporary editor of the INGLENOOK takes pleasure in stating that the real editor is off securing material for what will prove to be an excellent and most entertaining issue of the INGLENOOK. He has called it, or intends to call it, the Sub-tropical America INGLENOOK. To this end he is now in the extreme southwest portion of the United States, amidst the palms and blooming flowers, sending in material daily for the issue which will be amply illustrated and, from what we have seen of it thus far, one of the most interesting numbers yet put out. As we write this article the sound of sleigh-bells is in our ears and where the editor probably is to-day people are bathing in the open air in the old ocean. The difference is something remarkable, and the INGLENOOK will have all about it in the course of an issue of two. Look for it.

* * *

SISTER CHAMBERLAIN, of Iowa, has read the Bible through seven times that she has kept an account of, and probably as many more. She is over eighty years of age.

GOD BLESS YOU.

THE other day we received a letter from an aged sister who stated therein that she was unable to renew her subscription to the INGLENOOK, and that she wanted the Editor to understand that it was not on account of any hard feeling, but through force of circumstances that she had to deny herself the magazine the coming year. She states further, that the reason she writes is that if the Nookman missed her on the list she wanted it understood that it was because of no other reason than pure inability to meet the requirements in a financial way. God bless her, and we only wish that we could put her down on the list for another year.

When we first started out with the INGLENOOK we tried to remember the subscribers as they came in, and had a pretty good grip on the list to about 2,700. After that we became "verhootled" and now, that an edition of 10,00 goes out, we have given it up as an impossibility to remember who are Nookers and who are not. The family has grown so much that not even "the old man" can keep track of the children. We sometimes think that we can tell an Inglenooker in a crowd by the placid look of satisfaction and happiness that overspreads his features. And another way is that while not all good looking people take the INGLENOOK, all those who do take it are good looking. So while we would not have missed the dear old Nooker from the list we are led to wish that there was a pigeon-hole with letters containing dollars for just such people. If it was our magazine to give away that would be another story.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK desires to extend its thanks to the Larimer Manufacturing Company of Chicago, in consideration of services it rendered the Nookman without charge. These people are frequent advertisers in the INGLENOOK and as one good turn deserves another it gives us pleasure to say that the firm is entirely reliable and, being composed of Brethren, their representations can be depended upon.

* * *

SEVERAL persons have called our attention to an error in the statement of the distance, in yards, traversed by a train of cars traveling at the rate of a mile a minute. It was a misprint. There are 1760 yards in a mile, and this divided by 60, the seconds in a minute, will give anyone caring to know the exact figures.

* * *

GET wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.—Solomon.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Luck is the man seizing opportunity.

✱

Some things are better never than late.

✱

Is the man who steals a march a thief?

✱

Our baby's a darling. The other's a brat.

✱

Sometimes there are warm words on a cold day.

✱

The lazier a man the more he tries to work others.

✱

Pointed remarks often dull the edge of friendships.

✱

Never lose friends. They don't grow on every bush.

✱

Girls, spruce up and you will not pine for husbands.

✱

Get out of the road, did you say? Do you own the road?

✱

Give a child something, and its shout of pleasure is your receipt.

✱

Money is like powder. It takes a lot of it together to accomplish much.

✱

Old maids when married lead double lives, but are always singular.

✱

If pride goeth before destruction what a smash some people are walking into.

✱

If women knew what other women were saying about them wouldn't there be a time?

✱

Yes, Gertrude Blanche, the best girl in the world takes the Nook. She has it in hand now.

✱

People talk about the weather because it is easier to make their mouths go than their brains.

✱

A good name is like the bloom on a bunch of grapes. The more it is handled the sooner gone.

✱

See here, Maw, better hide that old tintype of you and Josiah in your salad days. Jemima Jane might get hold of it.

✱

To some small natures assigning to others a fault that does not exist, and then condemning it, is a source of great and mean satisfaction.

THE ANIMALS' TOILET.

FROM an interesting article in the *Kansas City Star* we reproduce the following very interesting article:

Every well-groomed elephant takes at least two Turkish baths every year. Each of these toilets consumes about one month and the undivided efforts of half a dozen men. The polar bear can only be kept presentable by vigorous daily baths. The hippopotamus must be scrubbed twice in the week. The lions, the monkeys, even the snakes require constant grooming. The toilets of wild animals are matters often of very anxious concern to their exhibitors and are performed by experienced men. While it may be true that all trades have their tricks, there can be no doubt that the resources of the wild animal keeper for enabling his stock to look its best are things apart.

No horses are more carefully watched and groomed than the valuable stock of the circus or menagerie. The society belle can scarcely spend more thought upon her toilet than the keepers of wild animals. The methods of these valets of the show ring are little known or understood. Every toilet article to be found on the tables of fashionable boudoirs has its counterpart behind the scenes of the circus or menagerie. The similarity between the methods of my lady's maid and those of the wild animal keeper are curiously alike. The powder puff used in the animal quarters has grown to a huge handful of cotton waste or a soft mop. In place of the delicate nail file a great roughened bar of steel, two feet in length, is found effective. In place of the soft complexion brush one will find the roughest of sandpaper—great squares of it—which serve the same purpose. In connection with these, the valet de chambre of the wild animal quarters carries about a supply of stout ropes, whips, clubs and hooks to assist him in carrying on these delicate attentions.

From the very nature of things the men who prepare the toilets of wild animals seldom work alone. The subject is either too wild and requires the main strength of several men to give it a clean and presentable appearance, or is so large that the surface to be covered requires the combined service of a squad of men.

From every point of view the toilet of the elephant is by far the most interesting performance of the menagerie. The subject is so huge, the mere mechanical difficulties of covering so much surface are so great, and the process so complex, that it stands alone and foremost in this work. The elephant's toilet has been compared to a Turkish bath, but the two are by no means parallel. It requires at least four weeks to complete the toilet of a single elephant.

The operation is very expensive. The assistance of the elephant's valet de chambre must be engaged by

the day or week, while an experienced valet—he is known by another name—must be engaged to superintend the work, usually at a large salary. Then again the soap used in the process must be purchased by the hundredweight, the sandpaper by the gross, and the oil, an important ingredient, issued by the barrel. The toilet of a single elephant will not infrequently cost several hundred dollars.

A thorough going over requires about six weeks to complete. The hundreds of square feet of hide must be completely renovated, smoothed, cleaned and softened. The manicuring of the elephants' "nails" alone is a work of several days. It must, of course, be understood that these animals are washed regularly at short intervals, but the annual winter toilet, with all it involves, is a far more serious undertaking. The men do not, of course, work continuously on the same elephant throughout all these weeks. It requires intervals of days for the different baths to take effect and prepare the skin for the next treatment.

In the first place, the elephants are "hosed down" as often as possible, usually half a dozen times a year. Whenever it is practicable the great animals are allowed to bathe themselves by wading into some lake or river and squirting the water over themselves with their trunks. The elephants do this by instinct very cleverly, but such baths are, of course, not to be compared in effectiveness to the elaborate toilet to be described. Despite all such washings the hide of an elephant in time becomes roughened, and, if neglected, will even scale off.

In order to keep the skin soft and clean the entire hide is first carefully oiled. It is necessary to rub the oil well into the skin, and several days must be spent therefore on each animal. As a rule six or eight men, sometimes more, depending upon the size of the elephant, are set to work on the same animal at once. The oil is applied with swabs of cotton waste and thoroughly rubbed in. The operation is exceedingly interesting, the elephant meanwhile presenting a very animated appearance.

Some of the workmen attack the elephant's legs while others climb on ladders to explore the upper reaches of the huge back. A keeper meanwhile stands guard beside the elephant's trunk, with pronged stick in hand ready for an emergency. As a rule the great beast stands very patiently for hours at a time while the gang of workmen busy themselves on his huge body. Any movement of the great bulk is likely to cause trouble, the ladders rested against it are easily overturned, while the back of a carefully oiled elephant does not afford the surest footing in the world.

After the massage with oil the elephant is left alone for a couple of weeks, or even more. The next treatment consists of a very vigorous and thorough scrub-

bing. By this time the hardened layers are ready to come off if properly attacked. The scrubbing is performed with great stiff brushes, many buckets of water, pounds of soap and an immense amount of downright hard work. If the elephant's hide were to be spread out over a flat surface it would suffice to cover the pavement in front of two ordinary city houses. The work of scrubbing this surface is far more difficult than that of any pavement.

The workmen, in top boots and overalls work long and hard at the task. They must literally get down on their hands and knees to the work, balancing them-

each other's way are detailed to sandpaper the same animal. They attack its legs, the trunk, even its ears, all rubbing vigorously. Again the ladders are brought out and leaned against the elephant or set up about him while other workmen perch themselves upon its back or the top of its head and proceed to smooth out the wrinkles. When this operation is at last complete, the elephant comes forth, to all outward appearances, as good as new.

The manicuring of the elephant's great toe nails is an art in itself. The old adage that one cannot always tell a gentleman by the fit of his coat but al-



GROTTO GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

selves precariously on the upper slopes of the elephant under consideration or working from long ladders resting upon the shifting sides. As the work progresses the elephant becomes covered with soapy lather.

The performance is ended by a thorough hosing down. A hose with a nozzle of two or three inches is usually employed for the purpose, the water being forced from a nearby engine. After this portion of the bath the elephant is again allowed to stand for several days, preparatory to the next operation.

The last treatment of the coat proper consists in sandpapering the entire surface. The hide first softened by oiling and massage and afterward cleaned, is likely to still remain rough. Of all the operations this sandpapering is doubtless the most tedious. At best it can only proceed very slowly. As many men as can work about the elephant without getting in

ways may by his finger nails, is true in a limited sense of wild animals. No well-groomed elephant is allowed to appear in public without its nails carefully trimmed. Any one who has examined an elephant's foot will notice that the nail on each toe is covered with skin growing far down, not unlike that of a human finger. In a well kept elephant the skin is trimmed and pressed back much as on one's finger. The nail itself is carefully filed down to the proper length. It should never be cut.

Since the nail on each toe is as large as a small ham it will be understood that only the largest and coarsest file could make any impression. The elephant manicure places a stout stool beside the elephant and invites the subject to place its foot on it. Several hours of hard, vigorous filing will usually suffice to bring the nails down to a conventional length. They are usually cut about four times a year.

Monkeys, as a rule, require a great deal of attention. They must be cleaned and brushed and the worn spots on their fur covered up as only a wild animal dealer knows how. If they look weak or sickly they must be doctored.

The snakes, which have spent months in these narrow cages, usually require considerable grooming. An expert can, as a rule, tell a great deal about the health of a snake from the appearance of the skin. A man experienced in handling snakes can add considerably to its appearance by careful washings and massaging with oil. A torpid snake can even be made to appear very much alive.

It is much the same with birds of all kinds. When the plumage of a pelican, for example droops, a familiar symptom of something going wrong, its keeper must waken it with baths or medicines or stimulants of some mysterious potency in order to get the full market price at least. Its feathers must be carefully combed, brushed and even curled.

HAND SHAKING.

THE New York *Tribune* tells how the Boers look at hand-shaking.

The laugh has long enjoyed the place of honor as a confession of character. But a better index than the laugh, in the opinion of Thaddeus S. Graham, of Worcester, is the handshake. "The handshake, in the first place," he said, "is a modern custom—at least, as far as I ever found out. In the biblical days and in the Homeric days men used to step up and fondly embrace one another, and this you can find to-day on the continent of Europe. But now every nation shakes hands more or less, and no two alike. Here in America the typical shake lasts thirty or sixty or ninety seconds.

"In the orient there is no geniality about it, but a deep, reverential ceremony, and often it is merely symbolic, with no clasping of the other fellow's hand at all. But if you want the queer and mysterious handshake go to the Transvaal. If you literally shake a boer's hand you will offend him beyond recovery. All you can do, if you have any idea of retaining his good graces, is to take his hand in yours, gently and tenderly, as though he had run a splinter into it and you were coaxing him to let you take it out. You press it just the least bit for the merest fraction of a second, as though it were a kodak, you know, and you were snapping his picture with it. And then you drop it. It seems simple enough. But when you have a long ride across the veldt and wish to make a good impression upon a possible host at a farm by a show of honest heartiness, it is dollars to doughnuts you will grasp his hand and shake it like a bottle of medi-

cine. Then he'll look extremely dignified and solemn, and you might as well make up your mind that you are no friend of his, and never will be."

COPPER JEWELS IN VOGUE.

COPPER is the latest of the common metals to become the object of the jeweler's work. It is the most fashionable as well as the newest of the metals so employed, and all the smartest things in the way of sleeve links, card and cigarette cases, belt buckles, vases and the like show it. It is highly ornamental so used and remarkably beautiful. It holds the same relation to silver and gold as do gun metal, which is essentially steel, and kay kayzerzin, which has block tin for its basis.

It is made up in combination with silver, is reddish in hue, highly polished and it costs just about the same as would a similar article of solid silver. It affords a relief from the somber gun metal and the shiny silver and some people think it is prettier than either.

Many of the new articles shown are delightfully artistic. Sleeve links of the royal copper with silver rims and silver imposed heads and the like were much admired. Silver vases with copper holders and especially silver and copper card and smokers' cases are among those most in demand. The metal is also used for flasks, brushes, whisks and toilet articles generally. It is scarce at present, but will become more plentiful as the makers are better equipped for turning it out.—*Kansas City Star*.

WHEN BUFFALOES WERE PLENTIFUL.

IN the 'fortys, when the American Fur Company was in the heyday of its power, there were sent from St. Louis alone in a single year 100,000 robes, and the company bought only the perfect ones, says *Outing*. The hunter usually kept an ample supply for his own needs, so that for every robe bought by the company three times as many were taken from the plains. St. Louis was only one point of shipment. Equal quantities of robes were being sent from Mackinaw, Detroit, Montreal and Hudson Bay. A million would not cover the number of robes sent East each year in the '40s. In 1868 Inman, Sheridan and Custer rode continuously for three days through one herd in the Arkansas region; and in 1869 trains on the Kansas Pacific were held from nine in the morning until six at night to permit the passage of one herd across the tracks.

VLADIVOSTOK possesses the only crematorium that has been erected in the whole Russian empire.

HARPOONING ALLIGATORS.

ALLIGATORS move rapidly under water, are hard to see, harder to hit, and the harpoon will penetrate only the least accessible portions of the body. Nor does the title to the hide necessarily pass with making fast the weapon.

One afternoon, in the Cheesehowitzkee river, I harpooned a large alligator which towed me up and down the stream for an hour or two and then sulked in its deepest part. I pulled on the line until the boat was directly over him and stirred him up with the harpoon pole. He rolled himself up on the line, in the manner peculiar to sharks and alligators, and banged the boat suggestively. We rowed to the bank and, making fast to some bushes, hauled on the line until we succeeded in worrying him nearly to the boat, when he rose to the surface and attacked us with open mouth. We repelled the attack with harpoon pole and rifle. The former was promptly bitten in three pieces, but the latter apparently finished him. It was so nearly dark that we decided to carry him in the skiff a mile down the river to where our sloop was anchored, and to skin him the next morning. We broke the seats out of the boat, and together managed to lift the head of the alligator aboard and tie it. We then tied the other end, when the reptile came to life and landed a blow with his tail which lifted me out of the skiff into the saw grass, with the breath knocked out of my body, and hand and face badly cut by the grass. Boat and boatman were capsized. As my rifle had fortunately been left upon the bank, I was able to kill the alligator again. We secured him by floating the boat under him and then bailing it out. The alligator completely filled the boat, so that my companion and I sat upon his back as we paddled down the river with gunwales unpleasantly near the water.

It was growing very dark and the water around us was becoming alive with alligators. While we were reflecting upon our overloaded condition, our alligator came to life again and shifted ballast until water poured over the gunwale. We quickly balanced the boat, only to see it again disturbed and to ship more water. A scramble for the shore followed, which we reached without capsizing, and where we left our victim for the night after again killing him. In the morning our buzzard friend from the Homosassa river, surrounded by his family, was sitting above him in a tree, waiting for us to attend to our carving duties.

There are drawbacks to hunting in the Great Cypress Swamp. Even natives have been lost and have died in its recesses. It is bounded on the

east by the Everglades and on the west by a series of impenetrable mangrove thickets, alternating with deep channels. If lost, one should turn his face firmly to the north, and, as a guide remarked to me, "he ought to get somewhere in three or four days."—*Country Life*.

* * *

WAYS TO EARN MONEY.

A NUMBER of women are doing a good business raising Angora cats.

In Indianapolis a woman is raising toy poodles, Angora cats and guinea pigs.

Near Chicago, a school-teacher has an extensive and profitable business in Belgian hares and guinea pigs.

Women in many places are conducting poultry-raising profitably.

Pheasants are but little, if any more, trouble than poultry. They are delicious as a food, as well as prized by many for their beauty.

Rabbits, other than the Belgian hare, are in demand, fine specimens selling at fancy prices. There are the odd and beautiful Dutch and Himalayan rabbits and the Angora and lop-eared rabbit.

Guinea pigs are always in active demand at profitable prices. To this list may be added fancy mice and waltzing mice, though it is doubtful if women would voluntarily go into the mouse-raising business. Ferrets open up another avenue.

* * *

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A MISSOURI farmer has made a serious mistake in exposing himself to the gibes of a heartless world. He saw an advertisement of a "two-dollar fire escape," and the more he looked at the advertisement the more he wanted the fire escape.

"I can't let a bargain like that a-one git away," he murmured through his tangly whiskers. And then he sat down and mailed the two-dollar bill.

In due time the fire escape arrived. It was an expensive copy of the Bible.

* * *

MAKING FIELD GUNS INVISIBLE.

A NEW dodge has been tried by the ordnance department of the British army to make guns invisible. By painting the field pieces and their limbers in irregular patches of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue, they have been found to harmonize so exactly with any sort of background or surroundings as to be almost indistinguishable at a relatively short distance even with powerful glasses and by persons knowing their location.

PAINTING CHINA AT HOME.

BY BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY.

"I have an offer from a city house to do home work, painting china. Is it a business to be trusted?"

The above query was handed to me to answer, as one having had experience. I take pleasure in this opportunity, and say as emphatically as I know how to say it, NO.

For years I have watched the class of advertisements through which I think your offer came, and

The advertisements read all right and the testimonials, etc., sound well, there appears nothing unfair about the contract, and all that, and I was actually taken in by the china decorators to the tune of only \$3.50, but I am glad to-day that I was, for it made me follow up every concern of the kind advertising in the city Sunday papers at the cost of several postage stamps and I know whereof I speak in my answer to this query.

This is how they work it. In the personal column of the city papers, especially the Sunday papers, will be an advertisement for two or three ladies, artistic-



THE MINERVA TERRACE OF THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS. A GRAND YELLOWSTONE SCENE.

wondered not a little about them. They embrace china painting, portrait and landscape painting, embroidery, lace making, copying at home, and what not. Curiosity and a desire to find some means of earning an income at home led me to investigate and I have found them all alike, frauds of the worst type. I say this because the money paid for materials to begin with, or the "deposit to show good faith," comes largely from women and girls who need both the money and the time invested in experience.

A friend who was a postmaster and who spent five dollars with one of these concerns for his daughter, before he found it was a fraud, told me that after his experience he had kept no less than thirty people from sending money to the same address in the course of only two months and that in a town of only 4,000 population.

ally inclined, to do work at home, etc., etc. Address immediately ————.

You write immediately, asking for particulars, and you receive a reply in which, if you happen to be in the city, you are requested to "call to-morrow morning." You go to the address indicated and you enter an elegantly furnished reception room where you take a seat in company with any number of other ladies, each one waiting her turn to see the manager "with reference to your ad."

Presently you are admitted to the presence of a suave, dark-eyed French "Professor" who does you the honor to pause in the decorating of a handsome piece of china, to speak with you, and, after dismissing the girl in attendance, he explains the work to you and shows you how, as they have contracts with all the large wholesale houses, they must employ an army of workers and if you can do the work you

can make a comfortable income, dependent on the time you can devote to the work. It is easy to learn, permanent work, at home, etc., etc., and after examining the contract and satisfying yourself that all is right, you take your first lesson right then and there, working till you get one design finished perfectly.

After signing the contract by which they agree to furnish you work, and pay according to a certain scale of prices, and to refund your \$3.50 when you have decorated a specified number of pieces, and you agree to do the work according to terms indicated and to pay for designs spoiled, according to a certain price list, you pay your money, take your first allotment of work and go home dreaming of success and congratulating yourself on your good luck.

You do your work, and are very proud of it, and at the end of the third day, when it is dry enough, you take it back, to find that the inspector discovers flaws where your less experienced eye saw none. Some of the designs are beautifully done, and perhaps you have one plate perfect and are allowed the price of it, but there is a little blister in another design and another is just a trifle too heavy, etc., till the designs you have spoiled overbalance the price of the perfect plate. Your record is entered in a book and you are given other work to take home. The next time you do a little better and are given more elaborate work and more expensive designs. Your experience is repeated until one day the inspectress asks you if you know that you are running behind. The cost of the spoiled designs is far in excess of the price of the work you have done successfully, and, if you do not suspect fraud, you conclude that you can never learn, and give it up.

Where does their money come in? In the first place their secret process is not the real thing at all, and the materials they use cost an insignificant trifle and they are all of three dollars ahead per victim, and more on those who hold on till they have run their debt to a higher figure.

Your china decorating company may be a little different from mine, but they are all managed on the same general principle, and each one is a very good thing to let severely alone.

Elgin, Ill.

ATTENTION is called to the above account written by one who has been through it. In one such case the husband of the duped woman advertised for the names of others who had been cheated. The "firm" simply changed their advertisement, using another name, and went on, as they are now doing, defrauding the poor. Unfortunately there is no law to punish them, as proof would be simply impossible. Nookers should beware of all such advertisements. First and last

they are frauds. If any Nook reader has had an experience with any of these robbers, and will write the Editor the facts, we will expose the frauds.

THE JORDAN.

THE river Jordan rises in the foothills of Mount Hermon, Syria, called in Arabic Gebel Sheik. The source is a spring which gushes from a cave near the village of Banyas. Banyas is a corruption of Panyas. The cave from which the Jordan springs was the center of the worship of Pan before the time of Christ. The water is clear and cold when it leaves the mountains, but it passes through a valley where it percolates through a marsh before entering the Waters of Merom and emerges a dirty brown color. From the Waters of Merom to the Sea of Galilee is about fifteen miles. The Arabic name of the Sea of Galilee is Bahr Tubariyeh. The lake is about nineteen miles long and is below the level of the sea. From Galilee the Jordan flows directly south to the Dead Sea. At Jericho, about forty miles east of Jerusalem and about five miles from the mouth of the river, are the so-called fords of the Jordan. As a matter of fact, the Jordan cannot be forded at this point but can be both above and below. The distance in a straight line from Banyas to the Dead Sea is a little less than one hundred miles, but it is said that the river covers about twice that distance in its windings.

MARTHA'S SOLUTION.

A WASHINGTON housekeeper rejoices in the possession of a washwoman of the olden style, and gets much amusement from the old woman's conversation. Recently, while counting over the clothes, the housekeeper observed Anut Martha gazing at herself in the mirror.

"What yo' think of this bonnet, Miss Molly? It's new."

"It's very becoming," said the lady more politely than truthfully, "but, Aunt Martha, I am afraid you are getting extravagant. I am sure you are spending all you make in clothes."

"I certainly do that thing," said Aunt Martha seriously, "I certainly do. You see, I saved money once, and it was stole, and I said then, 'I'll spend ez I go, ez I go,' Miss Molly, 'and then I gets the good of it.'"

"But, Martha, surely you are putting by a little money, just to bury you?"

"Not much I ain't. I ain't got none of thet foolishness 'bout me. I'll enjoy myself while I live, and I guess after I'm dead I can stand it above-ground jes' as long as anyone kin stand havin' me."—NINA E. ALLENDER, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

VAGARIES OF BLOODED CATS.

THE cat show at the Coliseum is declared by experts versed in feline lore and culture to be better than any display of the kind ever seen in England or any other country. The variety of cats is very great and each cat is a remarkable specimen of the breed to which it belongs.

Two hundred and fifty cats belonging to seventy or eighty different persons are on exhibition. There are some very fine specimens of the common every-day American domestic cat. The imported breeds are of the best and rarest strains—Siamese, Manx, Persian and Russian, with some other varieties.

As it takes all kinds of people to make a world, it takes all kinds of cats to make a cat show. Some of the specimens are decidedly unique. They display a greater variety of colors than is seen in the spectroscope. In many the shadings of color and crossed or blended colors produce beautiful effects. No painter could imitate their mingled hues any more than he could imitate the changing streaks of light in a brilliant sunrise.

The peculiarities of some of these cats are remarkable. A star specimen is called the "kissing cat," because he will kiss only ladies and girls; he will kiss no men nor boys. And then one has a voice which is not a screech nor a yowl, but a doleful musical wail which is unappeased until his hair is stroked the right way. Owing to their appearance some of the foreigners would hardly be taken for cats except by a trained naturalist.

Two or three cats are displayed which will not attack mice. The main use of a cat is that of a mouse destroyer. "It is their nature to." Shylock speaks of the "harmless necessary cat." If a cat will not kill mice it is a very unnecessary animal.

Our other great shows—the horse show and the fat cattle show—were held for the exhibition of animals most useful to man—to assist him in his industries or to furnish him food. An animal useless for work and with flesh unfit for food would be as valuable as a mouseless cat.

The cat show, like the other shows, is a public benefit. It brings out society. It "livens up things a bit." Money is put in circulation by those who can afford to spend it. A market is made for labor, and the fruits of prosperity reaped by a few are distributed among the many.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

* * *

OIL FOR BRICK BURNING.

BRICK kilns are now fired with petroleum, 100 pounds of oil being sufficient to burn a ton of brick.

COLLECTION OR CONTRIBUTION.

A QUERY comes to the NOOK for answer. It is whether the words collection or contribution should be used in the case of the money of a Society. Simple and all as this query seems it is really one of the things that go a long way toward scholarship. The two words do not mean the same thing by any means.

The boy collects butterflies, you contribute one. The man collects money for a church, you contribute a dollar. A man passes around the hat, the collection amounts to ten dollars, representing twenty contributions. There is no hat passed, you may walk up and tender your contributions. The sum of the contributions make a collection of fifty dollars.

In case there is a man or woman to solicit money, the reading of the minutes might be as follows: Mr. Smith returns a collection of twenty-five dollars, the contributors to which have our thanks, etc.

The collection is the sum, the whole amount in hand, the contribution is the part given by each party to the whole sum. In short, if there is a collector it is a collection he returns, if it is a voluntary matter it is a contribution. The reading might even be: The collection of dues amounts to five dollars, with an added contribution of another dollar, making a total of six dollars.

* * *

AN IRISH REFRIGERATOR.

AN Irish woman was looking at refrigerators in a house furnishing store some weeks ago. After examining into the merits and qualities of a number of them, she purchased the one that the salesman assured her would keep food the best. Some days afterward the woman called and requested them to take that refrigerator back, as it would not keep anything better than the kitchen safe of the cellar. The salesman mildly suggested that possibly she had not put enough ice in it to keep the things cold. "Enough ice in it? Why, you are crazy, mon. I don't put any ice in it. Anything will keep cool if you put ice in it. I bought the refrigerator so that I wouldn't need the ice."

* * *

CHESTNUT BREAD.

IN Corsica bread is made from chestnuts without admixture of any other substance. It has not the firmness of ordinary bread, but is healthful, sweet in flavor, agreeable to eat and easily digestible. It keeps more than fifteen days and constitutes the chief food of the Corsican mountaineers.

* * *

TAKE fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.—*Solomon*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

A LITTLE ADVICE.

"Mother, kiss the tears away!"
 Baby lips were wont to say,
 When the heart had but one grief—
 Broken toy, or tattered leaf;
 In her arms he snugly lay,
 While she kissed the tears away.

Though the years may bring their share
 Of the pains so hard to bear,
 Boyhood's troubles, manhood's fears—
 Girlhood's sorrows, woman's tears—
 Never be too old to say:

"Mother, kiss my tears away!"
—Argyll Saxby.

* * *

THE KINDNESS OF THE POOR.

A BLIND and crippled old man sat at the edge of the icy stone pavement, grinding out his few tunes on a wheezy old organ, and holding in one hand a tin cup for pennies. The cold wind blew through his rags, and he was indeed a very pitiable object. Yet few of the passers-by seemed to pity him. They were all in a hurry, and it was too cold to stop and hunt for pennies in pockets and purses.

A sudden gust of wind blew the old man's cap off. It fell by the side of the pavement, a few feet distant. He felt around for it with his bare red hands, and then with his cane, but he could not find it, and finally he began playing again, bareheaded, with his scanty gray locks tossed about in the wind.

People came and went—happy, well-dressed men and women, in silks and velvets and sealskins, in warm overcoats and gloves and mufflers; but none of them paid any attention to the old man.

By and by a woman came out of an alley—an old woman, in rags and tatters, with a great bundle of sticks and boards on her bent back. Some of the boards were so long that they dragged on the ground behind her; and it had evidently taken her a long time to tie all the boards together on her back. She came along, bending low under her burden, until she was within a few feet of the old organ-grinder.

She saw him sitting there bareheaded, and his cap lying a little distance away, close by the pavement. She stopped, untied the rope which bound the bundle to her back, and in a moment the boards were lying on the ground. Then she picked up the cap, put it on the old man's head, and tied it down with a ragged string of a handkerchief taken from her own neck.

"Cold, hain't it?" she said.

He nodded.

"Hain't gittin' much to-day?" were her next words.

He shook his head again.

She fumbled in her ragged skirts for a moment and finally brought forth a copper. She dropped it into his little cup, hoisted the great bundle on her back, and went on her way.—*The Lookout*.

* * *

WHAT PUZZLED MARGERY.

THIS is Margery's first year in school and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One morning, recently, she came home at noon greatly excited.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music lesson and asked us how many turnips there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma could not understand it, either; and the more positive Margery grew about the matter, the more her mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher, Margery's mamma asked her what she had meant by asking the children how many turnips there were in a bushel during a music lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she exclaimed laughing:

"Why, I asked the children how many beats there were in a measure!"

Margery's bright mind had done the rest.—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

THE BLUEJAY AND THE LITTLE BOY.

RECENTLY a bluejay was pouring forth his shrill notes in song, as only a bluejay can, when a little boy, whose shirt showed through his pants, asked his mother what the bird said.

"He wants you to put your shirt in," answered the mother.

The boy looked soberly down and tucked his shirt in. When the bluejay repeated his song the little fellow looked up at him and said vigorously, "*I've dot it in! I've dot it in!*"

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the correct use of the visiting card?

If form is meant, a small card is best, one of good quality, with the name and the address thereon. In a public place, like a railroad general office, give the one in charge your card, stating your business in brief. Then sit down and wait results. In the case of a formal call, give the servant your card and wait his or her return. If the party is not in, leave the card with instructions to hand it over to the one you wished to see.

Who first invented matches?

The invention was a slow growth. The first matches were tipped with sulphur and other chemicals were added from time to time until the present form of matches resulted. It has only been within the last long lifetime that matches have been in perfectly general use.

What is smoke and what causes it?

Smoke is made up of fine particles of carbon which have not been chemically disposed of by the fire which causes the smoke. Any fire that is hot enough will burn up the smoke as well as the substance which makes it. As a rule smoke may be said to be caused by imperfect combustion.

What is a good form of introduction?

The simpler the better. Mr. Smith, this is Miss Brown! It is allowable in the case of perfect strangers, to add some explanation, thus: "Mr. Smith is our school-teacher, and Miss Brown is a stenographer on the *Tribune*." This clears up the situation.

In addressing a letter should the abbreviation of titles be used?

Yes, but never the letters of degrees. Thus it is good form to write, "Dr. John Smith," but not "John Smith, A. M."

What is a good definition of money?

How does Condensed Value strike you? The writer once paid a German his weekly wages and when he put it in his pocket he remarked "Dot's de stufft itself."

What is the right pronunciation of the word automobile?

Au-to-mo-beel. Accent the *mo*.

Was Shakespeare a scholar?

In a school sense, no. But he comes nearer to knowing it all and being able to tell it, than any man who ever lived, and "Take him all in all, we ne'er shall see his like again."

Are the fountain pens, the Trio, good?

As far as we know they are. We so rarely use a pen that it is sometimes strange to get hold of one. Those who use fountain pens say they would not be without them.

Would a cat farm be profitable, raising only expensive breeds?

A "cattery," as it is called, is often profitable. Like everything else, knowledge is necessary. Cats cannot be bred in numbers like sheep.

How is the printing on wood done?

It takes a special type and press. In general terms it is the same as any other printing, with the addition of the necessary hardened type and pressure.

Will the problem of aerial flight ever be a possibility?

It is almost certain to come and the likelihood is that it will be so simple that the wonder will be that it was not discovered long ago.

What is the cause of curly hair?

A hair may be compared to a tube. If it is perfectly round it constitutes straight hair. If flattened, curly hair.

Why are some of the articles in the Nook, evidently written for it, not signed?

Most likely they are the ones written by the Editor, who "lets them go wild."

Can a flintlock gun be changed to a percussion cap make or a breech loader?

Yes, very readily, but it would likely cost more than a new gun.

What is the probable temperature "away up" beyond the atmosphere?

A terrible, withering, killing cold.

Is wireless telegraphy an accomplished commercial success?

Not as yet, but soon will be.

The Home



Department

HUMBLE PIE (England).

THIS is a very old dish. Many years ago, in feudal times, the retainers "below the salt" had a pie so named, made of the meaner parts of the game killed in the chase. Nowadays the same proportions of suet, herbs, bread, etc., are cooked with veal, which results in a pie not to be despised. Mince finely one and one-half pounds of the fillet of veal, adding one dozen oysters, one pound of beef suet, parsley, thyme, sweet marjoram, pepper and salt, a teaspoonful of sherry and the yolk of two eggs, also one cup of bread crumbs. Beat and stir to a smooth mixture, line a dish with pastry dough, and when it has browned slightly fill with the mixture, cover with strips of pastry and bake in a slow oven two hours. Serve with brown sauce.

OYSTER SOUP (A French Recipe).

DRAIN a quart of oysters and season with salt, pepper, a blade of mace, a bayleaf, half an ounce of butter. Add one-half pint of white stock and cook fifteen minutes. Remove the oysters and herbs, and to the stock add the juice of the oysters and one pint of hot milk, the yolk of one egg, some parsley and a blending of flour and butter. Put in the oysters, and after stirring a few moments serve hot.

LOVE CAKES (Eaten at Moravian Love Feasts.)

BOIL two cupfuls of honey and one ounce of chopped almonds and simmer five minutes longer, then add three ounces of chopped candied peel, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, half a nutmeg grated, a pinch of cloves, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the rind of a lemon grated, and a tablespoonful of rum or sherry. Cut into pieces, four by two inches large, after adding enough to stiffen and rolling it very thin. Bake these in a slow oven, ice with sugar and eat cold.

BROILED FISH (as cooked in Normandy).

CLEAN and split a large fish, such as flounder, bluefish or mackerel, cover it with a mixture of sweet oil, vinegar, chopped onion, herbs, salt and pepper. Set in a cold place for an hour, turning it several times.

Drain it, dip it in bread crumbs, then in egg and more crumbs, and broil till brown. Serve with tartar sauce.

THE VERY OLDEST BROTH (Cockie Leekie.)

THIS is the oldest recipe for soup known, as it dates back to the fourteenth century. Wash and trim one dozen leeks, cut them in pieces half an inch long, discarding roots and tops; then fry them in one ounce of butter with two stalks of celery and one carrot, cut fine. When brown, but not burnt, add one and a half quarts of chicken broth and one cup of cooked chicken cut into dice. Simmer, covered, two hours; then add salt, pepper and yolk of an egg, blended with a little of the broth before adding.

ROAST GOOSE (Served in England on Michaelmas Day).

SINGE and clean a fat goose, stuff it with the liver chopped fine, one cup or more of bread-crumbs, two ounces of suet, lemon peel and nutmeg, with onion, sage, parsley, salt, pepper and two teaspoonfuls of cream. Baste it with butter, and serve with apple sauce.

CABBAGE (as cooked in Provence).

REMOVE the outer leaves from two fine heads of cabbage, slice them and parboil in salted water. Drain them, add salt, pepper, two ounces of butter, parsley, thyme, a bayleaf, a clove with a little garlic or chopped onion, and a pint of white stock. Boil for one hour, strain the stock and reduce it to half, then pour over the cabbage on thin slices of toast.

GINGER SNAPS.

BY MARY F. SWITZER.

TAKE one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a pinch of salt and three cups of flour. Mix and roll quite thin. Cut out and bake in a quick oven.

Roanoke, Ill.

LITERARY.

THE *Missionary Visitor* for January, 1903, is of more than usual interest, because the greater portion is devoted to life in India and the work of missions there. It contains a fine picture of Lilivati Singh, a native of India from the poorer class, who has of her own efforts so pushed herself through mission schools to the front, that ex-President Harrison in 1900 said, after hearing a speech she made in New York, "If I had given a million dollars to foreign missions I should count it wisely invested if it led only to the conversion of that one woman."

Prof. W. L. Eikenberry, of Chicago, gives a splendid article on "Our Kith and Kin in India." Mrs. Bertha Ryan Shirk writes on "India's Bairns," in a most pleasing and effectual manner; Adam Ebey tells about the "Hill Tribes" and W. B. Stover talks on "Comity;" Eliza B. Miller gives an interesting review of "A Veteran Missionary."

These are some of the good things offered in this magazine published by the General Missionary and Tract Committee, Elgin, Illinois. Any reader can have a sample copy for the asking. Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

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The Era, for January has good reading. There have been some very interesting discoveries at the old city of Nippur, a library dating back to Abraham's time is being unearthed, and interesting things about this are told by Allen Sutherland in this magazine. Among the other articles that are instructive and entertaining will be found the following: "Life More Abundant for Indoor People," this has much of great value to those who want to reach success; "A Cherokee Indian Newspaper," by William R. Draper; "The Atlantic Ferry," and an account of a very interesting part of the life of Marie Antoinette. Then, too, the interesting stories must not be overlooked, as well as other articles which are of interest. This magazine is only 10 cents a copy or \$1.00 a year, and almost always is just as full of good reading as it is this month. Sold at the news-stands.

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Everybody's Magazine, February. Those who like to become acquainted with the world as it is and as it has been, without wading through deep and dull reading, want to get a copy of this number of *Everybody's*. Here is a list of the subjects treated: "The Royal Elephants," "The Courts of the Rajahs," "Great Days in Great Men's Lives," "A Viking of the East," and an account of the first social settlement of America. Then there are a number of short stories of real life that cannot fail to interest the majority of us. This is an excellent magazine to have lying

around where you can pick it up and read while waiting. The great trouble, however, is you will want to read every word, for it is very instructive and interesting. Ten cents a copy, or \$1.00 a year. At the news-stand.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

OUR FREE WANT COLUMN.

WE occasionally get ads. for this department of the Nook, and there seems to be a misunderstanding as to its scope. It is intended for people who want either *work* or *workers*, and then only in individual cases. *Nothing to sell will be considered.* All that belongs to the regular advertising columns. The calls for workers for a firm or company will not be admitted free. It is only in the case of the *individual* that free notice will be given, and then only when there is room on the page set apart for this matter. The ads will be inserted, as they come in, at the top of the column, the others being moved down and out. There will be no discrimination if the rules are complied with. The previous practice of having letters come in care of the INGLENOOK is abolished. Want people must receive and attend to their own mail, and so addresses must be given in every case. Brevity must be studied. The whole idea is to help Nookers to get work or workers, and for nothing else. If you want work, or a worker, send on the facts and they will go in without discrimination.

*

WANTED.—A location for a general repair, cabinet and blacksmith shop. Illinois or Iowa preferred.—*Z. A. Wagoner, Waterloo, Iowa.*

*

I want to make your bonnet or cap. Samples.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

* * *

THE INGLENOOK wants to know how you like the new Doctor Book.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

No. 6.

CARCASSONNE.

How old am I! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen.
It almost seems a wrong—
A dream I had when life was new;
Alas, our dreams they come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne!
I have not seen fair Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue;
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,
(I do not mind the road's fatigues),
Through morn and evening's dew,
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight;
I could not go to Carcassonne;
I never went to Carcassonne.

They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home;
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome.
The bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds;
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right; he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware!
He says: "O guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare."
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind—
I then could go to Carcassonne:
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father! pardon me,
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne!

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said: "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came, for passing soul
The church bell's low and solemn toll!
He never saw gay Carcassonne!
Who has not known a Carcassonne!

—Gustave Nadaud.

THE TEAR JUG.

THERE was once a mother and a child and the mother loved the child, her only treasure, with all her heart and could not live without it. But the Lord sent a deadly disease, which raged among children and it also attacked that mother's child so that it sank upon its bed sick unto death.

Three days and three nights the mother watched, wept and prayed by the side of her beloved child, but it died. Then the mother, who was now all alone upon God's earth, was seized by a great and nameless sorrow. She neither ate nor drank and again, wept, three days and three nights without ceasing.

As she sat there, filled with deep sorrow, worn from crying and tired from grief to utter exhaustion, the door softly opened and there stood her dead child. It had become a dear little angel, and smiled a sweet smile of innocence, full of heavenly beauty. In its little hands it carried a little jug that seemed to be full to the brim. And the child said: "Dear mother, do not weep for me any more; see, this little jug contains all your tears.

"If you weep just one more tear for me, the little jug will run over and I shall have no rest in my grave and no happiness in heaven. Therefore, dearest mother mine, do no longer weep for your child, because your child is in God's keeping and angels are its playmates." With those words the child disappeared and its mother did not weep another tear, so as not to disturb the child's rest in the grave and its peace in heaven.—*Selected.*

* * *

THRIFT is unquestionably a virtue, when it is kept on good terms with other virtues. But thrift, out of company with its proper companions, generosity and broad-mindedness, has a trick of emptying a life of everything except mere money. In other words, it becomes avarice and miserliness, from the presence of which all goodness and joy flee away.

* * *

He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.—*Solomon.*

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

VERY few Nookers know much about lighthouse life, and perhaps the majority of them have never seen the real lighthouse. It is one of those things which a picture can represent exactly, and if you have ever seen a cut of a lighthouse out at sea, or on the shore, you have the idea exactly.

Every lighthouse has some distinguishing feature. It is made so that the mariner, who is furnished with a description of all of them, knows where he is just as well by daylight as he does when he sees the light at night. For illustration the lighthouse may be painted black halfway down and then white the rest of the way. Or it may be striped like the barber's pole, or it may be all white or all red, and so on. These variations enable the sea-faring man to know where he is if he can at all see the lighthouse. At night the lights are all of a distinguishing character. There may be a white light shining for a few seconds, and then changing for red, or the white light may frequently be snuffed out for a few seconds and then shine again for a certain number of seconds, and so on. Thus the people who go down to sea in ships can tell at night where they are.

Sometimes the lighthouse is built away out in the water on what is known as screw piles. That is, an enormous screw of metal is worked down in the sand as a foundation, and braced so that the waves will not overthrow the building which is put on top.

The lighthouse keeper's duties are many, and very often he has his family with him in the practically inaccessible place, where they do not see the outside world or get on land for months at a time. The Nookman has had the pleasure of spending some weeks at a lighthouse along the Carolina coast during an enforced visit. He went there to see the lighthouse keeper on Government business while the lighthouse keeper went to the mainland to see him. We passed each other on the Sound. Each waiting the return of the other, and while we waited a storm arose and two weeks elapsed. During the time the Nookman enjoyed himself about as well as he ever did in his life.

One thing about the lighthouse which makes it desirable is the absence of dirt. There are several reasons for this. One is that there is not apt to be much mud or dust half a mile out at sea, and moreover the regulations require an absolute freedom from dust and dirt of all kinds. Everything is spick and span clean, and must be kept so. The Government furnishes the lighthouse keeper a certain amount of food of a substantial character, such as beans, rice, etc., and the keeper and his family can, of course vary that with whatever they see fit to add thereto. As a rule all sorts of sea food are readily available, and while the life is

a lonely one yet it is not unpleasant, for there is plenty of pure air and one can enjoy himself very well sitting on one side of the house, where the wind does not reach him, and watch the passing vessels bound to all parts of the world.

The keeper's duties are not onerous but they are many, and consist mainly in keeping things clean. The light and the immediate surroundings are required to be kept spotless and speckless. This soon becomes second nature with those who live in the lighthouse and characterizes everything they do. If it is true that one must eat a peck of dirt in his lifetime he is not likely to get his share if he lives in a lighthouse.

It is a grand and inspiring sight when a storm is on and the great waves splash and roar all around, while there is a sense of absolute security on the part of the visitor. In severe storms disabled vessels can often be seen and their every movement studied through the powerful glass that usually belongs to the outfit of the lighthouse.

The position is not at all as monotonous as supposed. After the work is done, and everything is as clean as a pin, one may take a good book and read it leisurely and thoroughly. The Government furnishes a small library of excellent books and changes it once every six months. But it would be a living grave for people who are not self-contented and who cared nothing about reading or study. The pay is not much, but there are always applicants for places, which are not easy to get.

* * *

HOSPITALITY FOR THE BIRDS.

THERE are various ways of keeping open house for the birds in one's garden. A fresh bath is a luxury which seems highly appreciated by all birdkind, and one which is not commonly found in city premises, especially during the dry months. A bird lover who wishes to offer unmistakable welcome to the birds has placed a shallow crock in the grass beneath a low-hanging sassafras and a second shallow basin on a shelf arranged between the forks of a great willow. Those birds who are afraid of neighboring cats may bathe in the willow fearlessly.

Two very large willows in the garden are themselves a means of attracting a variety of bird visitors to feast, although none ever build there. Of course, these are at times infested with caterpillars, but that delights the hungry birds. Some ancient apple trees rival the willows in harboring feathered inmates who are busy with divesting their rough bark of insects. A company of tall sunflowers drooping against the fence with wealth of seeds tempts the lively goldfinch to pause frequently for refreshment as he loops across the sky on pleasure bent.

In winter the hostess of the garden makes additional provisions for the comfort of her guests. Two gourds are fastened up, one to the old apple tree, the other close beneath the edge of the roof against the barn. Each gourd has a round hole cut in its side, just too small for the English sparrow, just large enough for the chickadee. Inside is plenteous store of sunflower seeds, accessible from the tiny perch beside the door. It is well to add some canary-bird seed to this, and a few cracked nuts will afford variety and help warm the blood of those who partake of your good cheer. Then it is that the chickadee shows what

forced to stand outside the door and lean far in in a strained posture to reach the white meat, since the door was only intended for chickadees. Then enlarge the opening just a little, or else erect another cocoanut, that both families may be accommodated at once. There could be no cheerier company during the dull winter days.

Could the owner of the garden find it in her heart to allow the brush pile left after the pruner has been working on the trees to remain, the Carolina wren and, perhaps, the Bewick wren, too, would often haunt it.



THE CASTLE AND BEEHIVE GEYSERS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

a greedy little feather boy he is. It would be tiresome to count the numberless prolonged visits he makes to those gourds, flitting so quickly in and out, and retiring to the apple tree bough to hammer upon the seeds.

To cap the feast add a cocoanut with a small hole cut for entrance, and fit it to a limb of one of the trees so that it will not swing. Its popularity will prove amazing. A pair of chickadees soon find it out and visit it together many times a day, one waiting outside while the other devours an astonishing quantity of the white kernel, leaving its surface with the jagged appearance of a saw where their tiny beaks have delved. When they are absent a pair of titmice often take their place, one scolding the other querulously for eating so long while he waits his turn—it is to be hoped that it is he who does the waiting. Perhaps the titmouse is an unexpected guest, and is

In bitter weather fasten a few small pieces of suet about in the trees to help the birds keep the cold from their little hearts, and do not forget, in freezing weather, to fill the basin with water. A drink is hard to find at such times, and birds are thirsty. Many of them too, bathe when the streams are edged with ice.

Surely, then, in such a garden the birds cannot doubt their welcome nor the hospitality of its owner, and will make it a frequent haven of safety. They know better than to expect cocoanuts to flourish on apple trees, or gourds to sprout from barns, or basins of water to lodge among willows.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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ENGLAND'S COAL.

A WALL thirty feet high and thirteen feet broad could be built all round England with the coal annually mined in that country.

BOILING WATER.

BY J. A. WATERS.

DON'T watch your teakettle while you wait for it to boil. Water under a pressure of one atmosphere begins to boil at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. But as in freezing, so in changing to steam, the transformation takes place slowly.

Water, in changing to steam, vastly increases its volume, and energy, in the form of heat, must be expended to produce this excessive molecular vibration and to overcome the resistance due to the force of cohesion.

As stated in a previous issue of the INGLENOOK, heat is measured in units. It is a noticeable fact that after the temperature of water has reached 212 degrees, there must still be added 966.069 heat units to each pound of water before it is converted into steam of the same temperature.

This phenomenon is called "The latent heat of vaporization," and were it not for this fact our lives would be in constant danger when near water in confinement and subjected to heat, for any rise in temperature, reaching the boiling point, would be followed by a fearful explosion.

It is also true that the boiling point varies under different pressures. In engine boilers where high pressures are reached, the boiling point is greatly increased; for instance, under a pressure of 100 pounds the boiling point is 327½ degrees Fahrenheit. The latent heat also varies with pressure. Vice versa, decreasing pressure decreases the boiling point. On high mountain tops where the air is in a very rarefied state—the pressure therefore greatly reduced—the boiling point is reached before the water is hot enough to cook food.

* * *

HOW FISH ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.

GREAT success has been met in photographing living fish in the New York aquarium. Natural light only is used. The fish to be photographed is transferred from the big wall tanks to a small tank of especially clear glass, with the long sides so close together that he must perforce remain approximately in one position. This tank is placed near the roof, where an abundance of direct sunlight is assured. The fish is treated so gently and carefully that he soon loses what little fright may have possessed him. Indeed, it is wonderful how quickly the fish of all species learn that they need fear nothing from the attendants. There are comparatively few fish, even among the naturally shy bottom-dwellers, that will not rise to the surface and feed out of the hand.

Recently we made a photograph (the first ever taken of a living deep-sea fish) of the great *channomuraena vittata*, the weird deep sea moray that was taken off Bermuda and obtained and shipped to the New York aquarium by Prof. Bristol. No such rare and hideous marine creature ever has been owned alive by any aquarium before.

The *channomuraena* was far too precious, and, also, far too savage and powerful a creature to remove for purposes of photography, so its picture was taken as it lay in its big tank on the ground floor. This fish was about five and one-half feet long. It was of a species that rarely ventures far from the abysses at the bases of the spires of coral reefs in the very deep tropic seas. Consequently it was so little known that some time elapsed before it could be identified at all; at last by long research and careful comparison with old records, we found that it was identical with a fish of which a dead specimen was found floating off Cuba in 1844 by Richardson. He named it the *channomuraena*, having recognized its relationship to the moray family.

No fish more nearly like the dreamed of snake-like sea monsters has ever been taken alive, and there was abundant excuse for the popular title of "sea serpent" that was applied to it.

The photograph of the surgeon fish shows a tropical fish which always puzzles the visitors. They look at it and wonder why it has its name. It is a beautiful creature, shining with gorgeous tints like all the fish that float and soar in the transparent blue waters of the Bermudas and West Indies, and at first view there is nothing about it to hint a reason for its being called the surgeon. But close inspection shows what looks like an ivory-white speck on each side of its body near the tail. Those specks are keen, bony weapons, sharp as surgeons' lancets, and when the fish is attacked or angered those lancets spring out and stand at right angles to its body. Then, when it dashes at the enemy, they cruelly rip everything they touch. Only the very largest fish are big enough to escape without serious injury. So keen and effective are the lancets that they inflict serious wounds on the careless fishermen.

A most beautiful subject for the camera is the blue angel which dwells in the warm waters from southern Florida to Brazil. It is known as both "blue" angel fish and "yellow" angel fish in different localities. After watching the angel fish in the aquarium it is easy to understand how the two names can be applied to the same fish. Watch them for a time and it will become quite impossible for anyone to say exactly what their color is. Constantly swimming, or rather soaring, with their radiantly beautiful wing-like fins, turning their bodies with the most

graceful movements conceivable, now hovering vertically, then horizontally, now poised head downward—with each motion the light strikes the fish at a different angle and with each angle there comes a variation of color. But the light alone has not all to do with the bewildering play and change of tints. Long observation has convinced me that fish have the power of changing their coloring at will to a certain extent, at any time and with astonishing rapidity.

The present and most prominent color of the angel fish whose photograph was taken—a fish that has been in the aquarium for more than four and a half years—is blue, of the most delicate azure shade possible, a blue as lovely as that of the sky.

Another specimen which has been in the aquarium less than a year looks quite yellow in the tank, while the other is unquestionably blue.

In disposition the angel fish is anything but an angel. Where several specimens are kept together in a tank it is rare to see any that have escaped injury from the spines or teeth of their fellows. The angel fish has a good set of teeth and knows well how to use them.

The story of the blue angel fish that has been under observation for so many years is a sad one. At one time it had two companions, but it did not relish them, and at once began to nag and bite them. It made life for them not worth the living, and after a few days they died.

The murderer shows no sign of compunction. Alone in the tank he takes food regularly, and appears to enjoy the admiration extended to his beauty. He acts very much as a vain person would, showing his best points.

The angel fish in captivity, like many other species of tropical fish, will swim near the surface of the water and stare directly into a beholder's eyes, showing absolutely no fear except when a sudden movement is made. I have thought often, when studying the habits of many of the salt water fishes, that they are not averse to the presence of man, but, on the contrary, decidedly friendly.

Our old friend, the pike-perch or wall-eye, is not nearly so friendly as are any one of a dozen different varieties of salt water fishes. In the tank the wall-eyes lie much as they do in their pools in their natural surroundings, looking rather lazy and "loggy," until they see a tid-bit that they desire, when there is a flash and a bubbling and—Mr. Wall-eye is back again in his lazy, loggy position near the bottom and the beholder has to rub his eyes to make sure that he saw something happen.—*Kansas City Star*.

ONE SECURE JAIL.

GRAHAM County Jail, at Clifton, Arizona, is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars.

Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock.

The floor of the rockbound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick.

Some of the most desperate criminals on the Southwest border have been confined in the Clifton Jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months.

Clifton is one of the great copper-mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to one hundred and twenty in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below forty degrees.—*Dayton Herald*.

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THE LIPARI ISLANDS.

FROM the Lipari Islands of mythology, the abode of Æolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari Islands of to-day is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the thirteen thousand inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the island.

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GLASS EYES FOR ANIMALS.

GLASS eyes are now made for horses, cats and dogs, as well as for human beings. These animals use a larger eye than man, and several are ordered for them at the same time, as a new one is necessary about once in six months. The edges become roughened and produce irritation, from the acids of the secretions affecting the enamel.

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KHAKI uniforms are now worn by all the foreign troops in China except the Russians.

WHOLESALE DEATH FOR BUNNY.

AN exchange, in a letter, tells of a wholesale hunt for bunnies that would delight the average Nook boy.

While in Europe the skin of the rabbit is a thing of value, and the total collection of skins a commercial industry rated at several millions of dollars annually, the animal in the Northwest of this country is regarded as a pest, to be ruthlessly exterminated. It may be that the Pacific Coast States are now possessed of too much wealth to take time to skin and market the thousands of rabbits slaughtered there, but it is expected that someone some day will start an industry to make the American rabbit a commercial object, ele-



ALASKA BASIN, YELLOWSTONE.

vated from a pest to a potential bank account. His skin and hair have uses and values proportionate to those of other animals. His flesh can be made to figure in cold storage warehouses and the canning industries. His hind foot, mounted with silver, has a value as a luck token among the superstitious. When every part of the bullock was put to a commercial value, the way was paved for the industrial future of the present despised jack rabbit. The following account of a jack rabbit drive in Oregon is given by one of the participants:

"When a schoolboy I thought it rare sport to jump up and down on a brush heap and, with other boys, 'pepper' a 'bunny' as he 'scooted' for safety. It was considered a great bag when we got several of the small rabbits, and perhaps a hare, as the result of one day's tramping. In 1890, in Mississippi, I was initiated in rabbit coursing on horseback, and learned how to 'knock over' a 'bunny' while in motion without 'knocking off' the ears of the horse, which, in the excitement, one was liable to mistake for the game. It was not until I went to Pendleton, Oregon, recently that I saw enough jack rabbit slaughter to satisfy me

for a lifetime, and I do not believe I shall have the heart to kill another 'bunny' as long as I live.

"We started from Pendleton one morning on a special train of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. for the mouth of Butter Creek, where the drive was to come off. There were three hundred men and boys, of assorted ages and sizes, on the train. From Heppner and Ione, to the westward, another special train came with several hundred men and boys. Out of the bottoms of the Big and Little Butter creeks and the Umatilla came other hundreds in wagons, carriages and varied vehicles, afoot and on horseback, until eight hundred men were assembled in addition to a throng of sightseers, mostly women and children.

"The beginning of the drive and the slaughter pen were three miles apart. The latter, or death trap, was a corral, one hundred feet square, inclosed by a closely-woven wire fence eight feet high, and having arms a half-mile long extending in opposite directions to assist in driving the rabbits into the pen. At one o'clock the grand marshal stood up in his wagon and gave his orders as to the conduct of the drive. The Pendleton men were ordered to take the left wing, which the marshal personally commanded, as well as the center. Heppner and Ione men were ordered to take the right wing under separate commanders, while the local men were ordered to the center. All the horsemen were ordered to the extreme outskirts of a driving line of men two miles long. The driving line was V-shaped, the men being armed with all sorts of clubs. On a given signal the march began toward the slaughter pen. Eagerly and excitedly the drivers beat the sage brush. At first only a few 'bunnies' showed themselves, but as the army advanced they became more and more numerous. Those who escaped the clubs of the beaters sped with characteristic leaps toward the slaughter pen. When they attempted to leap through the line on a retrograde movement, death from a club surely followed. Hundreds of dead 'bunnies' marked the path of the invaders. As the army of rabbits approached the netting, followed by the army of drivers, the frightened 'bunnies' leaped over each other, and in all directions, seeking to avoid the death dealing clubs. With the loud yells of the crowd and roar of voices, the excitement became intense. The rabbits that had escaped up to the netting made frantic leaps to get into the corral. Here they were piled two and three deep, leaping over and on each other, and fiercely attacking the netting. Occasionally, by a giant leap, a 'bunnie' cleared the eight-foot fence and escaped.

"The scene within the corral as the clubbers entered, dealing death blows, was nauseating in the extreme. The rabbits, when wounded or dying, uttered their peculiar and pitiful cries. Some men clubbed away

with fiendish delight and others kept stolidly at it because of the necessity, as it seemed to them. Fully six hundred of the animals were captured alive and taken away for a live rabbit shoot. A few tender-hearted persons saved some alive, and liberated them at the first opportunity. Still others carried away many live rabbits to kill and eat when desired. Altogether, the rabbits slain and taken away alive amounted to thirty-five hundred. Personally, I took the part of spectator only, and that only to a limited extent.

"It is conceded that the rabbits are a menace to stockmen, and that their wholesale elimination is a necessity. They destroy the alfalfa, and, where their numbers are large, clean the ground as a herd of sheep would do. It is only by the aid of these periodical drives that their numbers are sufficiently kept down to prevent the stock from starving. On the ground where the present drive took place it was stated that in ten days the rabbits would be as numerous as ever, and that another immediate drive would be necessary, followed by still others. As soon as snow flies the rabbits desert the hills, and flock to the protection of the sage brush of the lowland. It is then that the inhabitants plan the greatest slaughter. The propagation of coyotes is here protected, as the coyote is a natural exterminator of the rabbit. After the drive a free luncheon was served, and people dispersed to their homes."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE Hague Tribunal, to which the Venezuelan controversy will be referred for settlement, is a permanent court of arbitration provided for by the convention signed at the capital of Holland on July 29, 1899. It is the highest court in the world. Fifteen nations are represented in it, each having four members of this court. They are the United States, Great Britain, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy, Belgium, France, Denmark, Japan, Holland, Portugal, Roumania, Spain, Sweden and Norway. Thus there are sixty members of this court. The American members are Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States; John W. Griggs, ex-attorney-general of the United States; George Gray, United States Circuit Judge. Ex-President Harrison was the fourth member.

An administrative council, composed of the diplomatic representatives of the signatory powers residing at The Hague and the Netherland foreign minister, which exercises the function of presidents, performs the work necessary to the organization of every international tribunal.

The powers who desire to apply to the court for a settlement of differences must select from the general list a number of arbitrators, to be fixed by agree-

ment. The court may thus be composed of three members or of the entire list, just as the parties interested may determine.

HOW TO MAKE FLORISTS' EARTH.

It is a little late, too late for some sections where the Nook goes, but we will tell it all the same. Flower lovers may yet find it possible to make it.

Make a heap, as large or as small as you please, outside, composed of one part of thick sod, one part of well-rotted manure and one part of sand. Put a layer of sod on the ground, a layer of manure and one of sand, and so on until your pile is built up. This must freeze, and freezing and thawing will help. When the spring opens up cut it down on the side and sift it through a rather fine sieve, a coal-ash sieve will do. Throw out all the lumps and pieces of roots and grass. The resulting mass will be soft, uniform in texture, and clean and easy to handle. A small store goods box full, or a large barrel of it, placed in the cellar of some out-of-the-way place, will fill many flower pots and will be better the longer it is left before using.

Any plant potted in this prepared earth will fairly riot in growth. The only trick in its preparation is the freezing and thawing which disintegrates the mass. When put away it will finally get dry as dust, but wet it down after you have potted your plant in it and it will be all right. This soil will not bake or get hard, and with it any Nooker will be ready for the best conditions available. It can be bought, but where sod, sand and manure, can be had it pays to make it. It should be stacked up late in the fall, but any time will do if the material can be brought together and then frozen.

THE SALT-EATING HABIT.

A NEW habit has asserted itself, that of salt eating, particularly among women of all classes. In many cases it becomes a most serious disease. It begins with a desire for large quantities of salt with the food, and if not checked, reaches a stage in which the patient carries salt crystals about with her wherever she goes, and is continually nibbling at them. The symptoms are a peculiar yellowness and shrinking of the skin, which is followed by the loss of all the hair, even that of the eyelids.

EYE STRAIN IN SCHOOL.

EXPERIMENTS in German schools have shown that in October pupils can on the average see letters of a given size a yard farther away than at the end of the winter months.

A VAST SALT FIELD.

In the middle of the Colorado desert, a little to the north of the Mexican border and 264 feet below the level of the sea, lies a field of crystallized salt more than a thousand acres in extent, presenting a surface as white as snow and beneath the noonday glare of the sun so dazzling that the naked eye cannot stand its radiance. It stretches away for miles and miles about Salton, Colo., an ocean of blazing, blistering white.

Here daily throughout the year men are at work overturning the great deposit with massive plows and scrapers, getting it into great piles preliminary to putting it through the refining process. The salt plows used to secure the harvest are great four-wheeled implements driven by steam and managed by two men. The salt crust is thrown up in parallel ridges; then laborers with hoes work it to and fro in the water, washing out the dirt preliminary to stacking it in mounds to be taken to the mill.

Salt springs in adjacent foothills are constantly contributing to the deposit and so heavily laden are they with almost pure salt that the plow has hardly passed on before a new crust has formed in the furrow left. This fact renders it unnecessary to operate more than a small portion of the vast deposit.

As may be supposed, work in these fields is performed under the most trying conditions. No white man can stand the intense heat, and for this reason the work is done wholly by Japanese and by Coahuila Indians. Of these the Indians are by far the better adapted to the work, the Japanese performing only one portion, sewing the sacks in which the salt is shipped. The atmosphere, laden as it is with particles of salt, gives rise to a painful thirst, and the only available drinking water comes from a single well. It is warm and ill tasting.

Beautiful mirages frequently appear above the great salt field in the daytime, sky pictures of magnificent cities and flower dotted, tree shaded fields. The moonlight, too, produces wondrously beautiful effects upon the great field of gleaming salt. For several weeks in the year the thermometer on the salt field averages 140 degrees, and the reflection of the sun produces a glare like that from a furnace. The deposits vary in thickness from ten to twenty inches and form a solid crust over the great marsh. It is estimated that about 700 tons are now plowed up daily.

COLD NO HELP.

It is popularly believed that cold has the effect of destroying those microbes and disease germs which are the greatest enemies of life and health. This belief has lately been demonstrated to be entirely mistaken.

As a matter of fact, cold acts as a preservative of disease germs. It keeps them inactive for a time, but alive and ready for activity at some future favorable opportunity. It saves them from the natural death they might die if exposed to an ordinary temperature.

The London *Lancet*, the leading English medical journal, calls attention to this fact, and many prominent scientists are engaged in studying the subject. As a general rule, a marked degree of cold, somewhere in the neighborhood of the freezing point, renders microbes inactive, but does not kill them. In a few cases the air a degree slightly below freezing point will kill them, but, on the other hand, there are many deadly microbes which continue to live at an extraordinary low temperature, such as that of liquid air and other substances, which can only be produced by chemical action. Experiments conducted by the scientists prove that it is useless to seek in low temperature methods of sterilization as distinguished from preservation.

Dr. Marcet, a French physician, points out that low temperature is itself the cause of the continued vitality of microbes by arresting chemical action and preventing the loss of oxygen contained in the chemical constituents of the cells.

MARKING FISH.

ONE of the most important duties of the naturalists on the "Huxley," a vessel which is pursuing investigations on the North sea, will be to liberate fishes bearing numbered labels in different parts of the English area of the fishing grounds. This part of the work is to be carried out on a large scale by all the participating countries in the hope of throwing a clearer light upon the migration and growth of the food fishes in the North sea. By this method the biologists hope to contribute definite results of value on the immature fish question, since they expect to show the extent to which the shallow banks where small flat fish abound serve as a source of supply or nursery for the general area of the North sea fishing grounds. Science has found a way of attaching labels to fish without incommoding them, and it is asserted that not the least cruelty is involved in the experiment.

SMALLEST STEAM ENGINE.

A GERMAN clockmaker, Hans Genpt, of Langenschwalback, has constructed, after six months' labor, a steam engine the size of a thimble, yet complete, with hearth, boiler, piston, chimney, fly wheel, safety valve, and whistle.

THE WEAVER BOTANIST.

JOHN DUNCAN, the weaver botanist of Scotland, was regarded as daft by most of his acquaintances. The country folk ridiculed and tormented him whenever they discovered him with his bundle of "weeds." On one occasion, relates his biographer, Mr. Jolly, John Duncan used his knowledge of a simple botanical fact to win the respect of his would-be tormentors.

Duncan was returning from a walk, laden with plants, when he was met by a number of farm servants, who thought to have some fun with the weaver and his weeds. He took their remarks in good part and then showed them a sprig of juniper, asking if they knew what it was. Yes, they had seen it; it bore berries. One of them knew where there was one big bush near by, but "nae leevin' ever saw a single berry on't." There was no other bush for miles around. John saw his opportunity if, as he surmised, it was a female plant.

All set off to see the bush. They soon found it, a solitary female plant in full bloom.

"Nae doot ye think yoursel's clever chieils," said John, "but could ony o' ye make that bush bear berries?"

They laughed him to scorn, but the weaver asserted that he could and would make it bear berries. Then, stretching out his hands over the bush, he murmured some long botanical terms in the manner of a magician and ended, "Thou shalt bear berries for once!" He then told them that he would remind them in the fall to come to see the juniper bearing fruit.

Next day the weaver went to a place miles away where the staminate plants were in full bloom, broke branches and with the greatest care brought them to the solitary pistillate plant, and shook the pollen over the blossoms. Then from time to time he watched the plant, and saw the berries growing. The experiment was a success.

In the fall he summoned the party to see the plant loaded with berries. They were amazed, the more so when John concluded the drama by saying that the bush would never again bear berries; and sure enough, it never did.

Speaking afterwards of the subject in the society at Auchleven, Duncan said that when he saw the successful action of the pollen, it gave him more happiness than would have been his had he fallen heir to a kingdom.

* * *

THE FISHHOOK CACTUS.

THE fishhook or water cactus of the western deserts, which stores up water for the summer, has a skin so hard that it takes an ax to cut it.

HOW SCISSORS ARE MADE.

THOUGH no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, much skill is required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which, later on, is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterwards expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape, and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground, and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however; they have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors, it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting scissors crush and bruise more than knives.

* * *

MINES OWNED BY WOMEN.

Two mines in the Empire district in Clear Creek County, Colorado, which are classed as good paying ones, are owned by women. One of them belongs to two Boston stenographers, who went to Colorado on a vacation tour, bought a prospect, began to work it themselves and eventually developed it into one of the best producers of low-grade ore in the district. In the same district a Colorado woman can be seen superintending the timbering, blasting and all the operations of a working mine of which she is the owner.

* * *

CAMELS TRAINED TO RACE.

THE ordinary camel, which will never hurry under any circumstances, has been transformed in southern Algeria into an animal so different in size, temper and appearance that it may almost be looked upon as a different race. This is the racing camel, prized for its speed. The result of many generations of careful breeding, which has been encouraged by valuable prizes, it can be depended upon for nine or ten miles an hour, which it can keep up for sixteen or seventeen hours, almost without a stop.

* * *

THE giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 3.

LET us go down the lane again. This time the snow is off the ground and there are signs of Spring in the air. Out in the field, where the crops are growing, we will not find Nature in her most interesting moods. Here in the fence corners things live and grow untrammelled. The perennial weeds have the natural start, and these show up first. It is astonishing with what vigor and push they assert themselves. There may be a snowfall, and they are out of sight, but they do not seem to mind this, and when the sun sends it dripping they soon hold up their heads. And how they grow!

One of the things the class will often wonder at is the difference in the habits of growth between the fencerow plants and the ones in the fields. The wild ones survive, and are very little affected by adverse conditions. In the case of the cultivated plants it is entirely different. They are apt to get set back by very little indeed, and once stunted never fully recover. Now what is the reason for all this? The answer is ready for us.

There is not a single garden or field plant that is not somewhere in the world a wild plant. And not a single one of the cultivated specimens has any more than a general resemblance to its wild forerunner. For ages it has been cultivated, harassed in every conceivable way, always to some definite end, such as the size of the grain, the color and bulk of the heading, the looks and size of the fruit, and all this one-sided development has been at the expense of some other part of the plant. In short cultivation to this end makes a lopsided plant, a weakened one, and when it is brought to the test in a war with the elements it gives way before its hardier relative. Thus it comes that if we were to begin the cultivation of such plants as purslain, or plantain, we would soon have a weakened plant, with fewer seeds, and less vitality to withstand a dry or a wet spell, and the lesson of the hardiness of the wild plants would be taught over again. And that's why our fencerow plants are so forward and hardy. They are equal to Nature's moods, otherwise they would not have lived.

Here in this corner is where a rabbit had her form. The resting place of a rabbit is called a form. Here bunny slept at nights, probably because it was considered a safe place. One of them will stay for months in a given place if not disturbed, and if we do not

seem to see her she will not run away if we do not get too close to her. When there is a snow steadily falling bunny will sometimes get snowed under, and a skillful hunter can tell where one is resting by the sunken place in the snow just over her, where it has been melted by the heat of her body. The rabbit has troubles of his own. He and his wife do not live together in cool weather, but strike out for themselves. It is doubtful whether they know their own grown children, though this is only a guess, as we are not acquainted with the man who knows the rabbit language and who has talked with them. Bunny is rather stupid, and has few tricks. One of them consists in putting his ears back and squatting when one passes near. The other is in doubling back when chased. They will run away with the dog after them, and when they can give the pursuer the dodge, they invariably turn back and will return to where they started.

And here's a question that we might have asked in the start of our excursions. How did all this mass of vegetation get here? How does it come that there are so many varieties of plants and so much animal life right here, and nowhere else is there so much? That is not so hard to answer, and the reason is an interesting one. When the farmer built the fence, long ago, there was nothing whatever growing along it. He saw to it that the ground was clear when he built the fence. What, then, made the plants and animals? Well, the plants came, and then the wee folk followed. How did the plants get there? The most likely reason is that the birds are responsible for the fruits. A timid bird snatched a blackberry or a raspberry and flew to the fence with it, there to lunch at leisure. With characteristic carelessness a part of it was dropped, and the seed germinated and made a plant. Or some seeds that had been eaten were not digested, and were deposited along the fence, where the farmer could not get with his plough, and having a chance to grow they improved it. Once started they took care of themselves. If from any cause they were not able to cope with the conditions, they died and the hardier survived. This is called the survival of the fittest, and whether what survived is the fittest or not, it is certain that they were the stronger, and that makes the fitness.

Then the winds had a good deal to do with it. A flying seed was arrested by the fence, fell down, and grew there. Once there it made more. And there are other ways, of course, but the main reasons are

the birds and the winds. Then once there was a tangle of plant life the little folk in fur found it a safe place to make their home there. That, in short, is the reason why we find so much of original Nature ready for us, in just such places. Now here is something that we will find interesting. It would naturally follow that if sown seeds do not at all times produce exactly the same thing the mother plant did in the way of fruit, flower or foliage, we might expect to find a considerable variation in the same kind of plants, and this is exactly what we will find, if we look it up. Every one of us will notice that so common a plant as a johnny-jump-up will vary in size and color in different stands of the flower, and it is interesting to note this and to find out, if possible, why this is true. But, here we are at the end again. Next week? Maybe.

* * *

A HORSE'S SENSE OF SMELL.

A HORSE will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening.—*St. James Gazette.*

* * *

BIRDS' NESTS AND COCOONS.

THE wanderer afield in winter will observe many secrets of the birds and insects, says *Country Life in America*. In the trees and bushes you may find where the vireo hid her nest in June and where the yellow warbler dwelt in peace and seclusion. Every thicket and strip of woodland has something of this nature to tell. And for sharp eyes there is more—the present abiding places of a great host of the insect world. This is a splendid month to gather cocoons. You will find them, apparently withered

leaves hanging from the twigs of wild cherry trees, little silken bundles bound fast to the stems of stout weeds or slender saplings, cottony little packages on the under side of old rails. In fact, there is almost no end to the places you will find them, or the queer shapes they will be in when once you have trained your eyes to see and recognize them. A collection of cocoons will afford many hours of pleasure and delightful surprises when the sleeping tenants begin to waken in the spring.

* * *

THEY KEEP DRY.

WATER birds, singular as it seems, are the only ones whose skins never by any chance get touched by water. So long as they are alive and long after they are dead they float with an air chamber all round their bodies, cunningly contrived of waterproof feathers closely overlapping each other. Thus, in a sense, water-birds may be distinguished from all others by the fact that they never wash, though we can hardly blame them for that, because if water could penetrate between their feathers the poor things would never be dry.

* * *

A DEADLY ARSENIC SPRING.

THERE is a deadly spring in the desert in south Nevada. A prospecting party found the skeletons of several men about the spring, but drank of the water notwithstanding. They were seized with violent cramps and suffered intensely. Some of the water was brought away and analyzed. It was found to contain a large percentage of arsenic.

* * *

GRAPE EATING TURTLES.

A VINEYARD owner in Algiers discovered that great inroads were made nightly on his grapes. He watched for the enemy and found that a large herd of turtles were the culprits.

* * *

THE RAREST SHELL.

THE rarest shell in existence is one called the "Cone of the Holy Mary." There is a specimen in the British museum which a few years ago was valued at \$5,000.

* * *

NATAL PINEAPPLES.

PINEAPPLES grow so plentifully in Natal at certain seasons that it is not worth while carting them to market, and they are often given to the pigs in consequence.

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With adverse Fate I will no longer cope;
Ambition and Despair alike shall cease;
Where lately bloomed the wondrous flower, Hope,
I plant and tend the humble herb of Peace.

—Geraldine Meyrich, in Lippincott's.

YOUR FATE.

WHEN a lot of people are struggling for place, for petty officialism, or personal supremacy in any way, it is an interesting thing to stand aside and moralize.

Where are all these people going to be a hundred years to come? Every one of them will be in his grave and utterly forgotten. Not a soul that then lives will either know or care the slightest about it, neither about the individuals or the cause he wasted himself for. It will be a wonder if anybody knows whose grave it is he stands by, careless and indifferent, if indeed there is a grave to show. Do you think it is worth while for us to waste our lives in struggling for petty place or recognition? It reminds the Nookman of children picking pieces of shells on the beach while the great ocean shimmers in front of them, or pounds on the sands.

DID YOU EVER THINK OF IT?

If you never before thought of it, think of it now, and explain it if you will. Suppose two persons, you and I for instance, went to a strange place and asked the people all over town, and out in the country, to let us have their spare money, offering to return it to them when they wanted it. Would we get it? Well, hardly, not a cent! We would be called beggars, frauds, and confidence men. We would get into trouble if we persisted.

Now suppose we went to another town. There we rent a room, fit it up with a counter, a lot of wire netting to keep people out, a strong iron box to keep money in, and over the door we paint the word "Bank." What happens now? People voluntarily come in and leave their money with us. The school-teacher, the old maid, the business man, the miser and the spendthrift, all come in and open what they call an "account."

Now, will somebody tell us why this is? The Nook's reason is in one word, Confidence. That's the whole secret. And what is it based on? Appearances. Nothing else in the world but the looks of the thing. Moreover the most of this world's doings are along the same lines.

AND YOU NEVER THOUGHT.

SEE here, Nooker, and that's *You*. You didn't think. There you are with the Nook in your hand, well, happy, in fair circumstances and never a thought for the boy who would like to have the magazine but who can't get it because he hasn't the money. Then there's the poor girl, in the same class. She sees the Nook only when she visits her neighbors. Her parents say they can't afford it, which may be true enough. And the hospital patient, on his back, the helplessly poor, the incurable sitting by the window, the convict in his lonely cell, and others like them, all would like a copy of the magazine.

Now who asks you to send it to all of them? Who asks you to send it to any of them? But this thing do and then ask yourself. Read the account of the judgment in Matthew and see something about visiting the sick and the prisoner. Have you done it? Do you want to do it? One dollar will send the Nook fifty-two times to any one of them. Don't know anybody? The Editor knows where are thousands of them.

Why doesn't the Editor do this himself? How do you know he hasn't? The question is to you. Have you looked heavenward to the amount of a dollar for somebody you never saw and never will? Now send on a dollar,—if you want to—for if you do, and don't want to, it will not be credited to you on high.

STICK TO IT.

No end of people fail because they do not stick to their original plans. They lay hold, lack grip or continuity, and let go. Naturally no result follows. There is a cause for all this and it does not lie so much in the shifting ways of the party as his failure to originally completely develop the work and figure out all

that had to be done. Then he could have seen just what was ahead of him. His general slackness of twist may work against his having a complete plan worked out, but if there is an honest reader, afflicted with uncertainty of purpose, who wishes to reform, let him begin by having all the specifications in his head. Then taking one thing at a time the end is assured. There is no trick in it. It is the fable of the hare and the tortoise in the race.

* * *

THE UNCO' GUID.

WE are all made out of the same kind of clay, liable to the same kind of mistakes and likely to slip on the same ice-covered step. But now and then there appears an uncommonly good person, one who is above such things. Generally he is not without a fag-end of a sermon, and he is continually telling people what they ought and ought not to do. The unco' guid get along all right till the break comes some time when they go too far. Then the weaker vessels are apt to congratulate themselves and think they are not such very bad people after all.

The Sunday school bank teller who goes to Canada for his health, the pillar who gets the search light turned on him and the hired girl, the honest man who wins out iniquitously by a technicality are oftener than not examples of the uncommonly good. The truth is that none of us have any too much religion, and none whatever to boast of. Those who get into the habit of eternally directing the moral affairs of others are all to be doubted and watched when they stand beside the man who asks the Lord to be merciful to him, a sinner. The one says he knows it and has it not, the other puts himself where we all belong. Of course there are good people, uncommonly good people, the world is full of them here and there, but they don't go about the world with a proclaiming trumpet,—never.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS.

DESPISE nothing because it is comparatively unimportant. The greatest events that have moved the world were at one time in their history but a thought in one man's mind, and that is certain. It is also altogether likely that this thought was developed by some most trivial thing.

Looking back over our lives we will all find that what determined our course was some little thing that apparently cut no figure in the matter, yet it graved out the course in which our lives flowed ever since. The facts are that there is no small and no great. It is only a question of opportunity and who can forecast results?

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

A convict has to take his time.

*

A fisherman lives by his net profit.

*

What is more toothsome than a saw?

*

Love has no fixed salary for its work.

*

Most people never forget a compliment.

*

Real pleasures are never of long duration.

*

It is the bookkeeper who keeps posted.

*

Silence is only golden with the other fellow.

*

In the main our first impulses are the best.

*

One mean man does the whole world a wrong.

*

To be original look with a different pair of eyes.

*

If charity begins at home it should not end there.

*

The strongest argument for conversion is practice.

*

Worry and disease are always willing to help each other.

*

Who ever heard of a blacksmith being jailed for forgery?

*

Happy is the man who does good without advertising it.

*

Success never comes to a man on an empty dry-goods box.

*

Words sometimes stab and kill where daggers wouldn't hurt.

* The attention of all parties in the possession of *
* a Doctor Book is called to an error in recipe No. *
* 462. In this recipe for "one-fourth ounce of ni- *
* trate of silver" read nitrate of potash. At once *
* mark out the word "silver" and substitute there- *
* for the word potash. Do this immediately. Do *
* not delay this matter. Score out the word silver, *
* substituting potash instead. *

OUR REINDEER FARM.

A DAY or two ago the announcement, made by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, educational agent for Alaska, that the government intends to increase the number of the animals there to fifteen thousand, surprised many people who heard it. It marks the successful culmination of a purely philanthropic and benevolent act on the part of this government.

It is only a matter of about ten years ago that Mr. Jackson first began his campaign for the introduction of the Siberian reindeer. He called attention to the fact that whole villages of Eskimos had died from starvation, principally because of their improvident slaughter of the native reindeer, which had previously existed in Alaska.

His efforts were at first pooh-poohed as impracticable. But Mr. Jackson kept hammering away on the same line until, in 1892 he was allowed to take sixteen reindeer into Alaska. In the following year these were followed by a herd of one hundred and seventy-five.

This experimental nucleus was increased by small yearly additions until 1898, when a herd numbering five hundred and thirty-seven head was shipped to Dawson City. This herd marked a new era in the experiment. Previously the work of caring for the reindeer in their new home was given over solely to the Eskimos. At first, lacking proper tuition, they did not get on well with the animals, so it was decided to import Lapp experts to care for and handle the deer in their new home.

This large herd, with the Lapp experts, their families, and dogs, arrived at New York in 1898. And for the time they remained at this port they proved a spectacle of absorbing interest to New Yorkers—the sleek, soft-eyed, docile reindeer contentedly mouthing their quids of rock moss and the roly-poly Lapp experts, with their round-faced wives and blubber-fat babies, proving as much of a curiosity to New Yorkers as the towering sky-scrapers and the other marks of our modern civilization proved to the Lapps.

From New York this herd, with its care-takers, was shipped to Dawson City. The experiment with the Lapp experts at first proved disastrous. On their arrival in Alaska they, with their families, became ill, and in some case the herds were entirely deserted by the Lapps, the deer suffering slightly from that cause. In one case the Lapps, when deserting the herd on account of illness, left their dogs also. When the herd was again taken in hand it was found to be short several head. The sleek and well-fed appearance of the Lapp dogs left no doubt as to the fate of the missing reindeer.

But against all these setbacks the deer have thrived and multiplied beyond the wildest hopes of the pro-

jectors of the scheme. There were procured for Alaska in all nine hundred and ninety-seven reindeer. In 1900 there was a total of three thousand, three hundred and twenty-three head of reindeer in Alaska. Of this number six hundred and forty-four head were in possession of the government, one thousand, one hundred and eighty-four head belonging to the six mission stations in the district, and one thousand, four hundred and ninety-five head to Eskimo apprentices. There had been bred in the eight years from the original nine hundred and ninety-seven Siberian deer three thousand, three hundred and forty-two fawns. Aside from the satisfactory multiplying of the reindeer, it is said that the fawns born in Alaska excel in quality those born either in Siberia or Lapland, developing into larger and stronger animals than the Siberian deer from which they spring.

At the present day the herd has increased to five thousand head, but the Rev. Mr. Jackson says the demand for the deer as beasts of burden alone far exceeds this supply. After the recovery of the Lapp experts the work of training the Eskimos in the care of the reindeer began. Numbers of the younger men were chosen as pupils, and great results have followed, the Eskimos in some cases excelling the Lapps in the handling and driving of the animals. The work of breaking the young deer was then taken up, and large numbers were trained to harness, and some of the stronger animals were loaned to the mail carriers.

Afterward, in March, 1900, the deer were officially ordered by the government to be used in carrying the mails between Eaton and Nome. The order came without warning to those in charge, so they could not elaborate a system of relay stations, and were compelled to make their first trips, a distance of four hundred and eighty miles, over a roadless and trailless country, going and coming with the same deer. Notwithstanding this handicap, the reindeer demonstrated their usefulness, making the round trips in an average of twelve days, showing their superiority over the dogs.

Since then, with the introduction of relays, the trip has consumed less time. The same winter a reindeer express was started between the mining camps of Nome and York, and while, as far as the use of the deer were concerned, the express was a success, it was discontinued after the second trip on account of lack of patronage.

But the fact remains that the deer have proved their usefulness. They are the arctic beast of burden. Spread, as they are, over a wide expanse of the Alaskan territory, they lessen the possibility of starvation to a minimum and form a means of transportation unexcelled for this frozen region. The reindeer stations

proper and the other points at which the animals are herded are Point Barrow, Point Hope, Cape Prince of Wales, Teller reindeer station, Cape Douglas, Gambell (St. Lawrence), Golofrin Bay, Eaton reindeer station, and St. James' Mission.

CRABBING.

THOSE who crab for market on the Choptank River, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity, says *Country Life in America*. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline, several hundred feet long, is kept coiled in a keg. The closer the cover the more pleasant the sail with the fishermen to the crabbing grounds, for at intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope he has untwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the strands holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy stone. Arriving at the favored place, usually on oyster beds, he throws a keg overboard and pays out his highly-scented rope as he sails. When the other end is reached he anchors it with another stone and throws out another buoy. After lowering his sail he waits a few minutes, then takes his stand on the bow of his boat. Alongside of him is his landing net with a handle six feet long. He raises the buoy and stone, and hand over hand pulls his boat along the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away. Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.

DRINKING IN CHILI.

LIQUOR sellers in Chili conduct their business under many disadvantages. Quite recently a new law has been enacted and is now in force which will doubtless attract much attention among those interested in the question, as it affects this country. The novel feature of the law is its manner of disposing of licenses. Each license for the sale of liquor is put up at auction every three years and sold to the highest bidder, but local option is amply provided for, as each city and town may decide for itself whether it shall grant licenses. No liquor shall be sold within two hundred yards of any church, school, charitable institution or barracks, in any theater or place of public amusement, in railway stations or on

trains, to minors or between the hours of midnight and six A. M.

Of course, no provision is made for Sunday closing, for Sunday in Chili, as in all Latin countries, is a holiday. The law further provides that no public official shall own or be directly or indirectly interested in a license. By way of guarding against impure liquors every distillery and brewery is placed in charge of a government chemist and the penalties for adulteration are made very severe. Finally, all trials of offenders against the law must take place within ten days of the complaint and a maximum of five days is allowed for the judge to consider his decision. In other words, an offender will know his fate at the outside in fifteen days.

MARTHA M'KAY, HEROINE.

FOLKS prone to grumble, to bewail their hardships, to be dissatisfied with their lot, should consider the example of little Martha McKay of this city and be ashamed.

Martha McKay is sixteen, the oldest of seven children. The struggle to support them was too much for her father. He died seven months ago. The mother struggled along as best she could. She could not make both ends meet. At last a dreaded dispossession notice came. The poor woman, driven distracted by her burden, flung herself into the river.

Undaunted by the heavy burden thrust upon her at a time when most girls are thinking of pleasure and school, Martha McKay says bravely:

"I guess it will come out all right. I've got a good place where I make \$3.50 a week. Brother Andrew—he is fourteen—has two places to go to now. We've got enough to pay the undertaker. Mother was insured and we got \$54. The babies will have enough to eat until I can get them settled. They musn't go to the asylum."

The neighbors will take some of the children. This brave "little mother" will do the best she can for the rest. Such an example as this should give many a discouraged woman courage and should stir many a woman leading a life of idleness and uselessness to activity.—*N. Y. World*.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

DR. CALVELLO, an Italian, has discovered that nine per cent of essence of thyme and eighteen per cent of essence of geranium make an excellent disinfectant, when freely used, for the hands of medical operators. As these essences enter largely in the composition of eau de Cologne, it follows that this scent is a good antiseptic for ordinary purposes.

SOMETHING ABOUT NUTS.

If the purchaser of a small paper bag of roasted peanuts or chestnuts from the humble street vendor would stop to think of the immense number of persons who make similar purchases, not only in New York but in the cities and towns throughout the United States, he might form some little idea of the importance, agriculturally and commercially, of the various nut crops in this country. The growing of these crops, their treatment, transportation and sale, involve millions of capital, and furnish the means of livelihood, in whole or in part, to many thousands of persons. The abundance or shortage of certain nut crops, and the prices to be obtained for them, are matters of vital moment to large numbers of farmers and business men, to whom the yield of grain or cotton, or even the price of coal, is of much less personal interest.

New York, as the greatest American city, is naturally the chief market in the country for nuts of every kind, both because of its vast consumption of them, and on account of the fact that it is the main distributing point to other parts of the Union and to foreign ports.

Peanuts are so associated in the popular mind with the street-corner roaster, the gallery gods, and the pink lemonade of the circus, that it is difficult for persons in general to realize the commercial value of the annual crop of these nuts in the United States, which is said by wholesale dealers in this city to average about four million bushels. Efforts have repeatedly been made to form a trust by combining the factories where the nuts are bought from the growers and prepared for the market, and a few years ago it was reported that one had been organized at Norfolk, Va., with a capital of five million dollars; but this, like all similar attempts, was doomed to failure, partly because of the abundance of the raw material, and also because the buildings and machinery for the factories are comparatively inexpensive, and a new plant can be started by anybody with a moderate amount of money. The bulk of the peanut crop is obtained in Eastern Virginia, Eastern North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee, and in these States most of the factories are situated, though there are about twenty factories, in which the peanuts are cleaned, sorted according to quality, in some cases shelled, and finally packed in bags. While Virginia distributes the larger part of the supply, this city is the most important receiving point, and in turn becomes a distributing point, large shipments being made from here to other parts of the United States and to foreign countries.

This year's crop of peanuts is said by dealers to be a good one. It has now all been gathered, but quantities are still shocked up in the fields. In the last

few years the crops, formerly collected by hand, have been gathered by machinery, but this has not yet been perfected, and in many cases crushes the shells. Wholesale prices are now from three to five cents per pound for the natural nuts, according to grade, and four and one-half cents per pound for the shelled Spanish nuts. The Spanish peanuts, which have small, round kernels, are all shelled when sent to market, being used only by confectioners. They were introduced here from Spain about twenty years ago, and have been extensively cultivated in Virginia. The total crop of these nuts in this country this season is estimated at about one-fourth million bags, or one hundred thousand more than the average a few years ago. A bag contains about one hundred and ten pounds. The native shelled nuts, as well as the Spanish, are used by confectioners in immense quantities.

It is said that the demand for peanuts is constantly growing, not only in the United States, but abroad. The export trade has steadily increased, and large shipments have been made this season to Europe, Cuba, Mexico, Australia, and even South Africa, though the latter country produces the largest peanut crop in the world. In foreign countries the peanuts are not used for eating purposes as they are here, but are made into oil or ground into meal for cattle.

Two new uses have been discovered for the peanut, which have already attained importance and are expected to be much more largely developed. For about a year, at Petersburg, Va., peanut shells and vines have been ground into meal for a cattle food, which, of course, bears no comparison with the nut meal, but is nutritious enough to sell for about five dollars per ton. This is not consumed in this country to any extent, but is now shipped in great quantities all over the world.

Peanut butter was introduced about two years ago, the chief maker being a wholesale candy manufacturer in this city. Beginning with this on a small scale, his factory now ships it by tons to all parts of the country. No attempt has yet been made to build up an export trade, but this is expected in the near future. The "butter," which is a light brown paste, is made by grinding up first quality shelled Spanish peanuts and putting the meal through a process by which, it is said, all the oil and nutriment of the nut are retained in the paste produced. The so-called butter is used to spread upon bread and also to flavor sauces and gravies. It is said to be very palatable to most persons, and the claim is made that it is particularly digestible, being therefore much favored by dyspeptics. In nutriment, it is asserted one pound of the butter is equal to two pounds of beef. It is put on the market in small jars and large pails, and is sold in bulk for twenty and twenty-five per pound.

The chestnut crop is uncommonly light this year in all parts of the United States from which a considerable supply is usually expected, the best yield being about half an average crop in Tennessee and North Carolina. It is extremely poor in New York state, which generally raises more chestnuts than any other state in the Union; also in Pennsylvania, New England and Ohio. Maryland and West Virginia are said to have only one-third of a crop. In Ohio the chestnuts are not only few, but are of poor quality. On the other hand, the quality of the Southern nuts is exceptionally good. The general failure of the crop is

are grown principally in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, with a good many in New York state and Connecticut in favorable years. This season the crop was poor in all sections.

Walnuts are coming in very slowly. California Standards are twelve cents per pound, soft-shells twelve and one-half cents, French ten and one-half cents, and Grenobles twelve and one-half cents. The meats of the domestic black walnuts are selling at sixteen to eighteen cents per pound, being on the average about five cents per pound higher than last season. The demand for almonds is good and the



THE CRATER OF OBLONG GEYSER.

attributed to a sort of blight, caused by too little humidity at the time it was wanted, and too much rain at the time it was not wanted. Usually, it is said, the chestnut tree thrives in a moist atmosphere, which produces a well developed, full flavored nut.

The present price for the best chestnuts is about six dollars per bushel. In 1898, when the crop was the largest ever known, being good in all parts of the country, chestnuts sold at this time of year for from three dollars to three and one-half dollars per bushel. The average prices this season have exceeded those in any previous year.

Owing to the different ways in which the trees are affected by the same weather conditions, hickory nuts are usually plentiful when chestnuts are scarce, and vice versa, but this year, strange to say, the hickory crop is extremely light, and prices are higher than ever before known. The hickory nuts

supply limited. Brazil nuts are higher than usual, and the supply is rather short. Filberts are selling freely at from eight and one-half to twelve and one-half cents per pound, which is about the average rate. —*N. Y. Evening Post*.



In looking through any old parish register in England one discovers at a certain period a large number of burial entries, in which it is mentioned that the deceased was buried in woolen. There was passed in 1678 an act requiring, on pain of a fine of \$25, that an affidavit should be made within eight days after a death, before a justice of the peace or a minister of religion, that the deceased was buried only in wool. Its object was the encouragement of a native industry by the lessening of the importation of linen from beyond the seas.

NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.

A NEW condition of animal life has developed on Indian island, in the state of Maine. As the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become as common as grasshoppers and as unafraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with now and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks or starve.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end.

The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, catching them by the legs as they passed in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for mastery between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one.

The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and whenever a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somehow the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of the snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches until the hole containing the snake was filled with the earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession and last summer there was hardly a large snake to be found on the island, while the chipmunks had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indians depended for cash bounties from the State.

In digging among the graves of their ancestors to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been

buried alive by the squirrels. Then the world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

STORY OF KRUGER.

As a young man Paul Kruger was regarded as an authority on psalm singing, and the farmers used to come to him to learn the keynote for starting the psalms at the next Sunday's service. Kruger, even in those days, was no believer in the policy of giving anything away—not even a note of music—so he had the uniform charge of a double handful of dried peaches for his instruction. Even the fact that the work was in the service of religion did not deter him from resorting to strategy, for he made a point of giving each applicant a different note. The result, when the pious Doppers attempted to raise their voices in sacred harmony next Sunday, may be imagined. The result was that each man concluded he had lost the key, and had to return for a further lesson. "I nearly bankrupted them of their dried peaches," said the president.

DAZZLING FACTS ABOUT LONDON.

HERE are a few facts about London. A child is born every three minutes, and a death is registered every five minutes. The city contains over seven hundred railway stations, nearly eight hundred miles of railway line and eleven railway bridges span the Thames. Daily a million persons travel on the underground railways, and 2,500,000 in five thousand omnibuses, seven thousand hansoms, fourteen thousand cabs and seven thousand tram cars. The total population is between six and seven million. Four thousand postmen deliver ten million letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. Sixty thousand letters are written a day, consuming thirty gallons of ink.

MEN ARE THE BEST BOSSES.

MEN are more agreeable bosses than women. The woman, when she is not exceptionally disagreeable, like Frances, is always annoying. She bothers and nags; things must be done her way; she enjoys the legitimate minding of other people's business. Provided you get your work done, the man doesn't care what methods you take for doing it. The overseer at J.'s picture-frame manufactory is courteous, friendly, considerate. I have a feeling that he wishes me to co-operate with him, not to be terrorized and driven to death by him.—*Bessie Van Vorst, in Everybody's Magazine.*

SCARCITY OF PLATINUM.

THE history of platinum, which was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century, differs from that of other rare metals in that the increased demand has not been met by repeated discoveries of new deposits. Hence the price of platinum has risen enormously. In 1822 platinum was worth one thousand dollars a pound, in 1870, nine hundred dollars, this slight decrease being due to the discovery of the Ural deposits in 1822. In 1895 the price per pound had risen to two thousand, seven hundred dollars, and in December of last year to four thousand, eight hundred dollars.

Platinum was first found in South America and regarded as a variety of silver. Hence the name, from the Spanish plata, silver. It occurs as platinum dust in Colombia, Brazil, Haiti and also in Borneo, but the Ural region is the chief source of supply. The annual output of the Ural mines is about eight thousand pounds, while the rest of the world furnishes only about one thousand, three hundred pounds.

The mining of platinum has, therefore, been developed almost entirely in Russia, and a suspicion has arisen that the output is restricted purposely, in order to enhance the price, but this supposition seems to be without foundation. The Russian government, indeed, is said to be contemplating the recall of coins minted before 1850, which contain platinum, for the purpose of reclaiming the metal. Most of these coins, however, disappeared from circulation long ago, having been melted by chemists and technicians in search of platinum. If no new source is discovered, says *Public Opinion*, the scarcity of platinum will soon be felt seriously in many industries.

INDIANS GROW APATHETIC.

THE Indians on the western plains just at the present time are folding their tents and awaiting the approach of what is likely to be a severe winter. The redskin has some instinct like that of the animals of the prairie that warns him of the approach of a hard winter and he prepares in advance. The tents have been re-enforced with the skins of wild animals and made ready to withstand the onslaught of the cold. The aborigines are apathetic and take little interest in life and its pleasures. They look gloomily on and take life as a matter of course. If they are able to get whiskey they drink it and are fond of wild orgies, but otherwise they are a peaceable and broken-spirited lot. Those who go away to be educated often return to their people and fall into the slipshod and listless habits and manners of those who have remained on the prairies and their education amounts to nothing in the end.

DON'T DRINK POISONOUS MILK.

IT is well known* that formaldehyde is put very largely in milk as a preservative, keeping it sweet and palatable in the hottest weather and not affecting its taste, but it is also known to some that it makes a most unwholesome compound and has perhaps killed numbers of invalids and children. A very simple test, we understand, within the reach of every householder is sulphuric acid. Put a little of the milk in a clean bottle and drop into it a drop of sulphuric acid. If there be formaldehyde in the milk it will turn pink.



BETWEEN LAKES AND FALLS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

If the milk be pure the color will remain unchanged.
—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

HAVE CONVICTIONS.

PEOPLE should never be "mulish" about their position, for it is never certain that any of us is absolutely sure to be correct. But it is a good idea to be possessed of some positive opinions on vital matters, and, having them, to stand by them. A good many people are simply so much washed-out beet pulp when it comes to the expression and defense of opinions they ought to have and which they *do* have, without the moral stamina to stand up for them.

When such people are cornered they "forget," and "don't remember," and are dominated by the fear that makes the coward scurry to cover when an emergency is sprung on him. These people are naturally so constituted and are perhaps incapable of taking a stand for what they know to be right. Then there are others who would not run with a little more moral nerve. To them the Nook says that it is better to die fighting for the right than to live in peace with the wrong.

God does not say he loves an open-handed, liberal, munificent giver, but a cheerful giver.

MANY A MILE OF COLLARS.

IF all of the collars and cuffs made in a year in Troy, N. Y., were placed in a single line, end to end, that line would be more than 1,000 miles long. It would extend from New York city to Chicago, with several miles to spare. Ninety-five per cent of all the collars manufactured in the United States are produced in New York state and 85 per cent of the entire country's product comes from Troy. That an industry of this magnitude and one whose product is of such general use, should be concentrated in a city of 75,000 inhabitants is perhaps the most interesting industrial phenomenon in the country. From it arises a variety of unique conditions.

Troy is called "the collar city" of the world. Here the very first collar detached from a shirt and bearing a semblance to that article of apparel as it is known to-day, was made; and since that time, seventy-five years ago, the industry has increased, with Troy always as its center, until now collar manufacturing involves \$20,000,000 annually and gives employment to nearly 18,000 persons, whose wages amount in the aggregate to between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000.

Although the factories which construct these finishing touches to a man's attire are in some instances immense plants employing thousands of people—great, buzzing nests of activity—a large and important part of the work is done by women in their homes. For this is distinctly a woman's work, and while in the city of Troy the great factories are humming, through all the country round, in the farmhouses and villages within a radius of fifty miles, the women sitting in their own homes are helping to make the collars of the United States. It is the skill of these women, as well as those who are employed within the factories, that enables thirty manufacturers in and near Troy to turn out complete every year about 60,000,000 collars, cuffs and shirts, and it is these same women, in the small houses of the city, in the villages round about and on the farms, that make it impossible to this industry to live elsewhere.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

* * *

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A COLORED man, who worked for a white man who believed in Faith Cure, Christian Science, or whatever it is called, was an hour or so late reporting to work one morning. His employer, upon inquiry, was told that he was detained at home on account of the illness of his brother. The Christian Scientist ridiculed the idea of the brother's illness and said:

"Henry, your brother is not sick. He just thinks he is sick. If he will just use his mind, exercise his will power, decide that he is not going to be sick,

and will have faith in God, he will get right up, and you won't have to use any medicine."

This was all new and strange doctrine to Henry, but he did not think it wise to get into any kind of argument with his boss, so he scratched his head and said nothing.

The third day after the conversation Henry remained away from work the entire day. When he reported for work the next morning his employer said:

"Well, Henry, how is your brother to-day? Does he still think he is sick?"

The colored man replied: "No, sir; we buried him yesterday. I reckon by this time he thinks he is dead."—*Silas X. Floyd, in Lippincott's Magazine*.

* * *

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

THE familiar term "printer's devil," as applied to the boy of all work about a printing office, is said by the *Fourth Estate* to have originated with Aldus Manutius. He employed a small negro boy, a curiosity in those days in Europe, who became known as the "Little Black Devil." Printing was then a mystery, and a superstition spread that Aldus was invoking the black art and that the negro boy was the embodiment of Satan. To correct this opinion Aldus publicly exhibited the black boy and declared: "Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the holy church and to the doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

* * *

LONDON'S ATMOSPHERE.

RECORDS kept in London for twenty years show that, as compared with the southern districts of England, London loses through its smoky atmosphere one-sixth of its sunshine in summer and one-half in winter.

* * *

RATTLESNAKE VENOM.

A RATTLESNAKE that is five or six feet in length will yield a tablespoonful of venom two or three times a month. It takes its poison sacs at least a week to fill again after they have been emptied.

* * *

ALCOHOLIC FUMES.

IT is stated that a walk through the cellars at the London docks, where large quantities of spirits are stored, has at first a peculiarly stimulating effect, followed by depression, headache and nausea.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE GREEDY GRIFFIN.

Oh the Griffin, and the Puffin, and the Owl,
 They all began to whimper,
 And to howl;
 Said the Griffin, after tiffin
 We will go upon a prow!
 So the Puffin ate a muffin,
 And the owl a little fowl.
 Now the griffin for his tiffin
 (Oh he had a fearful scowl!)
 Ate the Puffin and his muffin
 And the little Owl-y Owl;
 And they all went out together
 With the griffin, for a prow!

—Good Housekeeping.

* * *

THE SQUIRREL AND THE BICYCLE.

I CANNOT tell which Sydney thought the more of, the bicycle or Jake.

The bicycle he bought with his own money, and Jake was a lovely gray squirrel that an old Scotch gentleman gave him on his last birthday.

He had found the squirrel in the hollow of an old oak-tree, while chopping in the woods one day; and, as winter was coming on, and the little fellow might be cold, he carried him home to Sydney.

Sydney taught him many tricks. He would say, "Jake, let me see you crack this nut;" and Jake would sit up on his hind legs, and hold it in his paws, and crack it with his teeth.

Then he would roll over, shake hands, and do ever so many other things.

But there was nothing he liked so much as to perch himself on Sydney's shoulder, with Sydney on the wheel, and go skating through the streets of the village like the wind. How his little beady eyes would dance with delight, as he lay on his master's shoulder, his silky coat pressed smooth by the rushing wind.

If Sydney rode slowly, then Jake would sit upright, with his long, plummy tail curled up in front of him, or he would change from shoulder to shoulder, and sometimes would skip down to the handle-bars and ride there.

One morning in the spring Sydney came into the house and called, "Jake!" No answer. "Jake, Jake, you rascal! Grandma will scold you if she finds you in her bonnet-box. A nice place to take a nap! Do you want to take a ride?"

Jake was wide-awake in an instant, and, jumping out of the box, ran out of the door and seated himself on the wheel, as much as to say, "If you please." Sydney laughed heartily, and off they started. A fine time they had until the middle of the hill was reached, when Sydney took a "header." He was not hurt a bit, but when he scrambled to his feet Jake was nowhere to be found.

Up and down the street Sydney looked, whistling and calling; but no squirrel appeared. Then he looked up in the trees near by, down in the gutter, and finally went down a side street, and got Bob Jones to join in the search. It was the strangest thing how he could have disappeared so suddenly!

For nearly an hour they searched, several other boys joining in the quest; but it was of no use, and Sydney at last rode sadly home.

A happy thought came. Perhaps he would find him at the house, but neither mamma nor sister Flora had seen anything of him.

"He must have gone back to the woods," said Sydney, in a husky voice, as he plunged his hand into his pocket for a handkerchief.

How he jumped as he touched something soft and furry. Hold on—dear me! Jake sprang right out of his pocket on the table, and sat there blinking his funny eyes, as much as to say, "What in the world is all of this about?"

* * *

A WISE CROW.

IN a town in Indiana is a year-old crow, jet black, which has been raised in a family, and become quite human in many of its ways. It can speak a large number of words, and is very fond of the children. It follows them to school, and when they enter it will perch near the door, shouting after them the injunction, "Now be right good, and come home as soon as school is out." It does not follow its own advice always, but will sometimes linger around the school building, flying from window-sill to window-sill. At other times it will go home and play with the cat and the dog, and with the chickens. It knows every chicken, and is fond of frightening away strange chickens when they come near the house. At night it roosts with the chickens. Every Sunday it follows the children to Sunday-school, and whenever it sees the master or mistress of the house it gives a pert greeting, "Hello, pa!" or "Hello, ma!"—*Selected.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Is there any market for homemade foods, such as applebutter, jellies, etc.?

The question comes periodically to the Nook, showing a widespread interest in the subject. The answer is that all such things can be sold at fancy prices. These points *must* be observed. The product, no matter what, must be the best of its kind, absolutely pure, and guaranteed clean. The package must be tasteful and an arrangement entered into with some fancy grocer to sell on a commission. If the article offered is the best of its kind, pure and clean, it will readily sell. The prejudice against factory-made stuff is widespread and generally unfounded and the appeal to the public, based on superior merit, never fails to catch buyers.

The Nook suggests a sound, well-made catsup, as a good thing to begin with.

❖

Why could not the government own the coal of the country, mine and sell it?

It could, but it would hardly be of real advantage to the public as politics would enter into the matter. But the local authorities, as a town or city, could go into the coal business, buying and selling at cost. It would ruin the business of a few but benefit the many.

❖

What is a Union?

This comes from a rural reader. It is hard to contemplate the situation of a person who does not know what a Union is. In brief, a Union is an organization of workmen, usually all of one trade, combined for the protection of their interests in the way of a common scale of wages, mutual help, etc. It works well, and it makes no end of trouble. It is a complicated question when trouble begins, but ordinarily it is a good thing.

❖

Is the statement by seedsmen, that bought seeds are better than home grown, true?

In the main it is correct. But reference to where grown means everything. Corn from the far south would not ripen here while corn from Canada would be early. After a few years it would change its character to conform to the soil and environment. The best way out is to renew the seed from a distance.

❖

What is the life of one of the big naval or fort guns?

It varies, but may be said to be useless after from seventy-five to one hundred rounds. The gases of the powder cut the inside of the gun as hot water does ice.

Do rocks grow?

Rocks do not grow in spite of the public acceptance of the opinion that they do. A rock projecting from the soil is continually wearing away from the action of the elements. The ground from around it may be plowed away, or blown away and thus more of the rock exposed, but it does not grow, as there is nothing to grow from. On the contrary it is continually growing less. The tendency, if it is a loose rock, is to sink into the ground and not to come up to the surface.

On the other hand all rocks are to a certain extent a growth. If the soft mud in the bottom of a river or stream were covered up and allowed to remain indefinitely, in the course of time it would solidify into a rock. In this way all rocks have been formed either from mud that is stratified and changed into solid form, or through matter being ejected from the molten center of the earth and subsequently hardened. The action of the elements on all stones and rocks exposed to the air is going on all the time without any let up, and this accounts for the jagged appearance of even the tremendous mountain ranges made up mainly of rock.

❖

Would a boy of my age, eighteen, have any difficulty in getting a position as clerk in a store in Chicago?

Whatever you do, don't strike Chicago for a clerk's place without knowing first what you are going into. There may not be so much difficulty in getting a job, but one that pays a living, and which is desirable, is another matter. Get into some place nearer home at first.

❖

Is there any firm that makes a business of manufacturing sisters' headwear?

None that we know of, although numerous individuals advertise to do the work. Mrs. Barbara M. Culley, of Elgin, Illinois, is engaged in that business. There are others whose names we do not now remember, but as far as our knowledge goes it has not been taken up by outsiders, as Brethren's clothing has been.

❖

Is the teaching by mail, so widely advertised, of any real value?

Assuredly some of it is, and just as certain a good deal of it is sheer nonsense. It will depend on what you want to learn as to whether it is worth your while and money.

❖

Who first invented intoxicating drinks?

It must have been the Devil. We know of no other.

The Home



Department

TAPIOCA CREAMS.

BY KATE HOWARD.

WASH and soak over night two tablespoonfuls of tapioca in cold water. In the morning drain off the water. Beat the yolks of three eggs. Mix them and the tapioca with a quart of milk, put on the stove and stir. Boil about two minutes. Sweeten and flavor to taste. When nearly cold add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Stir in lightly and well. Serve in glass custard cups.

Cambridge, Ind.

FROSTED CREAMS.

BY SISTER ANNA YODER.

TAKE one pint of sugar, two pints of New Orleans molasses, one pint of boiling water, one and one-half pint of lard, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of soda, put all together before stirring in flour enough to roll nicely. Roll in sheets to fit large pans. When baked and cool, cover with boiled frosting and cut in squares as soon as the frosting becomes hard.

For the frosting take one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of boiling water and the whites of two eggs. Cook the sugar and water, let cool, put in the whites of the eggs, beat until stiff and flavor with vanilla.

Sabetha, Kans.

RICE MERINGUE.

BY MRS. C. E. ECKERLE.

TAKE one cup of boiled rice, one pint of milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar and one lemon. Boil the milk, stir in the rice. Beat the yolks of the eggs with one-third of the sugar, then add to the milk and rice and cook till thick as soft custard. Take from the fire and grate in the rind of the lemon and pour into a buttered dish. Beat the whites of the eggs with the rest of the sugar, add the juice of the lemon, pour over the pudding and brown.

Elgin, Ill.

LEMON PIES.

BY SISTER LIZZIE L. HORNER.

For crust, take one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to roll.

For filling, take the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one pint of water, one egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook this.

Line pie tins with crust, put in filling, then put strips of crust one way across the top of the pie, using about five strips one inch wide to a pie. Bake. This will make three or four pies.

New Bedford, Ohio.

BLANC MANGE.

BY SISTER HANNAH SANGER.

PUT the amount of sweet milk wanted into a skillet greased with butter, place inside the stove and let come to a boil. Then take it out and place it on the stove and stir in the milk enough batter made of flour and sweet milk to make it thick when cold. Let it boil a few minutes and stir well so as to prevent it from burning. Serve with cream and sugar.

Bays, W. Va.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.

BY SISTER MARTHA REIFF BECHTEL.

BREAK two eggs into a cup, fill with cream, add one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat all thoroughly and flavor to taste.

Yerkes, Pa.

SUGAR CAKES.

BY SISTER BALINDA A. STONER.

TAKE two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, three cups of sugar, two cups of lard, and flour enough to make stiff. Flavor if you wish.

Union Bridge, Md.

LITERARY.

The Arena for February, a review in character, devoted to the discussion of present-day problems, is fully up to its acknowledged standard of excellence. The attack on Venezuela is treated by Dr. Maxey of Colombia University. An article on divorce tells why it should be granted. Public ownership is fully discussed by Prof. Parsons. There is the usual number of able contributions, other than these mentioned, and if you are interested along the lines of investigation traveled by the *Arena* you will find in it much food for thought by those amply able to discuss the living questions of the day. Any newsdealer.

✱

The World's Work, New York. The February issue of this review surpasses all previous efforts. It is one of the finest illustrated periodicals that comes to the Nook office, while the make-up of the literary contents is unexcelled. There is too much of it to give more than a mere mention of the articles that brighten its pages. The march of current events, criticism of men and measures, and original articles go to make up a magazine that we most sincerely recommend to the Nook family. In many respects it is far superior to the older magazines of national or world-wide repute, and if any of our readers are on the lookout for a first-class thing they will find it in the *World's Work*. Suppose you invest in a copy the first time you pass a news stand. Costs twenty-five cents, but is worth more.

✱

Country Life in America, the most superbly illustrated periodical that comes to the INGLENOOK. It is devoted to the higher and better side of country life and is eminently practical. It touches everyday matters, and every feminine Nooker will learn much about the decoration and brightening of her home. There is an excellent article on how to raise carnations, and even the harder handed head of the house will get a good many practical hints in the magazine. As it is the best of its class we wish we could place it in every family in the country. The readers would be all the better for it. Twenty-five cents put into a copy of *Country Life* will be a quarter well spent. Any newsdealer can get it for you.

✱

Lippincott's for February contains a complete novel entitled "A Man of His Word," and nine short stories. There is also the usual lot of timely and instructive contributions dealing with subjects of graver import. Many people of many minds require different intellectual diet and in *Lippincott's* may be just what you have been looking for. If you run to literature in its lighter and more attractive vein, and many do, un-

doubtedly *Lippincott's* will furnish what you want. The leading story is always a complete one, in size enough to make a bound book, and it is a good medium with which to keep abreast of current fiction. There is also a good deal of humor, original and pointed, in the closing pages of the magazine. If you are not a regular reader, twenty-five cents will enable your newsdealer to put it in your hands for the month.

✱ ✱ ✱

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the Nook and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

✱ ✱ ✱

THE temporary editor of the INGLENOOK takes pleasure in telling the Nook family that next week's issue will be the Sub-tropical America Number, devoted entirely to climate in that section of our country where some of the Nook family live in a land of perpetual summer. There will be much of interest in it, especially to the Nookers who live where it has been, and now is, freezing cold.

✱ ✱ ✱

"THE INGLENOOK is the best of twelve papers we are getting."—R. M. Luther, Pa.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Boy of thirteen wants place with Brethren on a farm. Healthy and bright boy. Prefer some one who will adopt him. Address: H. M., 954 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill.

✱

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick, with reference. J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.

✱

WANTED.—A location for a general repair, cabinet and blacksmith shop. Illinois or Iowa preferred.—Z. A. Wagoner, Waterloo, Iowa.

✱

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap. Samples.—Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

No. 7.

THIS issue of the INGLENOOK is devoted exclusively to sub-tropical California. The whole State was treated in a single issue of the NOOK, known as the California Nook, and the widespread interest manifested in its strange sights and scenes leads us to believe that a further venture in the sub-tropics will be of very general interest. Hence this issue. It is based on the extreme southern part of California and is written on the spot. It is sent forth in the hope that it may be interesting and instructive to the Nookers who live where the frost feathers the pane and the ice locks the river for months each year.

* * *

THE WEATHER.

THE day we left Elgin was a cold one. The streets were slippery with ice worn to a glass-like surface, the river had a foot of ice on it, and the thermometer was shrinking to the zero mark. In fact it was six above. The wind was blowing and the coal supply was low. Those who had to be out were in overcoats and furs. The street car people, the motormen, looked like bears in their fur overcoats. The inside of the store windows was coated with ice. Every electric light seen through the frozen pane was haloed with an opalescent gleam. People on the streets minced along with that peculiar side step that goes with glary streets. The very school children hustled along. The policeman on the corner eyed the lighted restaurant. There was no stopping to talk on the streets. Yes, it was cold in Elgin.

On the Santa Fe sleeper that left Chicago it was warm enough, but the train cut through zero weather to Kansas City, where it was still cold, the kind of cold that whistles around the corners and makes you regret having left home. Out across the two hours to Topeka we ran right into it, and then we settled down for the steady pull for the land of sunshine and flowers. It doesn't seem possible that there is a rose, outside of a greenhouse, in this frozen world of ours. All the same, if all things hold together, we will indulge in a bud, or a bunch of them, in three days from this writing.

CONTRASTS.

LOTS of Nookers will recognize this picture. The mountain looms in the background. Its trees are naked save where a fringe of pines bend under their load of snow. It is cold, bleak and forbidding on the mountain, and no imprint of man's foot marks the snow, and only here and there a chilled sapsucker flits from tree to tree. The creek that hugs the base of the hill is frozen in fantastic forms, heaped with snow, and here and there, at rare intervals, the dark flowing water in the air holes, too swift to freeze, boils from under and flits by to slip under the far edge of the ice pack.

The meadow is frozen chill and solid. The fence corners are full, and the dividing lane is banked from fence to fence.

In the frozen barnyards is a great stack of straw around which the herd of kine gather, nibble, moo helplessly, and seek the overshoot of the barn for protection. Behind the barn is the orchard, stiff, cold and frozen. Around the house the paths are cleared and the rosebush and the lilac seem never again to bloom. It is all solid, chilled, frozen and sometimes terrible.

In the house—Ah! That's another world. Ruddy, strong-limbed children play on the floor, the mother knits or sews, the father reads, the girls and boys read around the table and either the wood stove hums or the base burner glows. There is a plate of apples on the table, and often and again has the writer been an honored guest—God bless the Nook homes—and who shall say that there is no pleasure or happiness in the homes where the clear stars look down on the huddled flock in the frozen fold?

But there are other places, and yet others. Let the Nookman tell you of another, and then, one more.

Down in the real tropics where beat the waters of the Gulf on far Yucatan's shore, the writer once was. The sun rises in the morning, beautiful and pitiless. On the sands of the beach it is soon so hot that one cries out as he walks through it,

burning his feet in its ovenlike sink. Back where the trees grow, strange in form, and covered with flowers beautiful to see, the heat changes somewhat from a redhot oven to a reflected moist heat. Sweat runs. The skin is moist and sticky. It is as one held his face in front of a steaming teakettle. It is sickening, unhealthy and till one gets used to it, dreadful. Is there no place where the cruel cold and the terrible heat are both modified? Is there no spot on all the earth where Nature smiles perennially—a place where the roses bloom always and ice is bought at so much a pound in January?

debutante. Here they clamber skyward and you may have a pointed bud or a globe of gold for the plucking. Orange blossoms, white and fragrant, are for those who pick them. The eucalyptus and the pepper trees line the sidewalk. Put a flower in the ground, let water touch it and the sun kiss it and, lo, the colors come, glow, and come again. It is not for a day, but for all days; not for a time, but at all times. You can get down by the whispering sea and build yourself a home around which you can assemble every floral beauty from the wide world over, to come and revel. Here the white cup of the calla will bloom side by side with the red, red rose named for the gen-



WINTER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

There is. And of such a place we write, and for the information of the Nooker, we make this issue of the Magazine.



THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

FULLY recognizing that there is no place on the earth where everything combines to make life ideal, still there are some places that come pretty near to it, and this Southern California country is as close to the ideal as one can well get. The writer saw it when it was dried up and dusty, yet it was beautiful even then. Then in the winter it shows up gloriously. It is a sort of Paul and Virginia country where palms grow wherever you put them. In the cold East the rich man's palms grow behind lace curtains. Here the poorest washer-woman can have one as high as her cottage under the blue overhead. Back East the La France and the Marechal Neil flower as coyly as a

eral who never won a battle and yet who has, in his name, made dark crimson many a home the world around. Hyacinths and clove pinks take you back to the days of your departed grandmother. Tuberoses overcome you. Fields and lakes of golden poppies and flaming geraniums hedge neighbor from neighbor. If it reads like poetry it is because it is poetry.

Yes, it is a land of death, too, but for those whose blood is red it is like a revel. For those whose sands are almost run it is a benediction, bud, flower, fruit as yellow as yellow gold itself hide amid the glistening green leaves. And it is a land of romance. The Sans and Santas tell the stories of the pious padres who planned the convents the natives built. Here the Indian came, confessed his sin and took his penance. Here the Senorita, she of the glorious eyes and midnight hair, told in an undertone how she had hated Dolores because she had come like a shadow between her and Pedro. And the shaven priest told her how

many prayers to say, in what length of fast, and to love the sacred faith the most of all.

A handful of olives, a crystal bowl of roses on the table, the open window to the sea wind, the INGLENOOK in hand, peace in your heart, and health in veins, and what more would you? Yea, what more could you?

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

THE map of California is pretty well streaked with railroads, and he who would get here from

men of the plains, and they were a docile lot. The santa fe appealed to them and they became Christians as fast as they could be baptized.

They labored on the missions and built the ruins that shame the State every day they are allowed to go to pieces. Then the priests, struck with the similarity of the soil and climate to their beloved Andalusia far across the wide ocean, in some way got vines and planted the seeds that have made California fruit famous. Then the discovery of gold, the disappearance of the Indians, the passing of the missions, and it is all a good-bye



SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, ONE OF THE OLD MISSIONS, IN RUINS, ON THE WAY FROM LOS ANGELES TO SAN DIEGO.

any of the four corners will find it easy enough as far as facilities are concerned.

Naturally the man from Chicago will not take the same route as the man from the Crescent City. There are ways and ways. From a place like Chicago there is a number of roads, and people east of that will be sure to hit one or the other of them when they make the trip. Personally we came on the Santa Fe Route and with Mr. Charles Seagraves, its Passenger Agent. The trip is an exceptionally easy one over this route and there is scenery enough to set an artist to dreaming.

GOOD-BYE, PADRE!

WHEN the Spanish priests of old Mexico took it into their heads to convert the Indians of the coast, and tramped up from the old country, they found these valleys with the Indians ready for them. They were the black Indians, not the red-

now for the dreamy past. The most that is left are the saints' names that will halo the mountains and cities for all time.

ON the Limited train people eat in the diner. On the trains common mortals patronize the act is accomplished in the Santa Fe eating places along the line. Without exception they are excellent. They are all right in both quality and amount.

OVER the plains the train outraces the antelope. Up the mountain side it groans along as fast as a healthy boy runs. The miracle of it all is that one may attend church in Chicago on a Sunday night and go to a Los Angeles prayer meeting Thursday evening.

IN the middle of January in Southern California, children are picnicking in the open. What do you juvenile Nookers in mittens and mufflers think of that?

REDLANDS AND RIVERSIDE.

THERE are two places in California which every tourist should see. This does not mean that there are not other places of interest, but Redlands and Riverside are show places, and not to see them is to miss the best of the orange section of the State.

Both Redlands and Riverside are on the Santa Fe Railway, both are cities; and in a certain sense the words are misleading. They are two compact little cities, yet the situation is such that the terms are more applicable to sections than places. They take in whole sections, townships, so to speak. Both places claim to be *the* orange section, par excellence, and probably

the yards and all about the house, some of them higher than the house itself. Immediately about the dwelling are roses that may clear overtop the house itself, ferns, agaves, vines, fruits and flowers without end. All around the house is the owner's orange grove, the trees just now fairly bending with the yellow fruit. The whole place has a sub-tropical look, enchanting to the man from the frozen north. On the opposite side of the street, or avenue, is another home, practically the same in general effect, yet distinctive in whatever way the owner's caprice may turn. Around this house are oranges and more oranges!

Now if you have these homes in your mind's eye, picture an avenue ten miles long, each property a



BROOKSIDE AVENUE, REDLANDS.

both are correct. At all events to miss them is to miss seeing Southern California.

Arriving at Riverside Santa Fe station one can walk up to the center of the town and there take a street car for Magnolia Avenue. This avenue is known to all the tourists who have visited the section. One imagines an avenue planted with magnolia trees and is disappointed. Where Magnolia Avenue begins magnolias are planted at the intersecting corners and really constitute but a limited arboreal feature in the picture. The car will take you whirling up the street or avenue, which is practically a country road.

Imagine a broad street, each side of which is planted with tall-growing trees, pepper, eucalyptus, magnolia and every other the taste of the owner back of them dictates. Here is a frame house with the open and porched style of architecture common to the country. It sits back from the paved walk and the driveway to it is planted on either side with whatever trees, shrubs and greenery the owner may prefer. Everywhere palms are in evidence,—on the sidewalks, in

dream of plant, fruit and flower, and the omnipresent orange everywhere, and you have a faint picture of Magnolia Avenue at Riverside. What strikes one most is the wealth of trees, fruit and flowers. It is a dream, a long drawn out dream of tropical beauty, that one must see to appreciate at its true worth.

Around Riverside are perhaps twenty thousand acres of orange groves, small in their individual extent, yet as a whole a great, magnificent picture that once seen will never be forgotten. Overhead is the blue sky, off in the near distance the mountains, the ravines streaked with the gleaming snow and their tops powdered by last night's storm. Snow and ice in sight and oranges on every side! Such is Riverside, the dream.

And the climate? Glorious, glorious! The sun comes up over the hills and it is a June day, as it is at home when apple blossoms and bees in the orchard make the old homestead a picture, for say a week. Here the week extends to practically the whole year. The sun goes down behind the rugged, stone-made

mountain and a chill sets in, not really cold, but a chilled air. It makes one think of a delightful wood fire in an open grate as a desirable thing. In fact there are probably not a half dozen nights the year round when one may not sleep under blankets in Riverside.

And Redlands! Whether Redlands or Riverside is the more beautiful is a matter of taste. Relatively speaking Riverside is a much older town, while Redlands has come into existence within the last dozen years. All that has been said of Riverside is equally true of Redlands, with, perhaps, a plus mark.

Arriving at the Santa Fe station in the heart of Redlands there are two ways to see the magnificent coun-

ground. This place could not have been what it is without its admirable system of irrigation. What it is at present is due to the people who occupy the beautiful homes that go to make up the country.

There are poor people living here, but it is not a poor man's country. It is a place for the millionaire and the man of means who takes to oranges, lemons, olives, and flowers. The land is high in price and for a young town it is an exceptionally exclusive and aristocratic place. This would naturally follow in the wake of the extensive fruit and flower development of the country. It must not be understood, however, that all the land around Redlands is taken, for it has still a continual and consecutive growth, and he who



THE OLDEST MISSION IN CALIFORNIA, NEAR SAN DIEGO.

try. You may hire a conveyance and drive out over the hills through the midst of one of the most magnificent reaches of orange country throughout the wide world. Or you can take the trolley cars and travel through a vision of palms, olives, oranges, lemons, and every tropical fruit and flower. If you take the car that runs toward Terracina you will wind and wind about in and through streets lined along the pavement with pepper trees, olives, and all the graceful dreamery of the tropics. The houses are simply homes in an ocean of flowers, and on every hill on all sides are orange trees loaded with their luscious fruit.

Redlands takes its name from a section of it that has red soil. It is a neighborhood of knolls and hills in a beautiful valley, the soil of which is admirably adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits. With remarkable skill the engineer has twisted and distorted the water channels until all of them come under the reign of the king of this country, namely, water. A large part of the success of Redlands is undoubtedly due to the foresight of some man or men in the back-

can secure a tract of land in this neighborhood, one that can be watered, has a sure thing of it as long as he lives if only ordinary care and intelligence is brought to bear in relation to the conditions demanded by successful orange growing.

Do not think that you have seen California unless you have been at Redlands and Riverside.

THINK of it! There are thousands of young people here who never coasted down hill on Saturday when there was no school. The hills are here galore, likewise the snow on their tops,—but the combination is not favorable.

ON the Santa Fe Route you pass within six miles of the petrified forest, one of the world's wonders. It is only a matter of a stop-over and a horseback ride.

DID you ever eat a really real orange? Not unless you had it off the tree where it has ripened and mellowed in the sun of its growth.

CORONADO BEACH.

JUST about ten minutes out on a ferryboat from San Diego, California, brings one to the grounds of Coronado Beach. It is an island, or rather a peninsula named after the famous Spanish explorer, Coronado, and is a couple of square miles in extent. What gives it its hold on the consideration of the public is the big hotel built on the very edge of San Diego Bay. In fact this article is written in a room facing the Bay and is so close to it that the beach cannot be seen from the window. The company which owns the hotel, which is really a Spreckles proposition, has sold some lots to residents and the place in winter has a

The surroundings of the hotel are enough to make the place a dream of comfort and ease to one who goes to the frozen north, leaving behind him the roses and the flowers, the palms, and magnolias that encircle the hostelry.

Coronado Beach is the first chance coming into the United States from the southwest, and the last chance, going out of it on this side, at a big and comfortable hotel. More people would come to Coronado if they knew more about it.

The pictures show people bathing in the open bay. This can be done and *is*, but the general idea must be taken *cum grano*. There are more comfortable bathing buildings, and the winter occupants of the seven



MID WINTER SEA BATHING AT CORONADO BEACH.

population of about a thousand, more or less, and in summer perhaps half as many more, caused by the influx of tenters who have a town of their own in the immediate vicinity of the hotel.

The INGLENOOK is not a commercial venture, and no money can buy its editorial opinion, but as the writer sits in a large, comfortable and well-furnished room in the hotel that cost over a million, overlooking the ocean, or what is practically the ocean, it is worthy of mention that he has taken his coat off for comfort, opened the windows and writes in about the same general temperature characterizing a June day around Chicago. And all this in the middle of January. The service of the hotel is perfect. A good many of the big hotels are big nuisances in many respects, but this place has the air of a well-ordered home, and the place and the people are of more than passing merit.

hundred and fifty rooms choose the big enclosure for their daily dip.

But the keynote of the whole of it is that it is in the dead of winter that all this is possible. When you come here to Coronado you will be lulled to sleep by the deep boom, swish and wash of the surf, and it will be the first thing you will hear in the morning. As it has been booming on the shore from the beginning so it is now, and so it will be when other people are here and others read what is written about it.



IN Southern California the old time regime of great ranches and the day of the proud Castilian have passed forever. It is a place of small holdings, relatively speaking, and consequently there is an absence of an overlordship, landowning aristocracy. It is essentially a place for the man of small means and intensive culture.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE.

THE jumping-off place in the southwestern part of the United States is San Diego, but, be it remembered in connection therewith, that reference is had only to geographical qualifications and not moral attributes, not by a good deal. If you look on the map, you will see San Diego in the far corner, on the bay of the same name. This bay is a large one, being thirteen miles long with an area of twenty-two square miles. It is the only harbor south of San Francisco. There is no foreign commerce to speak of, but the chances are that in time it will be a very important place.

California is peculiar in some respects. While all

open at any time. Yet that is just what he can do any ordinary day in the year. That's California for you. That's San Diego. By the same token, should he stay all summer he will sleep under blankets and cool his "fevered brow," I believe that's the correct phrase, with the ocean breezes. That's the way it is at the jumping-off place.

WHAT MAKES THIS CLIMATE?

THIS is the question that many have asked themselves without a ready answer. The reason is because of a given and positive combination of circumstances. First there are the intercepting mountains. Then the



A HOME IN SAN DIEGO.

Californians stand together for their State they are everlastingly scragging each other from local patriotism. They say at Los Angeles that San Diego is quiet. So it is, but what of it? Does the Chicago man start out to find a hustle and bustle when he takes an outing? Does anybody come to California seeking a hurrah place? Hardly. The very fact that San Diego is not in a perpetual ferment is one reason why it is eminently desirable.

There is only one way to get to San Diego by rail and that over the Santa Fe Railway. It seems hardly credible when one is facing the lake front in Chicago, muffled to the ears, shivering on a cold, raw, wintry day, that by getting on the train at Dearborn Street in four or five days he may face the Pacific Ocean in the farthest southwest city he can get to, sit on the porch in his shirt sleeves, if he will, bathe in the ocean, if he cares to, and gather flowers in the

great Pacific Ocean makes the air over it equable in temperature. Now the prevailing winds are from the ocean to the land, hence the even temperature. The soil happens to have in it all the necessities of profuse vegetable growth, and with the water on it, there you are. The Almighty has been good to this section.

Now suppose a reversal of the situation. Take away the mountains, leave the arid conditions, and let the prevailing winds come from the North, and it would be a land of stunted pines, frozen moss, and bleakness itself. Doubtless a good many Californians attribute the climate to a recognition of their good looks and Sunday-school proclivities, but if the swing and rotation of the earth had not sent the warm wind from the ocean, these good people would be eating blubber instead of oranges.

THE pineapple will ripen in San Diego gardens.

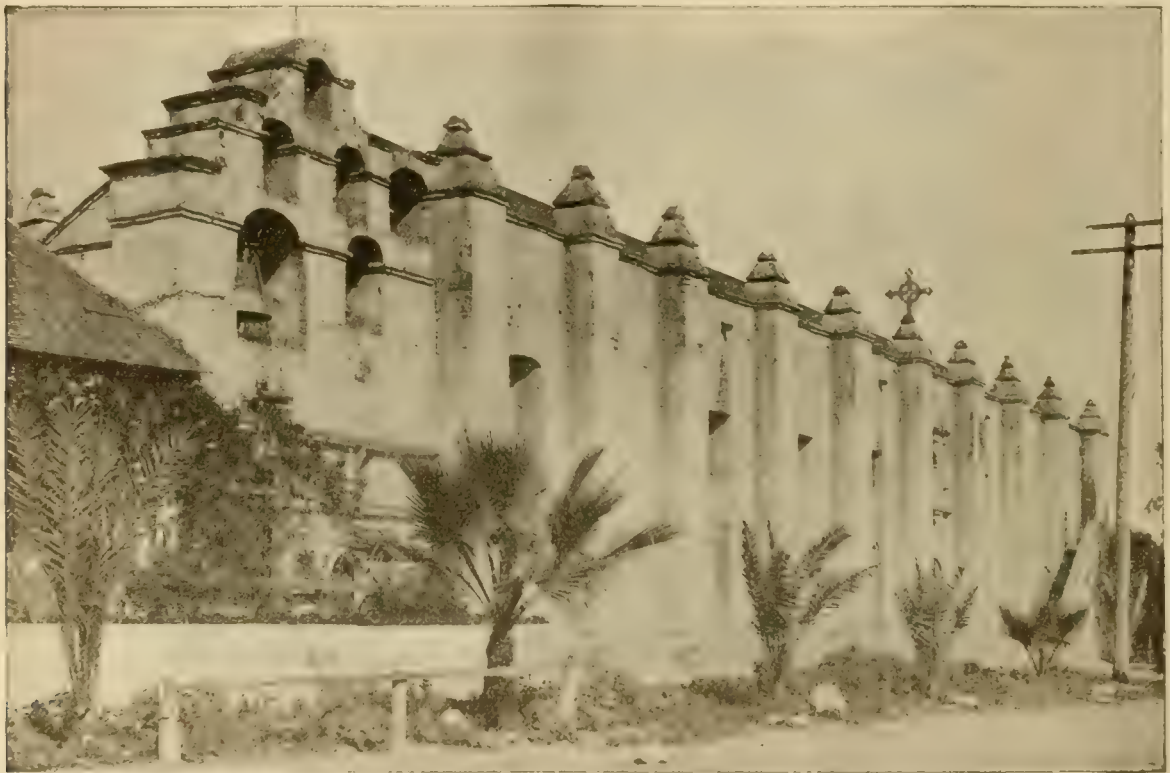
WINTER IN CALIFORNIA.

WINTER in California is not winter in the sense as the average eastern person thinks of it, surrounded with snow and mercury down to zero. Imagine a bright, sunny day about the middle of June, with flowers in bloom and strawberries ripe and you get some idea of this semi-tropical country.

Many of the higher mountain peaks are covered with snow, but in the valleys you find orange groves everywhere with their golden fruit, which is daily ripening and quickly transported to the eastern markets. Delicious strawberries have been on the market for some

brown girl but a marked brunette, with hair like the raven's wing and eyes chipped out of the night, and she goes back two or three generations into old Castile. Senor, her brother, is not so marked, but one who has been in Spanish countries can tell him when he sees him. But the real old padre time is only a dream—a misty, far-off, yesterday afternoon dream. Of course he is here yet but he is modernized and is not the same man to whom Dolores confessed her sins a hundred years ago.

In the larger towns there are Mexican quarters with adobe houses, flat roofs, somebreros, and an occasional rebosa. Here and there, if you care to ven-



SAN GABRIEL, ONE OF THE OLD MISSIONS.

time, while the deciduous fruits are now in bloom, and will find their way east before the winter will be over.

Beautiful flowers of varieties without number greet you on all sides. Palms are used as shade trees and grow to a considerable height.

The warm sun of June in the east, a cloudless sky, flowers, oranges, strawberries, bright colors and a peace-with-the-world feeling—this is southern California in January.

THE SPANISH END OF IT.

THERE are people here in Southern California who speak Spanish, and there are a few descendants of the original settlers that an expert can tell the moment he sees them. For instance, here is a brown, no not a

ture it, you may find chili con carne, frijoles, and even tortillas, all of which are unquestionably good to eat but are far better in Chiapas than California.

One thing about the old Spanish occupation is that the names they gave things stuck. The State would not have been California without the Sans and Santas among the towns. Of course, of the recently introduced towns the nomenclature is practically American, but none of it falls as trippingly from the tongue as the old Spanish "*Saints*."

ON a Thursday there was snow for making snowballs, if you wanted them. On a Friday there were oranges for the plucking from the trees. All in a day on the railroad.

PLACES TO STAY.

ONE would naturally inquire, in coming to this land of perpetual summer, what are the accommodations for the tourist? We answer that they are ample and adapted to every bank account or lack of it, as the case may be. But when a man puts a large sum of money into a matter of public accommodation, and gives everything with it there is in the land worth giving he is entitled to some public credit, and it gives the Nookman pleasure to call attention to Casa Loma, which means the house on the hill. This is a new hotel within gun-shot of the Santa Fe Railway, and is a thorough, first-class hotel, and you cannot go wrong

we examined the house from the kitchen to the chime of bells in the tower, we did not have the pleasure of being a guest because of enforced absence.

When you get down to Coronado Beach you will find one of the largest seaside resorts in the world. It is chuck against the Bay built for a hotel, as clean as a pin, as thoroughly well run as a hotel may be, and with a cuisine that tells the story of expert chefs. Deft waiters, felt-shod, cater to your every caprice. If there is a better hotel than the Coronado Beach property we have never seen it. Its habitués are the kind of people who go about the hotel at evening in full dress. The patrons seem to the Nookman to be a most substantial lot and doubtless there is always a



HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

when you visit Redlands to stop at the Casa Loma. Moreover, you will find the INGLENOOK there, and, if you care to, you may ask the genial manager to lend it to you a little while.

When you are at Riverside there is the Old Mission Hotel. That is not its name, but it ought to be, and everybody in the city can tell you where to find the Old Mission Hotel. You can walk there in ten minutes from the station. It is a new hotel out and out, built on the plan of the old Spanish missions in California, as far as its architecture is concerned, while every part of it is furnished with all that money can buy and good taste suggest. The chairs are old mission chairs. The bells are old mission bells from Old Mexico, and the covered walks and homey rooms make it a place that will be not only of great interest but of exceeding comfort. The day we were there the first meal was to be served, and although

place for any member of the NOOK family who wants to rest on San Diego Bay. The weather is one perpetual spring and summer, and the INGLENOOK ought to be, but at present writing, is not in the reading room.

BEGGING your pardon, reader, if you happen to be a Californian, is it not a shame that the State allows its old missions to pass into such absolute neglect and disrepair that they will soon become only a memory?

REFERRING to the old missions of the State of California we learn that the title is still vested in the church and they will run into absolute disrepair if the title still holds good.

SANTA FE is the oldest town in the United States, the geographies to the contrary.

SAN DIEGO.

THE city of San Diego at one time included the Coronado Beach hotel property and the town adjacent thereto, but that is now a separate municipality. While a large number of people go to the Coronado hotel the greater number remain in San Diego. The San Diego people claim a summer population of about five thousand non-residents, most of whom are brought in by the Santa Fe Railway and a large number by the

this issue the annual meet of the Pacific squadron for evolution purposes will take place off Coronado Beach.

This is a section of California in which the earthquake is a very infrequent visitor, and the man or woman who is afraid of thunder and lightning ought to come to this country where no electrical disturbances are ever known.

San Diego is an old town without the rush and hurrah of many of the other towns of the State, which makes it all the more desirable for people who seek health and quietness.



VIEW OF SAN DIEGO. POINT LOMA IN THE DISTANCE, TO THE RIGHT.

Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The San Diego people claim that their climate is superior to that of the more northern country. At all events it is so thorough a revelation to men from the country where the streams freeze solid in the winter that it will make practically but little difference what town you come to when you visit Southern California, although we admit a liking for San Diego and its sister town on the beach.

A war vessel is now in the harbor and two other men of war left a day or two ago. It is not an infrequent occurrence for men of war and other United States vessels to make this a stopping point, and it is also not an infrequent occurrence for the war ships of other nations to call in San Diego Bay and at the time the readers of the INGLENOOK are in receipt of

The chances are that San Diego will always be San Diego. In other words its geographic location and its harbor facilities will forever make it *the* city of Southern California.

The arid character of its immediate background is not conducive to agriculture in the present status of irrigation. When this growing science shall have attained a reasonable degree of perfection the land environment of San Diego will then be of a grade in which the entire citrus family and every other available product will develop in perfection.

SAN DIEGO is going to have a 1400 acre park, that, with California enterprise, is going to eclipse the world. At present it is all on paper but the chances are that the picture will develop.

A GLIMPSE OF THE TROPICS.

To the average person the land of the palm the orange and the vine, has in it something of romance and seems like a page out of wonderland. Here in this extreme end of California one gets it. It is rather better than a trip to Europe for the reason that the time is shorter, the expense less, and the gain in knowledge of our own country a vast deal greater, naturally so, than would be acquired in foreign travel.

It is all right to go to Europe, but after one's own country is known to some extent will be more logical, and make the traveler better able to compare and adjust relative values. Italy and

THE FUTURE OF THIS COUNTRY.

THE future of Southern California is an assured fact. There is one limitation and only one—water and space, these two and the greater of them is water. Everything will grow where water goes, but few things will do without it and no man has yet learned to live on cactus and scenery. One reason why this country will be a garden is because of the glorious climate. That will probably last forever, and people who want to bask in eternal summer and spring will flock here as long as there is room to build a house and water to grow a plant. The Nookman predicts that this country will be a great city and country place before another lifetime is past.



POINT LOMA SEEN FROM CORONADO BEACH, OPPOSITE SAN DIEGO.

Spain will be better understood parts of the world after Los Angeles, Riverside, and similar sections of this country. Those who know all about the land of the apple and the pine should see the home of the orange and the palm, and thus get a glimpse of the tropics. It is worth anybody's while to make the trip, and winter's the time.

* * *

THE FLOWERS.

NATURALLY in this land of sunshine the flowers go wild. In the East the geranium is a tomato can plant. Here it is used as a hedge plant and goes towering to the eaves of the house. Back in the shadow of the Alleghanies the rose comes along in June, red, generally, and stays several weeks. Here they come and go with every change of all the moons. The heliotrope becomes a lilac in size, and the palm grows along the gutter and on every lawn. People plant flowers but learn to forget them.

And now comes your miserable suggestion that if you get in here would it pay to buy land? Yes, but as once said a long time ago, your money perish with you when you stand in Nature's sunlight and God's smile and begin to talk about your dirty pocketbook. Still, as we live in this world we must expect it more or less and in answer to your question we would say, "Yes, money can be made here if backed up by judgment and hard sense."

* * *

THE accomplished stenographer of the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego has the editor's thanks for material assistance while he was at the old Spanish city of St. James, otherwise, San Diego.

* * *

A DAY before you reach Orangeland you are eating California ripe tomatoes, green onions and little radishes.

* * *

WHY go to Europe when you clearly don't know your own country?

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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PASADENA, FAIR PASADENA.

It is just as well to regard Pasadena and Los Angeles as one thing, with the reservation that Pasadena is the residence annex of the older town. They are said to be nine miles apart, but the trip on the street cars shows that they are pretty much one thing, and he who can tell where one begins and the other lets up is a better judge than the Nookman. The time is near at hand when they will be one in all but name.

Pasadena doesn't allow the sale of rum, and that's a sign of good sense. And Pasadena has what no other city in the world has, and that's Orange Grove Avenue. What is it like? Well, imagine a broad, miles long, paved street, with perfect sidewalks, palm strung, and on the terraces on either side of the street one house after another set back, separated by the width of the lots, and representing everything architecturally that money could buy. No two of them are alike, and on the lawns in front, as green and smooth as a piece of velvet, is every fruit and flower, and green shrub that would likely grow in the Garden of Eden. Individual arrangements and taste so distribute them that the sight is a dream.

People on Orange Grove Avenue ought not to die. They ought to be satisfied where they are. However, that they do pass over is a fact, probably the inheritance of their ancestors they left back in the East. Pasadena is fair in summer time, beautiful in winter, and pleasant at all times. Some of the biggest hotels in California are found here and it is a favorite resort for the swarming multitudes that run when Jack Frost stalks the country in less favored sections. There are other places that are "going to be," and for all the writer

knows, will be, but Pasadena is. No picture you ever saw of the place will convey an adequate idea of the place. Just consider it a place to make love when the broad full moon shines, and you have the idea, pretty nearly.

* * *

WHAT PLACE?

THE West is the West. It's different from the East in many ways. In the midwest the rivalry of a new country makes them shout themselves hoarse, and kill one another over the question whether Ute Crossing or Scalp Lock is the County seat. They call it patriotism. And the further west you go the stronger the rivalry of the sections, and the man who does not want to be regarded as either feeble-minded or senile takes a part and whoops for his neighborhood.

It is that way all through this southern California country. Each place named after a saint tells you that the other place named after another saint is perhaps very well in a sort of way, but for unalloyed paradise right where you stand at the time of the telling is *the* place. Land is cheap with some to sell. Cookiefield is wickedness itself says Angeltown, while the abode of the lost is in and about The Angels, solemnly asserts the other. "Buy land down there! Man, you're demented! Let me show you a piece of property actually given away." "What! Put your money in up there and get cheated? *I'm* your friend," and so on. Now the Nookman has an inflexible rule to keep out of other people's quarrels, so he stands back recalling what St. Paul remarked about the Cretans,—all of them.

What are the facts? They are as follow: While there is a difference of soil, levelness of surface, and such things as a blind man may see, God's sunshine is over all, and anything and everything will grow where you can get water on it. If you want nothing but climate a first-class article of it is on what is called the desert. If added to climate you want fruits and flowers you *must* be where water is available. If you want to live in a town, there's no end of them. If you take to city life there's a choice of them, and any or all of them are good. If you want to exemplify the proverb about the fool and his money buy land beyond the reach of water.

Water, and you're all right! No water, and you're dead wrong! That's all and that's the whole of it in general. Now if you buy a dry hillside and expect to raise oranges on it, don't come whining to the Nook with your tale of woe.

As to the town or city to locate in, that's a matter of choice and the size of your bank account,—

mainly the latter. If peace is your ideal go to some little mountain two-o'clock-in-the-afternoon town and you can swing in the hammock all day long, and sleep there too, for that matter. If you want a home where you can sell out at double its cost, the near suburb of some city is the thing. And you'll use *your* judgment about where to go, and not the Nook's. The Nookman makes pictures with words. You bite on them to see whether they are real before you buy.

But one thing the Nook will say. This country is beautiful, *is* beautiful, do you hear? It is a country where every prospect pleases and only man

ineradicable race hatred that is ground into all of us more or less.

Between the Chinese and the Japanese there is no hugging, but whatever of hatred there is between them the white man does not see much of it. A day in San Francisco's Chinatown is a free show, once seen never forgotten.

THE TOPOGRAPHY.

CALIFORNIA is easily understood as to surface. Westward is the ocean. Near at hand, as nearness in such things go, are ranges of mountains following



EL CAJON VALLEY, AN INLAND RESORT.

is—Ahem! What I mean to say is that it has more elements of beauty in it than any other place I ever saw in the United States. Even the man who tried to sell the prospective orange grove on the top hill of a cattle range was good looking.

But some persistent Nooker hangs on and wants to know where *I* think is the best place and why. Well, I guess not. You come out here and see for yourself, and it's better than a trip abroad.

CHINESE AND JAPS.

THE brown men and yellow are here working their way along certain well-defined lines of labor. They are servants, gardeners, and general laborers in the vineyards and groves. There is a general feeling against them due, probably, not so much to any defecation of the people on either side as to the deeper and

the general coast line. Between the sea and the hills, and in the great valleys between the mountains are the vineyards, the groves, the towns and the cities of the State. The valleys were once vast lakes that finally emptied out and left the levels sunlit and fat for the husbandman. There are no great rivers.

EN ROUTE with the Nookman were the family of a prominent Canadian Railway official racing from disease to health for a daughter, hoping to find it where the gold of the orange hides in the evergreen of its foliage.

THE California oyster—it's too cunning entirely! It is almost as big as a quarter of a dollar and in some of them you must imagine the beastie. They would make a Chesapeake oyster laugh. However, the climate's the thing, not the oysters.

AND THE WEATHER.

WELL, it's a little difficult to get the correct picture before the average Eastern Nooker, but it is something wonderful. Coming over the Santa Fe Railway one passes through the monotony of the desert. It is not so cold, but it is bare, brown, and forbidding. There are rocks, and mountains of them, and when you get fairly into the San Bernardino Valley you get into the land of promise.

Village after village is passed in the scurry till Pasadena, the beautiful, is reached, and then the City of the Angels, Los Angeles, and without go-

not heed the joys of Paradise, if so be they are to be his at all.

* * *

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF THE MOKI INDIANS.

BY CHAS. SEAGRAVES.

THE Moki Indian of Arizona to-day is the same as his ancestors of hundreds of years ago, the same primitive customs prevail, while the superstitions of the forefathers are handed down from generation to generation.

The Mokis live remote from the railroads, and



THE INNER YARD OR PATIO OF THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO
AS IT IS IN THE WINTER.

ing into hysterics over the situation let us summarize it thus. The sun is warm, comfortably warm, the grass is green, and on this blessed middle of January the roses are in bloom, and other flowers without end. Back in Elgin, where time is measured for the millions, the streets are cold and frozen, the river is closed with ice, and roses are a memory. Here they bloom, great, gorgeous blooms, and carnations are anywhere we look for them, and violets, the floral soul of perfume, are a few cents a bunch.

The people are swarming the streets with now and then a parasol. It is the kind of day "too nice to stay in the house" and yet one day is as a thousand years, so to speak, for likely more than a thousand years of such days have come and gone.

It is an idealized New Orleans, a spiritual Guadalajara climate, and he who does not love it will

to reach the pueblos of the various tribes means an overland trip from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from Winslow, Holbrook and Canon Diablo to Oraibi and Wolpi, the former being stations on the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad, a division of the trans-continental line of the Santa Fe Route.

Among the strangest customs are the snake dances which occur during the month of August, and which last nine days. The ceremonies are full of weird mysteries, while the priests are chanting their prayers. The flute dance is full of color and ceremony, while the snake dance attracts with a strange fascination.

The snake dance is an elaborate prayer for rain in which the reptiles are gathered from the fields, intrusted with the prayers of the people, and then given liberty to bear these petitions to the di-

vinities which can bring the blessing of copious rains to the parched and arid farms of the Moki.

* * *

STRANGERS.

THE Florida man, when asked by the tourist what the people lived on, replied that fish and strangers constituted the diet. It is not just this way in California, but by substituting fruit for fish one approximates the menu. Considering that a generation ago all the country was a good big cattle and sheep range the development has been remarkable.

First is the climate, then the location, the boomers, and either the "bust" or the settling down into a steady and miraculous growth. There is no boom now on, and the growth is a clean one. When the world at large found out that they could have roses in winter here, and the crowd turned its head toward the southern part of the State, the hotels went up, big, handsome, expensive affairs, and with them the woman with the vacant room, the family with a large house and the family with a small house arranged to take in and do for the stranger. And it has been a mighty good thing for all concerned. If your taste runs to the big hostelry—that's the word, I think—and your pocket-book approves, there's no end of them. If you are economical on account of your lack of rupees, there are still places for you and it is a good arrangement all around.

What do these people do? Well, they vary accordingly. Bring from 50,000 to 100,000 people together and sprinkle them over these winter Elysian fields and they'll do a little of everything from the hotel hop to the Quaker meeting, and there's a good deal in between from which to choose.

When the season ends, which, being translated, means when the money runs out, the visitors leave in droves. The natives post the books and set the traps for the next season. But let nobody believe that these California people are so many rapacious sharks seeking smaller fry to devour. Quite the contrary! There's an open California hospitality, especially in the country, that is simply charming. If the big hotels are expensive nobody of good sense expects them to be charitable institutions. There are other places, and to use a familiar phrase, "It's worth while" to come here and spend the winter. New friends, new experiences, and new sensations await the visitors and any of them will take home enough to drive the neighbors wild when they hear of the land of saints, roses and sunshine when the back yard at home is drifted full of packed snow.

THE NOW AND THEN OF THE DESERT.

OVER the desert, en route from the East to the Coast any way you go, is desolation itself. Mighty reaches of land are behind, on either side of us, and for many a weary mile ahead. There is a fascination about it all that attracts one. Its solitude, its immensity, and the drear thoughts it calls up appall us as we pass through it. Mile after mile is wheeled off with never a loping jackrabbit or a prairie dog standing in salute as we pass. Away in the blue sky a circling hawk may sometimes be seen, apparently purposeless in its flight, but probably watching the arid miles under it for its hapless victim. It is an awesome thought as we pass the weary waste.

There is another thought that comes to the prophetic man of the future of these plains. The time is coming, the dawn is in sight of the day, when this ancient ocean bed will be the home of teeming millions. Population must and will increase beyond the possibility of paternal acres. The overflow must and will find new homes, and here in the old bed of dried up seas, when the combination of the locked water is known there will be cities with gleaming towers and marts. Where the cactus now grows the streets will cross, and where grama grass carpets the plains homes will dot the scenes beyond the dreams of the wildest of us. Where the coyote sits and barks at nightfall the policeman will stand in the public square. Where the prairie dog village now is the kindergarten will be located, and the red, red rose, will displace the yucca. It is not a dream. It calls for water only, and water there is under every foot of the desert, and when the sun and the water meet in this virgin soil the mirage of lake, city and spires will become a physical reality.

* * *

AT the Los Angeles Park may be seen the unusual spectacle of old swans driving their young out on the shore away from the water. It would appear to an observer that it was an act of animal cruelty but the old gentleman in charge will tell you that it is the swans' method of weaning their young.

* * *

WHAT is the reason why the Annual Conference might not be held in this summerland next year? We learned incidentally that there will be a call for it and if the thing does not miss fire every Nooker ought to be saving his money for a trip west. A hint to the keeper of the butter and egg money is as good as a nudge to the woman who reads this.

* * *

AT M. M. Eshelman's we ate ripe strawberries, big, red, ripe ones. Fourteen filled a box, the kind of box you buy at home.

AROUND SANTA ANA.

SANTA ANA, California, is on the way to San Diego and is a typical, quiet California town, orange embroidered and flower scattered like all the rest of them. It is one of the difficult things in this world to tell just why certain towns should be given the go-by and others selected as centers of industry and movement. Santa Ana's boom is to come yet, but this does not mean that it is not a quiet, pleasant and beautiful place. Some of the people we met there made it exceedingly pleasant for us during our whole stay.

Santa Ana is in the walnut region, and far and near one may see the walnut groves, which at this season



AT LA JOLLA, SHOWING A SURF SCENE.

of the year, resemble nothing in the world so much as an unusually healthy and well-developed apple orchard in the east. The trees have the same spreading habit and are bare of leaves at this time. It takes a long time to get a walnut grove into working order, some nine or ten years, but when they do begin to bear they are a gold mine to the owner.

A few miles out of Santa Ana may be found the celebrated celery fields. Originally the land was a bog and the soil of just that texture and make-up as to render celery culture profitable. It is stated that when they first began the cultivation of the ground the spongy character of the soil compelled the cultivators

to put shoes on their horses in the form of a flat piece of board to keep them from sinking into the boggy, mucky earth. This has all been changed now and the soil is cultivated as it is any place else.

The celery is said to be of a very superior character and much of it is shipped east. There may be an item of interest in the statement that about fourteen hundred car-loads of celery were shipped from the locality last year.

Outside of this there is not much to say of Santa Ana. This is a good neighborhood and if one wants to start a perennial gold mine let him come near here and set out English walnuts, fifty feet apart, cultivating apricots between the rows until his walnut trees begin to bear, and then he can sit down the balance of his life having a sure thing in the way of an income.

There are several manufacturers of olive oil within easy access of Santa Ana, and it is said that the finest and purest oil in the world may be had here. The same is stated, however, in regard to other localities, and at a number of places the Nookman had presented to him for inspection samples in which he was unable to detect any difference whatever.

At Santa Ana we have a successful mission, the present incumbent, Mr. S. W. Funk, is highly respected by all who know him. Unfortunately for our account of Santa Ana, he was absent on business when we reached the city.

THE streets of Los Angeles are crowded, but what you want to "watch out" for are the bicycles. One doesn't look for them in January, and you may get cut in two waiting for the car.

EVER see any rose pictures, paintings, great, big, curling petals and all that? If you were in reach I'd give you a rose off the bureau, bigger and rosier than the picture's prettiest.

OH well, if you want to come out here, and you do, the grand chance will be when the Annual Meeting is held in this country.

Lo, the poor Indian, at places, watched the train go by his home. He is a good Indian these days, and yet lives.

THE other day we saw a magnificent bouquet gathered in the open air,—roses, callas, stocks, geraniums, tuberose, etc.

GOT good judgment, too, these people, for the INGLENOOK's got right into the hearts of lots of them.

HARD TO REALIZE.

THE thing you hear the most about in this Summerland is the relative difference between the temperature here and in the East. It is hard to realize it. At this very writing, at nine o'clock in the evening at Coronado, the most southwestern resort in the United States, the windows of the sleeping apartments are up and open to the sea breeze. All the flowers that grace a June day garden in the east, say in Pennsylvania, are blooming without. Children in knickerbockers play in the daytime out in the open, men sit around the public places, idling as men do everywhere, some with coats on and some with coats off, all comfortable as far as may be, the weather considered.

Imagine a perfect day late in the spring, when the cherry trees are in bloom, the bluebirds nesting, the early spring flowers blooming, the annual cleaning done and the smell of whitewash in the air—there is a promise of peace and health in every nodding blossom—*that's* a winter day in Southern California. And it may be also more remarkable to add the fact that it is also largely true of a summer day here. It is not meant to present the idea that all this is characteristic of San Diego alone, but it is true of all the coast country of Southern California. It is literally a land of perpetual blossom time.

The Nooker who reads may long to live in such a climate. What's to hinder? There is room for millions here, and in the years to come millions will dwell here, literally under their own vine and fig tree.

* * *

As this is a climate number of the INGLENOOK a few words might be said about the route to take to reach Southern California. We know that there are other ways of getting to this southwestern paradise of flowers, blossoms and fruit, but we took the Santa Fe from Chicago. It is a very direct route and has certain advantages and opportunities for sight-seeing that are not available along some other routes. For illustration there is the Grand Canyon of Colorado, which may be visited without discomfort. The passenger lands on the very edge of the vast chasm, which is thirteen miles wide, two hundred and seventeen miles long, a mile deep and colored like a flower. Then there is the petrified forest with its miles and miles of fallen, petrified trees. This means a six mile horseback ride with the aid of a guide.

Of many things that most interested the Nookman were the Indian pueblos that one may see from time to time traveling throughout New Mexico, and some of them are quite considerable towns with railroad stations of their own and not a single white man about the place excepting, perhaps, the Spanish priest. We are going to tell some Indian stories and give some snapshots for the benefit of future INGLENOOKS.

The Nookman remembers the Nook office. Outside, the streets are an uncertain glare of ice or a horror of mud. The river slips by with cakes of ice edged on it. The chill is in the air. On the window ledge is a lot of flame-tipped daisies, perhaps a dozen—there were eleven when we left—but here! On this morning's breakfast table was a bunch of magnificent roses, the kind with the long, pointed buds, with a curl back of petals. Glorious roses they are. They are the Madame, the Duchess, the Lady, etc., of the rose catalogues, of the French Frenchy as to name, and with all the beauty, and more than all, of the holiday children of all lands.

Loving flowers as a cat takes to catnip it was impossible not to ask for a bud to pull through a buttonhole. Take it in welcome! And here in the room where this is written is the whole magnificent bouquet, a gift from the breakfast table. Bury your face in them, shut your eyes; and go away back to the time when your mother brushed out your hair on a Sunday morning before church.

* * *

LET it be clearly understood that there is no place on this earth where it is all in all, no recess where death does not find a lodgment, no cranny where sickness does not come, no spot where sorrow may not sit down in somber gray, or funeral black. But while this is true it is also a fact that there are places where Nature is kindlier than in others, where skies are blue oftentimes and where roses bloom the year round.

Nature has played at freaks in the California country. Here is the broad sunlit valley. Off there, in plain sight, is the eternal mountain, and right at hand is the sea, the pacific sea that popples, laps, and washes the sands of the shore. Mountains look on the valleys and the valleys slip into the embrace of the ocean. Even the sea is reticent and equable. There are beaches where the ramp and roar of great waves climbing the rocky shore are heard continually. As it was in the past, is now, and will be world without end, the rush, crash and smash of the breakers deafen one. Here the sea is a sun-kissed or moon-lit dream of a great peace.

This country is a place, if not *the* place for the invalid. In the cold East the hollow chest sometimes pours the bright blood from the mouth of the victim of the White Terror. Here he may sit on the piazza, wrapped in a blanket with a bunch of roses by him, basking in the sunshine and drinking in the air cleansed by its touch with thousands of square miles of salt water.

* * *

If you have a first class ticket to California you can ride on one of the finest trains in the world from Chicago to the jumping-off place at San Diego.

ON THE WAY.

YEARS ago a trip to California would have been an event of a lifetime, while to eastern people Chicago was away out west, and Kansas City and the vast plains beyond the Missouri River, were an almost undiscovered country. The trans-continental railroads are our greatest educators. They have annihilated space, New York and San Francisco now being only four and one-half days apart. Years ago it meant a long and stormy passage around the Horn, or a long tedious journey across the plains, fraught with much danger. Since the advent of the fast trains Kansas City and the Rocky Mountains are no longer considered in the far West, while a trip to California is now only an ordinary event.

Following the Santa Fe from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, especially from Kansas City, the old Santa Fe trail is followed through to the coast. This trail is full of historic interest, and has been the scene of many encounters with the murderous Apaches and outlaws who waylaid the early settlers and the pioneers seeking the gold fields of California in '49.

The world is growing smaller as the fast trains bring the Atlantic and Pacific closer together. Business as well as pleasure demands that the trip be crowded into the smallest possible compass of time, so in journeying from the East to the Pacific the question arises, "What do I want to see and how long will it take?" A business trip can be made in a week from Chicago to San Francisco and return, while a year can be profitably consumed on a pleasure trip. Again the fast trains come to the rescue of the man who is limited to three or four weeks, which enables him to cover a vast country and come face to face with people whose primitive customs date back hundreds of years.

The cities from New York to San Francisco are in a general sense built over the same model. There is not much difference in the architecture, while those having parks are all laid out along the same lines. By visiting city after city you get much of the sameness. By following the Santa Fe trail from Kansas City across the rich, agricultural State of Kansas you cross the southwest corner of Colorado, entering New Mexico, in the Raton Tunnel, at an elevation of 7,608 feet.

New Mexico is noted for its delightful and health-giving climate, while Santa Fe, City of the Holy Faith, the capital of a territory, is a place whose history is familiar to the average boy and girl. The palace, churches, and many of the buildings erected by the Spaniards in 1605, are still in a state of good preservation, and will last for many years to come. The Governor, to-day, receives visitors in the same room that served guests in the time of the first viceroy. Beneath the palace roof are stored priceless treasures

of the ancient time, which the visitor may behold. A visit to Santa Fe is equal to a tour into a foreign country, as the customs of many of the natives are as primitive as those of their forefathers of hundreds of years ago.

Albuquerque, which is the commercial metropolis of the Territory, has its new town and old town—one American and the other Mexican. The latter has adobe houses and the same architectural style that prevailed before the conquest of Coronado.

The Indian and Mexican building at Albuquerque contains the largest, finest collection of Indian goods in the country, also an extensive and interesting collection from Old Mexico. For a number of years the representatives of Fred Harvey, Manager of the Santa Fe Route eating house, have been gathering rugs, blankets, pottery, images and curios of all kinds imaginable, in Old and New Mexico, many of them of priceless value and very old. In the collection building just north of the Indian Building are shown many ethnological specimens classified by tribes, illustrating the life and customs of the western Indians past and present. The Museum and the Indian Building are down by the depot and open to the public. All trains stop long enough to enable passengers to visit the several buildings. Here the Navajo squaw may be seen weaving blankets on the same crude loom that has been in use hundreds of years, but on which they turn out beautiful rugs and blankets. Some of the rugs cost as much as three hundred dollars and require two years to make.

In another department of the building the Indian pottery makers may be seen at work, they, too, being famous in their line for turning out beautiful specimens of pottery. In still another department the native silversmith may be seen with a few simple crude tools turning out the most delicate filigree work.

Volumes could be written about New Mexico, but space will only permit a selection of a few interesting features. Some of the Indian villages, or pueblos, can be visited without inconvenience, Isleta and Laguna being only a stone's throw from the railroad. These children of the desert live in the self-same structure and follow the same customs of their fathers and their forefathers for generations and generations.

The commercial instinct of these people is somewhat developed, as each tribe is noted for making pottery, basketware, rugs, etc., which find ready sale with trans-continental travelers.

The traveler who is interested in history and a people who live the same to-day as they did five hundred or possibly a thousand years ago should visit the places mentioned. If you are simply interested in visiting cities, then it may not be necessary to go far away from your native hearth.

A QUESTION.

DOUBTLESS a great many people who read this INGLENOOK will go to California as a direct or indirect result of what is said in this issue. Those who go will not be disappointed if their expectations are within the bounds of this world. And then there is the class who would like to go but cannot unless they find something to do while they are there to enable them to live. We would like to say a few words to this class of people. The Nookman had an interview with a representative of the Boards of Trade in several cities in an effort to secure eastern help. The guarantee they intended to put forth was

Now as to the young man's sister. There is perhaps not a place in all California where a woman cannot get employment as domestic help. The demand is far in excess of the supply and the wages good. As to such places as clerkships, stenographic and typewriting positions I presume the field is pretty well occupied, as it is everywhere. But in the homes, and in the many packing houses, there will be no difficulty in securing work for those who are able and willing to render manual service.

When it comes to a man with a family the matter assumes a somewhat different phase. There will probably be no difficulty for a worker to secure continuous



PEOPLE IN CALIFORNIA OFTEN GO TO THE BEACH AND
LIVE IN TENTS.

that workers would get one dollar a day and their board during a certain number of months. The difficulty in the way of the fruit-grower is that at the time his work must be done he is lacking of help. Numbers of Chinese and Japanese are employed and still there is a demand. It must occur to every reader that when peaches are ripe, or indeed any other fruit, it must be harvested and the gathering season not delayed. There is a great deal of trouble in the fruit growing regions in securing competent help, and so the young man is almost certain to find a profitable job if he can get out there. It is suggested, however, to such that they take the matter up with the authorities of some town in the section to which they want to go. Nearly every town has its Chamber of Commerce to attend to just such matters.

work in almost any section where work is being done, but if he desires to go into business the chances are that the situation is not much different from what it is in any other section of the country. It has, however, struck the writer very forcibly that raising chickens, with the addition of bees, and possibly small fruits, would enable any man or woman of ordinary intelligence to make a good living almost any where in the populated regions.

If the party interested in reading this has enough money to buy a piece of land the matter is very largely settled, but if he is simply a renter, without means, but desires to go to a climate that will benefit him or some member of the family, the chances are, as the Nookman sees them, that there will not be much difficulty in finding a way to make a living.

THE OLD MISSIONS.

ALL over California, especially in the southern part, are old mission buildings founded by the Spanish priests in the days of the long ago. There is a glamour of romance attaching to every one of them. They are in a more or less state of disrepair and it is entirely to the discredit of California that they are allowed to go to pieces. It would be entirely possible to restore one to its exact original condition and it ought to be done. The lines are all there and, however romantic a ruin may be, it would give the tourist, and even the native, a better idea of what these old places were like when they were at their best.

It is altogether likely that life in one of these missions, no matter how haloed it may seem now, was monotony itself in fact. The heroism of the priests who tramped all the way from Old Mexico, taking their lives in their hands and establishing these missions, is a perpetual wonder. The Indians were not peaceable at all times, and when they were converted and baptized into the church, the parties in charge learned the language and settled down to a long life, remote from their friends, surrounded by a simple and alien race, and lived only to do good. Whatever you think of the Catholic Church, can anyone doubt the piety, the heroism, and the deadly earnestness of purpose that led men to inure themselves in a practical desert thousands of miles away from home and friends, with a certain knowledge that they would never again see the scenes of their childhood? These people may not live in history, as warriors do, and the churches they built may have crumbled into ruins, but their heroic lives call for a wreath, whether from the hand of Christian or Jew, Gentile or pagan.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT ORANGES.

PUTTING out budded orange trees in good soil and taking the very best of care of them they ought to begin to bear when they are three or four years old, but it will require six or seven years before a good income is realized from them. More people fail in raising oranges by neglecting to secure a piece of good land originally and not giving them the care or sufficient water, than those who succeed. At the same time it should be remembered that orange land, even at its best, when it is in the original package, so to speak, is a mighty unpromising looking proposition. Good orange land is often stony and cactus grown, and it would appear that there is no opportunity for raising anything on it other than the native wild growth, but clear this land off, level it up, prepare the soil, set out the trees, water them and care for them intelligently and the result will be a veritable garden. Very

frequently one will see an orange grove as neat as a pin side by side with a slice of desert that does not look worth a cent. But if it happens to be real orange land, where water can be had, you will be lucky if you get it for a hundred dollars an acre and after the grove is in full bearing you can sell it for a thousand dollars an acre any day you want to.

* * *

THOSE of the Nook family who have in contemplation a trip to California, for the purpose of health, should be very careful as to their location. Most people, who go there for their health, are afflicted with pulmonary diseases and such should be careful to not locate too near the sea. It is always damp in the immediate proximity to the coast, while back in the interior the climate is much superior, the atmosphere being drier, the days warmer, and the conditions much more desirable for health purposes.

When one is afflicted with incipient or real consumption, without going into details or mentioning places, the Nookman thinks that the best thing for a patient to do is to secure board in some good family in the many little towns that line the railroad along the mountainside. Here, in the higher altitude, surrounded by all the sights and scenes that go to make life pleasurable, one is free from the damp atmosphere, and whatever there is in the healing qualities of the air is better than in the lower levels, where there are larger crowds and more hurrah and bustle.

However, we noticed quite a number of instances in which people pitched their tents out on the unoccupied and unbroken land and were living as near to Nature as they could possibly get. It is very hard for the average Nook reader in the land of ice and snow to realize that there is a section of his country where it is possible for him to live in a tent every day in the year, yet there is nothing truer than this.

* * *

GOD was good to Redlands. Man worked with him and a fairer spot on earth the writer does not know. It may be that there are more beautiful places, for he has not seen all the world, but Redlands will do and one need seek no further. It reminds the Nookman of Jalapa or Guadalajara in Mexico.

When in the middle of the cruel eastern winter there is a land where rose and carnation is the color scheme, and health is in the air, it is like a glimpse of Paradise through the left-open doors. Don't imagine that the writer is over-estimating or over-drawing the picture! Come and see fair Redlands, and never be at peace again when away.

* * *

THE other day at Santa Ana we noticed a big watermelon in the window of an eating house.

FISHING IN CALIFORNIA WATERS.

ONE naturally associates fishing with a visit to the ocean and when you get to Southern California you will find that the waters are full of fish, readily caught, and he is a poor fisherman indeed who cannot land more than he can possibly get away with on the table.

The variety that may be caught in the ocean and its indentations is endless in character and includes a great many kinds that are unknown in eastern waters. If one so desires he may take a boat, manned by a fisherman who thoroughly understands his business, and proceed to deep water where, if he has luck, he

every winter season to their fullest capacity with people from all parts of the world. Standing on one of the principal corners where the tide of business ebbs and flows, one may readily imagine himself in the heart of Philadelphia, Baltimore or Chicago, on a summer day. The streets are swarming with people, electric cars go to and fro, automobiles and wheelmen are flying, and there is every sign of a population, that, if not busy, is at least interesting. There is naturally that lack of hurry that goes with the mad scramble in the commercial cities, yet the avenues and streets are full of leisurely moving people seeking recreation and enjoyment.

The probabilities are that Los Angeles has a future



THE HOME OF THEOSOPHY, POINT LOMA.

may secure a fish considerable larger than himself. Or he may get on a pier and catch them until he is tired of the sport, or he may stand on the beach and catch edible fish that frequent the surf and which are as gamey as any fresh water denizen.

At all events the fisherman will find at any place along the coast where he can get a boat, and at many places a boat is not necessary, that he can exercise his skill to his heart's content. Think of sitting in a boat in the middle of January playing a fish over a hundred pounds in weight! And yet, this is nothing uncommon, and is within the reach of everybody who may go after it.

IN LOS ANGELES.

By some hook or crook Los Angeles has come to the fore as *the* place in Southern California. It and Pasadena, which is practically the same thing, are crowded

ahead of it far more brilliant and extensive than we imagine. While it is not on the Ocean, yet it is a railroad and business center and there are thousands of people who go there, year after year, taking away impressions of its beauty and comfort to tell the story to others who will, in turn, swell the transient population. Thousands who come here remain and become a part of the permanent population.

THE time will come when this whole country will be a garden packed with people, and the limitation of the population is simply the amount of water that may be available. With water everything is possible and without it there remains the desert.

THE mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea and what Byron wrote of Marathon is equally applicable to San Diego.

ALONG THE OCEAN.

RUNNING down from Los Angeles to San Diego on the Santa Fe, the only railroad that goes into San Diego, one passes by the very side of the ocean for many miles. To the inland man there is an inexplicable charm about it. There, in front, is the mighty ocean, the largest in the world, stretching far and away out beyond, while on the pebbly or sandy beach the lazy waves crawl, swish, and break on the shore. Ducks will be seen swimming in the surf, diving under the oncoming roller, literally defying the efforts of the sea to overwhelm them, and as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be, the old ocean rolls and breaks on the beach. There is a charm about it that one from the plains can not get away from.

Every here and there along the shore is the little town, sometimes the single residence, where an effort has been made to establish a home or a resort, a good many of which "died a bornin'" and all that remains is the intention of the projectors. The high hills, treeless, but grass covered, run right into the sea, and sometimes overhang it. It struck the Nookman that a good way to spend a winter would be with rod and gun, wandering along the beach, fishing and shooting, and stopping at the towns that string the track.

* * *

DON'T YOU THINK IT.

DON'T imagine from what you hear and read that if you come to California and engage in the fruit business, raising oranges, say, that all you have to do is to set out a lot of trees and allow them to take care of themselves. As far as our experience goes, or rather our observation, and what we could get out of the people here who know, the fruit crop is one that requires continual attention and watchfulness. He who lets things go will be let out with astonishing ease and rapidity by the conditions he fails to meet and combat.

However, if a man is alive all over, and intelligent through and through, and does actually get into bearing a grove of oranges, and it is readily done if rightly gone about, he is fixed financially the rest of his life. But don't you believe that it is going to do itself.

* * *

OH THE SORROW OF IT.

IN this land of summer, flowers, sunshine and perpetual blossoms, there is a sad side of it all. There is no land where there is no death. Here it comes on the cars. A man or woman, boy or girl, back in the East is stricken with the great White Terror. They run for life. They sit around here, silent, hopeful or sad, as the case may be. Health comes, or the great peace, as may happen, and now and then one can not

help seeing them as they sit in their easy chairs, waiting the result. They may go back, blessed and to bless, or they may be only a name to remember.

* * *

SOME BIG WHEAT FIELDS.

ONE of the things that will strike the wheat raising Nooker from the East is the extent of some of the California wheat fields. This Southern California is not a wheat country, but a fruit section. However, here and there is a wheat field, miles and miles of it. It was being seeded, just coming up, and in spots well greened over. This was along the Coast in places where there was sufficient rainfall and ocean moisture to secure the crop.

* * *

NOW DON'T.

NOBODY said anything, nobody told us to say it, but human nature is alike the whole wide world over. A good many of these California people are in only moderate circumstances, and while they are all good people, and will do more than the right thing, it is not right that they should be set upon by a host of sightseers and compelled to entertain them. Moreover, it is not the right thing to stay and offer pay for accommodations. There are places in every town where a business is made of entertaining strangers, and to them the stranger should go, and stay till he is asked to come.

* * *

A PECULIAR feature of a trip to California is the difficulty in realizing the differences with which we are perfectly familiar. We left Elgin in January in a blizzard and arrived in Los Angeles four days later in August. It seems perfectly natural to be in Los Angeles, and on the return equally natural to be in midwinter. The wide contrast does not seem to impress itself forcibly upon the people. It is sort of an Aladdin lamp business that the mind fails to grasp. All the same it is well worth all it costs to have had the experience.

* * *

THE climate, and this is a climate issue, is something wonderful to the eastern visitor. We write this at Tropico, some five or six miles from Los Angeles, in a house where the door is open and the screen-door is in place to keep the flies out. Are the flies troublesome just now with you, dear Nooker, say in Pennsylvania?

* * *

Do you know what real olive oil is like? How should we really know whether or not you do? But we hold to the private opinion that you don't know it, not if you buy it at a grocery, in a bottle with a fancy label.

SOME GUESSING.

THE Nookman is not a prophet, nor the son of one, and he also remembers the fact that the Californian is intensely patriotic, which is just as it should be. He hates to think of his State as anything but the big thing it is. He says he has it all, and that is largely true. But the writer in "gathering in the wanderings of his mind," as the old Deacon would put it, sees something ahead, or thinks he does, which comes to the same thing in a case like this. It is that the State will be cut in two, one of these days.

Geographically the situation is that of a possible State taking a part of Pennsylvania and extending down into Georgia, supposing now that California be

THE orange tree, left to itself, seems to have something of the habit of an apple tree. In practice it is the custom to keep it in pyramidal bush form. A good many we saw had their branches lopping down on the ground, with the oranges often touching the soil. The orange is a berry, botanically speaking. You will have the idea if you regard the orange tree as a sort of big gooseberry bush, with the berries yellow, and as big, well, as big as oranges.

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Does it never get hot in California? Yea, verily, it does in places, and then, in other places it never gets so hot as to be unpleasant. No matter where you may be, all agree that it is possible to "sleep good" nights.



POINT OF ROCKS, JUST BELOW THE MEXICAN
BOUNDARY LINE.

laid on the Atlantic coast. In the very nature of things there is a wide diversity of interest. Owing to many causes it cannot be otherwise. The lack of entire community of interest will, and doubtless does, call for sectional legislation and there is a conflict of interest all the way through.

Sooner or later the State will come apart somewhere about the middle, and to one without a shadow of interest it appears not only natural but desirable. Then the Sacramento man can whistle the Battle of the Boyne, and the Los Angeles Orangeman get ready to settle the matter of difference. As it now is they take it out of each other in the newspapers. Then think of the fine, fat chances, over the new State offices, the fight over the location of the new State Capital, and all that sort of thing!

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EVER notice a day at home when the whole combination seemed an occasion escaped from Paradise? They give away such weather here.

WHEN the gods built the mountain masonry they probably thought it would stand forever. But the wind, the sun, the dew and the rain have struck every available cranny and already they have crumbled the outer walls. Given the ages and the rocks will be dust.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE ranch people, away back from the steel way, may not need quite as much of our sympathy as we feel like extending. Several thousand herd of marketable stock over the range may be theirs. A herd of fat cattle are as a deposit in the bank.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE salt water atmosphere does not seem to be the best in the world for the palm family. They do not seem to thrive with the same exuberant character of some miles inland.

❖ ❖ ❖

QUEER thing, the eucalyptus tree, that sheds its bark instead of its leaves. It is from Australia, originally.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, AND YET, MAY BE.

IN this Nook we talk about the summerland of California, and pass some very interesting stories, as material for print is technically known. En route, on the Santa Fe Railway, we saw some excellent raw material for possible articles.

There are the Indian towns along the road, the pueblo Indians, whole towns of them, with the Spanish priest the only white man there. What a treat it would be to go among them, live with them, get into their lives, and tell their story to the Nook readers!

And the old city of Santa Fe, quaint and curious,

And the Needles mountains, where one tribe of Indians say that their God, being dead, turned into a spirit of evil, and who now lives there!

IT is in contemplation to issue a special number of the INGLENOOK, not oftener than once a month, giving a special prominence to sections little known to the average Nooker, such as the rice country of the South, the great Canadian Northwest, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the oyster industry, etc., and the editor of the INGLENOOK will take it as a favor if every reader will express himself on a postal card as to the desirability of this, and whether or not the pro-



BOUND OUT ON SAN DIEGO BAY.

the oldest town in the United States, with its narrow streets, its good people and its unsavory population, how they live, what they do and all that sort of thing!

There's the Grand Canon of Colorado, a mighty crack in the earth, thirteen miles across, a mile deep, two hundred and seventeen miles long, colored like a hollyhock or a bed of carnations! They say it can not be described. The Nookman would like to see about that.

Then there are the Moki Indians, with their snake dances, and the towns on the mesas, away back where the white man does not come every day.

And the Navajos, whose blankets are the best in the world, unique and sometimes made in Chicago.

There's Starvation Rock, where a lot of white men were caged by the Indians and starved to death. They are buried there, a score of them, with crosses over their graves, and once a year the priest and the crowd go up and celebrate mass.

jected program is one of interest to him. It requires a great deal of extra labor to get out a special issue, but any task is not too great for the editor if the Nook family want a thing. The question now is, and which may largely determine subsequent efforts in this way: do the readers think well of special issues? Please express your views to the editor of the INGLENOOK in writing.

THE eucalyptus, that arboreal wonder from Australia, waves its pendulous branches on high. And the orange trees—well, you have seen the picture in the tree agent's book, the colored plates that look like monstrosities? They are here to the right of you, the left, before and behind. Their green, glaucous, leaves hide the yellow juicy globes. The way some of the trees are trained allows the bottom oranges on the tree to lop on the ground. Beautiful? Yes, they *are* beautiful.

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No. 8.

THE SNOW.

By M. H.

We live in a land of sunshine,
So, when our darling died,
We simply pushed away the flowers
That littered the green hillside
And made her a bed of blossoms,
This dear little child of ours,
And covered with sweet, from head to feet,
We left her asleep with the flowers.

And all through the balmy winter
I think how the pine trees fling
Their green embraces above her—
The dear little sleeping thing!
And all through the spring and summer,
Such blossomy, golden hours,
I think of her still, asleep on the hill,
With her little friends, the flowers.

In the tender Southern autumn
My fond heart feels the same;
I know the woods are burning
With rare, exquisite flame.
The wondrous, brilliant torches,
Of shining goldenrod,
Light up wild ways, through dreamy haze,
For the little maid and God.

But last night, in the silence,
A something, white and chill,
Came and sighed at my window:
"I have been on the churchyard hill."
I started up on my pillow,
I shook in a storm of woe;
I gave her to God and the flowers
And not to the night and the snow.

Oh, baby! Poor little baby!
Chained to the churchyard hill;
Come back! come back to your mother!
Her heart can shelter you still!
There was only a sobbing silence,
Bitterly soft and low;
I felt for God in the darkness,
But found the night and the snow.

* * *

OUR TROUBLES.

SOMETIMES I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mer-

cifully unties the bundle, and gives us, first one stick, which we are to carry to-day; and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

* * *

BUSINESS methods are largely regulated by law in Germany and there is not the individual liberty in such matters as there is in this country. For example, if a manufacturer makes false statements of any kind about his products any business man may bring suit against him, the penalty being fine or imprisonment. Nor can a dealer advertise a "removal sale" and then restock his store and continue business at the "old stand." Such phrases as "the best in the world" and "superior to all others" are not allowed in advertisements, as they are considered detractions of competitors.

* * *

NINE hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the theological books printed twenty-five years ago are now worthless and unsalable. But the same thing may be said of books of many other kinds,—medical, philosophical, scientific. Not a single instrument used in the laboratories of Harvard College forty years ago has any value now excepting as a curiosity for a museum. It is astonishing how many things we have lost, to the great advantage of the human race.—*Christian Register.*

* * *

DURING the past year 25,262,901 bushels of grain and 5,198,513 gallons of molasses were used in the manufacture of liquor in this country, which produced 107,618,120 gallons of spirits and 1,657,808 gallons of rum, making a total of 109,275,928, which is about one gallon and half to every man, woman and child in the country.

* * *

IN no ruminant is the separation of the eyes more pronounced than in the giraffe. Owing to the height at which they are carried, they must have an extended field of view. The giraffe's eyes are large, bright, and at the same time soft and intelligent.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY O. H. YEREMIAN, M. D.

THE distance from Liverpool to London is about two hundred miles and on fast trains it takes a little over four hours to traverse it.

As we board our train we find a great contrast between it and the trains of America. These look like toys at first sight, for they are quite small. There are cars of three different classes in the train,—first, second and third class. Each car is divided into a number of compartments, by partitions which entirely separate them from each other. In each compartment are two long, cushioned seats, facing each other, with a total seating capacity of ten or twelve. The entrance to the compartments is by doors located on the sides of the car. For heating purposes they do not use steam, but two long, zinc hot water bottles, are placed on the floor of each compartment and the passengers have to be satisfied to warm their feet upon them. I wondered how much complaining there would be if such were the heating accommodations of our American trains.

On reaching London there is a general rush to the baggage car. Every one is trying to claim his baggage, for they give you no baggage checks on these railroads. I finally succeeded in getting a railway employee to get my trunk for me and take it to the "cloak room," as it is called, to be stored away for a few days. The storage is only four cents for forty-eight hours, so I can well afford to have it out of the way for the present. In England an American has to learn a new vocabulary. At the railroad station you will see the sign, "Booking Office." It means ticket office. "Cloak room" means baggage room; "luggage," baggage; "lift," elevator, etc.

During my stay in London I lived at a boarding house, for I was desirous to see the home life of the English people, and one does not have as good an opportunity for this in a hotel. I am surprised to find that breakfast is not served till 8:30, and as for supper, it does not come till seven o'clock.

London is justly called the "foggy city." It is uncommon to have successive days of sunshiny weather. The people are so accustomed to this condition that they call it "quite a fine day" when there is no fog, even if they are obliged to eat breakfast by artificial light.

The principal modes of travel within the city are: the underground railway, called "tupny-tubes" (two-penny), tramways (horse cars), omnibuses, cabs and hackney-coaches. No electric cars are seen on the streets of London. Many more horses are needed for European cities than for American cities of simi-

lar size, because the former are not in a condition to utilize electricity to as great an extent as the latter.

Most of the horses have their hair clipped all over the chest and abdomen, up to the tug line on both sides. This is for the purpose of making it cooler for them during the warm season.

Barbers seem to be badly paid, at least their signs would make you think so. Shaving is from three to four cents, and hair cutting from six to eight cents.

I was well impressed with the appearance of English farms. The buildings are small, but neat and clean, usually built of stone. Their fields are clean and free from weeds. The fences are usually of hedge or board. As to wire fences, I saw none. The windmills are missing and an American farmer would soon notice their absence. I saw only one windmill during my entire stay and travels in England.

Their roads are narrower than ours, but are admirably well kept up. They must surely have good road commissioners. They use two-wheeled wagons, to which they hitch one horse, and these they use for all purposes. Going to town, hauling grain to the market, or hay from the field to the barn, etc., is all done with this one wagon.

Being an excellent grazing country, many sheep and cattle are raised. I found the people plain and honest. They treated me with kindness and courtesy. I shall always remember kindly the good English farmers.

London, England.

* * *

SEEN IN ORANGELAND.

IMAGINE half a hundred thousand people gathered from the ends of the earth, bent on pleasure and health, and you have the city of Los Angeles. The old padres would have been at their wit's end to devise penance adequate to cover the sins of the modern influx.

Walking down the broad streets one may see the cosmopolitan crowd. Here is a woman in foulard silk, that soft, sheer fabric, so dear to the feminine heart, while beside her is another in a smart white shirt-waist and black taffeta skirt. A little further on will be one in heavy cloth, hand embroidered, that makes her an elegant costume. Here is a sealskin sacque, while following it is a thin shirt-waist, both comfortable. Next comes a man with a light overcoat and after him one with no coat at all, while the barefoot boy selling papers jostles his fellow on the sidewalk clad in heavy and expensive knickerbockers.

It is more a matter of geography than of inclination among newcomers. Twenty-four hours and they settle down and gradually adapt themselves to their unwonted and seemingly impossible surroundings.

But it is out at the park on the magnificent drives one sees the people at their best. To-day beautifully

gowned ladies are driving their own automobiles unaccompanied by any chaffeur, passing in and out among victorias and coupes. Here and there on the little uprising, children are rolling over and over so full of the exuberance of life in this sunland that it calls to mind the difference between them and their northern brothers and sisters coasting on the snowy hillside. Down the dusty street the capped maid wheels her charges who are too young for the alphabet of athletics. The sorrow of it is in the pinched features, the heavy overcoat, and the sad look of the invalid into an uncertain future. Then next follows the full-blooded man and his wife with all of life around them and every blossom nodding.

crowd. But at the present writing he who does not get about, and hustles all there is in him, or hires somebody to do the work, gets left. While poco tiempo is coming, it will be several lifetimes before he settles down to stay.

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THE RUBBER TREE.

VERY few Nookers know where the gum comes from out of which their rubbers are made. The rubber tree grows in dense, moist forests, and is a very rapid grower, making a tree a foot or more through in six or eight years. To put the matter plainly, in a way that the average Nooker will understand it, rub-



CASTLE WELL, CASILE GEYSER. ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING SCENES IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

Thus they come and go in silk, in satin, and in gingham. So runs Los Angeles.

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POCO TIEMPO.

THE above is Spanish, and means "A little while," or "In a short time," and it is what ails the Spanish speaking people who live in the tropics. Art may be long, but time is of no account where the fluent Castilian is spoken. Manana, to-morrow, poco tiempo, and the rest of it are ever on the tongue of those who live where there is no winter.

What will be the result in this country of the orange and the palm when the present local mix-up of people becomes a permanent type? There is no doubt about it. It will be a poco tiempo

ber is the dried sap or milk of the tree. After being allowed to exude from the tree it is gathered on a paddle and smoked over a fire of burning palm nuts, after which it is pulled off the paddle in a great lump and in this form is known as pure rubber.

It is a very valuable product and can be sold anywhere in the markets of the world at any season of the year.

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CUT FLOWERS.

AN expert declares that cut flowers, even of the hothouse variety, may be kept over night with complete success if the stems are clipped a little and the flowers then put in a basin or pail of water deep enough to allow the blossoms to float on the top.

THE GAME BIRDS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

BY D. W. EARLY.

THE game of these two States is almost identical, not only as regards birds but all other game, such as deer, bear, etc., as well as beaver, otter and other fur bearing animals.

Wild geese, ducks and swans have been very abundant in years past, but are now rapidly disappearing. We can remember seeing fields where these birds were so numerous that when they would fly up the earth would be shaded as though a cloud were passing over. But those days are past, and the days of the wild goose are rapidly being numbered. However, there are some localities, where, at certain seasons of the year, they are quite numerous. In the months of November and December they can be found on the highlands along the Columbia and Snake rivers, out on the wheat stubble, growing fat on the waste grain. Then hundreds of men and boys take their guns and shovels and go out for some fun.

With their shovels they dig trenches in which to hide themselves so the geese will not see them, as there is no brush or anything to hide behind. Many hunters have crippled wild geese which they keep to take along. They have them tied together with a long cord running to the pit. Thus, when a band of geese comes near, those on the ground will call to their relatives in the air and down they come, to go away, leaving part of their number in the pit with the hunter.

The ducks are about as numerous but go in smaller flocks and stay longer, making their homes nearer the water. Their numbers are rapidly diminishing also. They are not, however, as popular a bird with the hunter, as they do most of their feeding at night and stay in inaccessible places in the daytime.

Swans have never been very numerous here and seem to be holding their own, as they are very wild and seldom lose one of their numbers. They are the most beautiful of all the water fowls and the most highly prized. When a swan is captured, it is carefully skinned and the hide tanned, when it becomes very valuable, often selling for as much as five dollars.

The most popular timber bird, especially along the coast, is the grouse. In the early settlement of this country they were very numerous, but, like the others, they are passing away, especially so near the thickly settled country. If we were to walk out, on some warm spring day, among the evergreen trees for which these States are noted, we would find the woodland all an echo with their peculiar hoot, which resembles somewhat the noise made by the well-known

"hoot" owl. Only the male bird makes this noise and lucky is the lad who is sly enough to see this bird making it.

The grouse is about the size of a full-grown bantam rooster but resembles, somewhat, a prairie chicken. The meat when cooked is blue, but the boy who kills it is too proud to see the color while eating it.

These are counted the most popular *native* game birds of this country. Next comes the pheasant, some larger than those of the Eastern States, and about as numerous as the grouse. They stay in the thick underbrush of the timbered country. They, too, make the woodland ring with their drumming, when come the warm spring days. The writer has many times tried to slip up on them while they were thus engaged, but never succeeded, yet we suspect that they beat their wings against their sides till it sounds like the beat of a drum, commencing with slow beats and ending up with a quick, vibrating movement, to be repeated in five or ten minutes. These birds are good mothers and will go through all kinds of maneuvers to get the hunter and his dog away from the brood of young.

The native quail is very different from the old familiar "Bob White" of the Eastern States. The plumage is darker, the birds are somewhat larger and have two small, slim feathers, about two inches long, growing out of the middle of the forehead. They make only a kind of whistling sound and are altogether a much handsomer bird than the eastern quail. Unlike them, they never leave their covering of brush or trees for the open fields. These, we are glad to say, are growing more numerous rather than fewer, as the country grows older.

The sage hen takes its name from the brush so familiar in the West. These are found only where this brush grows, and as there is none of it west of the Cascade mountains neither is the sage hen. They are to be found all over eastern Washington and Oregon, but they, too, are disappearing. These birds are very tame, consequently they become easy prey to the hunter. They are about as heavy as the common-sized barn-yard hen, but shorter-legged and resemble the grouse in shape, though much larger. They live on the buds and tip ends of the sage brush, which gives their flesh a flavor that is unpleasant to many people. They have been disappearing so rapidly of late that the State of Washington passed a law prohibiting the slaughter of these birds for a number of years.

Since the native birds are disappearing the sportsmen have not been asleep, but have been exporting a variety of birds from other countries. Among them are the "Bob White" quail, the English partridge and the Chinese or Mongolian pheasant. The quail is increasing rapidly, the English pheasant or partridge

was introduced only two years ago, and it remains to be seen what they will do. The Chinese pheasant, however, is a success.

A little more than twenty years ago Judge Denny of Oregon, was sent as our representative to the Chinese court and it was while there that he noticed these peculiar birds. He procured a number of them and shipped them to Linn County, Oregon, to be turned loose on his farm, some miles east of Albany. Later he sent another consignment and as the hunters got most of the first ones, he got his friends to secure the passage of a law prohibiting the killing of these birds for a term of years. During this period the birds multiplied so rapidly that many people said they were very destructive, and they would kill them on the sly, when they felt sure of not being seen. So they had the law amended to allow the killing of the birds in certain months of the year.

Of all the game birds these are the most shy, wild, untamable and beautiful. They are the most prolific of all, and unsurpassed when on the table. They must be hunted with a dog, as a man alone might hunt all day and never see one, even though there were plenty of them all around him. Seldom is the hunter so fortunate as to get a shot at them on the ground, but must take them as they fly.

They have spread to some parts of western Washington and all over every branch and tributary of the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Best of all, they are increasing instead of diminishing in numbers. Through the introduction of these birds the Willamette valley is perhaps the greatest place for game birds in the West.

Sunnyside, Wash.

SCENT OF ROSES FOR THE NERVES.

It is within very recent date that experimenting scientists, including the most reputable of physicians, have learned that perfumes are really medicines given in another form—through the nostrils. One might go further back and find that medical perfumes are only rediscovered now, for they were really discovered centuries ago, when incense and myrrh were used to cure ills as well as for worship.

Sweet-smelling balms were carried to the sick and the doctors of that day healed the body and the spirit through heavy odors. It is well known that the fakirs of India and the medicine men of the wild tribes of all countries work by means of perfumes and herbs. Every woman knows that a bottle of ammonia held to the nostrils will help a headache. Our grandmothers used the camphor bottle and this restorative is still used as the home medicine. The vinaigrette and the little smelling bottle of all kinds are filled with salts

or a powder of sweet-smelling odor based upon medicinal properties, and there is no doubt that a few whiffs will help a headache and sometimes completely cure it. And now roses are advocated for many of the aches and pains of life which frequently arise from overwrought or disordered nerves. It has been discovered that the rose will cure a headache. Its perfume acts as a medicine upon the nerves. Its color—particularly if deep red—soothes the senses through the eyes and its cleanliness and medicinal properties generally act upon the system not only as a curative, but as a tonic.

The sweeter the rose is the better, for the sweetness of this power is of such peculiar delicacy that it neither cloy upon the nostrils nor palls upon the senses. Other flowers with heavy scent make one languid. But the rose is invigorating; and it is known now that the concentrated rose—that is, the natural smell as obtained from roses in great quantities—will certainly act upon the person as though he or she had been fanned by a breeze. The rose curist asserts that if the scent is inhaled directly from the very heart of the flower it is more beneficial to the patient than though it were inhaled at long distance through an essence or an extract. There are different ways of administering the rose medicine. The patient can make a pillow of roses; on this she should lay her head, taking care that half a dozen of the blooms are so arranged that they point toward the face. In this attitude the nose and mouth are buried in their sweetness. The idea is to go to sleep on a bed of roses; when you wake up your headache will be cured.

The best rose is the garden rose, as it retains its red rose scent without having lost anything by being cultivated. One of the rose treatments is through the eyes, for the nervous man or woman—people who cannot endure the sight of blood, who cannot see suffering, whom an injured animal will unnerve for a day. Uncleanliness and disorder that strike upon the sight act upon them as though they had a fit of sickness. An unhappy combination of colors will frequently affect the nerves and produce a headache. When people are as sensitive as this they can be cured by the color treatment, and this color cure is now actively in operation in many places.

When undergoing a severe nervous strain it is a good plan to take a rose and hold it to the nostrils; breathe deeply of the scent.—*London Express*.

THE Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high.

WOODEN LEGS.

A PEEP into the manufacturing room of an artificial limb establishment makes it apparent at once that all is not flesh that wriggles, for, with the aid of wood, of leather, of enamel, steel, silver, springs, pulleys, ropes and wheels modern manufacturers are able to imitate nature almost to perfection.

To be sure, wooden brains have not yet been satisfactorily made, and the artificial limb maker usually has to have a trunk of some sort on which to attach his handiwork, but given a fairly good trunk with a few projections the artificer can turn out a presentable human being and at no very great cost.

They tell of a man who was lost in a blizzard in the wilds of the Dakotas. When he was finally picked up he was so badly frozen it was thought he would die, but by careful nursing a part of the man was saved



ELECTRIC PEAK, SHINING MOUNTAINS AND VALLEY.
ALONG THE OREGON SHORT LINE.

—that is, his trunk and his head, both in a damaged condition. It so happened he had some money and was able to piece himself out.

After he was sufficiently recovered from his injuries he was brought to Chicago and taken to an artificial limb maker, who was told to go to work on the foundation and see what he could build. In the first place he put on two artificial legs, and then the man could walk.

The next job was to furnish the man with two arms, and this was done after much work, and the battered trunk, dressed in the latest fashion, began to look quite like a human being once more. The man was still minus both his ears and his nose and one eye, while his hair had all fallen out. The artificial limb maker said he could fix the ears and nose all right, and he went to work and made a pair of ears for his man, fitted them on and then took up the task of a nose. This was the most difficult of all, but finally a very neat celluloid proboscis was made, which was

held in place with spectacles. The man next got a wig and a glass eye and went out a new man in the real sense of the word.

Wonders are certainly performed in the way of making artificial limbs. Time was when the peg leg was the only thing known, and the man who lost one of his lower limbs had to go stumping through life with a wooden peg. Now he takes one hundred dollars and goes and gets him a new leg, and one that is about as serviceable as a flesh and blood one, not subject to corns, rheumatism, and the other ailments to which flesh is heir.

It is only about a century ago that the first artificial leg was made, and it was considered one of the wonders of the world. It was called the Anglesea leg, from the fact that it was made for the marquis of that name. This first limb was wonderfully and fearfully made, as heavy as lead and as clumsy as an iron leg. Since that time great improvements are made, until to-day a man with an artificial leg can walk, run, jump, hop, skip and do nearly everything that the man with flesh and blood legs is able to accomplish.

There are no cork legs. Some aver there never were.

"I have heard," said an artificial limb maker, as he laid down a couple of fingers he was working upon, "that a man from Cork once had a wooden leg, and for that reason it was called a cork leg. I don't know how else the legs got that name, for cork is not used, and never was used to any great extent in the manufacture of limbs."

The foundation for all limbs is wood, and that a peculiar English willow, light and durable. The stumps of arms or legs are fitted into the wood and then the limbs are carved out. After the wood has taken on the required shape rawhide is put on to strengthen the wood and then over this is put a coat of enamel.

Joints are made at the knees, the ankles and at the toes in the artificial legs and at the elbows, wrists and fingers in the arms. With pulleys and other contrivances and the hands and fingers open and shut and the feet bend at the ankles and the toe joints. A well-made leg weighs from three and a half to five pounds; an arm from one to one and a half. The first artificial legs weighed about fifteen pounds and the arms from five to six.

Modern manufacturers attempt to eliminate complication, thus making it easy for the owner of a limb to manage it and also to keep it clean and in repair. Simplicity and naturalness is the motto of the best workmen and they model their works of art on the natural limbs, preserving the contour of the real flesh and blood in the insensible imitations.

An artificial limb lasts about eight years if it is properly cared for and looked after. The joints must be oiled, the different parts cleaned and everything kept in good order. Some people do not care to keep a limb that long, as new and improved ones are being made all the time and they want to keep up with the times. Some people have several extra limbs stored away in their closets as they would have extra suits of wearing apparel.

Men, women and children flock to these establishments to escape the effects of accidents whereby they have lost one or more limbs. Soldiers are frequent patrons and railroad men are also very often looking for limbs to replace those cut off by the cars. After a big railroad wreck the artificial limb maker usually has a busy season. In one of the largest establishments of this kind in Chicago they have a regular fitting room, just like a tailor shop or dressmaking parlors, where people go in and try on legs, arms, hands, feet, ears or noses.

There are various contrivances for lengthening short limbs, for correcting curvature of the spine and for straightening club feet.

There is one woman in Chicago with an artificial limb who says the artificial one is better than its mate which is flesh and blood. She says she would not know what to do if it were not for the one she bought for one hundred dollars, as the other one is weak and painful and more bother to her than the wooden one.

The best artificial limbs cost one hundred dollars each, but inferior grades may be had for less. A leg costs from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, an arm costs about the same; a hand may be obtained for from twenty-five to forty-five dollars and a foot costs thirty-five to fifty dollars.

Ingenious persons are constantly figuring on new appliances to aid the unfortunate. Besides the well-nigh perfect artificial limbs there are many contrivances to aid the maimed. Some artificial arms contain gloved hands to be worn only on the street. These may be removed and a hook substituted while the owner is at work. Knives and forks are also made to attach to the stumps to be used in eating. And as cleanliness is next to godliness this matter has received attention also and a brush has been invented which is applied to the stump and can be used to wash the flesh and blood hand.

Not until late years has any attempt been made at making artificial fingers, but now where the person has stumps of fingers left artificial digits are made and fastened on and the result is satisfactory. Women often have them made and they are attached to the stumps with thin thimbles of German silver, light, durable and clean. The glove is, of course, always worn with these artificial fingers.

Some railroads make it a practice to furnish artificial limbs to employes who have been unfortunate while on duty in the service of the company.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

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THE DINING CAR.

THE dining car is a comparatively recent development. Only within the last few years has it attained anything like its present degree of perfection. It would be a revelation to most of the Nook family if they were to go through a diner as it stands on the track equipped for work. They would find everything about the car especially adapted to its purposes. There is no space left unoccupied and the amount of linen, crockery, and food would be of great interest to our women readers.

The kitchen is a model of compactness and very few of our cooks could find elbow room there, but the several chefs that go with every dining car find ample room for cooking for as many people as are likely to patronize the car. Only the very best of food is used and it is served in the highest style of the art. As one sits down to his table and the waiter prepares things for him he has before him something that the owner of Aladdin's lamp never dreamed of. Scores of people have contributed to his welfare. All that art can do has been summoned for his benefit, and if he understands the art of ordering he can dine as many a king has done. He will have to pay a dollar for his meal but under the circumstances it is worth it, and on a trans-continental train where some days must elapse it is a wonderful break in the monotony of the journey. It corresponds, in a certain way, to the meals on shipboard, but serves to pass away the time as well as to make life worth living.

It is doubtful whether any dining car pays its way when the expenses original and immediate are considered. But the cars having been introduced on one road other lines are bound to follow and so, whether or not it is profitable, it is an accepted and necessary fact.

Many feminine readers are finicky in the matter of cleanliness as to what they eat. Such people may rest easy for what they get in a first class hotel or in a dining car is always as good in quality and manner as that which is prepared at home. A woman with her eyes wide open will be able to learn a whole lot in the course of a well-ordered dinner on a diner.

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THE value of the coal mines in Japan is almost equal to that of all other minerals combined. It varies from the hardest anthracite to peat, but the quality is usually inferior to that of American coal. Modern machinery and methods have been introduced in the operation of many mines.

WILD HORSES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ON one of the lonely banks that help to form the coast of North Carolina live the only wild horses east of the Mississippi river. They are hardly horses at that, for they are not any taller than a child. They are called "banker" ponies because they come from the banks. Their hair is long and shaggy and so thick that it protects them from the cold winds which sweep down upon them from Cape Hatteras and the Atlantic ocean.

Although many of the ponies have been caught and transformed into tractable beasts it is doubtful if a hundred people outside of North Carolina ever heard of them. The trade in them is not even widespread enough to reach into the extreme western counties of their native State, and if you ask the folks of the mountainous country what a banker pony is you'll find the animal about as little known as an Asiatic tiger. East of Greensboro, though, it is the ambition of every child to own a banker, and each town is likely to boast three or four of the pretty creatures. Hitched to diminutive buggies and wagons, they trot around the streets, taking steps about as long as a dog's. They are then as gentle as lambs, for once tamed their tameness is absolute.

Probably the most interesting thing about the bankers is the theory as to their origin. Historians of the old north state have said that the ponies are descended from a remnant of horses left on the banks by Sir Walter Raleigh more than three centuries ago. Of course, everybody knows that it is a mooted question just where Sir Walter landed first. Those who trace the ponies back to the landing hold the view that the British knight and his colony stopped a while on the southerly banks, where the ponies are found to-day, and then migrated over toward Roanoke island, having found the first stopping place unsuitable for the fort that was to be built. However that may be, the ponies are there. They stick closely to the banks known as Shackleford's, which is one of the chain of sandbars that form a great backwater for that coast.

Shackleford's banks begin at Ocracoke inlet and extend northward toward Hatteras, ending opposite the town of Beaufort. The distance is forty miles. The banks consist of nearly level dunes for the most part, but every now and then there is a low sand hill. These occasional hills are covered with semi-tropical vegetation—stunted trees, vines and prickly pear, otherwise known as small cactus. There is also some fan or scrub palmetto, called by the natives "pimetto."

It is estimated that there are about 1,200 of the ponies on Shackleford's banks. They weigh on an average 800 pounds each and measure from thirteen to fourteen hands high. They are fine swimmers and

sometimes when the weather is very stormy they swim across to the mainland, between two and five miles away. They eat marsh grass, sea oats and holly berries and it is stated that they live to be very old, some of them reaching forty years. The banks are owned by men who have obtained grants from the State. Years ago these owners began to drive the wild ponies into pens and brand them. Nowadays, when there is a colt that does not follow its mother it is the unwritten law that any owner may drive it in and take possession.

In color the long-haired colts are faded brown. Their hair grows shorter as time passes. With age the color becomes darker. Sometimes you see a banker three years old that is entirely black, and this is almost certain to be the case when they are taken up the country and fed on corn and oats like other ponies. At the various stock farms of North Carolina there have been many tests in interbreeding and it has been found that, dated by the educational commission in 1900, the ponies cross well with large horses.—*N. Y. Times.*

* * *

HOW IT FEELS TO RUN FAST TRAINS.

MR. NAGLE, an engineer on one of the big roads, was asked if there was any certain trick in the running of fast trains and replied:

"There is no difference in the running of the fast train and the slow one. There is one thing that a man should remember, though, and that is not to get nervous, no matter what turns up before him. The engineers who run the flyers must also be men of quick decision, because a little wavering on their part might cause a bad wreck. If it is the engineer's opinion that the train should be stopped he should do so at once, but if he thinks he can get through, then all right—throw her open and go through, but don't hesitate. The success in running fast trains lies in the one fact of keeping your mind on what you are doing and not getting excited when something turns up unexpectedly before you. An engineer must always be on his guard, for going over the ground at sixty or seventy miles an hour he must act quickly when the time comes, as there is no chance to consider what is best to do.

"The engine I run makes from ten to twelve miles faster time than is ordinarily run. To be able to do this I have got to know every foot of the road. For in knowing the track I can tell just where the long stretches of level road are before I get to them, and in this way I can calculate just where I can make up any little time that I might have lost at the beginning of the trip. In some places in making a run I will go away ahead of my schedule, but what I have gained

here I will lose on some other part of the road that is not so good.

"In making fast runs it is in the stops and slow-downs where an engine loses time. You take, for instance, a train that has to be brought to a dead standstill; it will require as high as ten minutes before it can be got well under way again, and when you are going at sixty miles an hour ten minutes counts a great deal.

"It seems singular, but to a person who is associated with engines all the time they almost seem alive,

COULD NOT TELL THE TRUTH.

BY N. R. BAKER.

My little four-year-old boy gets his history mixed somewhat. He wanted me to tell him about George Washington, so I told him the hatchet story. When I came to the point where George is said to have made his immortal reply to his father's inquiry, thinking to develop the child's intellect somewhat, I said, "And what did George say?" And the answer came, "Oh,



ALONG THE MADISON RIVER, YELLOWSTONE.

This is on account of the sensitive machinery about them. You can't any more say what kind of time an engine is going to make when you start out with it than you can tell how a race horse is going to run. Some days when you take the machine out it will worry along, and you can't get it to running right during the whole trip, and then at other times it will start off perfectly smooth and you will have no trouble whatever. The weather has much to do with the way an engine works. When the atmosphere is damp and cold and the oil is thick the machinery works much harder than in dry, warm weather, when the oil remains thin. Then there is the difference in coal; some engines will burn one kind better than another. And the way the wind blows also has much to do with the speed that is made."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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OVER 4,000 Jewish soldiers served in the American armies during the war with Spain.

I know," he said, "I cannot tell the truth, Papa, I cannot tell the truth."

♦ ♦ ♦

ITALIANS IN ARGENTINA.

THE Italian immigrants in Argentina soon give up their native language and adopt that of their new home.

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POWER FROM AN ARTESIAN WELL.

AT St. Augustine, Fla., is the only mill in the world that gets its power direct from an artesian well.

♦ ♦ ♦

A WIRELESS system of telephoning is being exhibited in Berlin. The inventor, Earnest Ruhmer, has succeeded in communicating a distance of about four and one-half miles. It is affirmed, that the apparatus is too large, too expensive, and too delicate to be practicable commercially.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 4.

As we go down the lane together it is not far to the old crabapple tree, and we will look that over and see whether there is anything worth noting. Here it is, a medium sized tree of very hard wood when dry, and some very hard apples, too, when they are ripe. It is one of the native trees of the country, and as might be expected there are a great many different qualities and grades even of the uncultured wild crabapple. No reader need think that the apple trees in the orchard are developed from the wild crab in the lane. The apple is as old as history and was eaten in its various forms long before America was even thought of. But if we examine our crabapple tree carefully we will be able to note something, at about this season of the year, that will be sure to interest us. Those who know will remember with pleasure the fragrance of a spray of wild crabapple blossoms. A well selected bunch of them put in a pitcher filled with water and placed in the front room will give off a delightful and exquisite perfume, filling the room and the whole house. Some of us know how pleasant it is to gather crabapple blossoms.

But what we have to do with the tree just now in the early spring is to remember that some of the buds will produce leaves while others will produce flowers and subsequent fruit. Now, is there any difference noticeable between the leaf bud and the flower bud? There certainly is and there is probably not a Nooker so little gifted with the naturalist's instinct as to be unable to distinguish them once they are shown. Just the same he might go into his orchard and point out the peach or pear trees and pick out the fruit buds as distinguished from the leaf-buds. As every plant has its difference in this respect no description can be given that is common to all of them. It will do, however, to say that as a rule the fruit buds are sometimes larger, finer and better developed. You can tell this by looking at a tree bearing eating apples, where this difference is quite noticeable.

Now is the above true of all fruit and nut bearing plants? Is it possible to go through the length of the lane and determine at a glance whether certain buds will produce a bunch of walnuts on the walnut tree, hickorynuts on the hickory, and pears on the wild pear tree at the far end of the lane? A very good plan is for you to make an investigation for yourself, and if you decide that a certain bud is a fruit bud and you

are not sure of it, tie a piece of colored string close to the bud to mark it, not leaving any long ends for the birds to pull at and so loosen it, and then when the flowering season arrives, go out and look up your marked buds and see whether or not your guesses have been correct. It will be seen from this that you will soon learn to distinguish between the two classes of buds.



THE following queries have come to us in relation to our natural history talks. We are glad to receive these questions and to answer them so far as we are able:

Of what are mushrooms composed?

The mushrooms we see above the ground are supposed to be the inflorescence, or flowering parts, of a subterranean plant. The ground under a mushroom is full of white, thready-looking stuff, and this is the mushroom plant proper, while what we call the mushroom is the flower of the underground plant. It may grow and not flower, like any other plant. A good many have seen in forking over a pile of old manure the white, thread-like mass running all through it, and this is the growth, that, if left alone long enough, would send up mushrooms. The so-called puff balls are only a mushroom growth of another variety.

On wood, especially when wet, may be seen a leaf-like growth. What is it?

It is a plant growing there, flowering and fruiting in its way. It is a lichen no doubt, that you have seen.

Why should the shell of a cocoon be cut open?

There is no reason why at all. It simply exposes the pupa to view. It is only a matter of convenience in studying the subject to a little better advantage.

Do ferns have seed?

Yes, what might be called the seed, but scientifically they are spores. A seed has an eye, like a grain of corn, while a spore is all eye. That's the difference. You will find the spores on the under side of the leaves or fronds of the ferns, where it resembles a rust. A good many may be turned over to find one that is in spore. The spores are the fine brown dust you may rub out of patches of rust. With skill they can readily be grown.



THE greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

HORSES IN VENICE.

IT is said that some of the Venetians—those who have never been to the mainland—have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and called it a monster, and the factory hands paid a quarter to see the marvel.

* * *

SALT.

SALT is one of the greatest of natural remedies and antiseptics. A weak solution—an even teaspoonful in a glass of water, cold or hot—is excellent for indigestion. A solution of about the same strength will often relieve a cold in the head if snuffed up through the nose.

* * *

RICE AND MOSQUITOES.

RICEFIELDS are such great breeding places of mosquitoes that the Italian government passed a law as long ago as 1866 regulating the distance from dwellings at which the cultivation of rice is permissible.

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THE TUSSOCK MOTH.

THE white marked tussock moth is a native of North America. It ranges the territory east of the Rocky mountains and attacks almost every variety of shade, fruit and ornamental trees, with the exception of the conifers.

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FROG'S SKIN.

A PIECE of frog's skin not larger in diameter than the rubber tip on your lead pencil has more pores in it than there are meshes in the mosquito netting on your screen door.

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BUTTERFLY TRAPS.

IN Japan they have a very simple way of collecting butterflies alive. They streak trees with phosphorous and saccharine matter, and then the butterflies in the nighttime are attracted, stick fast and are taken off.

* * *

WE have a call for a description of a totem pole and its uses. Will some of our far Northwestern Nookers describe a totem pole as they have seen it, and also its use by the Indians?

* * *

THE mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

* * *

IN operation a volcano emits gases, vapors, ashes, boulders and lava.

COFFEE GROWING.

A COFFEE tree is a graceful plant of the nature of a shrub. The trunk is straight and covered with whitish brown bark, while the limbs are very limber and pliable. The flowers are so snowy and white, very numerous and very fragrant. The fruit is in the form of a berry, about like a cranberry in size and is first yellow, then green, and, after it is ripe, a rich scarlet color.

The coffee tree will produce from two to three pounds of coffee the first year it bears to advantage, and increases rapidly in amount as it grows older. The life of a coffee tree is anywhere from twenty-five to fifty years.

* * *

THE AUK'S EGG.

RECENTLY at an auction sale in London which was judiciously advertised, an egg of the great auk was put up which, after some lively bidding, was knocked down for \$1,260. That is said to be a very good price. But auk eggs have been sold in London for as much as \$1,500. The reason for these enormous prices is naturally to be found in the scarcity of the eggs. The bird is extinct, and not over seventy of its eggs are in existence.

* * *

TAMARISK TIMBER.

TIMBER of the tamarisk wood has been found perfectly sound in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with stonework which is known to be at least 4,000 years old.

* * *

IN character and habit the crocodile and the alligator differ widely. The crocodile is much more active. He is extremely shy and can seldom be surprised on land. But with his jaws tied, the crocodile becomes as submissive as a lamb, and it is quite safe to take him into a small boat and even to use him as a seat. One attempt to do this with an alligator will be sufficient for the ordinary sportsman. When the alligator gets through, there will be no boat, and probably no sportsman. The flesh of the young crocodile has a finer flavor than that of the alligator, although both are good eating.

* * *

HENRY KUNKLE, of Indiana, writes that he watched a spider build its nest and that the threads float out on the breeze to catch on some point opposite. When it is once fastened, the spider crosses his bridge and completes his web, if he so intends.

* * *

THE olive tree will live longer under water than any other tree.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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HOW OFTEN WE FORGET.

We are too heedless of the little things

Done for our comfort by our own each day;

Too thoughtless of the cheek our lips might kiss;

The grateful word—so short a word to say!

We notice not the tired feet hurrying

On our small errands; fail to heed the meek

Words of reproof, nor sicken with the thought

That at our blunders less kind lips might speak.

God trains his angels in our simple homes,

While we search skyward for the radiant wings;

And heaven's light plays about the patient souls

Who at our hearthstones daily toil and sing—

How often we forget, till dear tired hands

And tender watchful eyes

Weary of waiting for our tardy thanks

Slip into Paradise.

—Kate Whiting Patch.

* * *

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE Editor is in receipt of a letter with a new dollar bill in it for the Nooker too poor to pay for the magazine. The Nook will be sent as directed. Thanks. Now this generous donor wants her name kept back, which is all right. However, we will tell this much about her, though we have never seen her that we know of.

She is young, or she would not use the vertical style of writing, as that system does not belong to gray hair. She is industrious, for she contributed the money out of the returns from the chickens. She is handsome, for handsome is as handsome does. She is thoughtful, because she remembered others. She is good-hearted or she would have kept the money herself. She is modest or she would have given with a trumpet. She is neat, as her letter shows that. Above all she is a Christian, because the whole act tells that.

No, you needn't ask her address. We are waiting for the others like her now.

THE ABSTRACT VS. THE CONCRETE.

THERE'S a difference between theory and practice, a wide gulf between the abstract idea of a condition and the personal exponent of it. Let us illustrate.

In the abstract, charity is altogether lovely. It is often represented by an angel of mercy. Good enough! So it is. A great many good people fall in love with the beauty of the idea, and nearly everybody gives more or less to it, which is just as it should be. That's the abstract idea. The ladies who meet and give their time, work and money to it, are most commendably engaged. Very fortunately for the objects of their charity their work in connection with the idea stops right there. There is another side to it, the real thing itself, which it is a good thing most people don't see. Here it is.

Suppose milady silk knit something that will net a dollar at the bazaar, and the dollar goes into the never-filling bag held open by Sweet Charity. Let us see the disposition of the dollar. It goes to headquarters to be dispensed. The woman in charge goes on the hunt for a place for it and doesn't have to go far. She finds it in the slums. The house is a dingy tenement, full of families and to all of them children come thick and fast. The room is a dirty clutter of rags and the children are in more dirty rags. The woman is a poor, slipshod, maundering, drivelling, helpless thing, with a story of hard luck and hopeless poverty. The children play in the halls and what is said and done there is unprintable. But a boy, who occasionally sells papers, is picked out. He is frowsy, alive, and dirty. He is a case for a pair of shoes and the dollar gets the shoes. And it is all right. But, don't forget it, the real angel in the case is the woman who sits in the midst of the horror and who gives her life to the work underpaid for it, and nearly always undervalued. She sees the concrete of it, while the donors have the abstract idea. Do you think you would be a success in her place? Sometimes it would be a good thing, a blessed thing, to say to such as she, "This dollar is for YOU."

* * *

START IN TIME.

THE NOOK window overlooks the bridge over the Fox river which the larger half of the city must cross to get to two railroad stations. Not a day passes that does not show people running for trains, they failed to start in time and have to run for it, and often fail to get on.

The moral is obvious. Start in time. Better a quarter of an hour early than too late by a minute. It may be a faulty watch at the bottom of it, but some people make a business of being late. It shows a moral defect, the habit of putting things off to the last

minute. He. who does it habitually is not to be trusted. He shows that he will dally with things and that he is not reliable as a steady puller. Start in time and you will not have to run.

MAKE YOUR LIFE PLEASANT.

WHEN people tell you that life is hard, do not believe them. Life is not hard, unless we make it so. In the busy rush and hurry of this progressive age, we are apt to forget the little things that make life pleasant. Life is very much what we make it, and if we are so engrossed in business, or the pursuit of wealth, as to forget the pleasant side of things, the fault is with ourselves, and not with life in general.

Cultivate a cheery disposition, love of home and friends, a contented mind, and unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and life will be to you a perpetual pleasure even if difficult things are pressed into it. Life has lessons. Study them aright; learn from others. Remember that while life has its trials, a cheerful heart, a helpful hand, the enjoyment of nature's beautiful gifts, the contemplation of God's wonderful goodness, help us to rise above them, and often we find a trial but a blessing in disguise.

THE NOW.

THERE are many people who are continually putting off what they ought to do until some more convenient season, or what seems so to them. Now the fact is that what is not done now is never as well done later, no matter what it is. When NOW goes it never comes back again. To-morrow will not do just as well. In the first place nobody ever knows for a certainty that to-morrow will come for him. Now is the only sure time.

Another reason for living in the now is, that neglect to do it breeds the bad habit of delay in all other matters. Once the habit of doing things as they come to our hand, or even going after them, is fully fixed in us, it is a most valuable possession, one that will never be a source of regret in after life.

STAND ASIDE.

It is a good thing to stand aside for a while, once at least each day, and let the great world drive on. Then let us think of where we stand in relation to it all. Let us consider what we are doing and what part we are playing. And most of all let us consider whether we are doing our best. It is only when we are taking no active part that we can best realize our relation to the world we live in, what we are doing and how well. Try it.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Going in debt is robbing next year's crop.

*

Selfishness must sometimes be cured by sorrow.

*

An easy way to get rid of a bad law is to obey it.

*

Fine clothes fit best when they have been paid for.

*

The woman in love with herself has few or no rivals.

*

A gossiping tongue is more to be feared than a runaway horse.

*

The softer advice falls the longer it dwells and deeper it sinks.

*

A man with a mortgage generally carries something he can't lift.

*

A car may be loaded but the engine drinks water and does the work.

*

Do you recollect how little warmth there was in the mitten you got?

*

Love ourselves better than we do others is the generally accepted version.

*

A woman wants to lay down the law but allows her husband to lay the carpets.

*

All who sow wild oats hope that something will come along and destroy the crop.

*

Lots of people would be good Samaritans if they thought there was anything in it for them.

*

Did you ever make a blunder which turned out all right and then you admitted the blunder?

*

Better marry sense before marrying dollars. Both of them are good, however, when taken together.

 * The attention of all parties in the possession of *
 * a Doctor Book is called to an error in recipe No. *
 * 462. In this recipe for "one-fourth ounce of ni- *
 * trate of silver" read nitrate of potash. At once *
 * mark out the word "silver" and substitute there- *
 * for the word potash. Do this immediately. Do *
 * not delay this matter. Score out the word silver, *
 * substituting potash instead. *
 * *****

BRICKS MADE WITHOUT STRAW.

BY WILLIAM J. BRENDLINGER.

WHEN the children of Israel were in bondage in the land of Egypt it was considered quite difficult to manufacture bricks without straw. Let me tell the readers of the Nook how modern brick are made without straw at Bolivar and Robinson, Pennsylvania. These towns are located in the extreme northern part of Ligonier Valley on the famous Conemaugh river. The situation for scenery is beautiful. Neat and comfortable homes dot the hillsides on the east and west. It is in such a place that brick are made in large quantities.

Fire brick are used for the lining of furnaces, lime-kilns, coke-ovens, fire-boxes, tall chimneys, etc., and must be free from cracks, of homogeneous composition and texture, easily cut, and not fusible. These are made in any size or shape the consumer may desire. The material used for these is a raw flint clay and a plaster clay, mined in Indiana, Westmoreland and Cambria Counties. The clays are mixed together in proper proportions, determined by trial and experience, by throwing them into a circular machine called the pan, which is about eight feet in diameter and sixteen inches deep. In this pan are two huge, solid metal wheels, which revolve on horizontal axles. Between these wheels and the bottom of the pan, which also revolves, the clay is ground, watered, and tempered. When the mass becomes soft and plastic it is taken out of the pan and placed on the molding table and pressed into molds by hand at the rate of a thousand an hour. The molds are dipped in sand to prevent the clay from adhering to them.

After being molded the brick are placed on the hot floor for three or four hours, and then again pressed and placed on a hotter floor for from ten to twenty hours. From this floor they are set in kilns and fired.

Building and paving brick are made by the stiff-mud and the dry-clay processes. In the dry-clay process the clay is used just as it comes from the mine, and is apparently perfectly dry, although it contains from seven to ten per cent of moisture. The clay is mixed and thrown into the dry-pan, a circular machine similar to that used in the soft-mud process, excepting that this has a perforated bottom. When the clay is ground it passes through the holes in the bottom of the pan to a wide belt which passes over an inclined screen on which the clay falls. The clay that is sufficiently ground passes through this screen to the hopper beneath, while the coarser particles are carried back into the dry-pan to be ground over, and then again carried to the screen for sifting.

The ground clay in the hopper falls into the molds of the pressing machine, filling evenly steel boxes the same width and length of a finished brick, but which is much deeper. Steel plungers, forced under great pressure into these boxes, compress the clay until the requisite thickness is obtained. The pressed brick is then taken to the kiln.

In the stiff-mud process the clay is mixed and ground the same as in the dry-clay method, but from the screen the clay falls into a mixer where just enough water is added to make a stiff mud. This mud is then transferred to a machine having a die the exact size of the brick. From this machine a continuous bar of clay emerges and is automatically cut in the form of a brick. These brick are then taken to the drying tunnel to remain eight or twelve hours, after which they are placed in the kilns.

Special forms of pressed brick are manufactured called molded, gauged, arch, and circle brick. Ornamental bricks are made in a great variety of patterns, so that cornices and moldings may be made entirely of brick.

Paving brick are made by the stiff-mud process and the brick, after being cut from the bar, are generally—although not always—re-pressed to give them better shape. Shale clay and about twenty or twenty-five per cent of fire clay are used for paving brick in order to make them able to stand frost and wear. These must be very hard and for that reason they are burned to vitrification, or until the particles of the brick have been united in chemical combination by the means of heat.

When either the fire brick, building or paving brick are dry they are built in a large kiln, containing from 30,000 to 100,000 bricks. Eyes, or flues, are left at the bottom for fuel. The brick are loosely laid together in order to allow the heat to pass in and around them. When the kiln is filled, doors are built up solid, the fire is started, slowly at first, but afterwards increased to an intense heat. They are allowed to burn the proper length of time and then the fire is permitted to gradually die out.

The two most important things in modern brick manufacture are a thorough knowledge of clays, so that they may be mixed properly, and experience in burning the brick.

Glaze and enameled brick are also made at Robinson. They are largely used for bathroom walls, wainscoting of halls, staircases, etc., wherever a non-absorbent surface that is clean and light is desired. They are used for external purposes as well for they stand the most severe changes of weather, acquire no odor, are impervious to moisture and are fire proof.

The term enamel is given to all brick having a glazed surface. There exists, however, a marked difference between a glazed brick and an enameled brick. A genuine enameled brick has the enamel fused into the brick without any intermediate coating, and the enamel is opaque in itself. The glaze, on the contrary, is produced by first covering the unburned brick with a "slip," as it is called, and then with a second coat of transparent glaze closely resembling glass. An enamel surface may be distinguished from one that is merely glazed by chipping off a piece. The brick will show no line of demarcation between the body of the brick and the enamel, while the glazed brick will show a layer of slip between the glaze and the brick. The bricks are enameled or glazed only on one face or on one face and one end. For many years all the glazed and enameled bricks were made in England, but there are now several factories in America.

Robinson, Pa.

BIRDS HAVE LITTLE SENSE.

FEW species of birds are endowed with the acute instinct that characterizes other members of the animal creation. They are very "set in their ways" and seldom move out of their accustomed groove. The chirping sparrows have persisted in building their nests in the roof gutters of the next house, ignoring the fact that rain is not unknown in this climate and that a heavy shower will flood their tenements and drown their offspring. Not only this, but next year and the year after they will do the same, failing to learn by experience how to accommodate themselves to British weather. Jackdaws, when untainted by civilization, dwell in holes in the rocks, but quickly adapt themselves to new circumstances.

The writer has been almost smothered by smoke caused by a nest which completely blocked his chimney ten feet from the top. As the chimney had been built only a few months, it is obvious that as a site it must have been unfamiliar to the troublesome birds. Now, that time is far distant when first chimneys were invented and the first jackdaws descended their blackened depths, yet a long experience, while it has shown the birds the convenience of chimneys for holding their abominable sticks, has not taught them that their premises cannot be insured against fire. Perhaps, after all, the brains of jackdaws are sharper than is supposed. The nests are placed in the chimneys just when the fires are being given up for the summer, so that the jackdaws enjoy the use of the chimneys more than the man who pays for their erection.

An ordinary brick will absorb as much as sixteen ounces of water.

NO SLEEP FOR A MORTGAGE.

THE mortgage is a self-supporting institution. It always holds its own. It calls for just as many dollars when grain is cheap as when grain is dear. It is not affected by the drouth. It is not drowned out by the heavy rains. It never winter kills. Late springs and early frosts never trouble it. Potato bugs do not disturb it. Moth and rust do not destroy it. It grows nights, Sundays, rainy days and even holidays. It brings a sure crop every year, and sometimes twice a year. It produces cash every time. It does not have to wait for the market to advance. It is not subject to speculations of the bulls and bears on the Board of Trade. It is a load that galls and frets and chafes.

It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off. It is with him morning, noon and night. It eats with



GIBBON CANYON AND RIVER.—SHOWING THE PRECIPITOUS SIDE OF A CANYON.

him at the table. It gets under his pillow when he sleeps. It rides upon his shoulders during the day. It consumes his grain crop. It devours his cattle. It selects the finest horses and the fattest steers. It lives upon the first fruit of the season. It stalks into the dairy where the busy housewife toils day after day making for the hungry mortgage the best of cheese and the choicest butter. It shares the children's bread and robs them of their clothes. It stoops the toiler's back with its remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hills to the poorhouse. It is the inexorable and exacting taskmaster. Its whip is as merciless and cruel as the lash of the slave driver. It is a menace to liberty, a hindrance to progress, a curse to the world.—*Ringwood, Okla., Leader.*

THERE are more wrecks in the Baltic sea than in any other place in the world.

THE LAW OF THE ANIMALS.

THE latest thing in the scientific world is a remarkable book entitled, "Mutual Aid," by Prince Kropotkin, which has just been issued from the press of McClure, Phillips and Co., New York, and copyrighted by them.

Prince Kropotkin, who is a distinguished scientist and a member of the Russian royal family, has spent nineteen years gathering the materials for this book, which is to prove that the so-called "lower animals" are in many respects as sensible and civilized as human beings.

The author appeals for his proof, not to the trained animals of the Zoo and the circus, but to the wild creatures of the plains.

He asserts that morality, sanitation, law, etiquette, charity and competitive sports existed among the birds, insects and four-footed animals for thousands and perhaps millions of years before the appearance of the human race.

"Thou shalt not steal" has always been a law among many species of birds, says Kropotkin. A number of different kinds of migratory birds organize themselves into building associations. They have their winter homes in the south and their summer homes in the north. Year after year they return to the same nests, and if some lazy bird, whose nest is beginning to fall to pieces, dares to steal a nest belonging to one of his mates, he is at once pounced upon by the whole tribe and severely pecked until he promises never to do it again.

During the migration of birds north and south, says Prince Kropotkin, the larger birds protect the smaller ones. The tiny lark flies under the protecting wing of the crane, and when it is weary with the long flight it has been seen to perch itself upon the crane's back.

Many species of birds display a really human intelligence in hunting their food. Even the clumsy pelicans know how to catch fish as cleverly as the fishermen of Nantucket or Marblehead.

"The pelicans," says the Russian scientist, "always go fishing in numerous bands, and, after having chosen an appropriate bay, they form a wide half-circle in face of the shore, and narrow it by paddling toward the shore, catching all fish that happen to be inclosed in the circle.

"On narrow rivers and canals they even divide into two parties, each of which draws up on a half-circle and both paddle to meet each other. Just as if two parties of men dragging two long nets should advance to capture all fish taken between the nets when both parties come to meet."

The hunting parties of the great whitetailed eagles are equally well planned. They generally go out in small parties of ten, flying high in the air

and far apart. In this way they can cover an area of twenty-five miles at once. When one of the eagles discovers food he utters a loud, piercing shriek, which is repeated by the others.

The eagle who has made the discovery flies down to the prey, but never attempts to eat until all his companions have arrived. Then, for so it is written in the laws of etiquette obeyed by the eagles, the older birds eat first, while the younger ones mount guard and keep all other animals at a distance.

The detective system of the cranes is described as being very remarkable. If hunters are in the neighborhood, several cranes are always sent to watch them and give warning of their approach. If a large body of cranes is moving to a new feeding place, one crane is sent ahead to see if any enemies are lurking near. On his return, if he reports nothing dangerous, three or four birds are sent ahead with him to make sure that he has told the truth, and not till the second report is made and everything is known to be favorable, will the general order be given to advance.

Conventions, concerts and balls are a common occurrence among wild birds. The lap-wings have been seen to go through a whole program of dances, executing polkas, waltzes, etc., in a highly creditable manner.

The parrots are the cleverest of all birds, says Kropotkin. They have such a well-organized police force that no other species of bird ever ventures to attack them, and they invariably die of old age.

The gray parrot is called the "bird man" by the savages. The bird is not only intelligent, but extremely affectionate as well. If one of his mates is killed by a hunter, he will at once fly to the body, and, uttering loud cries of grief, allow himself to be captured without resistance. The gray parrot has even been known to die in these outbursts of violent grief.

The viscacha, or Russian rabbit, has a little civilization of his own. These bright little animals live in villages of several hundred each, and are very sociable. On bright moonlight nights it is usual for these villages to visit one another and enjoy several hours of conversation and play. If one of these rabbit villages has the misfortune to be plowed over by an inconsiderate farmer, the inhabitants of other villages will gather together and dig out their buried comrades.

Even more wonderful stories are related in "Mutual Aid" about the civilization of the ants. Some of the towns of these tiny creatures have been found to contain as many as 1,700 nests, with an average of 300,000 ants to a nest. Thus a single ant town would contain a population of 510,000,000,

or more than one-third as many as the entire population of the world.

How little orphaned birds are taken into other nests; how crows and pelicans carry food to the blind; how the wild fawns of the forest play the same games as the children in the school yard; how the little tee-tee monkeys carry their wounded comrades for miles and how the muskrats have established a sanitary system which keeps them in good health, are all related in Prince Kropotkin's new book.

The book is, however, much more than a description of clever animals. It is an avowed refutation of the Darwinian theory of "the survival of the fittest."

It is not those that fight that survive, says Kropotkin, but those that co-operate with one another for mutual protection. The great lesson to be learned from animal history, he observes, is that the savage tigers and wolves die out, while the sociable rabbits and parrots survive.

* * *

THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

WE have passed through the Suez Canal three times, and each time as the boat moved quietly along in its narrow channel, I have felt more and more the commercial and strategic importance of this renowned waterway. Here is a canal eighty-three nautical miles in length, and wide enough for two great ships to pass. It is a stock company joining two seas, the key to the East, and England holds the lion's share of the stock.

But no one should say a word against England for that, especially since every government, and every individual, would not object to having even a few of these shares themselves. As I have it from the lips of others, a great number of shares of canal stock were on the French market open to the public for purchase. Disraeli, then premier of England, came to know the fact and appreciating the future value of the canal determined that England should get all the stock possible. To mention it in Parliament, however, would be to make everybody want it, and to run the price up indefinitely. So he induced the Rothschilds to buy secretly for the government, and hold till it was ready to take it off their hands. When the matter came before Parliament there was a general demand for canal stock, but none for sale. It was a master stroke of Disraeli, and so the canal, built by a Frenchman, came to be English property.

Long years ago a waterway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was attempted. Later

it was begun again, and was again abandoned. In 1859 work was begun on the present canal. Ferdinand de Lesseps engineered it. The Khedive advanced £6,200,000, and £12,800,000 more were invested in shares. The total cost was £19,000,000. In 1875 England got the Khedive's 177,000 shares at a cost of £4,000,000. The canal was opened in 1867.

In building the small sweet water canal was completed first. There was tremendous expense, and considerable loss of life in getting the first work done. Afterwards dredges were used, floating on the water of that part of the canal already dug, while they dug out the unopened way before them. Dredges are now constantly kept digging out the bottom and widening the canal.

It is twenty feet deep and one hundred and ninety-five to three hundred and thirty feet wide, being seventy-two feet wide at the bottom. Along the sides one can occasionally see where the sandy shore has made its way in, seeking a quiet resting place on lower level. Each boat passing causes a wave to rise along the shore, often a foot high. This wave, following a short distance behind the moving vessel, does the damage. The limit of speed allowed in the canal is six miles per hour, so there shall be least damage from washing.

A telegraph line runs all the way. At each end is a main office, and a model, so that the management knows all the time just where every boat is. A ship on entering is taken in charge by a canal pilot, who always expects his tip of about one gold coin (five dollars) from the captain. The ship's dues for the privilege of passing through are very heavy. Our boat, the Raphael Rubattino, paid \$6,000 to pass that way, and will pay another \$6,000 to the canal company for the privilege of returning. Each year the company's income is in round numbers \$20,000,000, while the present expenditure is \$5,000,000.

In 1900 there were 3,441 vessels passed through the canal. Of these 1,935 were British, 462 German, 285 French, 232 Dutch, 126 Austrian, 100 Russian, 82 Italian, 63 Japanese, 34 Spanish, 30 Norwegian, and 92 others. One wonders how many of the "others" were perhaps American.

On our recent voyage to India, we entered the canal at Port Said about four o'clock, and reached the other end, at Suez, the next morning, but not until the sun was already high in the sky.

Bulsar, India.

* * *

DIVERS' boots weigh twenty pounds apiece. The helmet weighs forty pounds, and the diver carries also eighty pounds of lead to enable him to keep his balance at the bottom of the sea.

SUGGESTIONS FOR GIFTS.

CHARLES LAMB says: "Presents endear absence."

A home-made banner to hang up in the sleeping room is easily made. Procure a piece of heavy yellow satin ribbon, eleven inches long and five inches wide. On this ribbon print with the typewriter, commencing about one and one-half inches from the top, the following lines, just in order as they appear in this article:

Sleep sweetly
In this quiet room, O thou
 Whoe'er thou art;
 and let
No mournful yesterdays
 Disturb thy peaceful heart,
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
 With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
 His love surrounds
 thee still.
Forget thyself
And all the world
Put out each glaring light:
 The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly then, Good Night!

Fringe the bottom of ribbon to the space of a good inch. Hem down a piece at the top to run in a bit of whalebone. Sew narrow baby ribbon at each end and tie in a bow to hang up by.

There is the never-to-be-despised, because so thoroughly useful, pincushion. Mattress cushions are serviceable. They vary in size, some being about six inches by four inches, or quite square; others considerably larger, averaging thirteen inches by nine inches. These pincushions are made of layers of flannel, the thicker the better. Twenty-two layers are usually necessary, cut carefully to one size, roughly tacked through to keep them together, and then put into the cover, which may be brocaded silk, satin or embroidered linen. Leave the sides open to put in the flannel. The two pieces forming the cover are stitched neatly to an inch or inch and a half wide ribbon, forming the sides. Three yards of flannel are required for the large-sized pincushion, and a yard and a half for the smaller one. They look exactly like mattresses, and are tufted the same way. Three or four strands of filo floss threaded in a needle and passed right through from the under side and tied lightly to form little rosettes. This finishes the cushion.

A unique gift is made as follows: A tube or cylinder of about twelve inches in length and four in diameter, has a soft silk bag running through it so as to show at both top and bottom. A draw string is run in at the top, leaving a wide heading,

and the bottom of the bag is gathered up as tightly as possible. It is hung up by the ribbon draw string. The cylinder may be of pasteboard covered with plush, brocaded silk or satin, hand-painted or embroidered linen. These are nice for feather brushes or dusters.

* * *

THE RED DEER AND THE CARIBOU.

THE disappearance of caribou before the invading herds of red or Virginia deer is one of the puzzling facts of natural history. The red deer are not half the size of the caribou, yet it is beyond dispute that even where the latter exist in largest numbers they will rapidly disappear before the advance of the former. Years ago caribou abounded in the woods of northern Maine and in the province of Quebec. Then the graceful little red deer, driven north and west by the wolves, gradually spread into the home of the caribou, and within a season or two the latter had become as scarce in their old home as the red deer previously had been.

On the other hand, the north country of Canada, in the neighborhood of Lake St. John and St. Maurice, which formerly supported vast herds of deer, has been completely deserted by them for many years past, though moose and caribou are plentiful. Equally far north, in the Ottawa and Gatineau country, red deer and moose are found in very large numbers, but no caribou. Owing largely, it is supposed, to the increase in the number of wolves, the range of the red deer is rapidly extending to the south and east, and specimens have been seen and killed in parts of the country north of Quebec, where they had not been seen before for more than a generation. The Indian and other old hunters are already foretelling the disappearance of the caribou from this part of the country, where they are at present very abundant.

There is a theory that the instinct of the caribou tells them that an invasion of their feeding grounds by the deer is due to the pursuit of the latter by wolves, and that it is the horror of these pests which leads them to forsake any territory to which they seem to know that their distasteful neighbors are fleeing for refuge. There are not wanting careful observers among Canadian woodsmen who attribute to jealousy of the little Virginia deer, at the approach of the mating season, the action of the caribou in fleeing with his mate from the company and the country of his gay little rival. This problem is a most interesting one, and is engaging the attention of many investigators. —*N. Y. Sun.*

SPRING MORNING ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

(Translated from the Spanish for the INGLENOOK by Diantha Churchman.)

A SPRING morning in a country as beautiful as the island of Cuba is one of the pictures of nature in which man can contemplate with admiration the grandeur of the Divine Creator.

More than once, seated upon the high point of rocks of a high mountain which rises fifty yards above the river bank, filled with admiration, this spectacle has inspired adoration of the Omnipotent Author, Lord of heaven and earth.

At the hour of dawn, the eastern horizon putting on the color of the rose, then changing to a brilliant purple,—at last the sun rose amidst clouds of gold. The first rays of light reflected on the top of the mountain, then on the waters of the distant sea, now flecking the waves of the river with golden light. On the woods in the valley, while each trembling dewdrop resting on the leaves and grass, sparkling like brilliant pearls, the birds flitted from limb to limb, singing joyously. The flocks coming out of the fold, disbanded for the meadow, running, playing, full of contentment. Swarms of butterflies of many colors were flying from flower to flower. Thus this tiny insect manifests joy! All nature is smiling happily at awakening from sleep! Life and animation succeed the repose and silence of the night.

The blue smoke, rising from the humble dwelling of the inhabitant of the valley, slowly floats away on the soft breeze of the morning. The laborer is yoking his oxen, preparing for his day's work. Far away the belfry of the modest church of the village towers above the trees surrounding it. It is feast day, and we hear the bell calling the faithful to worship. Its solemn sound is echoed through valley and over mountain, the devout humbly prostrating themselves before the Author of all they possess and enjoy.

Ashland, Oregon.

HOW SEA BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

THE question is often asked, "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a stormcloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles or even farther off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

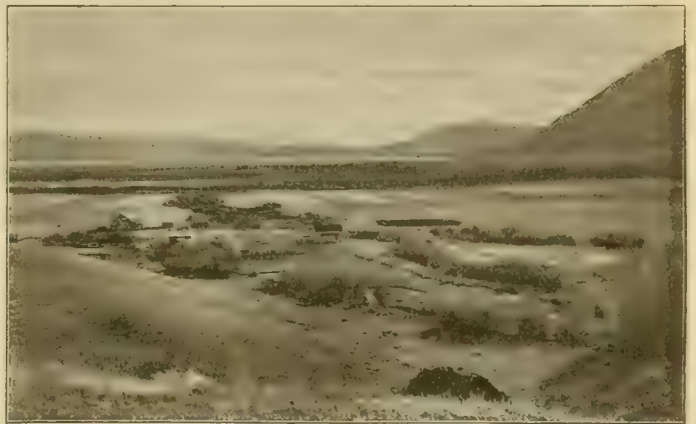
How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of

enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days.*

HEROES AND HEROINES.

BY CATHERINE A. LINDBERG.

IN response to a call made in a recent INGLENOOK I have the pleasure of reporting a truly heroic life. In a certain rear building in Chicago lives a woman with her two sons, aged about twelve and thirteen respectively. About twelve months ago her husband became insane and is now confined in an asylum. The family being very poor and depending entirely upon the husband supporting them, left them in a poor condition.



CENTENNIAL VALLEY. ONE PASSES THROUGH THIS VALLEY ON THE WAY TO THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The wife and mother is now heroically struggling to give the boys an education and support the family. She washes for a living and the boys help to support the family by selling papers at odd times. There are some in better circumstances, who say uncharitable things about her, and criticise in every way possible. She does not complain of her condition but speaks cheerfully and hopefully. In another portion of the building in which she lives is a quarrelsome drinking woman, and her few hours of rest are often disturbed by her debauches. So life to Mrs. G. is not a very happy one. However her own unselfishness in keeping her boys in school will, of itself, win her a sure reward.

Chicago, Ill.

IN the New England Menhaden fishery the record seine haul produced 1,300,000 fish. A single seine of the largest size costs more than \$5,000, and more than 1,000 men have been employed in the seining business of Albemarle Sound alone during one season.

SIR EDMUND HEAD'S MOOSE.

WHILE the peculiar pacing gait of a moose will not carry him over the ground as rapidly as the deer or caribou, his endurance far surpasses either of these animals. For a short spurt, or in very deep snow, the caribou can easily discount the moose, but for an all-day's jaunt, where the course is fairly open, the moose has no rival. Many years ago when Sir Edmund Head was Governor of New Brunswick, he owned a tamed moose that performed remarkable feats of speed and endurance. On one occasion the Governor wagered \$2,500 that a moose could travel from Fredericton to St. John over the ice, a distance of eighty-four miles, in faster time than any team of horses in the stud of Lord Hill, of the Fifty-Second Regiment. A sledge was attached to the moose and another to the horses. The river ice was covered with about eight inches of snow. The start was made opposite the Government House at 8 o'clock in the morning.

In several hours the moose and his driver were in Market Square, St. John. Lord Hill's team was distanced, one of the horses expired at Gagetown, and the other reaching St. John three hours behind the moose.

* * *

THE LAST INGLENOOK.

DEAR SIR:—I have your letter addressed to the Historical Society asking whether or not there is still a remaining number of a magazine once published in ancient times called the INGLENOOK. We have none on file in our institution, but upon consulting the librarians we are prepared to submit the following, which may be of interest to you:

As far as we are able to learn the INGLENOOK was published at a country town known as Elgin, which is now one of the outlying wards of the city of Chicago. It is not known who the Brethren were, save that they were a religious denomination and evidently had a publishing house in the town once known as Elgin.

It appears from some mutilated records that a weekly publication put out by this house was known as the INGLENOOK. It seems to have met with favor because the records show that certain copies of it went to that portion of the United States which was then known as Mexico. And it is also a fact pretty well established that in the state of Vancouver, forming a part of the British possessions, there was, prior to its destruction by fire, a copy of the INGLENOOK magazine in the State Library, where it was preserved with other aged and peculiar documents.

It is not possible at this age to say anything about the general character of this so-called magazine as it was in the days of telephones and electric cars, and

was published long before the discovery of aerial flight and thought transference. About all there is known of the publication is entirely inferential, but it seems that it was highly prized by the early natives. The last copy, to which we especially refer was found in the archives of a celebrated collector of curio and was purchased for the use of this institution, but before its delivery it was unfortunately used, without knowledge of its character, to start a fire in the flying machine of the owner. There is probably not another copy extant, and so the line of investigation and thought pursued by the natives of that day is only conjecture.

I have the honor to be,

Feb. 5, 2303.

Very truly yours,

THE STATE LIBRARIAN.

* * *

BAD TEMPER IN DIVERS.

A PROFESSIONAL diver says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea. As this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it is probably due to the pressure of the air affecting the lungs and through them the brain. The exhilaration and good temper of the mountain climber is a contrary feeling, from an opposite cause.

* * *

"WELL, sir," said the proprietor, "what can I do for you?"

The humble clerk looked at the floor, and after hesitating a moment said very meekly:

"Winter is coming on, Mr. Harddigger, and—and I have four children to support, and I have come to see if you will please"—

"O, yes. Certainly. If I hear of anybody that wants to adopt a few I'll send him around. Good-day. Never hesitate to call on me personally when things don't go right."

* * *

"Now, 'tis this Oi do be askin' ye," said Clancy, "av yez sees a dawg growlin' wid 'is mout' an' waggin' wid 'is tail, which ind wud ye believe in?" "That's easy," replied Moriarty, "shure Oi'd be leavin' the frunt ind, Clancy."—*Baltimore News*.

* * *

SOME parts of the world do a considerable trade in products concerning which the United States knows mighty little. For instance, Siam last year exported to China \$115,000 worth of edible birds' nests.

* * *

A COLLECTION of 800 elk's teeth was found not long ago by a curio hunter. He dug them out of the grave of a long-forgotten Indian chief in Idaho. The teeth are said to be valuable for mounting.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went and bought him,
And, last week, the doctor brought him.
Weren't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
Cause, you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him,
And then mamma, course would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,
"Why," I says, "is that him?
Just that mite!"
They said, "Yes," and "ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red,
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's as bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a brick;
All he does is cry and kick,
He can't stop.
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the shop.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd good deal ruther
Have a dog?

CARL'S WISH.

CARL was a boy of five years. He lived in a country across the sea.

As he sat on grandfather's knee, listening to stories of the king, he thought he would be so happy if he could only see the beautiful crown with its jewels.

He had once or twice seen the king as he went with grandfather past the castle, but never the crown, as that was only worn by the king on special occasions—on state days.

One morning, after little Carl had his breakfast, he determined to go to the castle and ask the king to please show him the crown.

He walked and walked. At last the gates were reached. He asked the soldier on guard to please take him to the king.

"I cannot do that, little boy. The king is a busy man and has other duties to attend to than listening to little boys."

Poor Carl turned back sad and unhappy, not noticing anything until a carriage stopped in front of him. A kind voice said: "Little boy, what is your trouble? Get in here and tell the king."

Carl told his wish and was then taken to the castle to see the crown.

"What beautiful stones! What beautiful colors!" exclaimed Carl, gazing with delight upon the wonderful jewels as they flashed in the light.

The king told him that, if he would use his eyes to see beautiful colors, it was not necessary to come to the castle. The birds, fruits and flowers around him were as beautiful as the colors of any crown.

He gave Carl a small box, in which was something that would bring into his room the different colors of sunlight.

This little boy went home and opened the box. There was a glass prism. Grandfather told him to hang it by the sunny window and very soon Carl had in his own little room the beautiful colors of the crown.
—*Youth's Companion*.

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

RIGHT here in our country there was a family of five children. The mother died and the oldest boy was eleven years and the youngest a baby girl nine months old. The father was obliged to go and work for weeks at a time and leave the five little ones all alone on the wide prairie away from any neighbors. Often the oldest child had occasion to ride across the prairie and if night overtook him he would stop, arrange his blanket and sleep until morning and then go on his journey. This eleven-year-old boy cared for that family for two years. Afterward they were taken to an orphans' home in Denver where they now are. All honor to the boy of eleven years of age who took care of his brothers and sisters.

Colorado.

GREAT BRITAIN buys over eleven thousand tons of German toys annually, while the United States rank next, with an importation of about six thousand tons.

The Q. & A. Department.

How is library paste made?

We do not know the formula used by the manufacturers but a cupful of rice boiled for a long time, leaving one-half pint of water on it when done, will make an excellent quality of paste. Simply pour the water off and it will jelly into a translucent paste. If the water is strongly salted and slightly perfumed it will keep for a long time and serve its purpose excellently well. The longer the boiling the better the paste. The rice itself may be used as food after boiling.

✧

What is the cause of various colored flames in wood fires?

Colored flame is caused by the presence of some chemical, or chemical combinations that give rise to the color. In some cases the various colored flames are very beautiful. Wrecked vessels, after they have laid under water for a long while, are in great demand for fire wood in open fireplaces, because the absorption of mineral matter in the seas makes the wood valuable for color effects when it is dried and burned.

✧

How shall I address a letter to reach the Court of Chancery in England?

Send your letter through the United States minister, or inquire of the United States minister for Great Britain, stating your case and he will doubtless direct you to the proper party. If your business pertains to any inheritance of property which has been brought to your attention by foreign firms be careful how you spend your money. There are several English firms engaged in duping credulous Americans.

✧

Where there are a few scattered members, say a dozen or more, how should they go about organizing a church?

Get together and agree upon the location, and name, and send for the adjacent elders, two or more of them, to come and formally inaugurate the church, giving it a name and a legal standing among the others. After doing this you can then invite a preacher in to live with you or elect one according to the established methods.

✧

What is The Hague referred to in connection with the Venezuelan affair?

The nations met some years ago and agreed to refer differences to a board of arbitration composed of eminent men, all or an agreed number of whom might be convened by the parties to the trouble, and by whose decision they would abide. It is a step in the direction of peace.

Is there any truth in the statement that the moss grows only on certain sides of trees?

It is true to a certain extent in certain localities, but it depends quite largely on the direction of the prevailing winds and other causes, and it is by no means a guide to direction.

✧

I have read of high grass on the prairies but have never seen it. Why?

It used to be, but overcropping, and other disturbing elements of the balance of nature, have killed out the former growth, leaving but a scant herbage.

✧

Is the cochineal insect used for coloring ever cultivated or grown especially for that purpose?

In some places in Mexico the cochineal insect is still collected but it is an industry that has passed away as mineral dyes have taken its place.

✧

What invention has been of the most permanent good to man?

Taking all things into consideration perhaps the steam engine in its various forms may be said to have been of the greatest value to man.

✧

How should a married woman sign her name? Should Mrs. be prefixed?

Yes, or Miss, as the case may be. It makes communication clearer if the recipient knows something of the writer.

✧

What is Swedenborgianism?

It is a system of theology put forward by a man, Emmanuel Swedenborg, and is too complex to give here. It is also the belief of a large and growing church.

✧

Is there a market for fancy needlework?

Yes, but skill of the highest order, and rapidity of execution is necessary to the best financial success. The city stores buy such work.

✧

How far has rural free mail delivery service extended?

In 1892 there were over eight thousand routes in operation and they are being continually added thereto.

✧

Why is it that a pump only draws thirty-three feet of water?

Because the pressure of the atmosphere is only sufficient to lift it that high.

✧

How many Cherokee Indians are there?

They number 38,000.

The Home



Department

SALT RISING BREAD.

BY ANNA M. STANTON.

PUT a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar and a half-teaspoonful of soda into a quart pitcher. Pour into it a half-pint of new milk, then pour in a half-pint of hot water. Let stand to cool a little. Then stir in flour enough to make quite a stiff batter. Either white or coarse flour will do, or one can use some of each. Coarse flour is more sure to rise than white flour. Leave the spoon in the pitcher. Put some water a little warmer than the rising into an iron kettle and place where it will keep about the same temperature. Set the pitcher into this, but do not let the water be as deep as the rising. Beat several times during the forenoon. The rising should come about noon. Of course that will depend on when it was set. When the rising gets almost to the top of the pitcher, empty the kettle and put into it three or four pints of milk and water a little warmer than the rising. Let the rising run over into this. Warm an earthen bowl by pouring hot water into it. Empty the contents of the kettle into this bowl, add an ounce of salt and stir in enough flour to make a stiff batter. Keep as warm as the rising was kept. As soon as it rises mix the dough as soft as can be handled and form into loaves immediately. Keep them in a warm place. As soon as they are raised to the top of the pan, carefully set the pan into a moderately hot oven. This kind of bread requires less time for baking than does yeast bread. As soon as it is done, remove from the pan and rub butter over the tops of the loaves.

These things must be remembered: To set the rising and sponge stiff enough, to keep it warm enough, to set the sponge when the rising is ready, to mix the dough when the sponge is ready and bake it when it comes to the top of the pan.

North Yakima, Wash.

LEMON GELATINE JELLY.

SOAK one box of gelatine in one pint of cold water until dissolved. Then add three pints of boiling water, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two, one and one-half pounds of sugar. Strain into a mould which has been wet with cold water. When cold, stir with a spoon to make it quiver.

OATMEAL PUDDING.

BY SISTER MARTHA B. BECHTEL.

PUT into a pudding dish one cup of oatmeal, break in one egg, add sugar to sweeten, fill the dish with milk, flavor with nutmeg, stir several times while baking.

Yerkes, Pa.

WHOLESOME PIE CRUST.

BY SISTER LUCY PRISER.

TAKE one-half pint of good, rich, sweet cream, butter the size of a walnut and enough fine Graham flour to make a dough to roll as other pie crust. This will make crust for one pie.

Piercetown, Ind.

JEFF DAVIS PIE.

BY RACHEL A. DEETER.

TAKE three eggs, whites and yolks, two cups of sugar, two cups of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of flour and three tablespoonfuls of butter. Flavor with any extract to suit the taste.

LITTLE PUDDINGS.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE one cup of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, flour to make a thin batter, and any kind of sugared fruit or preserves. Put in jelly glasses, first the batter, then the fruit and so on until two-thirds full. Steam one-half hour. Serve with pudding sauce.

Lafayette, Ind.

ORANGE PUDDING.

BY MRS. LILIAN DOMER.

TAKE two eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of milk, boil and let cool. Divide two oranges, remove the seeds and stir into the cold custard.

Baltic, Ohio.

LITERARY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON CALENDAR. This is an excellent arrangement for the use of the Sunday-school people, and is something decidedly novel and useful. It is a hanging arrangement with the month's calendar at the top, and the outlines of the week's lesson below. The time, place, and persons involved in the current lesson are given, together with the Golden Text. Then follows the calendar with appropriate readings for the week, with the Bible references suited to the lesson.

It is a very neat, well printed, and useful accessory to every Sunday-school scholar. It can be hung where those who use it can readily see it, and the woman washing dishes can familiarize herself with the lesson from day to day, while every member of the household who can read can study as he runs. It is well printed, well arranged, and well worth all that it costs, which is thirty-five cents, and it may be had of the author and publisher, who is J. G. Miller, Franklin Grove, Ill.

* * *

CHINA!!!!

THE March number of the *Missionary Visitor* which will be ready for distribution by the 25th day of February, will contain illustrations, maps, charts, and ably written articles on China. Articles from such world-wide travelers and writers as John R. Mott, will be found in its columns. To know of a country with a population nearly four times as great as the United States and yet occupying a territory much smaller, to learn some things of life, religion, and habits of the people; and to get a little insight into missionary effort made among them and how it is received, comes within the range of the March *Missionary Visitor*. It will be brimful of that which is interesting and helpful and every Christian should read this copy.

Subscription price for balance of 1903, only 40 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied. A new and popular book given as a premium to persons who will show the *Visitor* to their friends. Write for particulars, mentioning the INGLENOOK. Address, Gen. Miss. & Tract Com., Elgin, Illinois.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests

whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

MUCH obliged to the NOOK for the many good things I have got out of it in the past. I hope to continue it so long as I am able to get it.—*J. H. Brubaker, Pennsylvania.*

"OF the several different papers we take, first to be read is the INGLENOOK. Our children love to read its interesting pages."—*Jennie Neher, Mo.*

*

"I AM a regular reader of nearly all the leading periodicals but find nothing to take the place of the NOOK."—*John W. Grim, Va.*

*

"AM highly pleased with the INGLENOOK. Could not afford to be without it."—*Jesse Blickenstaff, Michigan.*

*

"THE NOOK is enjoyed very much in our home."—*A. A. Neher, Ohio.*

* * *

There has been a call for a song with a chorus something as follows:

"And what is the use of repining,
For where there's a will there's a way.
To-morrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day."

Want Advertisements.

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap. Samples.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

*

WANTED.—A location for a general repair, cabinet and blacksmith shop. Illinois or Iowa preferred.—*Z. A. Wagoner, Waterloo, Iowa.*

*

WANTED.—Boy of thirteen wants place with Brethren on a farm. Healthy and bright boy. Prefer some one who will adopt him. Address: H. M., 954 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill.

*

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick, with reference. J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.

*

WANTED.—A girl to work in private family at North Manchester, Indiana. Permanent. Address: R. C. Hollinger, North Manchester, Indiana.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

NO. 9.

KRUPP.

Dead! and the belching thunder
Of the guns, on sea and shore,
Though they rive the world asunder,
Can break on his ears no more.

Forth from his hands he sent them
Wherever men met as foes;
And wherever strong hands unbent them,
The cry of the wounded rose.

The groans of the maimed and dying,
The moan of the ebbing heart,
On the fields of the dead, low lying,
Was the praise of his master art.

Wherever the ocean's billows
The ships of the fleet have sped,
Deep over the coral pillows,
Where the wild seas keep their dead;

Wherever, in rush or rally,
Man clashed in the strife with man—
In Paardeburg's war-strewn valley,
Or the red heights of Sedan—

Death and blood and disaster
Spoke his great name in dread;
But now, in his shroud, the master
That fashioned the guns lies dead.

And, wishing him naught of sorrow,
No curse o'er his grave, nor ban,
How well 'twould be, if to-morrow
The art could die with the man.

And brothers, the wide world over,
Would drink from love's brimming cup,
And cover the guns as they cover
The dust o'er the grave of Krupp.

—John S. McGroarty, in Los Angeles Times.

* * *

HISTORY SOMETIMES EXAGGERATES.

WHEN Sir Fioralli first uncovered the ruins of Pompeii some thirty years ago he enabled the world to form a very excellent idea of the appearance of a Roman town of the first century of the Christian era. And so, during three years past, have the Germans been uncovering ancient Babylon.

The results have been, though scientifically interesting, somewhat disappointing, for the city has proved to be by no means either so magnificent or so extensive as popular imagination has always pic-

tured it. Indeed, Dr. Koldwey, who is in charge of the excavations, asserts positively that the famous walls were certainly not more than eight miles in circumference.

Nor is this all. For not only was the city comparatively insignificant as regards size, but even its vaunted splendor and wealth or architectural detail could, the doctor declares, have had no real existence. Sundried mud bricks constituted the only building material available, and large or imposing edifices could not possibly have been constructed by their aid alone.

In reality the explorers have convinced themselves by actual measurement, that even in Nebuchadnezzar's royal palace was there a single private apartment which would be considered large enough nowadays for a lady's boudoir.

The biggest public room was the banqueting hall, wherein occurred the "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" incident, and this was barely fifty feet long. The houses of the common people were mere hovels. So perishes a cherished illusion.

It is probably the same with not a few of the semi-mythical wonders of olden times. The famous Colossus of Rhodes, for instance, which has given a word—"colossal"—to the English language, and which was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world, would, if standing to-day, be quite dwarfed by the gigantic statue of liberty erected at the entrance to New York harbor.

* * *

RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD.

THE oldest daughter of the late Frederick Krupp, the famous gunmaker of Germany, is the principal heir to her father's vast estates. Miss Bertha Krupp is but 17 years old, and her inheritance makes her the world's richest girl.

* * *

WHOSO causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit: but the upright shall have good things in his possession.—*Solomon*.

AMONG THE MOKIS.

THIS is the beginning of an Indian story. For some reason the Indian is a character the average reader never tires of. He is generally misunderstood and then there are Indians and Indians. Some of them are wild men, nomadic or wandering in their habits, while there are others that are so in love with their homes that nothing on earth ever gets them away. The roving Indian lived in every locality where the Nook is read, while the other kind, the pueblo Indians, have always lived in towns. That is, as long as there is any account of them they have been town dwellers.

Now be it remembered that our story does not deal with the roving red man of the plains, but with the Indians who live in towns, and who are called pueblo Indians. The word pueblo is not Indian, but Spanish, and means nothing more or less than town. Therefore an Indian pueblo, or the Pueblo Indians will be better understood if the word town is read for the word pueblo. Then there are Indians who live high up on the mesa, another Spanish word, meaning a table, and there are others who dwell on the side of cliffs, and the Mokis are mesa dwellers. Now if you imagine a flat-topped mountain, one with abrupt, precipitous sides, hard to climb, and the top as level as a floor, you will have the mesa idea. And you want to pronounce the word as though it were spelled may-sah. If the sides of the cliff were of rock, shelving and even overhanging, with a narrow trail leading up to it, and people dug out the caverns, walling them up in front, you will have the correct idea of the cliff dwellers. Some of these towns of the cliff dwellers are so situated that a ladder is necessary to reach them, sometimes more than one ladder, and if an attacking body wanted to get at them they would have a hard time of it, if the cliff people pulled up the ladders. In fact there is no doubt in the minds of those who have made the subject a matter of study, that these cliff people first lived lower down, and then, to get out of the reach of the warrior red men, put their houses up on the cliffside where they would be safe from all attacks from below. Down on what we would call the meadow at the bottom of the hill, they raised their few vegetables, irrigating the crops, and then when ripe they would be harvested and stored in the houses far up on the hillside, or in their towns on the mesa or top. They had corn, of that there is no doubt, for the remains of the corn, some on the cob yet, are still there, or may readily be found by those who hunt for such things.

One thing the reader wants to fix in his mind for a fact in the difference between the tribes of Indians. If you take the Santa Fe railroad from Chicago you will, when passing through New Mexico, Arizona, and other

states and territories, see the several kinds of Indians. There is one kind that live in houses made of branches and limbs of trees, set together in the form of a tent, and plastered outside with mud, resembling the work of some animal. These are not nearly so far advanced as those who live in towns, the houses of which, in instances, are much better than the houses of some white people. The cliff dwellers are an entirely distinct lot, and the mesa people are still another kind. The railroad will take you right by the Pueblo Indian's town, but to get at the cliff dwellers, or to the Moki people, a long drive or ride is necessary.

There is another class of Indians known scientifically as the Caveate Indians. This word, however, is a misnomer as it is simply the abode of the Indians who live in the caves that the elements have washed out on



NAVAJO INDIANS, FAMED FOR THEIR BLANKETS
AND BASKETS.

the faces of the soft rocks that make up the hillsides. In places the wind and weather working together for ages have scooped out caverns with a stone floor and a stone overhead, and the Indians who dwell in these places have walled up the open front and really they are cliff-dwellers, though the word Caveate distinguishes them from the people who dug out their dwelling places and walled them up in front. There can be no doubt whatever but that these people once lived down on the plain and were forced by the murderous attacks of other tribes to locate themselves in places of entire safety.

Unless the Nook reader has seen these cliff dwellers it is almost impossible to convey an idea of their inaccessibility and the difficulty with which they may be reached. One may pass along the dribble of a stream down in the valley, while away up on the rocky face of the cliff, hundreds of feet up, may be a cliff-dweller town so far away and so carefully hidden by the predominating color of the stones that the existence of the town might remain unsuspected. But this story does not deal with the cliff people, but with the Mokis, who live in stone houses on the top of the mesa.

A LETTER FROM MEXICO.

BY QUINTER.

WHEN we left the plantation of Santa Clara for the mining town, one hundred and fifty miles back from the railway station, we went on burros for the first ten or fifteen miles. We might have gone in a carriage, for the next twenty miles we might have used horses, but after that nothing would have done but the patient donkey, or burro, as our Mexican friends call them.

There were quite a lot of people in our party. Father, Ruby and myself, and the padre of the mining town, or the priest of the church, as the Inglenook family would call him, together with about a dozen peons and a lot of pack burros constituted the train. If anybody thinks it is funny; or even interesting, to travel one hundred and fifty miles on burroback he is mistaken. In the first place it is with great difficulty that a burro can be gotten out of a slow walk, but he will keep up in his place in the procession. If the one in front of him goes fast he will go fast himself.

The first day we got in about thirty miles and when evening came we camped by the side of a stream with very little water in it, but one of the peons scooped out a hole in the bottom of the Rio seco, which is Spanish for "dried river." It soon filled up with water and we had enough for all the animals as well as for our own purposes. It was pretty well up a mountain side where we made our first camp. In the first place we tethered out all of our donkeys where they could crop the coarse herbage, after unpacking them. Then we made fires and the peons cooked for themselves while Ruby got our supper with our help. We had some warm biscuits baked in two covered pans. That is, after Ruby had made the biscuits she put them in the bottom of the bake pan and put another over the top, covering the whole arrangement with live coals, and in a very short time the biscuits were thoroughly baked. Meantime I made some coffee and between us we fried some bacon. We had sugar and condensed cream with us, and I remarked that the little can in which the cream was put came from Elgin, where the Nook is printed.

One has no idea how good warm biscuits, fried bacon and coffee are after a trip such as we made. Where we were there was no chance of our being disturbed by bandits, and so Ruby, father and I sat around one fire while the peons collected about another, and put in their time gambling and talking in Spanish. Both Ruby and I were tired almost to death, and so we put some more wood on the fire, and each of us rolled up in a blanket

and lay down to sleep under the stars. Personally I did not know anything at all until I was awakened the next morning by father who said it was time to get up. And then it was that the burro ride began to get in its work. We were all that stiff and sore that we thought we would never limber up.

However, after breakfast, when the burros were packed, we all got aboard. The old Mexican in charge, after seeing that nothing was left behind, shouted, "Vaminos," which means in English, "Let us go," and is just about the same as the condutor shouting, "all aboard," when a northern train starts out.

The second day and the third day were very much alike, and the country we passed through was something wonderful, in the extent and character of its mountains. On the fourth day we came in sight of the hacienda, San Juan de Latran, which means "John the Baptist farm" in English. All these haciendas have a name. Here we were at one, more than a hundred miles away from a railroad, and it was quite an extensive place. The haciendado read the letter of introduction which father gave him, and when he had finished he said in Spanish, "The house is yours." This is a very common Mexican greeting, and when one goes away he will hear as the last thing the expression, "Don't forget that this is your house." These phrases are simply Spanish politeness and are not to be taken literally.

Here, for the first time in three days and nights, father, Ruby and I slept under a roof and in a bed. We had an early breakfast and off we started on the remaining fifty miles of our trip.

I must not forget to tell you that at the Hacienda of San Juan de Latran they had a piano, and Ruby played it while crowds of peons gathered respectfully outside to listen quietly to the Senorita Americano play. A question might arise in the minds of the Nook readers how on earth they ever got a piano so far back from the railroad, over a mountain bridle path. And perhaps it would hardly be believed, yet the facts are that it was toted over by hand by the peons, who took turns in carrying it bodily. There are some places, I am told, that are four hundred miles away from the nearest railway station, but you will find stationary engines there. And these engines have been packed on the backs of burros piecemeal, and then set up upon their arrival.

When we arrived at our mining town the whole population was out to meet us. And, more than that, there was a band of music. This band was composed of barefooted mine laborers who had made their own instruments, but the music they made

would have been a credit to any entertainment I ever attended in my northern home.

And here we are at last in a place where we expect to spend a good many months. We are to have a teacher and expect to pursue our studies, so as to be qualified to take up our work in college when we return. There are a great many interesting things here. Not only are the mines and the methods of mining interesting but the people themselves and their ways are not like anything we have ever known before. Ruby and I are learning to talk Spanish. In fact when father is not here we either have to talk in that language or go without being understood, for we are the only people here who speak English.

Our daily life is a very pleasant one for a day or two but it becomes dreadfully monotonous as the days go by. All day long nearly everybody is in the mine, working, while only the women and children are outside. Ruby and I circulate around among the houses in which the Mexicans live and pick up all the Spanish we can. Some of the mistakes we make are doubtless funny, but a peculiarity of Mexican manners is that no matter what the error may be we are never laughed at.

Possibly I may write again when somebody next goes to the post office, which is just one hundred and thirty miles away.

* * *

THE GRIZZLY.

THERE is a deal of discussion among hunters after big game in the mountains concerning the sort of fathers and husbands grizzly bears make. The consensus of opinion seems to be that bruin is an unfaithful, heartless spouse and a contemptible father. He will help madam bruin seek a cave of an opening in the rocks or mountain side, where their cubs may be born, and he will carry a dainty morsel, such as a sheep, a calf or part of a cow's carcass, there for his mate's food. However, a few days after the cubs are born in the family circle he will leave the home, probably never having any further acquaintance with his spouse and her offspring. Thereafter madam bruin must make her own way and provide for her cubs. Unlike the black bear, which is a jolly, fun-loving father, that rolls and frolics with his baby children, the male grizzly will have nothing to do with the cubs. Madam grizzly and her children are companions for two summers and they hibernate rolled together in a ball of fur for about one hundred days during the coldest days of winter. The mother bear and her young travel far and wide, moving principally at night.

Kit Carson said that the wide range of a family of healthy grizzlies in a summer season is almost incal-

culable. He had reason to know of a mother grizzly and her two cubs that once left their hibernating cave among the southern spurs of the Rocky mountains in New Mexico, one spring in the '40's, crossed Colorado and Wyoming, were seen in the mountains in Montana and were back in New Mexico again for another winter before the following October.

The maternal instinct, however, is as strong in the she grizzly as in any other animal. There are numerous instances of mother bears giving up their lives to save their cubs from danger. Only recently the writer heard a hunter tell how a grizzly cub got in one of his steel bear traps and how the mother came and clawed and bit and scratched at the vise-like jaws of the trap in a vain hope of freeing her young. When daylight came and the hunter, rifle in hand, approached, the mother grizzly in her rage and her love for her cub charged straight at the hunter and was shot down.

The cuteness—sagacity, some observers call it—of grizzly bears is shown in hundreds of different ways. The bear lore that is always retailed about a camp fire of hunters and trappers in the mountains is filled with stories and observations of this sense, which seems to belong to grizzly bears alone among the great family of bruins. All hunters have had experiences in which they have been led many miles from camp, across mountains, over wide areas of boulders and through rocky canyons by some smart old grizzly that seemed to have a human mind in teasing the hunter along and at the same time keeping out of range of rifle when there was an opportunity for the pursuer to shoot. The bear that knows that it is hunted and sees a chance to escape will do so every time. It will climb hastily into spots most inaccessible to man and when it has surveyed the field from behind a titanic boulder or in a dense chaparral where the hunter cannot shoot it will decide upon a course of escape. If there is a she bear in the band and her cubs are along she will drive the little fellows on ahead a few feet and defend them in the rear. When bruin knows there is a chance for a bullet from a hunter's gun to come that way he will hasten as fast as possible, not stopping to rest until some protection is afforded from bullets by rocks or timber. Many she bears in the anxiety to save their cubs have been seen to pick them up in their fore paws and trudge clumsily along.—*Outing.*

* * *

OF COMMON ORIGIN.

MEN who in these days "hire a hack" never stop to inquire how the vehicle they engage to wheel them to their homes or to a depot got its name. It suffices to know that everybody else calls it a hack, and to them it is simply that and nothing more. The original hacks were termed hackney coaches because they

were drawn by "hackneys," a name applied to easy-going, safe-pacing horses.

Coach is derived from the French *coche*, a diminutive form of the Latin *conchula*, a shell, in which shape the body of such conveyances was originally fashioned. Seldom, if ever, is the full term, "omnibus" applied to those heavy, lumbering vehicles found in so many large cities. With the characteristic brevity of English-speaking races the title has been changed to "bus."

These were first seen in Paris in 1827 and the original name of omnibus is derived from the fact that it first appeared on the sides of each conveyance, being nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all."

Cab is an abbreviation of the Italian word *capriola*, which has been changed to *cabriolet* in French. Both

person would ride in such an affair, which afforded accommodation to but one individual. The strange title was never changed.

Coupe is French in origin, being derived from the word *couper* (coo-pay), to cut. This was considered an appropriate designation because it greatly resembled a coach with the front part cut off.

The old-fashioned gig was given that name from its peculiar jumping and rocking motion, the word being from the French *gigue*, signifying jig or a lively dance.



ORIGIN OF THE MILITARY SALUTE.

OF military salutes, raising the right hand to the



SAN LUIS REY, ONE OF THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

words have a common derivative—*cabriole*—signifying a goat's leap. The exact reason for giving it this strange appellation is unknown, unless because of the lightness and springiness of the vehicle in its original form.

In some instances the names of special forms of carriages are derived from the titles of the persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and William IV, who was originally the duke of Clarence, gave the latter name to his favorite conveyance.

The popular hansom derives its name from its introducer, Mr. Hansom; and the tilbury, at one time a very fashionable two-wheeled vehicle, was called from a sporting gentleman of the same name.

Landau, a city in Germany, was the locality in which was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

Sulky, as applied to a wheeled conveyance, had its origin in the fact that when it first appeared the person who saw it considered that none but a sulky, selfish

head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights filed past the throne of the queen of beauty and, by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.



THE SAPPHIRE.

HEBREW tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphire. In Hebrew the word "sappir" means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

FIRST IMPRESSION.

BY D. J. LIGHTY.

THE best commentary on the people of India is the people themselves. You may have both read and heard of them and studied their country's geography and sociology; yet you do not know India. You only know about her. Even after having spent several years among the inhabitants, one's conclusions are apt to be hasty and at fault. As a rule the men who have been in India the longest, study the more, and are less hasty in making public their conclusions than those of little or no experience. But however forcibly these facts impress the new arrival, he may, in a general way, take a superficial view of things, at least.

Thus let us begin at Bombay, our landing place. The first question is, How was such a beautiful city planted and developed in the midst of a poverty-stricken and degenerate race? Whence those tall, magnificent buildings and well-kept gardens? Whither go the busy throngs that all day crowd her broad, shady streets? Why that continual jostling, hustling and noise? But when you are told that commercial advantages, developed by Western push and energy, are back of it all you do not wonder. Nestling on one of the finest harbors of the world, and the only good one on the western coast, she has become the very gateway for Western commerce and travel, and the point where the Orient and the Occident meet. True, the population is mostly native, but just pass down one of the main thoroughfares and a motlier crowd of humanity you never saw. Indians of every caste and condition, rich and poor, high and low, great and small, dressed and sparsely dressed, Parsees, English, Yankees, and nearly every other nation under the sun are here represented. If it requires "many men of many minds, and many men of many kinds" to make the world go, the city of Bombay surely must be a world in itself, and should certainly prosper.

About one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Bombay, and three miles from the sea is our own city, Bulsar, which is typical of most of the towns and villages of this section. The houses are usually constructed of stone or brick, finished with a coating of plaster. Low, dirty hovels they are, and repulsive to both the sense of smell and sight. The location of such towns in so beautiful a country seems like a setting of mud in a ring of pure gold.

Yes, a charming and fertile country this is, in general quite level, but with enough wooded knolls to break all monotony. The distribution of forestry is quite general, though nowhere dense. Scattered throughout this section you find the shady, spreading banyan, the tall majestic palm, the tough slender bamboo, the ever blooming bindi, while the prickly babul

thorn asserts itself in every nook and uncultivated plot.

To the east, about thirty miles, peering above all else are the hills of the interior, from whence come numerous streams of languidly-flowing water. As they are affected by the tides, they are made navigable for small craft. This leaves the water dirty and mudd.

Agriculture seems to be a leading industry, but carried on in a very crude manner. The implements of most use are the hand sickle and wooden plow, drawn by a team of oxen. Many of the lower tracts are suitable for rice culture, while the drier portions are devoted to the production of jowari, sugar cane and various kinds of millets and pulses. Cactus and babul thorn brush are the characteristic fences that portion off each man's little farm and keep the passing herds and flocks from destroying the crops.

The farmer's wife has a hard time of it. Besides doing a good share of the field work she must also carry the produce to market. For miles and miles these poor slaves to man bear loads upon their heads, quite burdensome enough for the so-called stronger sex. The bundles of wood and grass thus borne, often weigh eighty pounds. Surely they are the slaves of all slaves.

Meeting a new people always affords a good opportunity to study human nature. Especially is this true in India. Here we have the Parsee, shrewd and cultured. Towering above all (in his own estimation) is the haughty, scowling Brahmin. Below him grovel all the other castes and outcastes of the Hindu race. In a way the people are happy, but not as we know happiness. They have not the upward look of hope and joy, but very often it is the expression of despair. Many are poverty stricken, and begging is a common occupation.

The typical Hindu is tall and lank. He has black hair, dark eyes and a skin not white. His physical make-up is better adapted to the endurance of great heat than for strenuous exertion. Deprive him of his ear rings, cleanse his teeth and erase the hideous caste mark from his forehead and you have quite an intelligent looking being before you. Clothing is used sparingly, but when properly worn they appear both modest and comfortable.

From the lowest to the greatest, rice and curry constitute the principal Indian dish. As individuals are able, they add to this list of eatables, which by most Hindus are counted as luxuries. Various kinds of vegetables and fruits may be had according to demand. We greatly relish the big, juicy oranges and limes grown here and the luscious banana is ever present on our table. When among the natives we eat as the natives do, i. e., we try to do so. The process is very simple. A few metal dishes and drinking vessels are spread on the floor or ground, as the case may be.

Then you sit round about them, cross-legged, while your host serves. Crude as are their means and methods of cooking, the product is faultless, and in child-like simplicity you partake with a relish.

What the tobacco habit is to America the "pan" is to India, though less injurious. They chew and spit just like good old "Spear Head" and "Climax," only the juice is red and so are the mouths and teeth of those who use it. Which is the more repulsive, dirty brown teeth or red ones, is hard to decide. At any rate I would rather see them white and cleanly such as our orphans have.

At this time of the year the climate is lovely. Perhaps no one can better appreciate the delights of a tropical winter than those who all their lives were used only to the cold, hibernal blasts of the north. There, after a cold snap in autumn, we used to enjoy our Indian summer, but really an Indian winter is much to be preferred.

Bulsar, India.

A FAMOUS HOAX.

THOUGH practical jokers have existed from times immemorial, probably the most notorious of this class of jokers who flourished a century ago, was one Theodore Hook of London. The audacity of this man was remarkable when it came to playing practical jokes. A writer in the *Era* gives the following account of one of Hook's most famous pranks:

Berners Street, in the year 1810, was the quietest and most respectable thoroughfare in London, inhabited by clerical and titular dignitaries and by the more humdrum of the wealthier classes. Hook made a wager with one Henry Higginson, a theological student, that he would make this street the talk of all London. He spent three days writing and mailing letters to tradesmen, physicians, clergymen and others, all over London, requesting their professional or official presence, or ordering goods to be sent to Mrs. Tottenham, 54 Berners Street, on the morning of November 26, 1810. That morning witnessed the most astonishing street scene ever known in London. Furniture of all kinds, coffins, barrels of wine and liquor, groceries in bulk, tons of coal, followed one after the other in carts, wagons and hearses. Physicians, dentists, and clergymen, summoned for a terrible emergency, jostled with coachmen, footmen and household servants in search of a situation. Clockmakers, wigmakers, dressmakers, opticians and curiosity dealers brought samples of their wares. Dignitaries came in their carriages—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, the Mayor of London. The roadway of Berners Street, in short, was speedily choked up with vehicles, jammed and

interlocked with one another, the sidewalks with a roaring, pushing, struggling, angry crowd. All the efforts of the police could not restore order until far into the night. Incalculable was the damage to property, the loss of time that is money, the injury to personal feeling, and the wear and tear upon poor old Mrs. Tottenham and the inmates of other houses in Berners Street.

PAPER MONEY.

THE life of a paper note, and especially those of small denomination, as a one, two or five dollar bill, has always been much shorter than the average person would imagine. Of late, however, owing to the great increase of prosperity throughout the country its existence has been curtailed until at the beginning of the present year it has been estimated that the ordinary outstanding note now lives but a little more than two years.

The main reason for this lies in the fact that as business becomes more active there is a greater demand for small bills for ready use and these being handled oftener and more carelessly than the larger ones they wear out much sooner.

SLIPPERS MADE OF PAPER.

SOME of the European hotels are introducing a novelty by furnishing each guest on his arrival with a pair of paper slippers, and the plan is expected to contribute largely toward the cleanliness of the hostelryes. The slippers are cheap. They are made wholly of paper. The soles are of pasteboard and the rest is made of white or brown paper, stitched with heavy cotton to prevent tearing. There are various qualities. The most expensive is made of an extra good quality of white paper. The cheapest is made of common brown straw paper.

These paper slippers are so cheap that new ones can be furnished to each guest. An attempt is being made also to introduce them in hospitals and public institutions, as they would add much to cleanliness and form another preventive of contagion, since each pair could be thrown away or destroyed as soon as the wearer has done with them.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

INCLUDING rivers and canals, it is estimated that no part of England is more than 15 miles from water communication.

"WHAT CAUSES THE HUM OF THE TELEPHONE WIRES?"

BY S. Z. SHARP.

WE put the above question to many persons and always got the same stereotyped answer given in the *Nook* of January 10, namely: "The wires are stretched taut and the wind playing on them causes the hum." The fact is the wind has little or nothing to do with the noise. Popular theories, no matter how erroneous, may go a long time unchallenged. The theory of Ptolemy published in A. D. 140, stating that the sun revolved around the earth, was accepted until the Copernican theory set it aside in 1543. Now everybody admits that the former theory was wrong.

The popular theory in regard to the telegraph wire is, that it being stretched taut, it will sing like an eolian harp. Any one can satisfy himself of the fallacy of this theory by noticing that the wire sings just as well when there is absolutely no wind prevailing provided the other necessary conditions are present. If the wind striking the wire produced the sound, then the noise would issue from the wire all along the line, but you only hear it from the point where it is fastened to the glass tubes on the poles. Another fact is that the wire invariably sings when the air rapidly changes from a warmer to a colder condition, even though there is absolutely no wind prevailing at the time. Notice this fact in the evening when the air becomes colder. A similar sound may be heard in the morning, though perhaps not as strong, when the air changes from cold to warm. Then notice the wire again at noon when it has become thoroughly warmed up and assumed its normal condition and you will not hear it sing whether there is any wind or not. This would go far to prove that the singing is principally owing to the contraction or expansion of the wire and that the particles of which it is composed play an important part.

COMMENT.

The above article by Professor Sharp sets forth another theory as to the humming of telephone and telegraph wires. The fact that there is no wind at the place one may listen, and hear the noise, does not prove that the wind has nothing to do with it. It is altogether likely that contraction and expansion sets up a vibration which causes a so-called humming and singing, but any one who knows anything about an eolian harp cannot fail to be struck with the fact that where fifty or one hundred wires are stretched taut between two telegraph poles, the wind sweeping over them will assuredly set up a vibration which will certainly cause a humming. It

is a further scientific fact that if but one of these wires runs out into the open country, say for fifty or one hundred miles, and that single one begins to sing the remaining forty-nine wires, where they are bunched together, will vibrate in unison with the original one. The question is rather a complex one and we welcome any information bearing on the subject that will enable us to arrive at a correct conclusion in this or any other matter. Will some of our *Nook* friends out on the plains experiment a little with the subject by listening morning and evening with an ear against the pole and report results?

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WHY IS IT?

"THE sign language, once forming such an extensive part of the human vocabulary and still used with much profit, is not unknown to lower orders of life," said a man who takes much interest in matters of this sort, "and I have had occasion in my time to observe some rather impressive instances. Some of the signs are understandable. Many of them are plain as the words of human speech, as, for instances, the sap-sucker's love call, the rabbit's drumming, the head gesture which accompanies the cluck of the old hen when she is trying to attract the attention of her brood to a bit of food she has uncovered in the soil.

"But there are many mysterious and altogether inexplicable things to be found in this strange realm of signs. Every sign means something. We may be sure of that. It is a part and parcel of speech. It conveys a meaning definite enough to the creatures in the particular order of life. But there are so many signs which are not followed by results which throw light on their meaning that the field becomes one for interesting speculative inquiry.

"What does the duck mean, for instance, when simply bobbing the head up and down? It is not confined to one sex. Drakes and hens resort to the same form of speech. I have seen them go through this motion in perfect silence, and when the motion of the head would not be followed by any other activity or by sound of any sort. They just nod at each other. It may be simply a friendly sort of greeting, a nod of reassurance that 'all is quiet on the Potomac,' and that there is no fox or other dangerous intruder anywhere around. Or it may be a flirtive sort of speech, the duck's way of smiling and goo-gooing. I don't know how this is. I only know that it happens. It may be, of course, that this movement of the head and neck is physically necessary, like the habit of yawning or the unconscious movement of the limbs of human beings. But ducks yawn and stretch very much after the fashion of the human kind. Still, the movement to which I have referred may result from a similar

motive. I would like to know. Can any man tell me what a duck means by silently nodding to one or more of his companions?"

* * *

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

NEVER put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

WANTS PROTECTION FOR BIRDS.

EX-GOVERNOR Samuel J. Crawford of Kansas has printed an urgent plea for the enactment of a bird-protecting law. He says: "Birds of every kind and variety except the hawk and English sparrow are useful, and many of them are invaluable. They should be protected by a rigid, stringent law, with a severe penalty attached thereto. One quail will destroy a thou-



A VIEW FROM SMILEY HEIGHTS, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA. THE SMALLER TREES ARE IN ORANGE GROVES. THE LARGER TREES ARE PEPPER TREES, VERY COMMON IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.
Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak! if very angry count a hundred.

send insects in a single day and many other birds will do as much."

* * *

A SEVEN POUND KEY.

ONE of the oldest and most curious specimens of the locksmith's art is attached to the door of the Temple church, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is eighteen inches long, and, unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for the key.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 5.

DID you ever notice how some wild plants of the same species vary one from the other, in detail? Take the dandelion, for illustration, and there is a most wonderful difference between the habits and character of the flowers. Some of them are handsome enough for conservatory plants. If they only grew in some remote and inaccessible part of China, they would be one of our finest flowers. It is precisely so with a great number of our native plants. Nearly all of them are beautiful, and it is a good thing that we learn to see these things without having to wait to be told about them.

And the differences we were talking about! Here are several clumps of wild johnny-jump-ups. Notice the difference in the habit of growth, the size and the shape of the leaves, and the colors and texture of the flowers. Their variation is remarkable. Now if we were to take one with the deepest blue, and the largest in flower, and transplant it to our garden, and there cultivate it, and feed it with its likeliest food, as we would a pet pig, the effect would be remarkable. Just what would happen is hard to say, but it is not impossible to think of doubling the size of the flower, and even doubling the flower itself. It is a fact that all, or nearly all, of our wild flowers respond with the utmost thankfulness and interest to any cultural treatment. Some of the really finest flowers the writer ever saw were wild ones that had been intelligently cultivated. Suppose that you pick out one that you take a fancy to, and give it a trial. It may not recover from the transplanting the first year, but the second will be sure to show a change, and nearly if not always, for the better. This very thing is happening accidentally everywhere, and at all times. The wild species probably come by their differences through the accident of their immediate location, the available plant food, the sunshine, and the absence of other plant robbers. Don't, for the life of you, imagine that scientific investigation is dry and uninteresting. Wait, if it has not already happened, till the apple trees are in bloom. Take a not uncommon instance of a seedling standing alone in a field. When it is a mass of bloom it is one of the handsomest things in the whole vegetable world. If there was not another apple tree in the world people from far and near would visit it. Excursion trains would be run, and people would go into ecstasies over it. That there are millions of other apple trees does not detract one whit from its beauty, and a walk out

in the orchard is a rare treat, rare in the sense that so few appreciate it.

So when we walk down the lane, studying what we see, let us not forget the æsthetic, the beauty side, of what we see. And note you, if any boy or girl either, raises a hand to throw a stone at a bird or animal when on our excursions, the Nookman will promptly disown him or her. These small folk are a feeble people, and are as much entitled to their homes in the trees, or under the leaves, as we are to ours. Woe to the one who strikes dead a bird to leave a nestful of little ones to perish of hunger and thirst! And don't you forget it!

And note the general hum and song that is in the air. And now it is a dead quiet. Everything is as still as death. The sun shines just as brightly, the air is as balmy, and things are apparently just as they were five minutes ago. But over all is a dead quietness. What is the reason? There is not a bird on the wing, not a chipmunk astir. See overhead for the reason. Away up there is a circling hawk, gracefully wheeling around over the earth. Its eagle eyes see every move on the earth. Woe to the bird or squirrel, mouse or bunny that fails to see, for if they do there will be a swoop, a fall like lead, and the sharp claws of the terror of the air will pierce the tender flesh, and they will be torn to pieces by the pirate of the upper world above them. And he is a rank coward at heart. When a lot of the birds get word around they sail into him. They follow him up, diving at him to peck out his cruel eyes, they harry him, drive him, and he, all the time, striving to beat upward into higher levels where the outraged mothers can not get at him. Doubtless Jennie Wren has often made it a mighty uncomfortable five minutes for the hawk in the air. As long as he can swoop down on the birds when they are not looking he is all right, and has them at his mercy. When they are on the wing, and in numbers, going for his eyes, he thinks that he had better stayed at home. Many a free fight has taken place in the upper air.

* * *

THE EAR.

THE organ of hearing is one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism in the body. In animals the external ear acts as a trumpet to collect the sound waves. In man it is little more than an ornament. But the internal ear is alike in both. So wonderful is its construction that we can distinguish sounds vary-

ing from forty to four thousand vibrations per second. This feat is performed by a portion of the ear called the organ of Corti. What a wonderful organ that is may be understood from the fact that it consists of five thousand pieces of apparatus, each piece being made up of two rods, one inner hair cell and four outer hair cells—that is, thirty-five thousand separate parts. In some mysterious manner the rods, with other things, are tuned to different notes, and, when they vibrate, they cause the hairs to transmit an impulse to the nerve of hearing. To be musical, therefore, is to have a good organ of Corti.

Fishes have no ears, or rather, the canals are closed; but they hear through the bones of the head. The New Zealanders can almost hear the grass grow.

Why is it that scratching a piece of glass with metal causes such an unpleasant sound? Because it is what is called the fundamental tone of the ear, which is very high. What the fundamental tone exactly is would take too much space to explain. But if you blow across the mouth of a bottle, a hollow globe, etc., you get its fundamental tone.

The ear is a deceptive organ, and it is often a matter of guess work to tell whence a sound comes. Indeed, if you place the open hands in front of your ears and curve them backward, sounds produced in front will appear to come from behind.—*Tid-Bits*.

* * *

BIRDS AND ELECTRIC WIRES.

A LETTER which reaches us from Naples will be read with interest. The writer, in visiting the great electric works there, seems to have been struck chiefly with what was told him by the engineer in charge with regard to the habits of the birds in the neighborhood. Never by any chance, he says, do they ever settle on the wires that conduct the electric force to the city, but always wait till the current is interrupted before alighting. "We always switch off the current," said the electrician, "from noon until 1 P. M. every day. A few moments after noon the wires are crowded with birds, but a few minutes before 1 o'clock they all fly away and never attempt to sit on the wires. If by any chance we are obliged to keep the current after mid-day, the birds are there ready to settle, but on approaching the wires fly away again. It seems that they know when a wire is conveying electricity. Even the flies seem to know. You will never see a fly settle on a wire carrying a current."—*London News*.

* * *

ON THE BLACK LIST.

UNCLE SAM has a black list of birds and quadrupeds which it is absolutely prohibited to introduce into this country. The mongoose, the flying fox and the starling are on the list. The mongoose is a species of

ferret, a native of India, where it is domesticated as a sort of animal rat trap and snake destroyer. It was introduced into Jamaica to get rid of the sugar cane rats. These exterminated, however, the mongoose went on to diet off the insect-destroying birds, with the result that the crops have been devastated by insects in some sections of the island. The animal is exceedingly crafty, nocturnal in its habits and evades traps with ease. The flying fox, known also as the fruit bat, is a voracious harvester of fruits and vegetables. The starling belongs to the crow family.

* * *

THE EARS OF JAPANESE.

THE Japanese have no ear lobes. This discovery has apparently been made for the first time by Dr. Von Der Heyden, director of the public hospital in Yokohama. Even if he was not the first to discover it, he is certainly the first to draw public attention to it. The absence of the ear lobes, he claims, is in some respects the most marked distinction between the Japanese and Europeans, and he maintains that the probable reason why the latter have lobes is because their ancestors for many generations wore heavy earrings.

* * *

PLEASES THE BIRDS.

A SCIENTIST once put an automatic music box on the lawn and spent many hours watching the robins, blue tits and other birds gathering about it. A looking glass put up where the birds can see themselves in it is also very attractive, while a combination of a musical box and a looking glass pleases the birds more than anything else one could put out for their amusement.

* * *

AMERICA'S COSTLIEST INSECT.

THE chinch bug has been called the costliest bug in America. It has cost as high as \$100,000,000 to feed during a single season. A bug hardly visible to the naked eye and which will provide 500 offspring is difficult to cope with and its offensive odor protects it from other insects which might feed upon it.

* * *

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

THE Jerusalem artichoke has no connection whatever with the holy city of the Jews. It is a species of sunflower.

* * *

TUNNELS DUG BY ANTS.

THE ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

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MIGNON'S SONG.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows—
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask, "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way through the
clouds?

In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rocks from its sides;
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father—then come, let us flee.

—Goethe.

* * *

DOING RIGHT.

It is often the case that in our efforts to do the right thing the very opposite of what we intended results. This makes us thoughtful in the subsequent instances when we are compelled to decide on a line of conduct. It is not at all times easy to decide upon what is the right thing to do under given circumstances. Life and its conditions are extremely complex at times, and the road is not a clear one. What, then, shall we do?

The answer to the above can be given in no final and dogmatic terms. Consultation with clear-headed people is often a great help. The Christian takes it up with God in prayer. Conditions must govern at the best, and these are ever varying with the different situations that arise. The only perfectly general rule that we can give is to do the right thing as far as we

know, and leave the rest to God and circumstances over which we exercise no controlling hand. Doing our best is doing all we can; all that even angels can do.

* * *

A SUGGESTION.

By this time there are thousands of Doctor Books scattered over the country and doubtless there are a good many people who have tried some of the remedies contained therein, and if anyone has been specially benefited by any particular recipe he will do a kindness to others similarly situated by addressing a letter to the INGLENOOK setting forth the fact. It would also be a matter of courtesy to the party whose name is attached to the remedy in the book. Doubtless there are many people who in their anxiety to recover their health have tried, or will try, some of the remedies suggested, and if they are a success it would only be a justice all around to acknowledge the usefulness of the medicine.

* * *

PROMPT ACTION.

THAT indefinite moral quality known as nerve has saved many a man in many ways. Recognizing the value of caution, there still remains the exercise of prompt action as a necessity to the fullest success. It is better for a man to fail through too prompt action than to fail by inactivity. The coward dallies and fails. He blames it on circumstances. The man of action succeeds or fails, as the case may be, and says, or thinks, if he had taken hold sooner he would have succeeded better, or not have failed. Yes, the man who fails can readily be forgiven much if he hit early and hard. Meantime the coward is explaining the wisdom of inaction in such cases.

* * *

LOSING FAITH.

VERY often there comes to our knowledge the fact that someone, an alleged Christian, has gone wrong. All his life seems to have been but a tissue of lies and hypocrisy, and it may have been all that it seems to be. Now what bearing has this on our faith? What ought it to have?

The answer is perfectly plain. It should not affect us at all. He whose faith is so shaky as to have it tumbled down when a neighboring structure falls is on a very insufficient foundation. The facts are that ever since the foundation of the Christian faith, or any other faith, there have always been hypocrites and make-believes, and it will be this way to the end of all time. Nor should it make us suspicious to remember the weaknesses that have been displayed and discovered in times past and gone. As it has been so it will be

and we should rise superior to the weakness of others and stand on such a firm foundation, that though all others give way we still remember that God is, and that he is truth, and never fails. Then when others fall, all we have to do is to stand closer to him, and as far as we can, be charitable.

PECULIARITIES.

REFERENCE in this article is had to peculiar likes and dislikes in the matter of food. Explain it as you will, there are certain articles of food that all of us more or less dislike, and which we never eat, under any circumstances. They make us sick. There is something in us that repels them, and if we eat our stomach rejects the food.

Now all of this is not a "notion," but an actual fact. There are people who like limburger cheese, and there are people who would starve rather than eat it, as it would only cause them to throw it off their stomachs. And it is not confined to such strong articles of food. Some sicken at the smell of celery, and there is no end of things that a taste for must be acquired. In all of those peculiarities it is doubtful whether a liking should be forced. Remember that it is not suggested that abnormal appetites, such as a craving for sugar, or the like, should be always gratified, but that one who rejects certain food should not be compelled to eat against his will. There is certainly a good reason for the dislike, or it would not be there.

BE CAREFUL.

BE careful of your practical jokes. Not everybody takes kindly to them, and what seems excruciatingly funny from your point of view, may terminate in a very serious thing for the joker before he is through with it all. There is no harm in impersonal wit, and humorous, harmless allusion, but when it comes to putting some person in an unenviable light it may be resented in a very unpleasant way by the one who does not care to be made a fool of.

The rule that governs these things is to not make any individual peculiarity or personal incident ridiculous. There is harmless laughing enough without fastening ridicule on the person. Some people are in the habit of saying discreditable things in the presence of a friend, addressing them to a third party who is a stranger, expecting the personal allusion to be overlooked when the occasion has passed. Don't do it. Such jokers strongly resemble a dog jumping up on one, pawing all over him, and generally making himself disagreeable, at a time and place when a well-directed kick is inadmissible.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

No use of praying for what you will not work for.

✱

The spirit of the giver determines the value of the gift.

✱

A fool is sure to run down what he does not understand.

✱

The man who wants but little and waits for it will get it sure.

✱

Mediocre people fail and persistence takes it up and wins out.

✱

A good round sum is often required to square a crooked affair.

✱

If you run to entomology a bee can always give you a pointer.

✱

Enthusiasm and curiosity make men more than tramping ghosts.

✱

Trouble and loss make us humble and humility makes us wiser.

✱

No live boy goes to sleep in the ingle nook when he has the Nook.

✱

Are you a Christian? Do you take the frost out of the bridle bits?

✱

The more women suffer for love the better they like the cause of it.

✱

If you insist on looking through cobwebs don't complain about the spiders.

✱

Are you one of the people who dye their whiskers and think nobody knows it?

✱

The man fighting to keep the peace may be inconsistent, but he is often effective.

 ✱ The attention of all parties in the possession of ✱
 ✱ a Doctor Book is called to an error in recipe No. ✱
 ✱ 462. In this recipe for "one-fourth ounce of ni- ✱
 ✱ trate of silver" read nitrate of potash. At once ✱
 ✱ mark out the word "silver" and substitute there- ✱
 ✱ for the word potash. Do this immediately. Do ✱
 ✱ not delay this matter. Score out the word silver, ✱
 ✱ substituting potash instead. ✱
 ✱ *****

INSECT EYES.

WE all understand that our eyes are somewhat like little photographic cameras, with sets of lenses, with stops to cut off unnecessary light, and having arrangements for focusing, and everything else that is needed to form the little colored picture on the sensitive retina at the back of the eye. The eyes of all backboneed creatures are, indeed, so much like cameras that photographs have actually been made through the eyes of some of the large domestic animals. But anyone who has examined insects at all must have noticed that their eyes are very different from our own. For, in the first place, each eye is often larger than all the rest of the head. There is no iris and no pupil. Then, too, an insect does not have to turn his head and look straight at anything, as we do when we wish to see clearly. One of the first things that we notice about an insect's eyes is that it is cut up into hundreds of little surfaces or facets, or is, as we say, "a compound eye." Now, each of these facets is at the end of a little tube with blackened sides, filled with clear jelly, and the entire eye is built up of these little tubes side by side.

An insect's eye is not a "camera eye," like our own, but what is called a "mosaic eye," after the pictures which are made by putting together little bits of colored glass and stone. We can get an idea of how this sort of eye acts if we look through a small roll of paper. When we do this we, of course, see only the spot at which we point the tube. Now, the insect's eye is like a large number of such tubes put together into a ball. The insect looks out through all the tubes at once, and sees the spot at the end of each. Thus the animal with his two eyes looks in all directions at the same time, and sees as many spots of color as there are tubes in both eyes—several thousand, perhaps, all combined into a single picture like the pattern of a carpet. We may get some idea of an insect's power of sight if, while looking straight at some object, we notice what there is at the sides as far around as one can see. We can then see shapes only dimly, but we can see colors perfectly well, and can even detect anything moving almost behind our heads. An insect seems to see every object as we see one thing when we look at another. It sees shapes vaguely, but shades or colors perfectly well, and knows at once if anything near it moves.

The compound eye seems to be good only for seeing things at a distance, and is not practically of much use at short range. So nearly all insects have one, two or three little eyes, which, so far as can be made out, are to help them see things near at hand. These ocelli, as they are called, are somewhat like our eyes, but much simpler, and they appear as minute dots on the front of the head between the compound eyes. How much an insect sees with these ocelli no one

really knows. But if we watch one and notice how much he seems to depend on the sense of touch in his antennæ it will appear as though he acts more like a partially blind man feeling his ground with his stick than like a being who sees clearly as we do.—*Science Siftings*.

* * *

SOME QUEER USES FOR CEILINGS.

SOME time since a Liverpool gentleman died, as it was thought, intestate. No will could be found, and the next of kin had already entered into possession when the decorators, in whose hands the deceased's old house had been placed for renovation, came across the long-sought-for document pasted on the library ceiling, where it had been hidden from view by a layer of paper, which had been placed there by the eccentric testator himself.

The celebrated Beau Brummel, during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors, so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

Another invalid whose tastes were certainly more æsthetic was a gentleman who died lately at Munich. Confined for many months to his bed, he gratified his love for art by having his ceiling papered and covered with his most treasured pictures, which he in his younger days had acquired. These were changed from time to time for others in his collection, which in their turn were contemplated with delight by the crippled connoisseur as he lay stretched on his couch of pain.

An eccentric Brighton pedagogue was wont to use the ceiling of his schoolroom as a blackboard. It was covered with a casing of blackened and polished wood on which the dominie, by means of a long, chalk-pointed rod, used to draw geometrical figures and diagrams while discoursing on the subtleties of Euclid. This unusual proceeding was but the practical application of a quaint theory of his that the elevation of the pupils' eyes induced sharpness of intellect.

Much annoyed at the barefaced manner in which the photos of his friends and acquaintances that were scattered in profusion about his rooms, were appropriated by his many visitors, a gentleman well-known in Parisian society hit upon the ingenious device of having them affixed to the ceilings of his flat. Three large rooms are thus decorated, and that callers, should they desire, may obtain a clear view of the portraits, opera glasses of special construction are supplied.

* * *

THE largest coral reef in the world is the Australian Barrier reef, which is 1,100 miles in length.

ONE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

ONE curse of riches which, it is said, has come to quite a large number of Americans who have during the past few years made considerable fortunes is indigestion, due to what may be termed good living.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS PRESIDENT M'KINLEY ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE AT REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA, MAY 8, 1901.

The sudden transition from a simple life, where hard work was required early and late, to a life of luxury with but little hard work, has proved a change too great to be healthfully made. It is a change which has come to many who have not during their previous life had to take into account that where physical exercise does not come with a man's daily pursuits some means of obtaining it through out-of-door sports of a

greater or less athletic character is essential if good health is to be maintained.

To eat and drink, possibly to excess, to live luxuriously—that is, to satisfy all one's desires without material physical exertion—is almost certain to be physically demoralizing and the number of those not beyond the middle period of life who have in the last few years acquired great wealth, who are now under medical treatment, not so much for nervous ailments as for what may be termed an excess of luxury, is said to be exceedingly large.

There is, perhaps, this compensation in life, that the man of moderate means, who is compelled by the necessity of the case to live in a reasonably simple manner, is more likely to enjoy better health while he lives and continue on to a good old age than is the man who does not have to place the least restriction upon his expenditures and who cannot withstand the temptation to consume all of the dainties procurable by money.—*Boston Herald*.

WOODEN FOOD.

Wood is to be the newest food, says Heinrich Reh, a professor of chemistry in Berlin. He has secured a patent upon a form of animal fodder which has sawdust as its chief ingredient.

He argues that animals have a decided liking for young shoots, roots of shrubs, tree bark and other heavy food of the same nature, and, since experiments have proved that the nutriment contained in such growth remains in it even after it has become wood, he observes that with a little salt and water added to it the sawdust will prove to be a highly nourishing diet.

He has statistics to prove it. Pine, birch, poplar, alder, acacia, beech and walnut woods and straws have been analyzed chemically by him, and he finds that the wood has vastly more albumen, nitrogen and fatty substance than the straw.

The inventor claims that "a very cheap cattle food can be prepared in this manner, to which may be added potato peelings, cornhusks and shells of grain and the residue from the sugar beet after the sugar has been extracted."

NEVER POULTICE THE EYE.

It is the prevailing custom among ignorant people to put a poultice on an inflamed eye, a thing which should never under any circumstances be done. It is sad to see the vast number of men, women and children made blind for life by this one thing.

THE various countries of the world now use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

AN OLD INHABITANT.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

HE is known to the naturalist as the *Procyon Lotor*, of the carnivora, or flesh-eating family; but to us, more commonly, by the name of raccoon, or 'coon, as the boys of fifty years ago called him, when they hunted him out in the hollow tree where he was having a fine morning nap. More the pity, too, they took his innocent little life, and wore for a trophy a cap made of his soft, warm overcoat, with the tail left hanging behind.

The fur of the raccoon is light gray above, deepening to a dull tan across the shoulders, and mixed with long, black tipped hairs. Underneath, the black is wanting; and the whole coat has a trick of parting in wave-like motions that show the dingy shorter fur. The body is plump, scarcely two feet in length, and the bushy tail half as long. The tip of the inquisitive little nose is light, with a transverse jet-black bar just above, then a light stripe, and another of black, which crosses the eyes, giving the face a peculiar, almost pathetic expression. The tail has also circling rings alternated with light, and the tip is black. The fore-legs being the shorter, his gait reminds one of a bear's.

The raccoon is nocturnal, sleeping day times, and venturing out nights in quest of food. He is easily tamed, and makes an interesting, though mischievous and capricious pet.

In the Lincoln Park Zoo, in Chicago, there is a large and apparently happy family of these animals. Their summer residence is a circular enclosure some twenty feet in diameter, bounded by a cement wall about four feet high. In the center, planted in a heap of rocks and earth, is the branched body of a tree; and curled in its topmost crotch the very largest and fattest member was taking his noonday nap, when we visited them. Others of the household were scrambling nimbly all over everything, and several came and stood up on their hind legs before us, coaxingly holding up their little pointed paws for a tid-bit. Presently one of these, less hopeful than the rest, dropped down and turned away. Putting his nose to the tiny stream of water that trickled through the artificial basin, he trotted along its course like a hunting dog, uttering a peculiar whistle as he went. It was the call with which, long ago, he had followed some winding water course, looking eagerly for crabs or frogs in the shallows. It was the hunt he missed, though, not its object, since he was as well-kept as any prize porker.

It is said that some of the early explorers brought back to their native country coats made entirely of raccoon skins, as presents from the natives. Now-

adays, however, these, with many other harmless wild creatures, bid fair to become extinct.

Elgin, Illinois.

YLANG-YLANG.

AMONG the numerous trees of economic value in the Philippines are many varieties from which essences or essential oils may be extracted. Those used in the present state of the industry are the following: Ylang-ylang, a cultivated and wild tree, often attaining a height of sixty feet, botanically known as "*cananga odorata*," belonging to the custard apple family, producing leaves two and one-half inches by six inches, and dropping greenish-yellow flowers three inches long and of extraordinary fragrance, from which the celebrated attar of ylang-ylang, *cananga*, oil or *oleum anonæ*, is distilled. The mountain trees produce the best results. *Sampaguita*, a plant belonging to the family *oleaceæ*, produces white flowers, from which a highly-prized perfume essence is extracted by distillation. *Champaca*, a garden plant belonging to the family *magnoliaceæ*, attains a conical-shaped height of thirteen feet. The flowers, about an inch in length, are very fragrant and produce by distillation a well-known essence.

The ylang-ylang, while indigenous to many parts of tropical Asia, reaches its greatest perfection in the Philippine islands, where it is a favorite among the natives. Besides its value as an attar in preparations for the hair and toilet waters, it is also claimed to possess curative virtues in tooth and other aches and pains. In a preparation of cocoanut oil, known to commerce as *Macassar oil*, for the hair, attar of ylang-ylang is the perfume. The perfumers of Europe, and to a less degree of the United States, make it the base of some of their most costly extracts.

The Manila oil is practically without competition in the markets of the western nations on account of superiority and at from £8 to £11 a pound is unequal to the demand. The tree common to many localities south of Manila is found chiefly in the well-populated provinces and islands, it being said to thrive best near the habitations of man. The propagation in plantations by seed or cuttings about twenty feet apart each way (108 trees to the acre) is easy and the growth rapid in almost any soil. The first flowers appear in the third year, the eighth year yielding often as high as one hundred pounds, the bloom occurring in every month. The greatest yield is from July to December.

The process of converting the long, greenish-yellow, fragrant petals of the flower into essence, says the Family Doctor, is by the simplest form of distillation, no chemicals of any kind being required, simply water and the choicest flowers. The oil will vaporize in a closed boiler at two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The usual results follow. The best quality must be clear

as distilled water and fragrant. The second quality is yellowish and smoky. The oil is drawn from the bottom of a glass separator, the water remaining. The oil is filtered through talcum and ready for the market, being packed in glass bottles, and commands ready purchasers. About seventy-five pounds of flowers yield one pound of oil. Flowers are worth from five pence to ten pence per pound; the cost of manufacture is placed at £1 a pound.

MARRY OR BE FINED.

IN Argentina a man is supposed to have arrived at the proper age for taking a wife when he is twenty years old. The man who does not marry at twenty is fined five dollars a month for every month he remains unmarried until he is thirty, when the fine is ten dollars a month until he is thirty-five, when it is increased to twenty dollars a month, and remains at that figure for fifteen years.

If at fifty the man is an incorrigible bachelor, he has to pay thirty dollars a month, and continues to do so until he is seventy-five, should he live so long. After that age the State realizes that his value in the marriage market is limited, and he is fined only twenty dollars a year, and even that payment ceases should he live to be eighty. Even if a man has married and has the misfortune to be a widower, the State still declares that he must not remain wedded to his wife's memory longer than three years, or he must pay for the privilege.

The only condition under which a man is exempt from the fine is if he has proposed three times in a year and been refused each time. That, however, would be such a sad confession of lack of charm on the part of the man that he would not be likely to admit it. For the privilege, therefore, of remaining unmarried, a man would have to pay, supposing he lived his allotted period of seventy-five years, no less than \$13,700, and though a wife would probably cost more than that, it is only a cynic who would say bachelorhood is cheap at the price.

THE KLEPTOMANIACS.

AN item of news from London tells how they manage thieves in that city. A West End shopkeeper is credited with having adopted a novel and successful method of discouraging the feminine habit of shop-lifting. The reported result is a standing reproach to those scientists who talk about "kleptomania," and offer all sorts of excuses for ladies who habitually pick up small but valuable articles on the bargain counter when the clerk is not looking.

The shopkeeper's method when a lady has been detected "with the goods on her" is to conduct her to

his office and offer her the choice between arrest and being then and there summarily spanked. The medical fraternity will be shocked to learn that all of the twenty women to whom this proposition was made thankfully accepted the alternative of a spanking.

The shopkeeper wishes it understood that he did not administer this punishment personally, but called a vigorous woman employed about the premises as a sort of janitress whom he could depend upon to lay on without remorse, as she had brought up a numerous family in good order.

The shopkeeper suggests that to prevent any collision with the authorities through the general operation of his remedy a law be passed permitting proprietors of large stores frequented by women to apply it at discretion. He remarks that not one of the subjects of his system has ever offended again.

ABOUT A BUSHEL OF CORN.

What becomes of the bushel of corn raised on a Western plain? If it does the work that it ought to do, it feeds the farmer or the dweller in cities, or the cattle that in turn feed us.

The *perverted* bushel of corn is changed into four gallons of whiskey.

Here follow statistics concerning that bushel of corn, prepared by a thoughtful editor in Kansas and printed in the *Wichita Beacon*:

The distiller, from the bushel of corn, makes four gallons of whiskey (with the aid of various harmful products and adulterations). These four gallons of whiskey retail for \$16.40.

The farmer who raised the corn gets from 25 to 50 cents.

The United States Government, through its tax on whiskey, gets \$4.40.

The railroad company gets \$1.00.

The manufacturer gets \$4.00.

The drayman who hauls the whiskey gets 15 cents.

The retailer gets \$7.00.

The man who drinks the whiskey gets drunk.

His wife gets hunger and sorrow.

His children get rags and insufficient food.

A QUEER BEQUEST.

THE following paragraph appears in a will recently lodged for probate in Melbourne, Australia: "I bequeath unto my son John the feather bed, bedstead and wire mattress used by him, for his own use absolutely, and he is to divide with his brother the oil painting of their mother's father."

PERFUMES were introduced into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

MUSHROOMS.

CHICAGO has in the last few years developed an additional claim to fame. It has become the mushroom center of the United States and one of the largest producers of the edible fungus in the world. From the scattering cellar beds that ten years ago produced all the mushrooms grown in the city there has developed an industry requiring acres of low brick and wood structures and the employment of hundreds of men and women.

For the last two or three years Chicago has produced annually from sixty to seventy-five tons of mushrooms. The city has itself nursed the industry and made it what it is, for of the seventy-five tons which it is estimated the city mushroom growers will put out before the present season ends, in June, Chicago is expected to consume in its hotels, clubs, restaurants, and private homes some fifty tons. This represents the average annual consumption in the city, the remainder of the crop being shipped to nearby cities.

The Chicago mushroom is said to be much sought after by restaurants and hotels in the larger cities of the West and Northwest, because of its superior flavor, due to the high state of cultivation reached through experiments with soils and water and temperatures by the larger growers here.

The Chicago mushroom is also declared to spring up just a trifle quicker than the proverbial mushroom. The usual time of five or six weeks is required for the spawn, which is imported from Europe, to reach the top of the earth, but once the growth breaks through the soil and into the Chicago air the mushroom makes better time in reaching its full growth, it is said, than it would anywhere else on earth.

The largest mushroom producer in the city, and one of the largest in the world, is A. V. Jackson, a Chicago pioneer, who was born in Fort Dearborn in 1836. Mr. Jackson, with his son, who is now associated with him in the business, has housed in seven low brick structures, standing partly under and partly over ground, at Northwestern and Bowmanville avenues, 87,000 square feet of beds, from which during the height of the season is taken a ton of mushrooms a week.

Inside the structures are tiers upon tiers of board floored, bunklike beds, reaching from the gravel floor to the ceiling. In each bed there is a layer of half a foot of manure, with a topping of two inches of rich soil. Five tons of manure and soil are required each year for the beds of this one farm. Thirty women, who during the mushroom season act as pickers, are kept busy in June and July turning the manure in the sun and preparing it for the beds. Women are hired in preference to men, because they exhibit greater

care in the work of curing the manure, upon which largely depends the success or failure of the year's crop.

The laying of the beds is begun in July, the manure and soil being carried over the top of the buildings in cars and dumped into the beds through traps in the roof.

Spawning the beds is the next operation. The Jackson beds require 12,000 pounds of spawn, or mycelium, which is a network of white, threadlike fiber running through a compost of manure and loam and molded in the form of a brick nine inches long, five inches wide, and two inches thick. The bricks are broken up into small pieces and planted deep down in the manure.

After the spawning the grower spends six weeks of anxiety over his beds, failures due to poor spawn being not unusual. The first indications above ground of a successful crop are patches of white here and there, the mushroom being no larger than a pin head at its first appearance above ground. If the crop is to be a particularly large one, the white is preceded by a bluish mold, showing in spots over the entire bed.

The mushrooms are picked morning and afternoon, packed in the evening, and sent to the downtown hotels, clubs, restaurants, and commission houses the following morning. On the farm in Bowmanville the whole force of thirty women is employed in picking during the busy season. It has been estimated that one man, to pick the combined length of all the beds, would have to walk four miles in the operation.

Each mushroom is picked separately and placed in a bushel basket. They are then packed in one pound boxes and sent to market in three grades—No. 1, the perfect, large sized mushroom; No. 2, the smaller or "button" size; and No. 3, the deformed and broken caps. The stems are picked by several of the growers and sold in cans.

The brick of manure and loam and seed, which is the beginning of the mushroom, is made in England and Holland and imported into the United States. As made in Holland, the brick of manure and loam is molded first. Holes are scooped out at the middle and each of the four corners and maiden spawn inserted into them. The holes are then plastered up with the same compost the brick is made of. The bricks are then placed in piles and covered for several days with manure, taken down, turned upside down, and returned to their original positions again and again until the mycelium in each brick has impregnated it thoroughly, when it is ready for shipment.—*Chicago Tribune*.

* * *

IN the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum in Washington one of the interesting relics is the Bible which was used by Abraham Lincoln's mother daily. This volume came from the press in 1799.

GAMES PLAYED IN EVERY LAND.

SOME of the games of childhood are common to all lands. Mature folks have often wondered at the mystic power which has control of childhood games and hands them from father to son, so that a boy born, say, in the Eastern States, is playing the same games and using the same language while playing them as the boy of his age on the Pacific slope. This compels still more wonder when children of various nationalities are found playing the same games. It is one of the indications of common origin which is kept extant long after the adult population has lost all trace of it.

For instance, fox and geese is played in all countries. Many childish games come down from pagan times, distorted in their meaning; in fact, given entirely new meanings, but retaining the impress of the ancient days when small pagans played them.

French and Russian children are carefully looked after by their parents. In particular the little Russian boys receive much attention in the matter of games, being taught by their fathers. The French boys are apt to contract early a habit which makes them spectators rather than actors, and the Anglo-Saxon standard of energy is not apt to be set so high in France. Lately English games have found a foothold in France and are being adopted by the French children with a rapidity which shows their natural appetite for the plays.

Child-life in Scandinavia is gay, particularly in winter time. The children of Sweden and Norway have wonderfully few toys, and yet they manage to have the best time imaginable. It is their keen appreciation of outdoor life which opens a world of pleasures for them. With skates and sleds, the little Scandinavians do not feel the need of more expensive toys and more elaborate games.

Even far off in the land of eternal ice the Eskimo children have a game which suffices for all their pleasures. During the long arctic night they find amusement in one simple pastime. A walrus tusk pierced with many holes is hung from the roof of the snow-house where the light of the solitary lamp will fall on it. The game consists in throwing darts at the tusk, trying to hit the holes which have been bored through it. This simple game of skill is all the Eskimo child needs for his complete happiness.

The main reason for the superior happiness of the Anglo-Saxon child seems to be found in the determination of the American and English father that the boy shall have as carelessly gay a childhood as the parent had. It is the desire of the father that his boy, when arrived at manhood, shall look back at a childhood absolutely happy, a boyhood free from care and enlivened by play, and a young manhood as bright as his own college days were.

CAR-SICK FRUIT FROM THE WEST.

It has been discovered by the Agricultural Department that there is a great variation in the keeping qualities of refrigerated fruit. Apples, pears and plums, for example, picked in California at the same time and hauled under the same conditions, arrived in Chicago and New York in different degrees of preservation very puzzling both to dealers and scientists.

Careful experiments have shown that there is a great difference in the enduring qualities of California fruit raised on hillsides and that which comes from the valleys. The latter frequently perishes before the cars



A DRIVE ON CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.

reach Chicago, while the hill-grown fruit, picked at the same time and at the same period of maturity, endures the journey to New York and even to London and Paris.

It is expected that the completion of the Isthmian Canal will materially affect the volume and price of California fruit on the market in Eastern cities. Speed is of less importance in the transportation of orchard products than freedom from jarring and bruising. Shipments by steamship in refrigeration compartments insures practical immunity from the inevitable jarring of railway transportation, and as a result the Isthmian Canal will, it is confidently predicted, greatly lower the price and increase the quantity in the East of delicately flavored Pacific Coast fruits.

ANOTHER FRAUD.

BY J. H. F.

SEEING in your magazine the article, "Painting China at Home," I write to you of a case that has come under my observation. A lady, wishing employment, answered an advertisement of a Boston firm who guaranteed from one to two dollars per day for plain sewing to be done at home. She hoped to secure honorable employment at good wages but was disappointed.

First she was to send forty cents for samples of work. This request she answered in good faith and was then informed that she was to make a half dozen articles for approval, getting her material from a Boston firm, which proved to be the same one under another name. The materials would cost one dollar and she would receive one dollar and a half for the half dozen finished articles. She did this but the articles were promptly returned to her without any explanation. The firm had sold her one dollar and forty cents worth of goods and the girl was out of all her capital, besides twenty-five cents she had borrowed from a friend. Thus discouraged, she gave up sewing for the parasites who fatten off the innocent public.

If people would only recognize the fact that there is always some one close at hand to take profitable work, and also, that they can not get anything for nothing we would have fewer complaints and not nearly so many victims of misplaced confidence.

COMMENT.

The above letter sets forth the idea that cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of the Nook family, and that is that there is always some one near work that has anything in it worth while. The Editor does not know of a single advertisement of this kind that is not fraudulent. The difficulty about it is that the parties are beyond the reach of the law, as they do just what they agree to do, namely, nothing. It seems strange to a person of normal intelligence that, although these schemes are exposed from time to time, yet it never seems to do any good and the crop of people who fall into the trap never seems to fail. The saddest part about it is that the people who are victimized are ill-prepared to stand the loss, and are powerless to help themselves once they have been entrapped. The Editor wonders how many people have been caught in the crayon portrait business. Some of these fine days we will turn that inside out in the Nook.—Ed.

* * *

GIVE freely to that which deserves well, asking nothing, that is the way of giving to yourself.

A TELEPHONE STORY.

"HELLO, May, is that you?"

"_____"

"Oh all right. Say, May!"

"_____"

"I'm 'going to send a boy up to-night with _____"

"_____"

"Well, I can't, but the boy will have along with him a box of _____"

"_____"

"Now I won't tell, I'll let you guess again."

"_____"

"Well, yes, that's what it is, and I want you to be sure to care for one, at least, so that you will have it all right for to-morrow night. I'm coming myself and I want you to have it on. I'll maybe want it myself again."

"_____"

"Oh well, just tell her that I don't want you to."

"_____"

"Well then if you want to fib, say _____"

"_____"

"What *are* you going to say then?"

"_____"

"I suppose that will do, but May, I want you to pin, —"

"_____"

"Yes but that won't do. Use a pin."

"_____"

"Well because if it is a pin I'll understand, you know."

"_____"

"And the cat might too, but she isn't going to. Now mind, use a pin. No pin no know."

"_____"

"Well, I'll know. It's your matter now. I'll expect it. I want it. Now *will* _____"

"Ma's coming. Hush!"

"Pin?"

"Yes, no — no, yes." Ring off.

Now what's it all about, dear Nooker?

* * *

HONOR THE HEN.

GANDERSHEIM, a German village, has recently been en fete. The occasion was the honoring of a hen which had laid its thousandth egg. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, while in the evening the proprietor of the hen entertained his friends at a supper at which the principal dish was a gigantic omelet. The function was a splendid success, and the health of the hen was drunk with great enthusiasm.

* * *

BRETON sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.

Aunt Barbara's Page

A HUNGRY SPIDER.

BY OPAL M. MICHAEL.

A hungry spider made a web
 Of thread, so very fine
 Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
 The slender little line.
 Round about and round about
 And round about it spun.
 Straight across and back again
 Until the web was done.

Oh what a pretty, shining web
 It was when it was done.
 The little flies then came to see
 It hanging in the sun.
 Round about and round about
 And round about they danced.
 Across the web and back again
 They darted and they pranced.

The hungry spider watched all day
 With very wakeful eyes
 As round about his house they flew so free
 Those daring little flies.
 Round about and round about
 And round about they glanced;
 Straight across and back again
 They darted and they pranced.

He perched himself upon his web
 And then began to sing:
 "Come near to me, my pretty flies,
 With bright and shining wing."
 But round about and round about
 And round about they flew,
 Across the web and back again,
 For they his secret knew.

"Aha," they laughed, "My cunning friend,
 To ask us is in vain;
 For those who go too near your web
 Ne'er get away again."
 So round about and round about
 And round about they flew,
 Straight across and back again
 For they his secret knew.

Greenville, Ohio.

❖ ❖ ❖

FOR A RAINY DAY.

ONE of the things I liked to do best, when I was a little girl, and we children had to stay indoors from the storm, was to play "paper people." We all enjoyed it, boys and girls alike. Mother would bring down from the attic a pile of old fashion papers. The older and more old fashioned the picture the better we liked

them. Then she would give us each a paper. We were quite excited during the distribution of the papers, guessing who would get the largest number of people in her paper.

Then we all sat around the big dining-room table and cut out every picture that could be cut out. Of course, sometimes by cutting out the pictures on one side of a page we cut into a picture on the other side of the page, so we always looked to see which would interfere, and would choose the prettiest picture to cut out.

We cut out all the hats and coats and dresses, as well as the men and women and children. Then Harry used to take all the hats from all of us, giving us in return for a hat, a lady or a child. Charlie took all the ladies' dresses in the same way, Fred all the children's dresses and Roy all the garments for men and boys. Then the four boys set up shop in different corners of the dining-room. Harry had a millinery store, Charlie a ladies' ready-made clothing store, Fred was a children's clothier and Roy a tailor.

We girls took all the cut-out paper people and made them into families, giving every one of them names. These families went to the stores to do their shopping, then they went to church, or to call, or had a county fair, or did any one of the great many things that real people do.

These paper families were very real to us. We sent the children to school, where they had to be punished or stood in corners. The boys, beside being storekeepers, were ministers and doctors and schoolmasters as well. We had a regular little community of our own, and we children all liked rainy days.—*Angie Carter.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE Nookman tells Aunt Barbara that when he was out in New Mexico a week or so ago he noticed that the little Indian children have dolls just the same as their little white brothers and sisters do in their own pleasant homes. The most of these dolls are made, by the Indian women, out of clay which is then baked and the result dressed in Indian style.

He says it is a pretty sure thing that children are very much alike the whole world over. From California he brought two dolls which are on the mantel in the Nook room, and we wish our Nookers could see them, for they are not like anything they have ever seen.

The Q. & A. Department.

How shall we go about getting a post office in our community?

Draw up a letter and have it signed by a dozen or more people setting forth your wants and submit it, with a diagram of the distance from your nearest post office, and state why a new office is wanted. Set forth your claims in full and then send you letter to your Congressman, who will take it up with the Department. The Department will finally pass upon it, and if it is an advantage to the public it will be granted. It would be better if all political parties agree upon some one person as postmaster or postmistress.

❖

Why do some, who are seemingly no greater orators than others, make a greater stir in the world?

Oratory pure and simple does not carry with it the same weight of utterance. A colored man may be a very glib and easy speaker, and lots of them are such, some of them natural orators. Naturally they would not stir their audiences so much as a man of equal oratorical ability who had a far-reaching message to convey. After all is said and done it is not so much how a man says a thing as what he says that leaves his mark on the world.

❖

Into how many languages has the Bible been translated, and into how many different languages have four of five other of the best books been translated?

We do not know, nor do we know where to find out. It is probable that nobody knows. It might be ascertained into how many languages the Bible has been translated, but as to the "other" books we do not think a correct answer could be given.

❖

What is the lowest clouds ever descend to the earth?

Very frequently they settle right on the earth, making what we know as a fog. When the fog rises, it is simply the cloud rising. Ordinarily we are beneath the clouds, but going up a high mountain you pass through them, that is to say, pass through a dense fog, and finally emerge on the upper side of them where you see them spread out below.

❖

Is it true that moisture affects curly hair?

Yes, it is true as every curly-headed person knows. The reason is that curled hair, or hair that curls naturally, is flat instead of being cylindrical as in the case of straight hair. The flattened hair absorbs moisture unequally and thus is caused to curl more in damp weather than when it is dry.

What is the passion play of Oberammergau, and how did it originate?

The passion play is a theatrical representation of the crucifixion of Christ played by the peasants once in every ten years. It attracts thousands of people, and is in preparation during the entire ten years preceding its production. It is said to be a wonderful thing by those who have seen it. It originated from a vow made during a time of famine.

❖

Where did the Brethren style of dress originate?

Strictly speaking the Brethren style of dress did not originate anywhere but is the perpetuation of the style in vogue after it was agreed not to follow the change of fashions.

❖

I have black hair, and although I am only nineteen years of age I am turning gray. Is there anything to prevent this?

As far as the NOOK knows there is absolutely no cure. Why trouble about it? It is not gray hair that affects your looks but a gray face.

❖

What preparation would you advise to cleanse razors?

Any antiseptic mixture and it can be furnished at any drugstore by stating what you want it for, or any first-class barber ought to know. There are numerous preparations.

❖

How large are the Krupp works where they make cannon?

The NOOK does not know, but it must be a large concern, for 43,083 men are employed in the various departments.

❖

Is China a wooded country?

China is a very large country, and in some sections, notably in the mountain ranges, it is a timbered country.

❖

Is iron the base of all coloring?

Certainly not. Pure gold has a color with which iron has nothing whatever to do.

❖

Did the ancients have such sugar as we now use, made in the same way?

No, they did not.

❖

How much corn is required to fatten a grass-fed steer?

Those who know say about seventy bushels are needed.

The Home



Department

DRY YEAST.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

BOIL two large potatoes and a handful of hops (have the hops in a bag) in three pints of water. When done take out the potatoes, mash them well, add one pint of flour and pour boiling water over all. Beat well together, adding one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger and one-half cup of sugar. When lukewarm add one cupful of good yeast and let stand two days, or only one day in warm weather, stirring down frequently. Add good white corn meal until thick enough to make into cakes about one-half inch in thickness, put in the shade to dry. Never expose to sun or stove heat. One small cake will be sufficient for five or six ordinary loaves.

Stonewall, Va.

ORANGE PUDDING.

BY KATE HOWARD.

PARÉ three oranges, cut them fine and strew over them one-half cup of sugar. Beat the yolks of three eggs with two spoonfuls of cornstarch, strain into one pint of boiling milk. Put the starch over the oranges while hot. Beat the whites of the eggs with one spoonful of sugar, and pour over the pudding. Brown in the oven. To be eaten cold.

Cambridge, Ind.

PUDDING.

BY MRS. LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE one egg, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of warm water, two and one-fourth cups of flour, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, mix, put in a well-greased tin, set in a steamer over boiling water and steam until a broom splint will come out clean when the pudding is tested.

For dressing, take one egg, three-fourth of a cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, let come to a boil, flavor with vanilla, put in a separate dish and serve with the pudding.

Baltic, Ohio.

LEMON FLAVORING.

BY ALICE C. GARMAN.

FOR an excellent flavoring for custards, jellies, etc., take a quart jar and put into it a pint of good preserving brandy. Into this put the lemon rinds, after squeezing them for lemonade from time to time until the jar is full, keeping it sealed except when open for use, and you will have a pure lemon extract, as good as or better than any you can buy.

454 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

LEMON CRACKERS.

BY SENITH SETTY.

TAKE three eggs, three cups of sugar, three cups of lard, three teaspoonfuls of baking ammonia, one pint of sweet milk, five cents worth of lemon oil and flour enough to roll. Roll thin, stick with a fork, cut in squares and bake.

Sinking Spring, Ohio.

CREAM AND BLANC MANGE PIE.

BY SISTER HANNAH SANGER.

SWEETEN and flavor enough blanc mange while warm to fill a baked pie crust. Fill the pie crust and let it get cold. Take two tablespoonfuls of thick sweet cream, beat until very stiff, sweeten, flavor and put over the pie. Take a knife and smooth very nicely.

Bays, W. Va.

WHITE CAKE.

BY NOLA GROVES.

TAKE one and one-half cups of soft sugar, a piece of butter as large as a duck egg, one cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of four eggs, and enough flour to make a nice batter. Cream the butter and sugar, add the water, the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cottage Grove, Ind.

WHAT THEY SAY.

THE Inglenook Doctor Book came and I have carefully examined it. I find it just what has long been needed, giving a cure for all the common ills, and in many cases a single prescription is worth several times the cost of the INGLENOOK and Doctor Book. Thanks for your efforts in bringing out a book of so much value.—*W. A. Wagoner, Iowa.*

"THERE are twelve in our family who can read and we all love to read the INGLENOOK. I think it is the best paper of its kind printed to-day. It ought to be in every family."—*W. F. Jehnzen, Michigan.*

"EACH issue of the INGLENOOK is better than the last and because of its high-class reading it deserves a place in every home in America."—*H. M. Blocher, Indiana.*

"AM highly pleased with your paper, could not afford to be without it."—*J. L. Blickenstaff, Michigan.*

"I THINK the INGLENOOK is one of the best magazines I ever read."—*Ethel M. Fleshman, W. Va.*

"I WOULD not take \$10.00 for the Doctor Book if I could not get another."—*W. H. Hood, Illinois.*

"THE INGLENOOK is a splendid magazine and grows better every day."—*Ida M. Ellenberger, Mo.*

"THE NOOK should be awarded the merit of superlative excellence."—*W. A. Wagoner, Iowa.*

"I WOULD rather do without a daily paper than the INGLENOOK."—*C. A. Ackemann, Ill.*

"MANY thanks for the INGLENOOK Doctor Book."—*J. W. Wampler, Indiana.*

"IT is a great delight to go to the post office for the INGLENOOK."—*Henry Landis, Indiana.*

THE INGLENOOK is very interesting and instructive."—*Henry Kunkle, Indiana.*

"THE NOOK is a fine paper. It cannot be beat."—*John A. Cartner, Kansas.*

"WE enjoy reading the INGLENOOK very much."—*Stella White, Indiana.*

"I THINK the INGLENOOK is the best magazine that anyone can read and would not be without it."—*Wilbur M. Reed, Minn.*

"WE think the INGLENOOK gets better all the time."—*Annie Pitzer, Okla.*

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick with reference. *J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.*

WANTED.—Married man, small family, to work on farm the year round. Must have good character. Give reference. Address: *C. B. Rowe, Dallas Center, Iowa.*

WANTED.—A girl to work in private family at North Manchester, Indiana. Permanent. Address: *R. C. Hollinger, North Manchester, Ind.*

WANTED.—A location for a general repair, cabinet and blacksmith shop. Illinois or Iowa preferred.—*Z. A. Wagoner, Waterloo, Iowa.*

WANTED.—A good moral man, single, to work by the year on a farm. Begin March 1 or 15.—Address: *John Zuck, Clarence, Iowa.*

I WANT a place as housekeeper among Brethren. Widow. Little boy. Address: *Tevluia Miller, 910 Highland Ave., Elgin, Ill.*

WANTED.—I want a blacksmith for a country shop. Brother preferred.—*Isaac L. Hoover, Lone Star, Kansas.*

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap. Samples.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

MARCH 7, 1903.

No. 10.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you—

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;

Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never

Shall visit us more with their gloom and their blight,

Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God in his mercy receive, forgive them,

Only the new days are our own—

To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,

Here is the spent earth all reborn,

Here are the tired limbs springing lightly

To face the sun and to share with the morn

In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,

And spite of the old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted, and possibly pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

* * *

THE PRESIDENT MERCIFUL.

THE President, in company with Secretary Root, had been enjoying a horseback ride to Chevy Chase, in the vicinity of Washington. On their return they were going along Sixteenth Street, near the Henderson Castle, when a series of short cries attracted the president's attention.

"What is it?" asked Secretary Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the president, turning his horse around. "And they seem to be in distress."

Then the chief magistrate began an investigation and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open catch-basin of a sewer where a litter of kittens, tied up in a bag, was found. The wrath of the

President blazed out against the wretch who had flung the kittens there to die in slow agony, and he caused them to be rescued and placed in the hands of a humane person, who undertook to take care of them.

Our idea is that if Roosevelt, when a boy, had received the humane education we are giving in our "Bands of Mercy," vast good would have been accomplished. As it is, we shall not be surprised if, when he reaches the age at which Abraham Lincoln died, he should be as much opposed to war and every form of cruelty as Lincoln was.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

* * *

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold constantly to the belief that you are success-organized and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Never allow a shadow of doubt to enter your mind that the Creator intended you to win in life's battle. Regard every suggestion that your life may be a failure, that you are not made like those who succeed, and that success is not for you, as a traitor, and expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your home.

A man's greatest enemies are his doubts. Resolutely refuse to surround yourself with an army of doubts, fears and anxieties. Vigorously dispel these foes of your success and happiness or they will undermine your future. Be firmly convinced that you were made in the image of perfection, designed for success and happiness, and that you have the power to strangle the evils which would thwart you.—*Success*.

* * *

LET this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—*John Ruskin*.

* * *

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, slavery, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—*Sterne*.

LABRADOR DOGS.

MR. P. T. McGRATH, a well-known journalist of St. John's, Newfoundland, in the course of an article on Labrador, says:—

It is a remarkable fact that while virtually every resident of Labrador has been bitten by the savage dogs of the region there has never been a case of hydrophobia there. The fact is attested by Dr. Grenfell, the superintendent of the English medical mission there, and who has now spent ten years on the coast and treated over thirty thousand patients. He cannot explain this singular circumstance; it may be due to climatic conditions, but it is more probably the result of the wolfish strain in the breed of the dogs. The extraordinary part of it is that such a condition should be found allied with the most absolute savagery on the part of the animals. They are the fiercest of any brutes trained to be of service to mankind. They will attack anything they believe weaker than themselves, and they are only kept in subjection by the unceasing use of the lash.

They are a cross between the wolves and the earlier Newfoundland dogs brought there and by this time almost all but the wolfish characteristics are eliminated. The coastfolk find them indispensable, yet live in fear of them. No man ventures abroad without his whip, every woman carries a stout club; it is death to a child to get among them. The little son of the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Sandwich Inlet was attacked by these brutes. Within a minute they had inflicted over sixty bites on the child, and but for the devotion of a pet retriever dog and the lad's mother promptly flying to the rescue, he must have been literally torn to pieces. He was taken to the hospital at India harbor, where he is making a quick recovery. A child wandered from home and when the distracted mother flew to where a pack of angry dogs were ravaging she found nothing but the bones of her offspring. A little girl was so badly mangled by them at Punchbowl that she never recovered.

Every year brings its quota of those mishaps, while there are scores if not hundreds of cases of adults being bitten. It is impossible to keep sheep, goats or poultry on the coast because of the brutes, and their extermination would have been effected long ago were it not for the fact that they are the only means by which communication is kept up in winter. There are no horses on the coast, as there is nothing to feed them. Teams of dogs, attached to sledges, are the means of travel. With them the settlers go from harbor to harbor, make hunting trips in the interior, haul firewood from the forests and convey peltries to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. These dogs play the same part in the economy of this region as they do in the Arctic, and there the characteristics are the same,

though we do not hear of such instances of their savagery.

* * *

HIPPLE'S CAVE.

BY ANNA BRENNEMAN.

HIPPLE'S cave is in the southern part of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and has quite a local fame. Last year a party of eight of us spent an evening in exploring it. It is just as well to enter a cave at night as in day time. The entrance is in the side of a limestone hill. The opening is surrounded by large trees and is not easily found in the dark by those who do not know its exact location. The entrance is quite large in one way, but the ceiling is so low that the explorer must resort to creeping and crawling to get in. Once inside the rooms enlarge and the depressing silence and chilling influence make it most uncomfortable for those who enter. The place is damp and unpleasant and induces a morbid state of body and mind.

One goes through the different rooms by climbing up the rocks until the upper part, or dome, of the cave is reached. From the roof of this hang stalactites. The stalagmites formed by the dripping from overhead, are about the same size of the stalactites from which they are made. A little further on one comes to a pillar known as Lot's Wife. It is white and in a certain way resembles a pillar of salt. By following a small trickling stream of water one comes to the back door of this room, so to speak. It is very small and it requires a good deal of squeezing to get through and courage to make the adventure. The stream flows through this opening and this made it more difficult to pass that way. The result was the whole crowd of us were drenched with water in getting through.

As our exploration did not extend more than a quarter of a mile and we did not visit all the side rooms, it cannot be said that we made a thorough trip through every apartment in the cave. What we did see was very interesting, though, like all caves in this section of Pennsylvania the dampness and the mud made it anything but a pleasant trip, viewed from a personal standpoint. What struck me most was the relief following the exit into the outer air. The dampness of the interior when exchanged for the freedom of the open air causes one to feel involuntarily relieved of a weight he has just left behind.

Hipple's cave is but one of a number of caves in the limestone formation of the country. The cave, like all such caves, was the abode of numberless bats that fluttered about us, very much to our discomfort, though they are harmless.

NOT THE MOST VALUABLE.

If by preciousness is meant the value of the product in dollars and cents—our golden rule of measurement—then gold and silver are not the precious metals, according to the recently issued report of the United States geological survey, which gives the money value of the products wrested from the earth's dark laboratory in 1901.

The gold, the precious yellow metal, poured from nature's crucible in this land last year is valued at \$78,000,000, and if to this we add the metal value of the silver we have \$111,000,000.

But what is that compared with the pig iron product of the same time, which is valued at \$241,000,000?

The iron produced is more precious than the gold and silver combined by \$130,000,000.

Modest copper, Indian complexioned copper, can put the oriental hued gold to the blush, for last year it enriched us in the sum of \$87,000,000, \$9,000,000 more than the value of the yellow metal.

Even the base lead that was mined is one-third the value of the gold.

When we go a little deeper and measure structural purposes gold and silver are again distanced, for the building stone, clay and cements that were launched by us into the channels of commerce in 1901 are valued at \$182,000,000.

The gold and silver produced in the same time was \$71,000,000 short of being enough to purchase this output.

When we go a little deeper and measure the value of coal, petroleum and natural gas, that we purloined from beneath the fruitful breast of Mother Earth, we find its value four times that of the gold and silver taken from the same treasure-house in the same time.

Gold and silver may dazzle us with their brightness and charm us with their nimbleness, but in preciousness measured by worth of production and real usefulness they sink by their own gravity to the bottom of the list of minerals.

* * *

FRANKLIN'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

WHEN the Treaty of Paris, which established peace between the United States and England, had been finally signed and sealed, Franklin turned to the English Commissioners:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I observed you cast an eye upon this old, spotted velvet suit I wear. Let me tell you what I would have you tell to England. Once, years ago, when these differences we have just concluded lay still in the seed, I bore a petition to your English privy council. I was laughed and jeered at, if you will, as an outlander and a savage of no rights, by the grave Chief Justice and his associates. They

put forward a Scotch cur, one Wedderburn, to mouth and worry me. I was helpless, with no friend save my conscience. On that, my day of heaviest burden, I was garbed in these spotted velvet clothes. I will not pretend I was unmoved, and in my hate and rancor of the moment I made a mental vow that this raiment, worn in the hour of my humiliation, I would yet wear in the hour of British humiliation, and defeat. From that day to this I have laid these garments by; and now, please God, I keep my vow and put them on."—*Alfred Henry Lewis, in Everybody's Magazine.*

* * *

NICKNAMES OF THE DIFFERENT STATES.

ALABAMA—Land of Flowers.
 Arkansas—Bear State.
 California—Golden State.
 Colorado—Centennial State.
 Connecticut—Nutmeg State.
 Delaware—Blue Hen State.
 Florida—Peninsula State.
 Georgia—Cracker State.
 Illinois—Sucker State.
 Indiana—Hoosier State.
 Iowa—Hawkeye State.
 Kansas—Garden of the West.
 Kentucky—Blue Grass State.
 Louisiana—Pelican State.
 Maine—Pine Tree State.
 Maryland—Old Lane State.
 Massachusetts—Old Bay State.
 Michigan—Wolverine State.
 Minnesota—Gopher State.
 Mississippi—Bayou State.
 Missouri—Bullion State.
 Montana—Singed Cat State.
 Nevada—Silver State.
 New Hampshire—Granite State.
 New Jersey—Garden State.
 New York—Empire State.
 North Carolina—Tar Heel State.
 Ohio—Buckeye State.
 Oregon—Webfoot State.
 Pennsylvania—Keystone State.
 Rhode Island—Little Rhody.
 South Carolina—Palmetto State.
 Texas—Lone Star State.
 Utah—Honey Bee State.
 Vermont—Green Mountain State.
 Virginia—Old Dominion.
 West Virginia—Panhandle State.
 Wisconsin—Badger State.

* * *

WHEN a man tells a girl that she has dreamy eyes he doesn't stop to consider that the late hour may have something to do with it.

AMONG THE MOKIS.—No. 2.

At a meeting of the INGLENOOK Ethnological Society an interesting subject was up for discussion. It appears from the story that the Ethnological Society consisted of a lot of young men very much interested in the study of prehistoric races, the remains of which surrounded them.

The word ethnology means the study of races, and nothing is more natural than that a lot of intelligent students in a college town in the west should band together for the purpose of original investigation. All around them lie the historic ruins of the people, only the remnants of which are now living. Ruined towns abound in almost every corner in New Mexico. When added to this spirit of investigation is a substantial gift of money from a wealthy mine owner of scientific tastes the road to investigation is facile.

From the nearest point on the railroad to the farthest Moki town is a long and wearisome ride, involving camping on the way and the carrying of considerable baggage. The trip across the plains to the Moki town is not likely to be ever forgotten. In summer it is warm, and even hot at times, and in winter it is always pleasant, but with proper facilities quite a considerable distance can be covered in the course of a day, while for the young men who composed the immediate explorers of the Ethnological Society camping at night is a mere bagatelle. The stars shine clear at night overhead, a few yelping coyotes make the night lonesomeness itself, while the tethered burros and the blanket-rolled investigators around the smouldering embers of a fire make a picture that would interest every healthy boy and girl. There is not the slightest danger of anything overtaking the exploring party, or doing them any harm. The expedition was amply provided with all the necessities for the scientific report which their wealthy patron had requested, while these letters will deal with the Indians and what the writer actually saw with his own eyes and which he tells for the benefit of the Nook family.

The first account of the Moki Indians was told by a lot of Spanish adventurers who wandered into this country in search of gold. There has been a myth, or legend, current among the Indians of Seven Cities of Cibola, which were magnificent with massive gold and costly gems. These Indian legends having come to the ears of the Spanish freebooters they started in search of the mythical cities. So one bright day, though nearly all days are bright in the land where the Mokis live, the Indian people saw approaching their town a group of horsemen dressed as no other person they had ever seen, and who were evidently strangers in a strange land. An age-old instinct suggested that these strangers were not bent on any pacific mission. They did not live at that time up on the mesa but at

its foot, and so while the strangers came in the near distance, the people held a consultation and they decided that the comers were not to be trusted and so the priests of the people determined to go down midway between their people and the Spanish camp and there draw a line with the sacred meal made from their native corn, and which meant that the strangers might not cross this line. That was what it meant in the Moki language; but the Spanish soldiers took no chances and fired into the priests, killing a few of them, thus teaching the natives their first hard, cruel lesson of the rapacity and brutality of white people. At once the whole village fled to the top of the mesa leaving their dead below. The Spanish ransacked the town and found nothing but a few cooking utensils,



GENERAL VIEW OF A CLIFF TOWN.

but not so much as a glint of the gold which they sought.

On the top of the mesa the Mokis held a consultation and decided to treat the strangers with deference, and so next morning they descended and offered them food and drink. This was accepted and after a few days of parley and unintelligible talk on either side the strangers took their departure. Then the Moki people held another consultation. No one knows what was said as we do what took place when the Spaniards came, for the Spaniards left a record while the Indians have none. But the result of it was that after a while a second party of Spaniards came. This time they did not want to rob the people of their gold or precious stones, which they knew they did not have, but they wanted to convert them to the *santa fe*, the holy faith.

With the second crowd was a number of priests who proceeded to locate themselves with the people while the others went their way.

It was a characteristic of the early Spanish conquistadores that they seemed impressed with two ideas, first to loot, or plunder, and second, the establishment of the holy faith as they understood it. Wherever they went the priests followed, and although this was long enough over a hundred years ago the priests are there still and every Indian village has its Catholic priest, and if the Indians have any religion at all it is

that taught by Catholicism. It is true that here and there are small numbers of the Protestants but in the main the religion of the Indian, when he has any religion at all is Catholic.

We do not know how long it was, or what happened during the stay of the priests among the Moki people, but one thing is certain, and that is that the Mokis made up their minds that they would have no more of outside interference and they pitched the priests bodily over the precipice and that was the end of Spanish interference for them for generations and they lived alone until of comparatively recent years the United States set aside a tract of land for their personal use.

It should have been said that, just after the first visit of the Spanish soldiers to the Mokis, when the second flock came with the priests, they found that every remnant of the town had been removed from the base of the cliff to the top of the mesa. As there was a considerable town and the sides of the hill are abrupt it must have cost an enormous waste of labor and strength to move the town on the mesa where it now is. At all events it was done and the INGLENOOK society found the town very much as it was a hundred years ago. Little or no change has been wrought. No line of sacred meal barred our exploring expedition but they rode boldly up the hill into the town rather welcome than otherwise.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD, OLD MAN.

IN many cases of persons living beyond the one-hundred-year mark there is doubt as to the exact year of their birth. But Manuel del Valle, of Menlo Park, California, has documentary proof of his age, and these records show that he has made this world his home for one hundred and fifty-seven years. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says he is the oldest man, and probably the oldest human being in the world. He has in his possession a certificate of birth, signed by the jefe politico, or chief magistrate of Zacatecas, Mexico, which shows he was born in Zacatecas on November 24, 1745. He also has records which show that he was for many years in the Mexican custom service. Were it not for those indisputable proofs it would scarce be believable that a human being could have reached the age of one hundred and fifty-seven years.

At the time Del Valle was born George Washington was only thirteen years old. This living man was ten years old when the French and Indian War began. He was a grown man when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. He was an old man when Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo, being then sixty-five years old, and at the beginning of the Mexican War he was one hundred and one years old. Del Valle retired

from active business nineteen years before that time, having then reached the age of eighty-eight.

He was for twenty years a customs official at Ensenada, Lower California. From 1814 to 1845 he acted as supernumerary in the Franciscan mission at San Quenten, Lower California. This was the first mission building to be established on the Pacific Coast and it is now in ruins.

In 1845, when he was just one hundred years old, Del Valle came with relatives to what is now San Francisco. He has lived in Menlo Park since then, and has occupied a room in the house of his great-grandnephew, Jose del Valle.

Manuel del Valle looks his great age. He is a little, dried-up, frail man, scarcely five feet tall, and weighing not more than ninety pounds. He is still able to walk without assistance and takes a daily stroll about his house. He has not been more than two blocks away from it in thirty years. He can see but little, but he hears fairly well.

He speaks English brokenly, but understands it well. He never was much interested in the big events of the world. He says he has never used liquor nor tobacco. Furthermore, he declares that he never has wet his feet nor been out in a frost, apparently holding these things to be equally abominable. He never eats solid food, his only nourishment being bean broth, and all day long he sits in the sunshine in front of his adobe home.

He has his own rules for the attainment of great age, and they are simple ones. They are:

Pray regularly to God.

Attend mass when you are able.

Sit in the sun.

A HERO.

BY CATHERINE A. LINDBERG.

I KNOW a young man with a beautiful home and rich and indulgent parents able and willing to satisfy every whim. This young man refuses all help from his parents and keeps on earning his own living. He often meets with reverses but overcomes them, and his aims, which are set high, he continually and persistently pursues. I take it that a man is a hero who sets about his life work without aid or help, when a life of luxury might be his for the taking.

Chicago, Ill.

MEN who deal in artificial eyes declare Americans to be distinctly a blue-eyed race. In spite of the tremendous influx of dark-eyed races in recent years, and in spite of the fact that every fourth person in New York is a Jew, the call for blue eyes overbalances all the rest.

INDIANA'S GREATEST NATIVE.

INDIANA is the home of many good Nookers and they have many very interesting things in their State which we may have known little about. Here is something interesting that has been said about a native tree of that State in the *Chicago Tribune* by H. M. H.

Judged by the standard of world wide value and importance the greatest native product of Indiana is not its crop of politicians and statesmen; nor, even, its bouquet of poets and literary people. The first honor must go to the catalpa tree—*Catalpa speciosa*, as the botanists call it.

The true catalpa tree, with its tall, straight trunk, its extremely rapid growth, and its almost indestructible qualities, was originally found only in a little piece of territory along the flood bed of the Wabash river. But with typical Indiana hardiness, the transplanted catalpa takes root and grows almost everywhere in the world, at least in the temperate zone. And the enormous value of the catalpa in the way of quickly producing timber which has many excellent qualities is only now beginning to be thoroughly appreciated.

But there is a black sheep in the catalpa family, and because of its sins all the members of the tribe have suffered greatly in public esteem. This bad cousin of *Catalpa speciosa* is *Catalpa bignonioides*, a semi-dwarf species, which produces crooked, unshapely trees, and which—to the discredit of the nursery men—is too often sold to farmers and the public generally under the name of its more worthy relative.

Some of the facts about the catalpa are startling. For instance, the white cedar trees, used so generally for telegraph poles, require from eighty to a hundred years to reach the proper size. *Catalpa speciosa* reach the same height and girth in sixteen years.

Catalpa has the faculty of reproducing itself from the stump with astonishing rapidity. Cut down a catalpa and a number of shoots will spring at once from the stump. Cut off all but one of these shoots and the survivor will, within six months, grow to be a sapling sixteen feet in height.

So widespread is the catalpa cult that there is now a catalpa society and a number of books and pamphlets have been entirely devoted to the subject.

The reason why the catalpa, which originated in the valley of the Wabash, was almost unknown elsewhere until the white man came is curious. Trees which produce edible seeds are widely distributed through the agency of birds and animals. The seed pods of the catalpa are thick and heavy, measuring twelve to fourteen inches long and are three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The seeds themselves are winged and apparently so fitted for distribution by the wind, though, for some reason, the wind does not seem to have been effective in that direction. Chiefly, so far as has been determined, the catalpa was distributed, until white

men came, by the spring floods, which carried the seeds down the Wabash, and deposited them along the banks of that and contiguous streams.

The original forests of catalpa trees in Indiana were kept from increasing rapidly by the constant drain made upon them by the Indians, who found the wood splendidly fitted for use in the making of canoes. Even after the hunting grounds of the natives had been removed farther west the braves were accustomed to go back to Indiana to get good material for their canoes.

The devotees of the catalpa cult ascribe to their favorite trees other astonishing qualities.

All trees, they say, have the faculty of absorbing from the soil certain ingredients. An apple tree, for instance, may take up such pigments as make its fruit yellow in color; another tree may produce green fruit and a third red. The butternut absorbs the materials of a valuable dye.

But the catalpa, so say its friends, takes up such ingredients as make it able to resist the progress of decay. It preserves itself, the antiseptic substances being absorbed into the fiber of the wood. Any wood may be artificially treated with preservative washes, so that it will for a considerable time resist the microbes of decay. But gradually the rains will wash out this artificially applied preservative and the wood will yield. Only the catalpa, with such ingredients woven into its chemical makeup by the processes of nature, is able to permanently stand the washing of rains and the other endless attacks of the elements. These enthusiasts point, for instance, to catalpa posts which were used in building a fence more than ninety years ago by Gen. William Henry Harrison, and many of which are still standing in a good state of preservation.

In 1811 the earthquake at New Madrid, Mo., threw down many catalpa trees and killed others. Eighty years later both the dead trees and the trunks which had been left lying on the ground were still sound and well preserved.

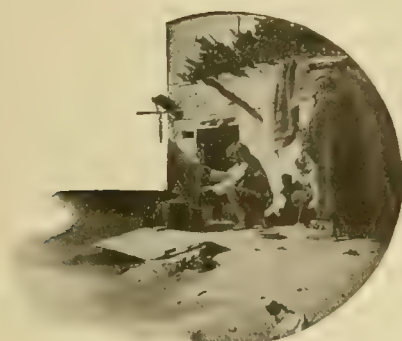
The advocates of the catalpa are chiefly anxious to save the forests, which are being destroyed much more rapidly than they are being replaced. They point out that the average life of a railroad tie, which is ordinarily made of white oak, is but seven years. They say that it takes more than fifty years to produce an oak tree which is fit to be turned into ties and that the lumber so used might be sold to better advantage in the manufacture of furniture and for other similar purposes.

Finally, they declare that in twenty years or less catalpa trees may be grown which will furnish the best possible railroad ties. A catalpa tie, they say, takes much less than half as long to produce as an oak tie, and it will last at least five times as long as the oak.

"A railroad once laid with catalpa ties will find its annual expenses for repairs diminished \$200 a mile, a saving that would add ten per cent to the value of the property."

That is the statement which is made on the authority of several experienced railroad men, who are also catalpa enthusiasts. They suggest as one method of stopping the devastation of what little oak timber remains and at the same time as an economical measure on the part of the railroad companies, the planting of an avenue of catalpa trees along the right of way of every railroad company.

On almost every mile of railroad track, according to this idea, no less than 640 catalpa trees might be planted, one row on each side of the track, and all the trees sixteen feet apart. If this plan was followed



AN OLD MOKI MAN.

through trains from Chicago to New York might within a couple of years be running daily through a continuous avenue of beautiful flowering trees nearly 1,000 miles long.

In sixteen years, with ordinary conditions of growth, each mile of catalpas would furnish 3,000 ties, enough to relay the mile of track. And since the catalpa readily renews itself from the stump, the stumpage would furnish a fresh avenue of trees. If only a portion of the trees were cut each year the avenue could be kept continuous from year to year.

By growing the necessary trees along the right of way railroad companies would also entirely do away with the great item of transportation for railroad ties from the point where they were cut to the place where they were needed.

Attempts have been made to plant groves of catalpas for railroad and other purposes, and often they have not proved successful. The catalpa enthusiasts say that in the first place this is chiefly due to the fact that quite generally the catalpa bignonioides has been substituted or mistaken for the catalpa speciosa. Bignonioides is a dwarf and stunted tree, not worthy of cultivation, while repeated tests show that speciosa will grow sixteen feet from the stump in a single

season and will put on an inch in diameter for each year of growth after planting.

Another frequent cause for failure in the growing of catalpa plantations is the fact that the young trees are planted too close together. The roots of the catalpa go down a considerable distance and also cover a great space horizontally, so that if they are planted too close together they will not get sufficient moisture and will become stunted and crooked. It is also necessary to give considerable attention to the young trees for the first three or four years. After that time they will take care of themselves. As a rule the trees which can be cut out and sold after seven or eight years of growth will pay all the cost of cultivation and good profit beside. In addition plenty of trees will be left to develop perfectly and provide for future profits.

It will be strange if some one or more of the Indiana poets do not soon take up the subject of the catalpa and give it the fame which its merits seem to deserve.



RECENT INVENTIONS.

ELECTRICALLY heated gloves and shoes are proposed for motormen.

A cautious aeronaut, Herr Gustav Kock, of Berlin, proposes to construct a boat which will be able to fly. The experiments, he says, will be conducted on water, by means of which the danger of cross country trial trips will be avoided.

There is no reliable method of preserving rubber except by keeping it in a damp place and away from the air.

This country invented the parlor, sleeping, and dining cars, the pressed steel freight car, many of the best features of the modern locomotive, the air brake, the automatic coupler, and a host of related devices, and it runs the fastest long distance trains.



A PERSIAN DINNER.

A TRAVELER in Persia thus describes a dinner served in the household of a wealthy Persian: "The chief dish consists of a fowl boiled to rags, surrounded by a toothsome mass of rice, hard boiled eggs, fried onions, almonds and raisins. There is a Shiraz wine, clear, golden red liquid that has traveled over the mountain passes on muleback in a huge glass carboy. Among the dessert manna has a conspicuous place: This delicacy is somewhat akin to nougat; it is studded with walnuts and almonds and is jaw sticking to the last degree. Like the mango, it is best eaten in private, for it renders the masticator speechless. It is made of gum that exudes from a tree and is said to be endangered by a worm."—*Chicago News*.

THE SCHOOLS OF OLD MEXICO.

THE schools of Mexico City are very different from those in the United States. In describing them, among other things a writer in *Los Angeles Times* says as follows:

The two obstacles encountered in visiting Mexican schools are red tape and excessive hospitality. The former is by far the less serious hindrance, as it is not difficult to obtain the necessary credentials for admission. Once admitted, the problem of seeing any actual class work is not so simple. The pupils rise when you enter and remain standing until the teacher gives the signal for resuming their seats. You are a guest of honor and work is suspended while you are entertained with recitations and songs and shown the drawing books and the sewing. Then follows an awful pause, when you realize that you are expected to take your honorable departure, which you do accordingly, the children rising again and standing while you make your adieus. However, by hook and crook, I managed to see something of actual, everyday work in various public schools.

Mexico deserves all honor for her public schools, a comparatively modern development in their present form. Fifteen years ago there were schoolrooms in the City of Mexico where the pupils sat on mats spread on the floor. Now the schools are comfortably housed and supplied with patent furniture, maps, charts and all the modern appliances. The government rents most of the school buildings, though some of the finer, as the girls' normal, are old convents confiscated under the reform laws. The teachers are earnest and intelligent and hold teachers' meetings and institutes. The normal course is rigid and the teacher's position in the social scale is a rising one.

The men at the head of educational affairs in Mexico study the systems of other countries and endeavor to incorporate whatever seems worthy into their own schools. Mexico has trade, technical and professional schools, normal schools, an academy of arts, public conservatory of music, military academy, and the beginnings of manual training and the kindergarten.

But the grade teaching is often rather surprising to an American teacher. While there are shining exceptions, the instruction is apt to be wooden and unstimulating, with an immense amount of memorizing and little appeal to the reason, imagination or observation.

Another serious fault is the waste of time. School hours are from eight thirty to twelve thirty A. M. and from two to five P. M., even in the primary, and home work is demanded in addition. Each schoolroom has a little square of blackboard by the teacher's desk, where one child after another leisurely solves a problem while the rest sit idle and inattentive. Still worse

is the method of examination. Six weeks twice a year are used to do less than a week's work. The examinations are entirely oral. A board of three examiners, made up of teachers in other departments, presides in each room. All the children attend and are examined at the rate of five a day while the others look on in idleness. A pupil is summoned, draws a number from the goblet and so selects a set of questions. This might be an inquisition to a nervous, sensitive child, but, as far as I have seen, the examiners are always kindly, even to the extent of doing a good share of the reciting themselves. Time absolutely does not count in Mexico. Those who complete the course in the Girls' Normal are graduated individually, each girl having a whole day to herself. I was so fortunate as to be invited to one of these functions, and it was a very pretty affair. Josefina's mother sent out the invitations and an audience of about a hundred personal friends assembled in a small hall at the Normal school. An august body of the faculty, Josefina herself and her godfather were seated on the platform. Each professor in turn gave her an oral examination in his specialty, this part of the programme occupying the whole forenoon. Their manner was kindly and the questions were not very difficult.

Then there was a recess for dinner and Josefina and her mother were taken to the principal's room to receive cake and wine in solemn state.

In the afternoon all assembled again while she was examined in the practice of teaching. Some children from the training school were put through a kindergarten exercise with building blocks. Then two little ivory balls, one black and one white, were given to each of the professors, but not to the godfather. I suppose it was considered that he would be prejudiced. Two urns were passed, one for the vote, the other for the unused balls. The lady principal opened the voting urn; the balls were all white; so Josefina was awarded her diploma. The rest of the afternoon was a sort of informal reception. The graduate received the congratulations of her friends; her godfather gave her a gold watch, and she had presents and flowers enough for a whole graduating class.

Blessed old Mexico! Perhaps if she ever gets so far as having the children all busy at the same time, she will be in too much of a hurry for many gracious but time-consuming customs that prevail now.

There is no such thing as coeducation in Mexico from the time the small boy and girl start to school, both in aprons, so the differentiation is hardly apparent, until their school days are over. The Mexicans are not likely to introduce coeducation until the whole spirit of their social institutions has undergone a change. The dizziness likely to ensue from any sud-

den alteration is dreadful to contemplate. I speak from a bit of sad experience. For several years I was connected with a large American private school in the City of Mexico. The opportunity for learning English induced many Mexicans of good family to overcome their scruples against coeducation and send their children. The results in our oasis of enlightenment were not always pleasant from a pedagogical standpoint. The little Americans took the association of the sexes calmly, but the Mexican children made violent love in the primary and went to getting engaged in the upper grades. A girl of fifteen, when asked one day to write an English sentence on the blackboard, inscribed in utter seriousness from the fullness of her heart, "Pedro is a fine beau."

The public grammar schools are patronized by the upper-lower and lower-middle classes. The higher institutions of learning draw from all classes. Principals are paid about seventy-five dollars a month and have apartments in the school building. Those who are at the head of a night school, also, earn more. Grade teachers earn from eighteen to forty dollars, all this, of course, in Mexican silver.

There are many private and church schools for the children of the upper classes.

* * *

MEXICO'S SOMBER HOLIDAYS.

THE morbid character of the observance of Mexican religious festivals is described in *Modern Mexico* as follows:

There is a somber note running through nearly all the pleasures of the Mexican people, particularly those of the lower classes. It is seldom, indeed, that boisterous sounds are heard even from the street crowd upon a holiday. The Mexicans are reserved and decidedly quiet in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon of the North. They are fatalists, both by nature and religious training. One of the characteristics of the great Indian population is the calm manner in which they regard death, either in their family or as it approaches themselves. The lower classes, being simple minded, grieve but a short period, and particularly, if death comes to a young child it is looked upon as the best thing that could happen to it to be gathered to its fathers before it knew or became responsible for the sin of the world.

Mexico's religious holidays are innumerable, but the general holidays, celebrated each year upon the 1st and 2d of November, All Saints' and All Souls' days, illustrate in a striking manner the morbid attraction that death and all its associations hold for the Mexican peon. All Souls' day is commonly referred to as "El día de los Muertos," the Day of the Dead. All Saints' day was inaugurated early in the history of the Catholic church as a means to honor the many saints who

could not be assigned a separate feast day. All Souls' day is the day for the commemoration of the faithful departed. On that day masses are said and special prayers are offered by Catholics for the release of souls from purgatory. The priests wear black vestments and in some of the churches a huge catafalque is erected in the center of the nave. It is the custom also to visit the graves of departed relatives and friends, to place wreaths and candles round about and to offer prayer.

Any one of Mexico's cemeteries offers an interesting scene on these days. The French cemetery, where many of Mexico's wealthiest families have their vaults, is a mass of beautiful wreaths.

The habitual quiet of the English and American cemeteries near the Tlaxpana gate is hardly disturbed at all. The abundance of trees which darken the English cemetery, even at midday, makes it a scene evidently harmonizing with the tendency to sober meditation inspired by the grave. This cemetery contains the tombs of the First Englishmen, almost the first foreigners, that came to this country, 'way back in the eighteen twenties. The American cemetery is contiguous to the English, but it is a good deal lighter and more cheerful. Yet sobering objects are everywhere. There is a monument to the American soldiers who perished in the Valley of Mexico in '47. This, at least, receives its floral offerings on Decoration day. One who has been in Mexico any length of time reads all around names which recall the history of sad, sometimes even tragic, ends.

But if the tourist or resident wishes to see a characteristically Mexican celebration of All Souls' he should go to the great Dolores cemetery, however difficult of access it may appear. Except on very few tombs he will find no French creations in the way of wreaths, but abundance of coarse, yellow flowers.

In some parts of the country it is the custom of the common people to place meat and drink near the graves on the eve of All Souls'. But this is a pagan survival which the clergy have endeavored to uproot.

A feature that always attracts the attention of the people visiting Mexico for the first time is the strange toys sold on the streets and in the stalls at this time. These toys consist of skull and crossbones of sugar adorned with gold leaf, lath coffins surrounded with priest and acolytes and containing a skeleton, skeletons wearing tall hats on bicycles, miniature catafalques, altars, etc. Many of the coffins are so arranged that by pulling a string the lid opens and the dead man sits up. No Mexican child at this period is content unless his parents buy him one of these toys. The mozo and domestic servants also look at this time for their gifts, to which they give the name of calavera (skull.) It is a carnival of death, a mingling of levity with sadness, that would have fascinated Poe.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 6.

ONE of the things that will be of absorbing interest as the season goes by, is to note the habits of the birds, especially as to their nesting. We often hear it said that the same bird returns yearly to build its nest in the same place. Is this true?

It is a certain fact that a bird will build in the same fork of the same tree year after year, and will sometimes build a new nest on top of the old one of last year, but whether it is the same bird, or another pair that has selected the same site for home-making, is something that perhaps, has never been clearly settled.

The only way that it could be fully determined would be to mark the bird in some way, which would be a very difficult matter, and then to note whether the same one returned. Even if the bird wanted to return, the chances are that disaster or misfortune might overtake it, and though intending to return, might never do so. The only way to determine such a matter as this, would be for a large number of nesting birds to be marked in such a way that both the pair and their nest would be known. The Nookman's personal opinion is that it rarely, if ever, happens.

In the Autumn the old bird wings her flight southward, and with new friends and new associations, when she comes North, it would be the barest chances that would bring her back to the same apple tree. What probably misleads people in regard to this is the fact that birds look alike, and one robin or wren is just like another in appearance, except to the skilled eye of the professional ornithologist.

A peculiar thing we will notice in our nests down the lane, is the fact that the small birds while in the nest, have no fear of man. You can go to them, and they will open their mouths wide for they expect food, and seem to have absolutely no concern about your presence. But wait until these birds are ready to leave their nest, and they will all go the same day, and the day after they are practically so wild, that they cannot be caught, unless pursued on the level until their weak wings refuse to carry them any farther. With the ability of flight, comes an instinctive dread of anything that moves. This peculiarity is also characteristic of the animal creation.

If we could get into a nest of red squirrels, before their eyes were open, and take one home carefully, and raise it on a bottle, as the Nookman once did, the squirrel would know no other home than the room in which it first saw the light. My red squirrel lived in

a stocking hung up along the kitchen table leg, and spent much of his time outside and in scampering around the house, but always slept in the stocking, and when frightened dove into it headlong.

Speaking of the dread which the animal creation has for man, one may sometimes read that on an ocean island or some remote section of the country, where man has not been present, the birds and beasts show their familiarity with the lords of creation, but this has not been fully proven.

Those who have traveled in the recesses of the forest, where man has never been before, say that everything created gets as far away as possible. It is a sad commentary on human nature that man is the only created thing from which all of his fellow creatures fly on sight. They are not afraid of each other, but seem to have an instinctive dread of their unfeathered bipeds, seeking to destroy everything in sight.

As a rule birds and beasts get on together among themselves, and while they do not associate intimately, yet they live together without fear, and only when the boy comes with the dog and gun, they take refuge in flight, knowing it is their only salvation.

* * *

STRENGTH OF AN EGG SHELL.

As fragile as an egg shell, as easily broken as an egg shell, are two popular sayings, based on erroneous observations. It is true, that an egg shell is quite easily broken, but this is not because of any structural weakness in the composition of its material, but because of its extremely thin walls. Recent scientific experiments, undertaken in a spirit of curiosity, but continued in wonderment, demonstrated that a shell not more than thirteen one-thousandths of an inch in thickness has astonishing strength, comparable with the best of man's artificial products.

Albert L. Gray recently conducted a number of interesting experiments to demonstrate the strength of empty egg shells. He made records of the compressive strength and the resistance of external and internal pressure. The common parlor experiment of endeavoring to break an egg by pressing upon it lengthwise when held between the palms of the hand exemplifies the first measurement of its longitudinal resistance to pressure. As is well known it takes pretty strong hands to squash an egg held in this position. When mechanical means are substituted for manual ones, the squashing pressure is readily measured, and was found to be from forty to seventy-five pounds, the average

being nearly fifty-five pounds. This, too, with specimen eggs taken at random. An empty egg shell was subjected to a test by being placed endwise on two rubber cushions and made to support a box into which shot was slowly poured.

The rubber pads protected the shell from the hard contact, and this experiment demonstrated the structural strength of the shell. Greater ingenuity had to be exercised in submitting shells to internal pressure, owing to the poor nature of the hen's eggs. It was necessary to render the specimen water tight without increasing its structural strength. This was finally accomplished with the aid of a toy balloon, which was inserted in the shell through one of the two small holes, and the inflation accomplished by hollow wire. A hydraulic gauge indicated the pressure at the moment the shell broke, and all trials gave forty-four pounds per square inch as the breaking pressure. Three specimens withstood pressure of sixty pounds or better.

The most wonderful development of strength was seen in the resistance to external pressure. A hollow shell, sealed at the extremities by pieces of rubber and the whole tied up in a toy balloon to overcome the porosity of the material, collapsed under a pressure of six hundred and seventy-five pounds per square inch. The average collapsing pressure of egg shells was five hundred and forty-five pounds.—*Washington Post*.

EARS GROW DURING LIFE.

THE systematic examination of more than forty thousand pairs of human ears in England and France has resulted in some interesting conclusions. For one thing, it is ascertained that the ear continues to grow in the later decades of life—in fact, it appears never to stop growing until death. If one will take the trouble to look around in any assemblage of people, as at church, he will discover that the old folks have ears considerably larger than those of the middle-aged. A woman who has small, shell-like ears at twenty years of age will be very apt to possess medium-sized ears at forty years and large ears at sixty.

Why ears should go on growing all one's life any more than noses is a mystery. There are a good many other points about them that are instructive, their shapes being markedly persistent through heredity. Any ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation after generation with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognized by an expert in such matters.

There is probably nobody in the world who has a pair of ears perfectly matched; in most people the two differ perceptibly, not only in shape, but also in size.

Frequently they are not placed precisely alike on the head. The age of a person may be judged with great accuracy by the ears, which after youth is past assume an increasing harshness of contour. A pretty woman whose first youth has departed may not show the fact in other ways, but these telltale features will surely tell the story of the flight of time. Then there is the little wrinkle that comes just in front of each ear during the thirties—a fatal and ineradicable sign.

Near the top of each ear, just within the downturned edge and slightly toward the back, will be found, if one feels for it, a small lump of cartilage. This is a remnant of what was originally the tip of the ear, when ever so long ago that organ in our remote ancestors had a point on it. Most of the apes to-day have pointed ears, but in human beings the upper edge of the organ has in the course of ages been folded over so as to cover the real tip.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

DRYEST SPOT ON EARTH.

THE reputation of being the driest spot on earth is claimed by many spots in many climes. The latest claimant is Payta, in Peru, a place about five leagues south of the equator on the coast that has risen forty feet in historic times. Professor David G. Fairfield, a recent visitor, reports having reached there in February just after a rain of more than twenty-four hours, the first for eight years. The average interval between two showers is seven years. Sea fogs are common. Of about nine species of plants noticed seven were annuals and their seed must have remained dormant in the ground for eight years.

HIGHEST FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

INTERESTING facts as to the flight of birds have resulted from a long series of observations, whose general results have recently been published. An eagle was observed by Hergessell of Strasburg to fly at a height of 9,000 feet. A lark was detected at an altitude of 1,000. Aeronauts have encountered crows as high as 4,200 feet from the earth. These, however, are exceptional altitudes for birds to attain. As a rule 1,300 feet seems to be the limit.

LONG-LIVED FISH.

THERE are now living in the Royal Aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be over six hundred years old, and it has been ascertained in a number of cases that whales live to be over two hundred years old.

THE queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.

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Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?
Why at so large cost, so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine by selling hours of dross;
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.
—William Shakespeare.

* * *

APTNES IN TELLING.

DOES the reader know that there is a great deal in the way a thing is told as to whether it is understood? The actual facts are that very few persons know how to tell the simplest thing correctly. They half tell it, retrace their steps and mention two or three other ways, and muddle the hearer so that his liability to misunderstand is greater after instruction than before.

Let us take a familiar instance to illustrate our point. Ask the average man the road to Smith's place. He has traveled it for fifty years and to him it is a straight road. "Go straight ahead. You can't miss it. You can't go wrong. Straight ahead three miles." And before you are a mile distant the roads fork. There may be cross roads, lanes, private roads and endless confusing things. All this is a "straight road" to your informant, and he does not intend misleading you, but he does with his inapt sureness.

Now, here's the rule to prevent all this. When there are several or more ways describe fully but *one* and mention no more. Let that one be the best, all things considered, and begin and end with that

one. To illustrate further let us consider the directions how to get from Chicago to Elgin. One may take the Milwaukee road, the Northwestern, or the Illinois Central, and land at the Watch Factory station, East Elgin or West Elgin. There is a way of coming whereby you take the trolley for six miles, and another where you change at West Chicago. Now out of this muddle what are you going to do about it?

Here is a sure way of telling it. Take the Milwaukee railroad at the Union Station. It is one hour's run and no change of cars. Or say the same thing of the Northwestern road from its station. But mention but one and the hearer can't mix matters if he knows but one way.

For a model of straight direction remember the case of the disturbance when Paul and Silas were in jail. The scared jailer asked how he might be saved. His instruction was given in a breath. Ever since people who have asked the momentous question have been met with a mountain of books and an endless mass of conflicting direction. Again, the practice is best to tell the short of it in the fewest words. That's aptness in telling a story.

* * *

TAKE A BROADER VIEW.

THERE are a few people who are sufficiently charitable towards their fellow creatures. These charitable people are so situated that by environment or good fortune they are removed from the temptations that come to other people. Naturally they escape them while the other man in his weakness gives way. If the situation was reversed the chances are that our cold-blooded individual would fall a dozen times to the sinner's once. The man who sits in judgment knows in his heart, though he is not honest enough to say so, that he has fallen and failed hundreds of times when measured by his own ideal, but he has lacked the charity to apply to others that which he takes himself as he sits in judgment upon his weaker brother, when in reality all that saves him from being a worse man is the absence of temptation.

All men are mixtures of strength and weakness, and it is only when we are brought fully and squarely abreast with temptation that we know we are able to withstand it. And if we are able to withstand temptation instead of glorying in this God-given strength let us use it in uplifting and upbuilding others who are more unfortunately situated.

It is well for us to ask ourselves the question what we would do if our relative positions were reversed. If such a change were made might not some man whom we condemn be better in our

places and we worse than he is? It is a pertinent question and one which no man can answer without a trial. Until that time of trial comes we should all take a broader view and have more charity for those who are weak around us.

* * *

OUR IMPORTANCE.

OUR importance in life is a very small thing in fact. If a button comes off Johnny's coat his mother simply sews another on and the one that is ground into the mud is promptly forgotten. And it is just the same way with us. No man is indispensable. Die to-night and to-morrow there will be a dozen for your place and everything will go on as usual with the unpleasant thought of its being better done.

The truth is that the world will get on just as well without us as with us. The biggest hole we make in this world is the one we are buried in, and this is promptly filled up and forgotten. It is grimly humorous to note the passing show of people who think it all depends on them. If they could return a hundred years to come they would find their very existence forgotten, and not one person alive would ever have heard about them.

Let us do all the good we can, in all the ways open to us, and never mind the result or consider our importance. There'll be somebody in our place fast enough when we are called out of the throng.

* * *

WHAT TO DO.

AN intelligent Nooker writes to ask in what field of endeavor he may do the most good in a reform way. He is willing to give his life to the work.

The field is endless and wide open. There's the missionary section. There are whole countries, extent being considered, where the name of Christ has never been heard. Then there is the riff-raff of humanity in the cities. The fallen women, and the social evil generally, is another. Work among poor children is also waiting to be done. The doors of the saloons are many and wide open, and going in and out of them is material for work. The crowd, drunk, sleepy and vicious, on the street after midnight, is a fine field. Then there are Chinese, and in the South the negro problem is a tremendous one. The clear-headed man or woman with fitness and ability will perhaps find the work readiest to hand and most responsive to effort among colored people in the South.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK wants a few well-written articles descriptive of things not ordinarily known to the public, such as natural curiosities, processes of manufacture, etc. There is always room for such contributions, as they add to our knowledge of affairs.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Why is a hen like a clock?

*

Actions are better read than talk.

*

Try a smile once instead of a scowl.

*

A stitch in time saves all nine buttons.

*

The more you try the more you will win.

*

The man in love with himself has no rivals.

*

Old-fashioned honesty is a very good thing.

*

He laughs loudest who does not see the joke.

*

It doesn't take much knowledge to be a critic.

*

If you are sure you are right then be careful.

*

Instead of telling people to do right, show them.

*

Trouble is always just ahead of every one of us.

*

Suppose you try giving the living a few flowers.

*

The last weather report will be the crack of doom.

*

Most people would be honest if nothing interfered.

*

The things we would like to forget never leave us.

*

Any fool can pick the winner after the race is over.

*

No use to pray for strength unless you are going to use it.

*

How can a man drink like a fish and yet not take to water?

*

"Will it pay?" is the usual question. It ought to be, "Is it right?"

*

We are always surprised at our neighbors' mistakes but never at our own.

*

Bachelors are singular fellows till married when they lead double lives.

*

The man who sees nothing but evil in the world needs a new pair of spectacles.

*

The man who thoroughly looks after his own business has no time for other people's affairs.

A COAL MINER'S LIFE.

BY JOHN H. M'CLURE.

SOME people look upon a coal miner as one filling a position between a brute and a human. But they have souls as well as other people and many are well educated. It is just as honorable to dig coal as it is to dig gold or do farm work or any other manual labor. When a miner leaves his home and goes down in the mine he does not know that he will ever get out alive, for many miners go to work happy and gay but are carried home lifeless. The writer has been within five seconds of eternity, which is a close margin if you stop to count it.

In the mine is a very pleasant place to work. It never rains on us and we avoid the hot rays of the summer sun, and the cold blasts of winter never find us. Taking it all in all we have a very nice climate to work in. It is very dark in the mine and we must provide a light of our own. Our small lamp we carry on the front of our caps so it always gives light in front of us and does not shine in our eyes. In the Old Testament times they carried their lamps on their feet, but we prefer ours on our head.

Our coal mine is seventy feet down in the earth and the vein six feet thick which is the best thickness to work. There are some places where it is not so high and we can not always walk as we would.

The miner is expected to shoot the coal loose and load it in the cars. The powder we use is in grains the size of a pea. This powder is made so it takes a blaze a good while to ignite it, but a spark will light it in a second. Loading the coal is the most interesting part, for we get pay for what we load. We have cars that will hold about a ton and a half, and we shovel the small coal and take the large chunks in our arms to put them in the cars.

Dinner comes once a day and it is pleasant to see a lot of dirty-faced men with hands as black as coal can make them, sit down and take nice clean bread and meat in their dirty hands and eat it. If the little woman would put such dirty food on the table at home she would not get a smile and pleasant look as she got when she promised to be our wife.

The miners are in general making good wages. It is a common thing to draw from twenty-five to forty dollars every two weeks. Money does not go far with most miners, for the merchants will charge them more than any one else for goods. In mining towns you will almost always find goods higher than in sister towns. Coal operators will rob a miner with half a chance. We pay two dollars and fifty cents a ton at the mine for coal that can be bought and shipped forty miles away at two dollars and twenty cents per ton. The railroad company buys the same coal for one dol-

lar and thirty-five cents a ton. The miner is robbed on all sides but he is held in contempt if he opens his mouth.

You will find among miners men that will drink, gamble and commit any sin that the devil can invent. It is not because they are miners, for preachers have committed the same sins.

Look on a miner as a man, for he may be as good a man and have as pure a heart as you.

Odin, Ill.

HOUSEKEEPING IN GERMANY.

GREAT changes have taken place in Germany during the last twenty years in her social customs. Formerly the rooms wherein guests were received and entertained were very simple indeed. The dining room of well-to-do people was usually a long and rather dark room, invariably papered with a dark brown paper, with a little gold in it. The floor was parquet, and had simply a small drugget under the dining table. There was a tall sideboard ornamented with beer mugs and some silver, and this, with the chairs, constituted the whole furniture of the room. The usual form of entertainment was "supper" at about 8:30 or 9 P. M., at which one warm dish, such as roast veal, garnished with every available vegetable, was handed round, and then began a regular procession of small dishes, passed on by each guest to his neighbor, consisting of various kinds of sausage, hard boiled eggs, smoked salmon and goose—both great luxuries—raw ham, cooked ham, herring salad, etc. All these things were eaten from the same plate and with the same knife and fork, and when at last the procession came to an end and everyone had taken something of everything, the maid came in and gave clean plates and set down a sort of apple cake with whipped cream—or some other kind of pudding.

Having satisfied their appetites, the guests would all go together to the "gute Stube" (best room), and remain there chattering for a few minutes. Then, one by one the gentlemen disappeared into the "Herrenzimmer" (gentleman's room) to smoke and drink beer, while the ladies formed a large circle with their chairs, and, with heads close together and hands busily knitting, or doing some kind of fancy work, discussed all the intricacies of housekeeping. A word about the "gute Stube," or "drawing room." It usually had a high-backed sofa put across one corner, and in front of this a square of carpet, on which stood a table with cover, and two or three chairs. Near one of the windows was certain to be found the lady's work table, with little drawers in it and a large basket on the top. Probably, at the second window, and also cornerwise, stood the writing table, always very neat and looking as if it were seldom used. Perhaps there would be another square carpet before this, but the rest of

the floor was bare. A few chairs scattered about and a piano or not, according to the musical tastes of the family, formed the remainder of the furniture. Here, too, the paper was a dark tint, and the curtains of velvet or rep matched the furniture, with long white curtains hanging straight down over the center of the windows. Such simple arrangements as these can now only be found amongst very old fashioned or poor gentlepeople who have not moved with the times in the large cities, although they are still common in country or provincial towns, even amongst very well-to-do people.

For the last ten years English customs and habits and tastes have exercised great influence on German social life, and the consequence is that the old, ugly simplicity is almost a thing of the past. German drawing rooms are now the counterpart of English ones, with their English furniture and wall papers; only, of course, both furniture and papers cost much more than at home. Then, too, a party is a very different matter nowadays. Balls, dinner parties and musical "at homes" are numerous, and if you do not desire to disappear from view altogether you must do your share of entertaining.

And the clothes required for all this! It is no longer possible to be content with a weekday, a Sunday and a party gown! One must have costumes of different kinds for the various social gatherings, even if living comparatively quietly. Dress material of all kinds is dear. Silk suitable for blouses is double the price of the English stuffs of the same quality, boots and shoes are very expensive, or very bad if cheap, and all ready-made articles and underlinen are, without exception, much dearer and far less chic and pretty for the price.

The dearness of the last named articles weighs especially heavily on the German housekeeper at Christmas time, for it is then that she has to make enormous purchases in dress material and linen for her servants. The quality and quantity of presents made to each servant is determined by two things—the length of time she has been in your service and the amount of her wages. The longer the service and the higher the wages the better the presents. This giving of large Christmas presents is so universal that it is quite impossible to try to ignore it. In fact, it may almost be said to form part of the wages of a servant, and if she did not get what she considered sufficient she would sulk during the Christmas week, and most certainly give notice on January 1. As a rule, each maid receives material for one woolen dress or two cotton ones, a quarter of a dozen of each article of underclothing, and some small things, such as handkerchiefs, gloves, etc. This means about ten dollars, and, of course, as time goes on the sum gradually increases. The writer knows one lady whose footman has been

with her for twenty-two years, and this fortunate person received no less than one hundred dollars as a Christmas box last year, in addition to presents in kind. All incidental expenses, such as traveling, cabs, tips, etc., are as heavy as they are in England.—*London Telegraph*.

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A ROYAL ROAD TO WEALTH.

WHEN a certain late shah of Persia became temporarily embarrassed for money, he had quite a unique method of filling his purse. He would go to the market, where, after examining the shops, he would select one and, turning to the proprietor, would say, "Will you take me in as a partner in your business for the day?" The offer was, of course, eagerly accepted. The shah would take his seat near the shop entrance



A STREET IN A MOKI TOWN.

and say to his courtiers, whom he always took with him on these occasions: "Now, I'm salesman. Who'll buy?" The latter, not daring to refuse the offers of the royal merchant, set about clearing the shop of its contents, paying sometimes £50 for goods that were not worth £10. No one was allowed to beat down prices or to leave the place without making purchases. When everything was sold, the shah had a list of the cost price of each article made out and loyally shared with the shopkeeper the amount of the profit realized.

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THE FIRST DOCTOR.

THE title of "doctor" was invented in the twelfth century, and conferred for the first time upon Inerius of the University of Bologna, states the *Metaphysical Magazine*. The first "doctor of medicine" was Guilelmo Gordenio, who received the honor from the College of Aosti, also in Italy, in 1220.

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THE biggest University in the world is Paris, with 9,300 students.

ANIMAL FARM.

THE *Commercial Advertiser*, of New York, has the following interesting account of an animal farm.

Over in New Jersey, just on the outskirts of Jersey City, there is an interesting establishment. Nothing on the outside indicates what it is and the low, rambling buildings that are carefully fenced in are not particularly attractive. The place covers several acres and here and there a sign reads: "Danger, keep out." Dogs bark savagely at the approach of visitors. This is William Bartel's wild animal farm. Within the gates wild animals are cared for, from the time they come into the proprietor's hands, from the four corners of the world, until they are sold by him to menageries, zoological societies, museums and to private collectors. Agents of the concern resident in Africa, India, Burmah, Java and Borneo and special traveling agents all collect specimens that are shipped from points where the animals are native to Jersey City.

The houses in the inclosure are many, but they all have the aspect of a menagerie. The principal houses are three. They are known respectively as the "hayhouse," "cathouse" and "birdhouse." They are given these names because animals eating hay are kept grouped in the hayhouse. The cat family, of course, occupy the cathouse, while birds, in and out of cages, are cared for in the birdhouse. There are tanks as well, in which sea lions, goldfish and other animals living in the water find a kind of substitute for the homes from which they have been taken. One of the goldfish tanks frequently contains one hundred thousand goldfishes. It often happens that as many as one million goldfishes will be handled during the winter season.

Collections are made up and rented to summer resort parks maintained by railroads and other owners. As much as two thousand dollars is obtained for a good collection of animals for a season of eleven weeks, including care and feed, but not transportation. The animals go away in June and are returned in September.

The most superb beast at the farm is a young Bengal tiger from Sumatra. One may look at this cat without fear, but it is much safer not to touch. A good tiger is valued at from four hundred to five hundred dollars or more, according to age, condition, etc.

Further along in an inclosure there are four camels. They were three months in journeying from the point of shipment to destination. Their humps fell away because of the hardships of the voyage and they all look thin and very skinny. They are being well fed now, however, and it will not be long before their humps will again be firm and solid. The tapir, from Malacca, was asleep, and had to be awakened to show his fine points. He is a mild and inoffensive animal, with a very thick skin, out of which the Indians make

bucklers so hard as to resist the point of an arrow. A German grysbok in his stall amused himself by jumping toward the door, through which the visitor could look between cracks. To the right of his royal highness, the grysbok, two llamas rested. A fine zebu came next. He was seventy days in transit from India to this country, and touched at Germany on the way, otherwise it would have taken him still longer. When a customer is found for him he will fetch at least one hundred dollars. In scattered cages were some wildcats, tiger cats and an East India lynx. These vary in price from twenty dollars for a wildcat to seventy-five dollars for the lynx.

One of the resident herd of four elk was a male. He had magnificent antlers and was scarred more than is the average German student from the duels and fights that he had been in. A pair of elk costs one hundred and fifty dollars. Many examples of various sorts of deer are lodgers at the farm. Australia has sent some of her animals in the amusing little kangaroos kept in the "hayhouse." They jump merrily about, entirely care and sorrow free. When you buy one of them you part company with from fifty to seventy-five dollars which, however, is cheap, considering everything.

Some of the snakes come very much higher in price, and if you want to buy a twenty-seven-foot snake you must save up until you have two hundred and fifty dollars before you can get it. Such a snake weighs two hundred pounds. If you only want a little six-foot snake, that you can have for five dollars. It weighs about eight pounds. Foxes cost the same as the little six-foot snakes. A cassowary in full color and quite as good as the ones at the London Zoological gardens is worth one hundred and fifty dollars. If they have none at the farm in stock they can import one for you if you want them to. The risk of shipment is assumed by the purchaser in every case. Large numbers of birds come and go during the season at the wild animal farm. Last year more than fifty thousand canaries were handled and five hundred parrots was another item in the business done. The gross business in wild animals for the past year was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Branches of the establishment exist at New Orleans and at San Francisco. Agents at Mexico and in Cuba buy ant-eaters, wild ducks, parrots, etc., and men go away on collecting tours for the farm, to be gone for periods of eight months.

The breeding of lions, tigers and quite a few deer is successfully accomplished at the farm. There are a number of pretty birds now at the farm, including some two hundred Japanese robins, some wood ibis and several red Cuban flamingoes. One one-eyed owl, the last of quite a flock, is now at the farm. So are quite a few mandarin ducks.

WOMEN AS DETECTIVES.

THERE may be a female Sherlock Holmes some day—but detectives think there won't. The remoteness of this possibility, however, does not deter numbers of women from making constant application to the heads of large detective bureaus for employment. Generally they are refused.

Detectives are practically unanimous that with one or two exceptions the different lines of detective work are closed to women simply because they are women. One of these exceptions is work in a department store. There it is almost necessary that the detective should be a woman. A man loitering about the store to detect shoplifters would be known within a short time. His would be too unnatural a position. Men do not wander through department stores as a rule.

In other lines of the work a woman is at a natural handicap which makes it impossible for her to do serviceable work, and which makes the manager of a detective agency unwilling to give her employment. For instance, a woman cannot shadow a man. She cannot loiter about the streets without attracting as much attention as the man would in a department store. In spite of these obstacles the number of women who desire to go in the business is large.

A. L. Drummond, who was chief of the United States secret service for twenty years, being John Wilkie's predecessor, said of the woman detective:

"They don't exist in a legitimate business—that is, a business which concerns itself with the pursuit of crime and the protection of commercial interests. We have applicants, of course, but in the ten years that I have been out of the government service I have not paid out, all told, more than \$30 for the services of women. I keep none in my employment. Once in a while by chance I need one. If I do it is generally some private individual, perhaps a member of my own family, that I employ.

"The applicants as a rule are not a desirable class of women. Strange to say they are not young girls, smitten with a desire for a life of adventure. They are not romantic, dime-novel-reading, young idiots like the boys. We never have an office boy who does not believe himself to be an undeveloped Sherlock Holmes, and the boys who come here on errands from other places generally speak in husky voices and peer around for trap doors.

"Would-be sleuths among the women are usually beyond thirty-five years of age. Most generally it is a divorced woman who knows how she was caught and thinks she could improve the knowledge she gained thus. Sometimes the widow of a detective tries to take his place, but unless she confines her work entirely to the management of the office she will make a failure of it and soon give it up.

"In fact, the only woman who does any effective

detective work is the distinct non-professional. Once in the government service I employed a woman to run down the defaulting president of a national bank. She was employed for three months, and she finally got the man in Brazil. That was good work. Occasionally in counterfeiting cases women are valuable, but it is nearly always as informers and not as detectives.

GIGANTIC EQUIPMENT.

THE Chicago fire department is one of the most systematic in the world. The chief annually reports the fires, alarms, causes, statistics of machinery, roster of officers, men and enormous property values of buildings and apparatus, of which our space permits the sparest epitome. It is no exaggeration to say and nothing new to announce to the world of fire engineers that this stands at the head of all departments in the world. Others may show a greater army of men,



A MOKI FAMILY: NOT WORRIED OVER FASHIONS.

greater quoted values of machinery, but in facile execution, consummate mastery of detail, promptitude, celerity and expedition of work, there is none that approaches it. The city telegraph system of Chicago, one of the world's wonders, operates over 3,500 miles of wire; there are 2,543 alarm stations; there are available for fire purposes 1,700 miles of water mains. The department operates four fire boats, eighty-six steam fire engines, four hand engines, twenty-seven chemical engines, forty-two hose wagons and thirty-six hose carriages, thirty-three ladder trucks, fifty-three chemical extinguishers, sixty-eight portable pumps, two water towers, 175,812 feet of hose (the hose in the department would, if laid in line, reach nearly thirty-five miles); the department has 1,042 men and uses nearly five hundred horses. Value of its buildings and entire apparatus reaches the enormous sum of \$2,562,464.47. In 1901 there were 8,094 alarms, the total loss in that year being \$4,496,000.

HOW SOME GIRLS IN THE WEST RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

WE usually see them in the morning on our way from our home to the ranch. Seen at a distance one can not distinguish them from their brothers, the cow-boys. They usually wear a riding cap or jaunty hat. They come galloping towards you on a bronco just as fast, seated on the same kind of a saddle and in the same way as their brothers.

Sometimes we see them coming to the little town of Fruita to do some shopping, and when done, they untie their horses, gather up the bridle rein with the left hand, with which they also take hold of the horn of the saddle, then placing the left foot into the stirrup, they bound on the horse so quickly you hardly know how it was done.

When we first saw this way of riding, we felt like criticising it, but on reflection we hardly knew what to say. It is safer and more easy than the old way. We were not accustomed to see it in that way and that was about all there was to it. They certainly look graceful. Their riding skirts are so constructed as to fall gracefully down on both sides of the horse and hide their feet. Their position on a horse in this way is much more easy, graceful, and modest in appearance than when on a bicycle.

Some may think that these gay riders belong to the "wild woolly West." The fact is, some have come but recently from the East and belong to the best class of people from that quarter, but have readily fallen into line with the progressive spirit of the West, for it is the enterprising people of the East that have settled in the West; besides, some of these girls attend a good high-school and can scan the lines of Virgil, work quadratic equations, or preside at a piano equally with any of their eastern cousins.

A prominent French writer, visiting America recently, says: "In the West, I was not only not shocked at seeing girls and women riding astride on their saddles like cow-boys, but I found the fashion as modest as it was natural and easy."

Fruita, Colo.

* * *

RUNNING TRAINS.

FROM an exchange we cull the following which will be of interest to Nookers:

In the stress of heavy fogs the burden of responsibility rests heavily upon the engineer in the cab. It is a season when some gray hairs may come in a night. It is a period of straining eyes and nervous grip upon the throttle. Caution never is so much instinctive and required; nerves are never so much tested as in the situation which leaves scarcely fifty feet

of clear track ahead of the guiding genius of a train. It is desirable to be as cautious as possible, and it is almost as desirable to lose no more time than is requisite to the occasion. The atmospheric influences upon the human body are against a live, wide-awake activity, either mental or physical.

Thus in the cab of the heavy passenger train that is struggling against time the man in the cab with his hand upon the lever of the throttle and his eyes upon the mist and dark ahead, has responsibilities which few men would envy. At the least, a heavy fog is the condition of conditions which throws trains off their schedules, and the condition of conditions favorable to accidents is when trains are running late and when all the usual plans and places of meeting and passing have been annulled.

In the time of fogs the torpedo and the fusee are the saving instruments to traffic on the rail. Without them, especially as the great cities are approached, railroading would be made almost impossible. In ordinary weather the man with the red and green flags, dropping off the rear of the train that has, of necessity, come to a standstill, is the agent of safety. When he and his fluttering muslin signals cannot be seen fifty feet away he resorts to the fusee and the torpedo.

The torpedo is one of the oldest of railroad signals, acting more or less automatically. The fusee has been in general use perhaps eight years, and some of the big roads of the country are not wholly reconciled to it as an agency always to be depended upon.

Twenty-five years ago the torpedo was a tremendous explosive. It was almost as large as a man's hand, made of cast iron and having in its hollow center a series of three nipples, each primed with an old fashioned gun cap. All round these nipples was a heavy charge of black gunpowder, and with this apparatus made fast to the rail the first pressure of the locomotive wheels caused an explosion that would shake the ties for ten feet on each side. Many an old railroad man to-day is limping because of a piece of one of these old torpedoes blown into a leg in some switchyard in which he swung lanterns. But the modern torpedo is simplicity and innocence itself, though quite as loud as was its predecessor. Briefly, it is a shallow box of tin or waterproof pasteboard about as big as an ordinary pill box, to which are attached either two curved steel springs clamping it to the rail, or two strips of lead long enough for it to be tied fast there with the box on top of the steel surface. In exploding these torpedoes are harmless to a possible bystander. They cost about three cents each.

The torpedo comes into play when for any reason in thick weather a train that is followed by another has to come to a standstill on the main line. On such an occasion the flagman drops off the rear platform of the train that has stopped and according to regu-

lations starts back three-quarters of a mile in order to signal the train following in case it should come up. In the fog his flag is useless, and he lays a torpedo on the track, returning at once to his train. Just before he climbs aboard the train again he lays another torpedo down.

When the approaching train has struck the first torpedo it comes to a standstill, and then proceeds slowly, feeling its way, until the explosion of the second torpedo releases it to go on again with due caution.

But the trouble with the torpedo is that it has no limitation or measure of time within itself. So far as its warning is concerned it might have been put on the track an hour before. Here is where the fusee comes in with full scenic effect and an absolute time limit.

The fusee, in appearance, belongs at once to the Fourth of July type of pasteboard pyrotechnics, and may cost from ten to twenty cents. It is a pasteboard cylinder about one inch in diameter and two feet long. The base end of it is provided with a weight and a sharp spike in the center, designed to stick readily into the ground or into the ties. At the top there is a cap about three inches long, which in turn has another cap of pasteboard barely covering the end of the main cap.

The opportunity of the fusee is when a train in a fog has had to slow down to a creeping pace, with a likelihood of another train's coming up behind. As the train crawls the flagman steps to the rear platform, pulls the cap off the cap, and then the cap itself off the main fusee. The top of this main cap has a rough coating similar to the side of the box for safety matches, and the end of the fusee has the composition similar to that of the match. One is scratched against the other, the fusee is set off, and as it begins its eruption of red fire the cylinder is flung spike downward into a tie.

For ten minutes this fusee burns with a glow that will attract the attention of any one looking out of the cab of an engine. If the train following does not come up until it has burned out the train ahead is still ten minutes in the lead. If the train comes up while the fusee still burns it must stop and remain in position till the fusee has burned out. When it has winked out the engineer knows the other train has full ten minutes the lead.

* * *

USING IRON AS A MEDICINE.

IRON is a strengthening medicine when given in an assimilated form. But many stomachs refuse it, however it may be manipulated by the druggist or mingled in the mineral spring by the hand of nature. A new means has been found for rendering it generally assimilable, namely, by mixing citrate of iron in the food of hens. After this has been done for about a

month the yolk of the eggs becomes rich in iron, and the most delicate stomach can digest it. The dose for each hen is eighty milligrammes of citrate of iron a day.

* * *

PROFIT IN FIR TREES.

A FEW years ago the balsam fir tree was considered one of the most worthless of forest trees, but since the growth of the Christmas tree industry it has taken on an added value. The contractors pay from three to four cents apiece for the larger ones. This price seems insignificant when taken alone, but when it is considered that from 3,000 to 4,000 trees will grow on an acre and that the trees can be raised in land worthless for anything else it is a different story.

* * *

NEARLY A MILLION BIRTHS.

THERE were 927,052 births registered in England and Wales during 1901. These figures are equivalent to a birth rate of 28.7 per cent in one thousand persons living, which is the lowest on record.

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

THOUGHTS that breathe, and words that burn.—*Gray.*

There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—*Disraeli.*

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.—*Franklin.*

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—*Emerson.*

The price of existence with some people must be an eternal silence.—*"Two Men."*

Laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—*Richter.*

Schoolbooks are implements, but they don't teach in school how the implements are to be used in one's business.—*"Foma Gordyeff."*

Nature is spirit visible; spirit is invisible nature; the absolute ideal is at the same time the absolute real.—*Schelling.*

Culture is accessible to everyone, but there are people who not only do not need it, but whom it is liable to spoil.—*"Foma Gordyeff."*

Nature shows us the beautiful while she conceals the interior. We do not see the roots of her roses and she hides from us her skeletons.—*"The Morgesons."*

How little the world knows about its modest heroes who bear burdens uncomplainingly and show no envy towards those who are more fortunately situated from a worldly point of view.—*"Blennerhassett."*

THE SMALLEST HORSE.

THE smallest horse known to the world is twenty-two and one-half inches, or five and one-half hands high and weighs only seventy-three pounds. This Tom Thumb of equines has been named Lilliputian. He is seven years old and, according to an exchange has a history as follows:

He was brought to the United States from Mexico by Tabiato Exposito, and is in the possession of A. J. Morrison of Los Angeles, California.

The Mexican who disposed of him claims he stole the animal, and as he immediately disappeared there seems to be no reason for doubting the assertion.

The wily senor, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samoa. The natives there worship the pretty little horses and keep them constantly guarded on a high cliff.

Exposito took this and another dwarf—the two smallest he could find—and made away with them by lowering them from the cliff with a rope. He was hotly pursued. Before reaching Mexico the other horse died.

The tiny pony came near being eaten up by a big, black-maned lion that has been on exhibition in Los Angeles. The lion was in his cage, and Lilliputian was browsing near by on straw that had been scattered about.

There was an opening in the cage where the keeper could put in a bucket of water. The lion reached his heavy paw through and took a portion of Lilliputian's tail.

* * *

AUTOMOBILES FOR MAIL SERVICE.

A SERIES of extensive experiments with the automobile in the free rural mail delivery service, which has just been completed in Lenawee County, Michigan, seems to remove whatever doubt has existed as to the practicability of adopting motor vehicles on routes which defy the horse.

These tests extended over a period of one month, and the routes covered varied in length from ten miles to twenty-nine miles. The weather was at times very bad, the snow was often from six to eight inches deep and much ice was encountered.

Yet, notwithstanding such adverse conditions, the report of Postmaster Priddy, who supervised the tests, shows that on the twenty-nine mile route the time required to make one hundred and twenty-five stops for delivery and fifty-nine "pickups," during which approximately five hundred pieces of mail matter were handled, was less than four hours, or about one-half that occupied by the carrier with his horse. The amount of fuel consumed was only nominal.

Postmaster Priddy says that the people along the routes, whose attitude toward the automobile heretofore had not been friendly, came to regard the machines with admiration; and he believes that all that is necessary to allay the sentiment of unfriendliness toward automobilists, now existing among our rural citizens, is to demonstrate to them the machines' immense advantages over their four-footed contemporaries.

* * *

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.

ONE day a noted physician, going into the free dispensary of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, found three or four little girls who, while awaiting treatment, were huddled together on one bench, eagerly discussing something of great interest, which, on investigation, proved to be a much-handled "chunk" of candy. In astonishment the physician asked what they were doing. Some questioning finally elicited an explanation from the biggest girl, who shamefacedly explained that "de one what tells de biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the doctor, "I am ashamed of you; when I was little like you I never told lies." A slight pause; then, from the smallest girl: "Give him de candy."

* * *

STRAIN OF FAST TRAVEL.

IT has often been urged that man could not travel at much greater speed than sixty miles an hour, as no driver could stand the strain upon the nerves. An experienced engineer has, however, it is said, declared that when a man is running his engine at a mile a minute he has reached the limit of mental strain and an extra half mile a minute could not add to his task. Further, the same authority gives the reassuring information that if a train going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour were wrecked the consequences would be no worse than if the speed had been sixty miles.

* * *

ZULULAND NIGHTS.

IN Zululand, when the moon is at the full, objects are visible at a distance of seven miles. By starlight one can read with ease.

* * *

THE uncultivated "desert" looks too poor to raise a row on it. Chuck against it is a home, rose embroidered and set amid orange trees bending with fruit. It is the same land, precisely, and water is the key that set the soil to making music.

* * *

GENEROSITY is the flower of justice.—*Hawthorne.*

Aunt Barbara's Page

CAT-LIFE.

Dozing, and dozing, and dozing!
 Pleasant enough,
 Dreaming of sweet cream and mouse meat,—
 Delicate stuff!

Of raids on the pantry and hen coop,
 Or light, stealthy tread
 Of cat gossips, meeting by moonlight
 On a ridge pole or shed,—

Waked by a somerset, whirling
 From cushion to floor;
 Waked to a wild rush for safety
 From window to door.

Waking to hands that first smooth us,
 And then pull our tails;
 Punished with slaps when we show them
 The length of our nails!

These big mortal tyrants even grudge us
 A place on the mat.
 Do they think we enjoy for our music
 Staccatoes of "scat?"

What in the world were we made for?
 Man, do you know?
 By you to be petted, tormented?—
 Are you friend or foe?

To be treated, now, just as you treat us,—
 The question is pat,—
 To take just our chances of living,
 Would you be a cat?

—Lucy Larcom, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

* * *

MILDRED'S VENTURE.

MILDRED lived in a quiet country town. Her father was the dearest man in the world, and he loved Mildred very much. He would have liked to give her very many things to make her happy, but he could only afford to give her the things that made her comfortable.

It was the desire of Mildred's heart to buy her mamma a silk dress. Her mother had never had a black silk dress in all her life, and Mildred knew that her unselfish little mother would never think of buying such an expensive dress for herself. But Mildred wanted her mother to have one—just one splendiferous dress.

So she dreamed by night and she dreamed by day of the time when she should go with her father to the nearest large town and come home with a shimmering roll of soft black silk to surprise her little mother with.

She had only twenty-five cents to her name, however, and so she knew that her dream would never come true unless she devised some way of earning money. You boys and girls who live in little country places can well imagine what a hard time Mildred must have had before she thought up a way of earning money.

"I know," she said one day to herself, "I'll be a 'left-over girl.'"

She asked her mother's permission to go over to Mrs. Brown's.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, when she came to the kitchen door, where Mrs. Brown was shelling peas for dinner, "have you any left-over things that I could do. I will work very cheap."

Mrs. Brown looked Mildred all over.

"Why, child, with my large family, I always have a lot of left-over things, that just weigh on my mind all the time. But I don't know what you know how to do."

"I can sew," said Mildred, flushing a little—"and I can arrange bureau drawers and closets beautifully, mother says, and I can gather flower-seeds and keep the kinds separate, and I can pick berries, and peel fruit, and put paper on pantry shelves, and put labels on cans of fruit, and clean silver, and shine up brass, and make real nice buttonholes in any kind of cloth, and——"

Mrs. Brown laughed.

"Well, I guess you're just the little girl I want, for half a dozen of things that I've been meaning to get at myself, but have not had the time. I suppose you will work by the hour."

"Yes," said Mildred, "I will work for four cents an hour, and I won't dawdle."

In a short time Mildred was "left-over girl" for ten families, whose busy housewives needed just such a handy little girl.

That was a month ago, and Mildred has ten dollars toward the silk dress.—*Margery Daw*.

* * *

BABY GIRAFFES.

A NEWLY born giraffe stands high immediately after birth. He then measures six feet from his hoof to the top of his head.

* * *

Children are like jam; all very well in the proper place, but you can't stand them all over the shop.—*"The Wouldbegoods."*

The Q. & A. Department.

Are children employed in coal mines in Pennsylvania?

In the anthracite regions no child under the age of fourteen is allowed by law to work in the mines, nor may a boy under the age of twelve be allowed to work on the outside. But the law is systematically broken.

✧

I have heard that in some countries the study of horticulture is compulsory. Is this correct?

Yes, in Belgium it is compulsory and each school must have a garden. It is also true of Russia and partly so of Germany and France. It is an excellent idea.

✧

What are briquettes?

Briquettes are small pieces of compressed coal dust much used in Europe for domestic and commercial purposes. They are clean, easily handled, light readily and burn with an intense flame.

✧

What is the composition and use of smokeless powder?

The composition varies, and the use is apparent to all who have ever fired a shotgun loaded with black powder. The absence of smoke is due to perfect combustion.

✧

Is there a Bible printed in which modern English is used instead of the quaint old English of the present version?

Yes, there is such a translation and it is a revelation to most people.

✧

How and what are the Doukhobors?

The Doukhobors are a fanatical Russian religious society in Canada. They have queer notions and fanatical ideas about many things.

✧

Where was Herbert Spencer born?

Herbert Spencer was born 1820 at Derby. He has won for himself a world-wide distinction as a thinker and writer.

✧

Is anthracite coal found in the States of the North-west?

No.

✧

Where is the best bituminous coal found?

In Western Pennsylvania.

✧

How many telegraphic cables are there?

Big and little there are about 1750 different cables.

I have an old grandfather's clock which I want to sell. What can I probably get for it?

That depends entirely upon the condition of the clock and who your customer is. There is no set price.

✧

Do the Western Indians still hold to their tribal relations?

To a certain extent they do, but the time is coming when the tribal feature will be broken up.

✧

How long is it since the first submarine cable was laid for telegraphic purposes?

More than fifty years ago a cable was laid in the straits of Dover.

✧

Can water lilies be grown from seed?

Yes, if the seed is fresh, and ordinary intelligence shown in the management of the seeds and young plants.

✧

What is the cause of the high price of beef?

Mainly the fact that free range in the West is almost gone, this and the rapacity of the dealers.

✧

Is printing in different colors an expensive operation?

Yes, it is, relatively speaking, for each color the printed page must go through the press.

✧

Does the wild cactus growing on the plains bloom?

Yes, it does every season, if the plant is old enough, and it makes a very beautiful flower.

✧

How are whales hunted and killed now?

The whaling vessel shoots a harpoon into the prey, using a harpoon-cannon for the purpose.

✧

Is the Mississippi river bridged?

Between St. Louis and New Orleans there is but one bridge, at Memphis.

✧

What is lignite?

Lignite is a sort of soft coal burning rapidly with many sparks.

✧

What is the cost of cremation?

About twenty-five dollars for a body.

✧

A GOOD Nooker would like to have a recipe from those who have had experience as to how carpet-rags can be colored. Who can tell how for the different colors?

The Home



Department

RICE PUDDING.

BY KATE HOWARD.

TAKE one cup of rice, boiled soft in water. Add a pint of cold milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg, yolks of four eggs, and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix and bake half an hour.

Beat the whites of four eggs. Stir in a pint of sugar and the juice of a lemon. After the pudding is baked, pour this over and brown slightly in the oven. To be eaten cold. Can be kept several days.

Cambridge, Ind.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

SOAK two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night. In the morning put one pint of new milk in a double boiler. When the milk is hot add the tapioca and boil briskly for half-hour. Then add the yolks of three eggs and cook about ten minutes before adding a half-cup of sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and stir into the hot tapioca.

Lafayette, Ind.

GINGER SNAPS.

BY MRS. P. D. FAHRNEY.

TAKE one pint of baking molasses, one cup of sugar, two cups of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of soda. Put all together and boil for five minutes. Let cool, mix stiff with flour, roll very thin and bake quickly.

Frederick, Md.

MOLASSES CAKE.

BY SISTER JOANNA MASON.

TAKE one cup of sorghum molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one cup of stewed raisins, two eggs, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful

of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves. Stir all together, putting in enough flour to make a thick batter and bake in a dripping pan.

A GOOD YEAST.

BY SISTER BALINDA A. STONER.

TAKE six potatoes the size of an egg, one quart of water, a small handful of hops tied in a cloth, boil until done, mash and strain if you wish, then add one quart more of boiling water, one-fourth cup of salt, one-half cup of sugar, and when lukewarm add one-half pint of yeast. Let stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then bottle. Tighten gradually. This is for a small family and can be doubled.

Union Bridge, Md.

SPANISH CREAM.

DISSOLVE two-thirds of a box of gelatine in as little water as possible. Boil three pints of milk, flavor and sweeten. Add the gelatine and the well-beaten yolks of five eggs. When cold eat with cream.

FLOATING ISLAND.

BEAT the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add a glass of currant jelly and beat together. Drop a spoonful at a time into a bowl of sweet cream.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

Sure Cure for Roup in Poultry.

Mix melted lard and kerosene (coal oil) equal parts and dip the fowls' heads in.—*Jacob Petry, West Manchester, Ohio.*

*

For Colic in Horses.

To cure colic in horses tie a little tobacco on the bit. This will cure in fifteen minutes. For a choked horse pour water in the ear.—*Wm. Mallory, Cartersville, Va.*

LITERARY.

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia. Twenty-five cents a copy or \$2.50 a year. "Julian Meldohla" is the leading story for March. There are a number of other stories also that will interest people who take to that kind of literature. Besides these there is an ably written article on "Rural and Village Development Societies" by Eben E. Rexford, and another on Intellectual Communism, by Sara Yorke Stevenson.

* * *

WHAT THE EYES SAY.

BLUE eyes are said to be weakest.
 Upturned eyes are typical of devotion.
 Wide-open eyes are indicative of rashness.
 Side-glancing eyes are always to be distrusted.
 Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest.
 Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning.
 Gray eyes turning green in anger or excitement are indicative of a choleric temperament.

* * *

BAY RUM.

NINE-TENTHS of the stuff used as bay rum in New York and other places is not bay rum at all, but a mixture of the essential oil of bay with common rum or alcohol.

* * *

SMOKE AND BEES.

SMOKE is the only thing that will successfully control bees. The kind of smoke seems to make little difference.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I CONSIDER the INGLENOOK a great success. Its influence is far-reaching, especially among our young people."—*B. E. Breshears, Washington.*

*

"NONE but clean, pure publications, and the NOOK stands out among these quite in the foreground."—*Mrs. H. A. Bloomfield, Illinois.*

*

"I THINK the Southern California INGLENOOK is a credit to the editor and to the State."—*C. F. Kneimyer, Iowa.*

*

"I AM much pleased with the INGLENOOK. I pass away many lonely hours reading it."—*Mary McCaulley, Pa.*

*

"I HAVE been a subscriber to the NOOK for years and we feel that we cannot do without it."—*Flora Good, Va.*

"WE like the INGLENOOK so much that we would not think of doing without it."—*Lillian Morrissey, Idaho.*

*

"I LIKE the magazine fine, and shall speak a good word for it when I can."—*H. C. Woolfinger, Indiana.*

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick with reference. *J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.*

*

WANTED.—Married man, small family, to work on farm the year round. Must have good character. Give reference. Address: *C. B. Rowe, Dallas Center, Iowa.*

*

WANTED.—A girl to work in private family at North Manchester, Indiana. Permanent. Address: *R. C. Hollinger, North Manchester, Ind.*

*

WANTED.—A good moral man, single, to work by the year on a farm. Begin March 1 or 15.—Address: *John Zuck, Clarence, Iowa.*

*

I WANT a place as housekeeper among Brethren. Widow. Little boy. Address: *Tevluia Miller, 910 Highland Ave., Elgin, Ill.*

*

WANTED.—I want a blacksmith for a country shop. Brother preferred.—*Isaac L. Hoover, Lone Star, Kansas.*

*

WANTED.—A good experienced man to work on farm. Address *F. L. Netsley, Naperville, Ill.*

*

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap. Samples.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 11.

SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—Longfellow.

A SEASONABLE REMEDY.

A POOR woman, understanding that Oliver Goldsmith was a physician and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him by letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The doctor told the honest pair that they would hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious.

He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require; be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourners, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his disciples could ever administer.

HOW HABITS STRENGTHEN.

AN old monk was once taking a walk through a forest with a pupil by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth

and last was a full sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

It was done, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength, and use both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But, lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the lad, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep into our soul, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch your first impulses.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

GIVE me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.—*Proverbs*.

Virtue will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it.—*Plato*.

I trouble myself less and less about what a book is; the main point is what it brings me, what it suggests to me.—*Goethe*.

One way or other, belief is a frightful thing. It assassinates everything except itself.—*Temple House*.

He who forgets his own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree is a snob.—*Thackeray*.

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—*Bruyere*.

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

THE CLAMS OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. N. E. MURDOCK.

CLAMS on Washington coast and harbors are divided into two distinct classes, although an expert would say there are many different kinds. The main distinction between these two classes is that one can escape when pursued and the other cannot.

The Eastern clams, as they are sometimes called, are found in the low lying land surrounding the bays and harbors of the coast, and can be easily dug out at low water. The way the thing is done is to watch the smooth, muddy ground and wherever a small round hole is seen you are pretty sure to be able to get a clam. He is likely lying about six or eight inches down from the surface, and, until you came along, has been feeding, having his long neck stretched upward so that his mouth comes to the surface and he can eat the food upon which he lives, and which is found in the water above him. When you came though he felt the ground shake and at once pulled down his head, shortening his neck in doing so. He is a genuine rubber-neck.

This clam is large and has a heavy, round-shaped shell. Of this kind it takes about three dozen to fill a water bucket. This clam seems to occupy the same narrow cell during his whole life, never changing his location after once he has taken form.

But the most interesting is the other variety that I would describe, which is called the *razor* clam. This kind is found on the exposed sand beach of the ocean and does not often come far into the harbors. I suppose the average Nooker would think that digging clams is very quiet sport, but let my reader take a shovel and get after one and I'll safely wager two to one that Mr. Clam will get away without a scratch.

This clam also lies with his head up in the water above the sand which is his temporary home, but he is nearer to the surface and when he receives the alarm of an approaching enemy he at once quits gathering food and reaches downward into the wet, soft, sand below him with his only foot. When he has reached as far as he can he expands this foot and with it draws his body, shell and all, down into the softer under strata of quicksand below. This operation is repeated again and again, until he is far enough away from the shovel to feel safe and pursuit is impossible, as the sand being wet and fine will cave in and so hinder the digger from being able to follow.

There is however some science in digging these razor clams and an expert clam digger can bring them to the surface as fast as his more awkward companion can count them. And it is well that he can, for the canneries that are doing a large business in putting them up for the market need immense quantities of

them, and the Nook family all over the inland states may have a chance to taste the canned product, which is very good, though, of course, not quite so excellent as the fresh, living, squirming razor, as we have him here on the coast.

The shell of the razor clam is very pretty, of a brownish yellow color, very smooth, and very thin. The name, probably, comes from the fact that the shell is much the shape of the blade of a razor.

CLAM SOUP.

Clean the clams nicely, taking them from the shells and separating the bodies from the necks. Chop the necks fine and put them in a stew pan covering them with cold water. Boil one and one-half hours and drain off the water. Add enough milk to make the required quantity of soup, with butter, pepper and a little salt. Let come to a boil and then serve. The bodies may be rolled in cracker crumbs, or egg and flour, and fried in butter.

Oysterville, Washington.

* * *

AS A TEXT.

AN interesting article in the N. Y. *Sun* tells something of interest to every person who would acquire a modern language. The idea will commend itself to all who are endeavoring to learn a living speech. With the Testament in English, as a help, a leading knowledge of a modern language should be readily acquired.

At the American Tract society's office there is a constant demand for the New Testament in various languages from persons who use it less for religious instruction than as an aid in the study of foreign tongues.

Some students buy the smallest and cheapest Testaments printed by the society in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Greek or one or another of the Oriental languages, and armed with a single leaf cut from a small Testament in English, use the two together in studying the foreign tongue as they go to and from business.

A still simpler method employed is to cut a single leaf or a chapter from each Testament and thrust them folded together into the waistcoat pocket against the journey to or from business. Many foreigners in New York improve their English in this fashion and incidentally extend their acquaintance with the Gospels.

Some students buy Testaments with the English text and that of some foreign language printed in parallel columns. This form is extremely convenient, but the books are necessarily rather large, and on that account are not in favor with those who study in public.

There is a pretty steady demand for Latin and Greek Testaments with parallel texts and there is now

an increased demand for the New Testament in Spanish for use in the study of that language. German, French and Italian Testaments are also considerably called for, and Testaments, even in the languages of Eastern Europe are occasionally asked for.

A man who has tried this method of acquiring a reading knowledge of foreign tongues declares it by far the easiest he knows of. He has experimented with French, Italian, Greek, German and Anglo-Saxon. Of these he found Greek the most difficult and French the easiest, with Italian next and Anglo-Saxon about as hard as Latin.

His method is to give an hour a day for five or six weeks to the grammar of the language he means to study, and then to begin reading the Gospels with the aid of the English text. At the end of a month, reading from half to three-quarters of an hour a day and keeping up his grammatical studies, he has seldom to refer to his English text, and at the end of three months he is ready to undertake the reading of a newspaper published in the tongue he is acquiring.

This particular experimenter believes that a man of average gift in acquiring languages can, in four years, gain a fair reading knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish and German, giving not more than two and one-half hours a day to all four, provided always that he never lets a considerable time elapse without reading the language with which he is least acquainted, and that he gives at least half the time each day to the language last undertaken and that he takes up no new language until he is fairly at ease with that last undertaken.

The learner who neglects a newly undertaken language for a week will note a loss of skill in reading, and he that gives considerable time daily for a fortnight to a language neglected for six or eight months will immediately see an improvement in his power to translate.

With each new language undertaken the reading of the New Testament becomes easier, until at length the parallel text can be almost discarded after the first week of reading.

ARTISTIC IVORY IN DEMAND.

THERE is a growing liking just now for toilet and desk appliances mounted in carved ivory. The ivory setting is much more distinctive and costly than silver.

The extremes of hot and cold in the American climate have always been injurious to ivory setting, cracks being apt to appear on the surface after only a few months' use. But ingenious manufacturers now provide against this drawback by leaving a space between the article and the setting to allow for expansion and contraction. So the chief obstacle to the popularity of ivory mountings is removed.

A hand mirror framed in plain ivory is worth only ten or twelve dollars; but a mirror of similar size framed in richly stained and carved ivory brings seventy-five or eighty dollars more. A full toilet set so mounted is worth five hundred dollars.

It is the artistic value of the carving that counts in the cost, not the quality of the ivory itself. Thus a single small article of approved carving and staining will cost five times as much as a billiard ball of ten times the weight, the ivory in which is cut from the best part of the tusk. The billiard ball is turned by machinery and the small article represents much tedious labor and artistic skill.

The art of staining ivory is a secret of the carvers. The carvers who work on American ivory goods use designs of another character from those popular with the East Indian and Japanese ivory carvers. The American work is usually done in low relief and the subjects are adapted to this treatment.

The ivory carvers in this country do very little figure work. Italians are the most valued ivory carvers in New York, though there are Frenchmen and Germans in the business.

MEN OF TALENT LIVE LONG.

It is a very common but erroneous belief that brain work is destructive of physical strength, says the *Chicago Chronicle*. The fact is that men of thought and mental force have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty. Michael Angelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty. Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Lander wrote his "Imaginary Conversation" when eighty-five, Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty and was still working at ninety-one. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvasses at eighty-nine and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his early years.

Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty and was as happy as a sand-boy. At Hanover Dr. Du Bolsy was still practicing as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of one hundred and three. William Reynolds Salmon, M. R. C. S. of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of one hundred and six.

You cannot paddle in sin and go with white feet before the throne of God.—"Karadac, Count of Gersay."

AMONG THE MOKIS.—No. 3.

OUR young friends who had penetrated to the home of the Mokis saw before them, when they had entered the town, a double row of houses of the most primitive character. They were built of stone, had flat roofs, and all the appearance of great age, though this latter is more due to the gray, natural appearance of the stone than to age. These stones are laid in mud, and the walls are plastered inside and out, making them cool in the summer time. Even the floor is plastered, though not clean according to the ideas of white people. For a seat there is a low ledge, or sort of



MOKI MOTHER AND CHILD.

bench, that runs all around the room in many cases. The roof is made as follows: First there are heavy cottonwood beams laid across the two rows of stones. Then there are small cross-poles, and on top of this brush is laid, and then comes a layer of grass, and over all a thick layer of mud. This does very well in a country where rains are not a frequent thing, and it also keeps off the hot rays of the sun.

There are a good many two-story houses, and the top story is built somewhat back from the front edge, making that part of the roof of the lower story the front yard of the house above. There is usually an outside ladder to get up "stairs," though there are sometimes rude steps on the partition walls, leading above.

In one corner of the room is an open fireplace, while all around may be ranged the cedar weed, cut into the right lengths. For a chimney, the top of the flue, there is an old water jar that has lost its bottom, and indeed the whole chimney may be made of these jars, one set on top of the other. In some of the more complete houses there is a room, a sort of granary, where the corn is piled up in series rows.

The contents of the house are very interesting. One thing is in every home, no matter what is wanting. From the center of the ceiling there is a string hanging, and on it is tied a feather. This is supposed to be the soul of the house, and there is no occupied home among the Mokis without it. Hanging on the walls, and the cross beams, are a large variety of quaint and curious things. There are dolls, masks, bundles of dried herbs, and numerous packages the contents of which are not apparent to the observer. In some of the houses of the wealthier class, or the more provident, are the blankets and sashes and other valuables of the family. The whole effect is one that cannot fail to interest the observer. Just outside of the door in the street is the oven in which the green corn pudding is baked in its season. This pudding is very much liked by the Mokis and indeed is acceptable to white people who do not know that in the preparation of it women chew the yeast used to ferment it. The oven is really a small hole in the ground two or three feet deep. Fire is built in this hole and when the sides are as hot as can be made the coals are raked out and the pudding, called pigame, is put in at night and by morning is thoroughly well cooked.

Our adventurous explorers found themselves thoroughly welcome in the town, as the Moki people do not see many white persons, and while they do not drink spirituous liquors they are very fond of tobacco, and it is one of the things that they ask the stranger for at the very outset. And the children of the Moki town know what candy is, a thing they never see only as it is brought in by outsiders, and they clamor for the sweets.

The Mokis are very much pleased with white visitors in their houses, though it is well to ask outside whether you can go in. And if you are within the homes and there are children there, and if you want to make yourself unmistakably welcome, make much of the Moki babies. And, indeed, they are cunning enough to appeal to all white people, and especially if there are any women in the party do they take kindly to the babies.

Life in a Moki town is usually very monotonous, no matter how interesting it may be to the casual visitor. Their wants are few and readily supplied. They are very fond of fruit and on the precipitous sides of the mesa, and sometimes along the bottom, peaches are planted. And fruit grows to perfection here. It is

free from any blight or disease of any kind. Then they have corn, beans, and some of the commoner vegetables. All told they get along very well with the aid of an occasional rabbit and one of the chickens that may be found anywhere in a Moki town.

One of the explorers of the INGLENOOK Society made a joke that is well worth repeating here in the magazine account of it. It was substantially to the effect that there was no question but that these people were of the "first families." And if there are any people who desire to receive social recognition in one of the oldest towns of the country at the hands of the "first families," all he has to do is to come to a Moki town with his pockets full of tobacco and candy and immediately his recognition is assured. The towns are so far away from the railway that it is difficult to get to them. Not many people visit the place. Those who do, however, find themselves amply repaid for their effort.

The main feature of the Moki town is the snake dance. There are other dances of the Mokis but the snake dance attracts everybody and has a thrill of horror about it that appeals to lovers of the morbid and the unnatural. In a later number of the INGLENOOK we will give an account of a snake dance as witnessed by white people.

(To be continued.)

SOME BIBLE ANIMALS.

"THE Animals of the Bible" is a very interesting little book by Gambier Bolton, the best-known animal photographer in England, published by George Newnes. The Bible refers to a large number of animals, and contains a great deal of matter of peculiar interest to naturalists.

Dogs and cats are never mentioned in the canonical books, despite the fact that at this period these animals were worshipped, most carefully tended, and embalmed after death in Egypt.

Lions were evidently very plentiful in Palestine in Biblical times. Ezekiel gives a masterly description of the habits of lions and the method of catching them in a pit. The Israelites did not indulge in lion hunting, although it was a favorite amusement with the warlike Assyrians, as shown by their monuments. Job says very truthfully: "The old lion perishes for lack of prey."

The wolf is very often mentioned in the Scriptures. It is commonly spoken of as symbolic of dishonest persons, oppressors and extortioners. It was also the symbol of the tribe of Benjamin. Bears are mentioned several times.

One was killed by the boy David as it was carrying off a lamb from his flock. Then there were the two which devoured the children who called out at the prophet Elisha, "Go up, go up, thou bald head!"

The Asiatic wild goat was frequently referred to by the authors of the Bible, but the word has been variously mistranslated. The English version gives it as "chamois," while that derived from the Greek makes it giraffe.

Horses were not used by the children of Israel. Those mentioned in the Bible were of the Arabian or Persian breeds, and the kings of Israel were forbidden to multiply them, as they were connected with the worship of the sun. Mules were not used by the Israelites until a thousand years before Christ, as it was specially prohibited in Leviticus to cross any breed of animal. A reference to the mule in Genesis 36: 24, is clearly a translator's mistake.

INDIAN BASKET MAKERS.

THE finest basket makers in the world are in the far West, practically in California, though there are a few Aleuts on the Aleutian Islands who make ex-



MOKI WOMEN WEAVING.

quisitely delicate work. But the Pomas and Yokuts of California, the former living near Ukiah, in the north, and the latter near Porterville in the southern portion of the State, are the highest exponents of the art. Besides these there are Indians generally known as Mission Indians, who live in small villages in southern California, such as Cahuilla, Agua Caliente, Mesa Grande, etc., and there are many good basket makers among them. In the Sierra Nevadas are the Monos, and on the eastern slopes in Inyo County the Shoshones and Paiutis. Further north on the eastern slopes of the Sierras, near Carson City, are the Washoes, one of whom, Dat-so-la-le, makes baskets valued at five hundred and even one thousand dollars.

DILIGENCE is the mother of good fortune.—*Cervantes*.

INVENTING FRUITS.

THE invention of brand-new fruits and vegetables is the principal work done in the Laboratory of Plant Breeding, just organized under the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Herbert Webber, who is in charge, with Walter T. Swingle, has succeeded in getting several distinct varieties of fruits and vegetables. What an exchange has to say of this will be of interest to Nookers and we give it here for their benefit:

A kid-glove grape fruit is a novelty just turned out by these gentlemen. Hitherto the grape fruit has been a troublesome delicacy to handle, owing to the stubborn resistance of its pulp, which has refused to be quartered, like the orange. Yet it has become "the" breakfast fruit of those who understand that it contains an alkaloid ingredient similar to quinine in tonic effect. Dr. Webber and Mr. Swingle tried their luck at crossing the kid-glove orange, or tangerine, with the grape fruit. The tangerine obtains its more common name from the fact that when its loose, delicate skin is removed, it falls into quarters naturally and can be eaten from hands clad in the most delicate and immaculate of gloves. One of the hybrids resulting from this unique alliance has just given fruit, the offspring being about the size of an ordinary orange. It has the easily-removable skin and bright orange-yellow flash of the tangerine, and its segments fall apart quite as readily as do those of the latter. It has the slightly-modified bitter, acid flavor of the grape fruit, but not so bitter.

"Tangelo" is the name given to this new species. It was derived from the two words, "tangerine" and "pomelo," which latter is the true name of the grape fruit. The grape fruit was used as the mother parent, the tangerine as the father. But the "tangelo"—the offspring of this odd experiment in plant matrimony—is neither a tangerine, nor a pomelo. It is a distinct and new species—quite as distinct from either parent as is the lime or lemon.

A fortune, no doubt, awaits the first grower who will learn to cultivate the tangelo on a large scale. It will thrive wherever the orange or grape fruit will. Because of its greater convenience, it will probably replace the grape fruit, to a large extent, although the latter is largely in demand at present, both for hospital and general use.

An orange, which will grow north and yet which is sufficiently palatable to be eaten from the hand raw, is an even more surprising invention of these government experts. They risked a chance at crossing the ordinary tender orange of our semi-tropical regions with the hardy trifoliate orange (*Citrus trifoliata*), which grows as far north as Philadelphia, but whose flavor is so insipid that it can be used only in preserving. The object was to obtain an offspring which

would combine the hardy, frost-resistant quality of one parent with the sweetness and juiciness of the other.

Two plants recently fruited, and while the experimenters did not expect to get favorable results from more than one hybrid in 20,000, both of these have proven to be of value. They produce a combination of virtues far different from any that exist in any single fruit known. In one case the ordinary orange was used as the mother parent, and the insipid northern fruit as the father. The issue from this alliance is a small orange, about the size of a tangerine, and perfectly typical of the ordinary orange in general appearance. It is very juicy, tender, perfect in texture, thin-skinned and nearly seedless, producing an average of one seed per fruit, although both parents were very seedy. In color of flesh and general appearance, this offspring was most like the common orange, but in flavor and quality was quite distinct from either parent. It has a sprightly, acid flavor, perhaps a little too sour to be eaten out of the hand, under ordinary conditions, save on warm summer days. It has an aromatic flavor, similar to that of the trifoliate parent, but very mild. The color of the flesh is light yellowish, like that of the orange, as we know it.

Trifoliata was used as the mother parent, and the common orange as the father in the second case. The resulting fruit is slightly larger than the other offspring, whose parentage was reversed, and has a rougher, thicker skin, but no thicker than that of the ordinary California orange. Its texture is perfect throughout, and it is both juicy and tender. It is nearly seedless, averaging one seed to every three specimens. The color of the flesh is light lemon yellow. It has the aromatic flavor of the trifoliate mother, and is more sour than the fruit produced where the trifoliata was used as the father. But in neither of these offsprings is any indication of the bitter, gummy product so distasteful in the trifoliata.

Both hybrids will grow two hundred miles north of the orange belt with little injury under extraordinary severe conditions. Both trees have withstood a freeze without losing leaves, where ordinary orange trees were defoliated and lost twigs the thickness of one's finger, which had been actually killed by the frost. These hybrid trees withstood in Georgia a freeze of eight degrees Fahrenheit. The experimenters are anxiously waiting for their other hybrids, produced by the same combination, to grow, and are already beginning the breeding of a second generation of those described.

Those new hardy oranges form a new class of fruits entirely distinct from any other citrus species, but which may be ranked possibly nearer to the lime or lemon than to the orange, so far as their utility is concerned. They can be eaten out of the hand with sugar by those who have rather a sweet tooth, while

persons not liking sweets may relish them in their natural state.

The manufacture of ades will be the principal use of these two northern oranges if they become marketable. They make a very excellent drink, pronounced to be fully equal to lime or lemonade, by those who have tasted it. This is particularly important, because the lime and lemon are far more susceptible to cold than is the ordinary orange, while they grow farther south. If this hardier fruit can be successfully raised farther north than the orange, not to mention the lime and lemon, there is no inherent reason why it should not replace the latter in the northern and western markets. Mr. Webber believes that it will equal the lemon as a culinary fruit. In his opinion it will become valuable as a fruit for home use throughout the Gulf States.

Apples, pears, oats, corn and potatoes are receiving similar treatment through interbreeding.

Back to the home of the "Irish potato" these scientists have gone for the aboriginal stock to be intermarried with the rather deteriorating cultivated species in order that it may impart some of its superior vigor and hardiness.

That the "Irish potato" is not an Irish species at all will doubtless be a surprise to the average reader. Peru is the home of the potato, and Europe never knew of it until after the voyage of Columbus. The aboriginal Peruvian potato is a little fellow who has a near relative growing in the mountains of Colorado. The latter is also being intermarried with the cultivated potato of commerce, which is beginning to suffer a curse which Providence apparently metes out to the too highly aristocratic of all species—degeneration.

WHY INDIANS PAINT.

ONCE an old Apache Indian, when asked the question why his people painted their faces, told this little legend:

"Long ago, when men were weak and animals were big and strong, a chief of the red men who lived in these mountains went out to get deer, for his people were hungry.

"After walking all day he saw a deer and shot at it; but the arrow was turned aside and wounded a mountain lion, which was also after the deer. When the lion felt the sting of the arrow he jumped up and bounded after the man, who ran for his life.

"He was almost exhausted, and, when he felt his strength giving way he fell to the ground, calling on the big bear who, you know, is the grandfather of men—to save him.

"The big bear heard the call and saw that to save the man he had to act quickly; so he scratched his foot and sprinkled his blood over the man.

"Now, you must know that no animal will eat of the bear or taste of his blood. So when the lion reached the man he smelled the blood and turned away; but as he did so his foot scraped the face of the man, leaving the marks of his claws on the blood-smeared face.

"When the man found that he was uninjured he was so thankful that he left the blood to dry on his face, and never washed it at all, but left it until it peeled off.

"Where the claws of the lion scraped it off there were marks that turned brown in the sun, and where the blood stayed on it was lighter. Now all men paint their faces that way with blood, and scrape it off in streaks when they hunt or go to war."

A MISTAKE.

IT is a fallacy, widespread but nevertheless a fallacy, for anyone to suppose that a person who has once had smallpox, measles, scarlet fever or other contagious disease is thereby made immune to that par-



MOKI WOMAN MAKING BREAD.

ticular disease for the rest of his life. A Swiss physician has been examining the records of such diseases, and in the statistics at his disposal—which are very defective, as comparatively few physicians take the trouble to report such observations to the medical journals—he finds no less than five hundred and twenty-eight persons who have had smallpox twice, nine who have had it three times and one who has had it seven times. For scarlet fever he finds one hundred and forty-four double and seven triple attacks. A hundred and three persons had two and three and seven attacks of measles; two hundred and three had typhus twice, five thrice, one four times, and even cholera shows twenty-nine second and three third attacks. The natural inference is that during the prevalence of an epidemic one should not rashly expose himself to contagion even if he has already had the disease.

THE world's a-dyin' o' clo's. Perlitical ambition, serciety ambition, this world's fashion—what is it all, I ask ye, but clo's?—"Flood-Tide."

AN ANCIENT LIE REFUTED.

IT is written that the truth is mighty and will prevail; but it is certain that nothing persists and remains like a lie.

One of the most infamous lies of modern times is the story of Barbara Frietchie, embalmed in verse by the New England poet, John G. Whittier, in 1863, while all the prejudice and passions engendered by the Civil War were at their height.

The story is to the effect that Stonewall Jackson, at the head of his troops, on a September morning, in 1862, entered the little city of Frederick, Md. An ancient and venerable lady of ninety years, named Barbara Frietchie, waved a United States flag from an upper window of a house on the line of march. As soon as General Jackson saw the woman and the flag, he ordered his troops to fire on her. This was done by an entire regiment, or, perhaps, a brigade. The "rifle blast," as the poet puts it, shattered the window, rent the flag, but failed to harm its gray-haired guardian, who seized with her hands the torn banner and flaunted it in Jackson's face. He, conquered by the heroism of the venerable dame, suffered her to live and to gain immortality in Whittier's verses.

Of course, the story from first to last is a lie. There is not one word of truth in it. The falsity of the story has been many times demonstrated; but the lie continues to live, and many people believe it, because to do so falls in with their prejudice. Moreover, it has been recently made the theme of a drama in which the falsehood is repeated. It is, therefore, worth while to recite briefly the facts of history of the Confederate invasion of Maryland in 1862, the only time when Jackson took part in such a movement, for he received his death wound at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863.

On the 5th of September, 1862, General Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland, at White's ford, near Leesburg. Soon after crossing the river, General Jackson had a fall with his horse, which hurt him severely, necessitating the turning over of his command to General D. H. Hill, and it is on record that he entered Frederick lying in an ambulance. On the 9th of September, three days afterwards, General Jackson being sufficiently recovered, was ordered to Harper's Ferry, across the Blue Ridge Mountains, to capture that place, which was strongly garrisoned and filled with military stores. He accomplished his task on the 15th, and after the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, on the 17th, General Lee, with his entire force, crossed on the 18th back into Virginia.

The only times Stonewall Jackson entered Frederick were, first, when disabled and not in command of any troops, and when, upon his recovery, two or three days afterwards, he attended church. His camp was outside of the city. Colonel H. Kyd Douglas, who was

a member of General Jackson's staff, in Volume II, of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," page 622, says: "I was with Jackson every minute of the time he was in Frederick City, and no such scene as that described by the poet ever happened." The matter was subsequently investigated by a lady, Mrs. Anne Fletcher, who gives her testimony in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1901. The following extract is from her statement in the magazine:

When I heard that Mr. Whittier's beautiful poem, "Barbara Frietchie," was a fable I resolved to investigate it. I took the train for Frederick and commenced inquiries. They showed me the house where Mrs. Frietchie had lived—an old-fashioned, two-story building, somewhat dilapidated. The family had all moved away, they said;



MOKI CHILDREN.

but by dint of inquiry I discovered a grand-niece. She lived in a neat, comfortable house, in perfect order.

A pleasant, matronly lady received me affably, and when I told her that I had come from New York to gain information respecting the war heroine, Mrs. Frietchie, she showed me to the easiest chair in the parlor and proceeded to entertain me.

"Nobody could have been more surprised than the family were," she said, "when my grand-aunt's name appeared in print, for she had always been a very modest woman, never dreaming of notoriety."

The little story of the flag was soon told, and is as follows:

"When a company of Confederate soldiers entered the town the loyal portion of the population closed their front shutters and retired to their back apartments. Grand-aunt would have been the very last to have shown herself at a window or spoken to the intruders. She sat in a back room, with her head leaning on her hand, all the time the town was occupied by the rebels. But as soon as the news reached us that a Union troop was approaching she lifted her head and ordered the shutters to be opened. When she heard the music she went out on the porch, followed by us all, and waved a white handkerchief to the boys in blue."

SELF-PROTECTION OF GROWING TREES AND PLANTS.

A SINGLE leaf of an apple tree has one hundred thousand pores, and through every one of these water is constantly passing off into the surrounding atmosphere. Air has an enormous appetite for water, and the drier it is the more it takes up.

Considering the way in which the atmosphere is constantly forcing the apple tree and every other plant to give up its moisture, the marvel is that after a very few days of hot sunshine every plant does not wither and dry up. Yet even those growing in light soil and exposed situations manage to withstand weeks of drought without losing their greenness. More marvelous still, acacias and cacti will grow and remain green out on the wastes of the fiery desert in Africa and Arizona.

Plants, like all other living things, have learned to adapt themselves to their situations, and to take precautions accordingly. Water to plants is more valuable than gold is to human beings, and where the supply is scanty they have learned to hoard it as carefully as a miser does his treasure.

Plants cannot refuse to give up water altogether, for otherwise they could not grow. All their food is taken up by their roots and dissolved in water. This sap rises through their veins and feeds them. They make use of the mineral matter, and then let the water which contained it escape through their lungs—that is, their leaves.

But their methods of holding on to sufficient water to keep them green and flourishing are many and ingenious. Go out and pick a leaf from any plant or shrub—a hawthorn leaf, for instance. You will notice that its upper side is much smoother than the under side.

The upper side looks dull in comparison. This is because the upper side is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The glaze prevents the hot rays sucking all the water out of the surface of the leaf. Some plants, indeed, refuse entirely to part with water through the upper side of the leaf. Laurustinus and lilac leaves have no pores at all on the shiny upper surface of the leaves.

Pine trees inhabit dry, sandy soils. These refuse to grow wide leaves, but confine themselves to producing thick, fleshy needles, which have very few openings through which water can escape. Cabbages need an enormous quantity of water, but unless the supply was absolutely unlimited their big leaves would give up so much to the air that without some means of checking this over liberality, they would wilt and die.

Australia is the driest of all the continents; yet it has plenty of trees. They never grow any more leaves than they absolutely need, and they take the additional precaution of turning these leaves edgewise, so that

those water thieves, the sun's rays, cannot fall direct upon their broad surfaces. Australian acacias go a step further still. When they are fully grown they shed their leaves altogether; they keep the leaf stalk and produce two tiny wings.

In spite of these various precautions the amount of water which growing plants part with to the air is almost beyond belief. A square foot of long pasture grass gives off nearly four and two-fifths pints of water every twenty-four hours in dry weather. That is to say, there rises into the air one hundred and six tons of water from each acre of meadow within the summer day and night.

One single cabbage has been measured to give off two and one-half pints of water within a similar period. As for the amount big trees give off it is enormous. A sixty-foot elm will have about seven million leaves. If spread out these would cover two hundred thousand square feet, or five acres. From these leaves there pass out into the air within a summer day over seven tons of water in the form of vapor.

COLORING PREPARATION.

THE number of artificial coloring matters, prepared since Perkins' discovery nearly fifty years ago, of the preparation of aniline dyes from coal tar, has been enormous. It is estimated that at the present day over three million different individual dyestuffs are easily accessible to our industries, while at least twenty-five thousand form the subject of patent specifications. The number of coloring matters furnished by natural agencies is comparatively small and those that do not exist threaten soon to be ignored in favor of coal-tar derivatives.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

A NEW process for the manufacture of artificial marble has been patented in Berlin. Asbestos, dyeing materials, shellac and ashes are pounded into a stiff mass and then subjected to high pressure. The product is surprisingly firm and tough, not brittle, is easily worked by means of tools, can be given a fine polish, and in appearance cannot be distinguished from genuine marble.

THE HARP OF ERIN.

A NEW effort is being made in Dublin to revive the old Irish harp and it is meeting with considerable support.

ONE of the most unwholesome passions that can fasten itself upon the heart of youth is the constant craving for praise.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 7.

BIRDS are looked upon by scientists as having very slight thinking qualities, and are never credited with having what is known as forethought. Nature, of course, teaches her feathered children to build nests, as a home for their young, but that birds should think out several steps of natural care and plan several weeks ahead for banquets of bird treats, is a thing which few would readily believe. The California woodpecker is as handsome a bird as ever lived on the side of a tree, and he must be given credit for being really a thinker and a planner. He is a college professor and a philosopher of his kind.

The visitor in California is often asked, "Have you ever seen acorns on a sycamore tree?" No matter what may be his reply, he is driven into the country, and there is actually shown the sight—acorns on sycamore trees. For not only in California, but in many parts of the South, trees, both sycamore and oak, may be seen with the bark drilled full of holes, with a live oak acorn in every hole. These trees are thus decorated by the woodpecker, by the cost of much labor and truly with foresight. Finding a dead tree or one with bark to his taste, the woodpecker will commence the drilling of small holes, usually in rows. Each hole is made of the diameter of one's second finger, and a depth of about an inch. Trees may be seen that are literally covered with these holes, the openings being the work of several generations of woodpeckers. They arrange their holes and then go in search of nuts. When they return, the acorn is started into the hole with their beak, which is just large enough to receive it, without a hair's breadth to spare. Again the hammering begins, and the nut is driven tight and fast in its place. So tight are the fits of the acorns that it is almost impossible to pull them out with the fingers.

Some may ask, "Where is there anything so wonderful in this? Do not many birds and insects store food for dull times?" But the foresight lies in the fact that when the little thinker puts an acorn into its proper, and to him expensive hole, it is not at all because he likes acorns. He sees a step ahead, for he knows that worms will form in each acorn, and it is the worms that he is after. Surely the little fellow has good sense when he sets his table often weeks ahead for his feast of grubs.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The above article is reproduced here for the benefit of our class in Natural History. There are some com-

ments to make on it. A story is not necessarily true because it is seen in print. Every live Nooker who lives in the country knows that the woodpecker family will chink nuts into cracks but is it for the grub that is in the acorn, or is it a mere instinct to hide things, as a pet crow hides what it never will, and can not, eat? Moreover, does the woodpecker remember where it puts its acorn, and are other woodpeckers that are roaming about the woods not able to see the acorn wedged in the crevice? And are there no red squirrels running around the trees that contain the store? The whole business reads very doubtful like to the naturalist. Then, how is the bird to be sure that there is a worm at all in the apparently sound nut that it hides?

A good deal of the hiding propensity of animals and birds is not so much along the lines of forethought as it is in the fact that they are so full at the time they do not know what else to do with the find. In the case of the dog this is certainly true, and he will eat as long as he can hold anything, and then, if he has anything left he will nose something over it, not to lay by a store, but to keep a possible animal from getting at his cupboard.

The fact is that the woodpecker eats a great deal more than worms. He will eat fruit, and of almost all kinds, and he eats corn and nuts. His make-up is such that he likes to pick at things, and give him a partly cracked nut, and he will delight in pecking through a crevice at the kernel.

* * *

THE EUCALYPTUS.

THE traveler to the Pacific coast will not fail to notice the tall, graceful trees, the like of which he has never before seen, if he has lived all his days in the East. The chances are that it is a eucalypt, as we will call the tree, and we found that even the native Californian did not know much about this tree, save in general terms. It is grown everywhere in Southern California, and far enough south, even down in the tropics, out of our own country.

Most people imagine that the eucalypt is a single tree, one of a kind, when really, there are over one hundred and fifty varieties, all bearing a general resemblance to each other, and out of the whole number only about fifty kinds have been planted in this country. It was first introduced into America in 1856. All the eucalypts are trees of a very large size, and it is on record that one in Australia, the original home of

the tree, measured over 550 feet, taller when it was growing, than the greatest of our boasted Big Trees.

The eucalyptus tree, or the eucalypt, as it is sometimes called, has many uses, and it figures very largely in medicines. Eucalyptus oil is obtained from the leaves and constitutes a part of the famous listerine used for antiseptic purposes, which originated with Sir John Lister. If the body of the tree is cut a thick juice exudes having decided medicinal qualities, and is an important part in many medicinal preparations.

One cannot fail to notice the eucalyptus trees and one thing that will strike the stranger is the fact that it is a tree that sheds its bark instead of its leaves. It is an evergreen tree and like all evergreens the leaves fall off but they are falling all the time and coming on all the time. So the tree never is bare, but long thin strips of bark come off on the ground and hang on the tree as so many rags.

Break a twig or cut a limb and a delicate fragrance escapes which is peppery and lasting. This is noticed when fuel is being cut from the eucalyptus trees and the peculiar fragrance hangs around the place for days. It is one of the most useful trees of recent times and is destined to figure largely in the future development of the arid regions of America.

A MELON'S STRENGTH.

A WELL-KNOWN student of nature once tried the growing force of a melon. When it was eighteen days old and measured twenty-seven inches in circumference, he fixed a sort of harness around it, with a long lever attached. The power of the melon was measured by the weight it lifted, the weight being fixed to the lever. When it was twenty days old, two days after the harness was fixed on it, it lifted sixty pounds. On the nineteenth day it lifted five thousand pounds. The seed of the globe turnip is about the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will enlarge into twenty-seven million times its original bulk, and this in addition to the bunch of leaves. It has been found by experiment that a turnip seed will under favorable conditions increase its own weight fifteen times in a minute. Turnips growing in peat ground have been found to increase more than fifteen thousand times the weight of their seeds in a day.

RUNS THROUGH A DESERT.

A WELL-KNOWN civil engineer, H. B. Carpenter, who has recently completed the survey of the southern line of Utah, says the boundary between that State and Arizona does not cross a foot of cultivated land. It traverses a desert, which is cut up by great canyons that are almost impassable. The length of the

line is two hundred and seventy-seven miles. Landmarks along the line will make it possible for the boundary to be located without any difficulty in the future. Just east of the Colorado river a sandstone butte rises one thousand feet above the plain, and the very peak of this butte is exactly on the boundary. Mr. Carpenter named the peak State Line butte. Not far from this butte is another, which stands thirteen hundred feet above the plain, and was named Tower peak. These two gigantic stones will always be a guide to persons who have enough curiosity to penetrate the desert in search of the State line.

SMALLEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

THE inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is four feet five inches, and few weigh over seventy-six pounds. They are marvelously swift of foot, and as they smear themselves over with a mixture of oil and red ochre, present a very strange appearance. Few travelers care to encounter any of these bellicose little people, for their skill in throwing the spear and in using the bow is only equaled by their readiness to attack strangers.

SHAD CHANGED THEIR HOMES.

SHAD are very scarce in Connecticut waters this summer, but appeared in large numbers in the Ohio river, a profitable catch having been made within five miles of Cincinnati. Before 1876 shad were never caught in the Ohio. The first one taken in that year was considered such a curiosity that it was sent to the Smithsonian institution.

RAISED BY EARTHQUAKES.

THE bed of the Black sea and that of the Caspian have been raised by repeated earthquakes, and channels which were formerly navigable are no longer so.

THE largest fir-tree in the State of Washington was recently cut down near Arlington in Snohomish county. This tree was eighteen feet through at the base and 200 feet high, one twenty foot section of which will require two flat cars to haul it.

THE glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

A BEETLE one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.

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"The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
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HOW TO WRITE CERTAIN LETTERS.

It is often the case that people are overcome with the idea that they should express themselves to others in letter form. A good many people do it, and live to regret it. A very good plan for anyone who is inclined to make a fool of himself in this way is to sit right down and write the letter, putting into it all the bitterness possible, saying all the mean and disreputable things that may occur to the writer. Then, after the writing is done, lay it aside for a week and give it a second reading, if necessary, and be thankful, as you watch its destruction, that one more fool of record was not added to the already too long list.

The facts are that, as a very general rule, no more effective weapon could be put into an adversary's hands than a silly and angry letter. What is not written or said need not be taken back, remember that. We have here letters that would stir up our readers wonderfully if they could be printed and the writers would be, or ought to be, ashamed of their productions. So by all means write your foolish letter, but don't send it off till cooler moments show its folly. And then don't send it.

THE COST OF LIVING.

ONE of the things that the man in the country does not understand is the relative cost of living compared with the city. This is not remarkable when we consider the farmer's situation. He has about him nearly all that goes to make up his living. What he has

to buy at the store is all his outlay in a money way. The city people have to buy everything they eat and wear. The difference is all the more appreciable after a trial. Country visitors often look wonderingly on the way city people buy things. Nearly everything bought is in the small, as needed. The farmer man or woman with the corner of the cellar full of potatoes does not understand the peck purchase at the grocer's, but if they moved to the city they would soon get into the same method.

One thing the rural visitor does not seem to catch readily is the continual and persistent demands for money in a small way. The sums needed are not so large individually, such as car fare, and little things like that, but when they are added up for a year they amount to considerable. There are expenditures in the city that are never thought of in the country, and taken all together, what it costs to live in the country is no index of the actual requirements in the crowded centers.

QUIET AND DEPTH.

SOME of the things that stir us deepest are the quietest, in truth it might be said that all of life's greatest occasions are quiet ones. No herald proclaimed the birth at Bethlehem, no blare of trumpets characterized the entombment, and not a whisper was heard at the resurrection. In our own life history it is very much the same.

The things that are noisy are never deep. That which moves us to the bottom of our heart is nearly always something quiet, and the things we remember longest are those which were wrought out in silence. Think of the great scenes of your life. When your joy was greatest was it amid the tumult of affairs? When your sorrows hung on you like a cloud was it not in silence that you suffered most? Yes, the deepest are the quietest.

HAVE A CARE.

How many readers, telling something that they have heard, qualify the disreputable statement by adding that they give the story as they heard it. Such people seem to think that giving their author shields them from blame in the premises. The real fact is that it is as bad for one to repeat a scandal as it is to originally tell it. It is a stone thrown, and if thrown in a line, is not each one as culpable as he who last threw it? Certainly so.

A very good rule is for all of us to have a care that we do not degenerate into talebearers, into slopbuckets. It is no credit to us that we are made the recipients of a story. There are some people in the world

who could not safely be tendered rotten apples, and that we are selected by anybody as a convenient swill barrel for the reception of verbal garbage is no credit to us. While we may not, at all times, find it the best thing to shut off the peddler of ill-savored matters, yet it is entirely possible that we do not subsequently constitute ourselves a channel for the further spread of the evil story. It may not be true, in which case we should be liars, and if it is true, who knows enough of the human heart to judge of the environment and the motives that led up to the situation. Truly, "half the lies we hear are not true."

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DON'T DO IT.

It is a physiological fact that nothing we have known through any of our senses ever fully leaves us. The pictures on Memory's wall are there of our own hanging, and they are there to stay, and will not be turned. There is a strong moral lesson in all this, and it is to put nothing into our lives, that is nothing voluntarily, which we would forget, and which is unpleasant or immoral. These things come back to us, and we think of the ribald story, the evil things, and the moral reptiles we have met and whose introduction we have sometimes sought, when we would be glad to be rid of them. The thing to do is to so fit out our souls that when we walk through its chambers we find them all adorned with the good, the beautiful and the desirable things of life. Who would not sooner have a recollection of a flower show than that of a hanging. So, when in the way of seeing or hearing the unpleasant or unclean thing, remember our text—Don't Do It.

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OUR DEPENDENCE.

FREQUENTLY we hear of the most independent people, the ones not at all dependent on others. It is all talk. There are no such persons. Back in the days when man dug himself a hole in the hill, and sallied out with a club to kill a bear, he might have been independent of his fellows, but since he has become civilized, and consequently enervated and dependent more or less on those around him, all talk of being independent is simply nonsense, no matter who says it. Suppose that the boaster was stripped to the buff and set down in the field or the forest, where would his independence be?

The facts are that we are so related that we are mutually dependent on one another for all that we have. No man can live within himself alone. Though he may dispense with much that is not necessary, and superfluous, yet the chances are that what he does have is mainly the make of others than himself.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

No union, no communion.

❖

Sweep before your own door first.

❖

Remember your own shortcomings.

❖

Conceit has no part in consecration.

❖

Silence is often more valuable than speech.

❖

The will of God waits on the work of man.

❖

An empty pepperbox is always out of season.

❖

Some people's look is as good as a wet blanket.

❖

Putting things off is leaving dust and dirt on your soul.

❖

Some people remind one of the lost monkey of the circus.

❖

People without a notable family always disparage it in others.

❖

How would you like to do all the things you advise others to do?

❖

Who mixes you up the most,—your enemies or your meddling friends?

❖

Yes, your memory's at fault, but did you ever say that of your judgment?

❖

Are you as desirous of telling of God's goodness as you are of blabbing the faults of others?

❖

When one of your friends falls from grace be sure that you are the one to do the preaching.

❖

The man getting old tries to seem dignified and important, the woman does the girley-girley act.

❖

Love makes the world go round and round, but it doesn't always bring the old man around with it.

❖

When a woman arranges our things for us in the drawer it never looks quite natural till we muss it up again.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

BY JOHN CALVIN BRIGHT.

WHILE going to school on a wintry morning, when I was a little boy, one of my older brothers told me he would tell me something if I would not tell anybody. I promised in good faith. He said, "There's a rabbit sitting in the lane by the orchard, and Marion will shoot it when we come home from school."

I sat with cousin 'Riah in school and I told him I knew something and if he would not tell anybody I would tell him. "All right," he said, "I won't tell nobody." But what schoolboy can keep a rabbit story. Cousin 'Riah told Mike and Mike told Aleck and Dave, and when recess came the boys shouted in chorus, "There's a rabbit in Bright's lane. Don't tell anybody and we'll all go over and catch it at dinner."

But our teacher, whose law was as imperative as the Czar's, would not let them go, and we got the rabbit after all. But I had lost my reputation as a keeper of secrets. My brothers were chiding me in the evening for my failure when father, who was half deaf, inquired into the affair and kindly, yet gravely, said, "The only safe way to keep a secret is to keep it. If we have a secret that we can't keep ourselves we should not blame others too much if they do not keep it for us."

Dayton, Ohio.

A WATCH THE SIZE OF A NICKEL.

THE smallest watch yet turned out in this country has just been put on the market, although few are on sale yet. The new watch is the size of a 5-cent piece.

The smallest watch which American watch factories had hitherto succeeded in making had been as big as a quarter, so the new watch is looked upon as marking a distinct advance in the industry in this country, where watches have only been made for a little more than half a century. Watchmakers also regard it as indicating that the time is not far distant when Americans will soon overtake the old world's watchmakers, the Swiss, in turning out watches of minute size.

The Swiss still make a watch smaller than the Americans, but the watch just put on the market here by the two largest watchmaking concerns in this country will have the advantage over the Swiss watch that all the other watches made here have possessed, namely, that of being turned out in quantity. Under American methods the daily output in one factory is 2,500 a day.

The new watch is the result of months of patient endeavor by the watchmakers and machinists. For every new sized watch designed new machines have to be made, and as the size of the watch is reduced, by

so much more must these machines be made more delicate.

The smaller a watch the harder it is to make. To make a watch half the size of another is just twice as hard. When it is considered that in every watch there are 153 parts it will be seen what a task the watch machine experts had in designing machines to make the parts for the new watch, many of them almost infinitesimal in size. When the machines are made the new watch can be turned out as fast as the larger sizes.

In watch making in the big factories another factor has to be considered in the production of a new watch that is smaller than those turned out before; this is the ability of the hands employed to handle the parts. Half the work of watch making in the big factories is



CLOUD EFFECT IN THE MOKI COUNTRY.

in educating the hands to handle the parts. It takes months to do this with every new watch that is designed and therein has lain the difficulty of imitating the Swiss in the manufacture of small watches by American methods.

In Switzerland the work is let out by the piece. A workman will make just one part of a watch, as his father did before him. In the biggest American factory, that of the Waltham company, a watch is turned out by the labor of 3,200 employees.

It has been the boast of the Swiss that their tiny watches could never be made by machinery, and it has been just as much the endeavor of American watchmakers to show their Swiss rivals how sadly they underrated American inventive genius. That is why the new watch has been hailed with so much pride.

The jewelers say that there will always be a demand for a watch smaller than the last one people could obtain, so before long a still smaller watch may appear. The demand for an American watch smaller than that of the twenty-five-cent-piece size has long been felt, especially since the custom came in of wearing chate-laine watches. The new watch is designed for this, and also to meet the demand of a new custom lately come into vogue with women, that of wearing a watch on a chain around the neck like a locket.

Despite its diminutive size, the new watch keeps as good time as the larger ones, and better time, the American watchmakers say, than do the miniature watches of the Swiss.

But the Swiss still hold the palm for putting the works of a watch into the smallest compass. The smallest watch made in any number by the Swiss is what is known in watch nomenclature as the "three-ligne" watch. It is only the size of a man's finger nail. This watch is imported here and is often put in pocketbooks and leather goods.

The Swiss turn out even smaller watches than that, but they are regarded here as "freak" watches. One of them is a watch made to be set in a ring the size of the ordinary seal ring. Fairly good time has been kept by one.

Another watch made by the Swiss watchmakers is a watch to go in the buttonhole, but it is not as wonderful as the ring watch. Though the dial is as small, the works, hidden under the lapel of the coat, are larger.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE GIRL SANDWICHER.

SINCE a practical girl discovered an unworked field of feminine employment, less than a year ago, in the making of sandwiches as a fine art, many of her sex all over the country have followed her example. The professional sandwich maker is now a recognized and important factor in catering for luncheons, picnics, etc.

She must have, among other requisites, skill and refinement, a knowledge of delicious combinations, which will please not only the palate, but the eye as well, and the neatness and daintiness of a perfect housewife.

To such perfection has the business been carried that the number and variety of these erstwhile homely confections are most astonishing. More than thirty kinds are now in the curriculum. They are made of the very best materials—the freshest of butter and thin-cut day-old bread being the corner-stones of the successful building of a sandwich.

The filling is an ever-changing mystery of deliciousness. Each new recruit to the ranks takes a proper pride in inventing some specially new and toothsome paste to go between covers. There are cream cheese, nasturtium, walnut, lettuce, cucumber, olive, anchovy, sardines, salted almond and dozens of others.

The meat is never put in sliced, but chopped fine and mixed with other substances, as chopped olives, parsley, mayonnaise, etc., and well seasoned. The golf sandwich is of brown bread, cut round with a biscuit cutter, and the filling is composed of no less than ten different ingredients.

The crust of the bread is always pared off and the core is cut to wafer thinness. It is then cut into fan-

ciful shapes, oblong, triangles and circles being the most common. For card parties, diamonds and hearts are the correct thing. When safely and neatly filled, the sandwiches are carefully wrapped in waxed paper.

The girls place their work on sale at the women's exchanges and take orders for travelers' baskets, teas, receptions, etc., and many of them have a list of private customers whom they keep supplied with these dainties.

WORDS HARD TO SPELL.

IF you can spell every word correctly in the following rhymes—all legitimate expressions—you may consider yourself qualified to enter a spelling bee:

Stand up, ye spellers, now, and spell—
 Spell phenakistoscope and knell;
 Or take some simple word as chilly,
 Or gauger or the garden lily.
 To spell such words as syllogism,
 And lachrymose and synchronism,
 And Pentateuch and saccharine,
 Apocrypha and celadine,
 Lactiferous and cecity,
 Jejune and homœopathy,
 Paralysis and chloroform,
 Rhinoceros and pachyderm,
 Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque,
 Is certainly no easy task.
 Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
 Kamtchatka and dispensary,
 Diphthong and erysipelas,
 And etiquette and sassafras,
 Infallible and pytalism,
 Allopathy and rheumatism,
 And cataclysm and beleaguer,
 Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
 And hosts of other words all found
 On English and on classic ground.
 Thus, Behring Straits and Michaelmas,
 Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
 Suit, hemorrhage, jalap, Havana,
 Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha,
 And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
 And Schuylkill, and a thousand more,
 Are words some prime good spellers miss
 In dictionary lands like this.
 Nor need one think himself a scroyle
 If some of these his efforts foil;
 Nor deem himself undone forever
 To miss the name of either river,
 The Dneiper, Seine or Guadalquivir.

EVERY life is a work of art shaped by the man who lives it; according to the faculty of the artist will be the quality of his work, and no general rules can supply the place of his own direct perception at every turn.—*Dickinson.*

ALL women fear and suspect irony when they are able to recognize it.—*"The Serious Wooing."*

UNIQUE PROPOSALS.

MISS ANNIE OAKLEY, the champion rifle shot, was practicing in a London shooting gallery one day, firing at the regulation cardboard target, when a stranger happened along and, picking up a spare rifle, fired one hundred and nine shots thereat, the whole spelling out the following message: "Will you marry me?"

The lady was naturally somewhat surprised: but, not to be outdone, she promptly replied after similar fashion with her own match rifle, "Certainly not."

This is probably unique as an offer of marriage, but it is a fact that a young matron living in a south London suburb has in her possession at this present moment several rifle written love letters.

The lady in question was formerly an attendant at a shooting gallery in a certain popular place of amusement (soon, alas, to be closed forever) which is "down Westminster way," and her sweetheart that was and husband that is, used to drop in of an evening to practice. He became so expert after awhile that he could place the shots where he liked to within a fraction of an inch, and he frequently used his skill when no inconvenient onlookers were around in the manner indicated. Needless to say that as soon as he had finished, the little perforated squares of cartridge paper were carefully removed and preserved by her for whom alone the messages so curiously written thereon were intended.

The most far-famed feature of the beautiful Yosemite valley, in California, is the Bridal Veil fall. It descends from the plateau, nearly three thousand feet above, in a single ribbon of silvery water limned luminously against the dark vertical face of the precipice.

Perhaps it was its romantic name which suggested to Charles Evelyn, a young and wealthy San Franciscan, to utilize the falling streamlet in an altogether novel fashion. Anyhow he spent several thousand dollars in constructing at the summit of the cliff, just where the water gathers itself together for its final terrific leap into the abyss below, a sort of vertically sliding sluice door which worked so smoothly and so perfectly that it could be lowered and raised several times in the course of a single minute.

Then, when his preparations were complete, he brought to the valley from her far eastern home the young lady to whom he was engaged, and by alternately raising and lowering the sluice gates above for longer or shorter intervals, as the case might be, he caused the cascade to tell her in spurts and jets, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet, of the love he bore her. Whether the lady exactly approved of this blazoning abroad of what should have been a message sacred to her eyes alone is not recorded, but she has, at all events, the supreme satisfaction of reflecting that she is the only woman in the world to

whom a love letter has been indited by a harnessed waterfall.

Love letters spelled out in fireworks are of course common. One such written aloft in particolored globes of flame and addressed by a Magyar noble to his affianced bride at Herrmannstadt is said to have cost eight hundred pounds.

In a Sussex garden a lovelorn but bashful swain sowed in mustard and cress a marriage proposal to the daughter of his next door neighbor, and the fair one, not to be outdone, answered, "Yes," in radishes. They were married without delay, and both the proposal and the answer were served and eaten at the wedding breakfast.

After all, however, it is doubtful whether the modern lover has, on the whole, progressed very far in the matter of inventing novelties, either in marriage proposals or love letters. Nearly four thousand years ago a proposal for the hand of an Egyptian princess was



A MOKI INDIAN, STRIPPED FOR A RACE.

inscribed elaborately on a block of solid stone and can be seen to this day by any one curious in such matters in the British museum. Machares, an old time king of Colchis, wooed his wife by sending her presents of young and beautiful child slaves, each of whom had some tender and loving message tattooed on the skin of the back, while, coming down to more recent times, it is recorded of the Prince de Conti that he sent to a certain great lady a proposal indited on a golden plaque, exquisitely engraved, the letters of the words of the epistle being formed of diamonds, rubies and emeralds set in the metal.

The lady's answer was, however, in the negative, whereupon the prince requested that she would at least do him the honor of accepting a ring containing a miniature of himself. To this she assented, but stipulated that the ring should be destitute of jewels. The tiny portrait was accordingly set in a simple rim of gold, but to cover the painting a large diamond, cut very thin, served as a glass. The lady promptly returned the jewel, whereupon the prince had it ground to powder, which he used to dry the ink of

the note he wrote to her on the subject.—*London Tit-Bits.*

SOME EGGS.

AMONG the fads with which some men amuse themselves is the collection of the eggs of wild birds and there are quite a number of such treasures to be found in this country. Of late years the encroachments of science upon daily life has given a new zest to the pursuit and raised prices accordingly. At one time a collection which included the common birds of a state or a division of the country was considered among the first rank. To-day such a collection would be laughed at as a boyish plaything. The regular collectors desire to represent every leading member of the bird kingdom, while several hundred purchase the eggs of extinct and even prehistoric birds. The egg of the great northern auk, which died out more than half a century ago, is now worth anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. The egg of the dodo, which lived formerly in Madagascar, is worth several hundred dollars. That of the dinoric, a giant feathered creature of New Zealand, is worth even more.

From these large figures the prices run down very rapidly. Those of the eagle family are as a class the most valuable. The golden eagle's egg brings ten dollars, the bald eagle's four dollars, the great Swiss eagle eight dollars, the snow eagle eight dollars, the Greenland falcon five dollars, the Louisiana kite ten dollars, the Filipino fish eagle ten dollars and the fish hawk one dollar. In fact, it may be said that eagles' eggs average seven dollars, falcons' eggs four dollars, hawks' eggs two dollars, owls' eggs six dollars and kites' eggs three dollars. The eggs of the grouse and partridge family are very pretty in their markings and command good terms. They range all the way from six cents for the egg of a common ruffed grouse up to that of the Canadian grouse at seventy-five cents.

There are one hundred and ninety humming birds whose eggs are in the market and although the latter are scarcely larger than beans they bring exceedingly good prices, varying from twenty-five cents up to ten dollars. The eggs of the duck and goose family are not very high priced. The cheapest is worth a single cent, while one species of the wild duck costs five dollars. There are said to be one hundred and fifty thousand collectors in the United States and the collections run from one thousand to fifty thousand eggs. If a collection has less than one thousand eggs it is hardly worth the name. The smallest egg is that of the Central American humming bird, the size of a pea, and the largest is that of the ostrich. The center of the trade was formerly in New York, but it is so no longer. The merchants say that the business has been broken up among fifty cities.

THROWN OFF HIS HOBBY.

SYDNEY SMITH jokes have a delicate flavor of age, but an anecdote in "Memories of Half a Century" has not been told so often as some of the classic tales. Sydney was a guest at the dinner of an archdeacon, and a fellow guest whose hobby was natural history, was a bore if once started on his subject. Smith promised to try to keep him in check. The naturalist got his opening.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickenson, on the remarkable size of the eye in the common house fly?"

The archdeacon courteously said he had not. The bore pursued his advantage:

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars hitherto unobserved as to the unusual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact!" said a voice from the other end of the table. All smiled save the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he. "May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

"I deny the fact," replied Smith, "and I base my denial on evidence wedded to immortal verse well known to every scholar at least at this table!"

The emphasis laid on scholar nettled the naturalist by its implication. "Well, sir," he said, "will you have the kindness to quote your authority?"

"I will, sir. The evidence is those well-known, I may say immortal, lines:

"Who saw him die?"

"I," said the fly,

"With my little eye!"

The guests roared, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

MODEL WAITER GIRLS IN JAPAN.

A NEW departure by the Sanuki Railway company is causing much interest in Japan. The company has arranged that all its refreshment cars shall be staffed by girls. The waitresses have been selected for five qualifying reasons: (1) A passable personal appearance; (2) fair education; (3) good health; (4) good conduct, and (5) a blameless past.

But more curious than these qualifications are the regulations laid down for their behavior. They must dress their hair in a certain style, resembling a Greek helmet, must wear a certain kind of costume, and are enjoined to behave with military discipline, to take no tips, and to refrain from chatting with the passengers.

"A MAN, Philpotts, is never beaten, till he has said in his heart, 'I am beaten.'"—*Sir Christopher.*

NAMES OF FAST TRAINS.

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* contains an interesting account of some fast trains and their names. They are mentioned below and will be of interest to the Nook readers who travel.

An announcement that the general passenger agent of a Western railroad had offered a substantial prize for the best name for a new fast train calls attention to the value of such a name to a railroad for advertising purposes and the trouble to which its officials go to secure a terse, catchy designation of their fastest and most luxurious expresses.

These efforts result in some very queer names and some very good ones. Every one has heard of the Lake Shore Limited, the Empire State Express and of the Twentieth Century Limited, the latest addition to the New York Central's fast trains. The Pennsylvania railroad gives simple names to its fastest trains. The Pennsylvania Limited and the Pennsylvania Special are the titles by which the two finest trains on that road are known, while all the other trains are simply named after the city to which they run.

One of the most picturesque names is that of the Sunset Limited, which dashes daily toward the land of the setting sun, California, by way of the Southern Pacific line. The Overland Limited is a name which represents well the ideas of the men at the head of the Union Pacific road, while the North Coast Limited is a sonorous title for the Northern Pacific's fast train to the North Pacific coast cities. The Rock Island has chosen a high-sounding title for its new train to California, after which it is called, the Golden State Limited. The other Western roads have generally called their trains after their own names, as, for instance, the Alton Limited of the Chicago & Alton and the North-western Limited of the Chicago & North-western, while others again are called after the name of cities or states, the Colorado Special, the Denver Express, etc. The Twin City Limited is named after the popular appellation of the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, from which it runs to St. Louis.

With the anthracite coal strike settled, the Black Diamond, the fastest train of the Lehigh Valley road, will no longer arouse resentment in the traveler. That road, by the way, has another oddly named fast express called simply the Buffalo train.

Over the Baltimore & Ohio and the Reading runs the Royal Blue to Washington, so called after the color of royal blue in which all these trains are painted.

Among the queerest names given to trains are, perhaps, that of the Ghost Express, which formerly ran between New York and Boston, leaving at midnight, its cars being painted absolutely white, and the F. F. V., which familiar letters the Chesapeake & Ohio explained as meaning the Fast Flying Virginian.

Another picturesque name with a tinge of romance, is the Rip Van Winkle Flyer, running over the West Shore, in summer, to the Catskills. Whenever there is an exposition anywhere there are sure to be several exposition flyers. The latest of these is on the Big Four, running from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

There is, perhaps, no railroad man into whose composition sentiment enters as little as into that of J. J. Hill. Perhaps for that reason he has never paid much attention to names for his trains. His rivals, however, nicknamed his first through train from St. Paul to the Pacific coast the "High Grass Limited," because it ran through so much uninhabited prairie. To-day that train is a magnificent palace on wheels, and frequently carries thirteen cars, with a total length of nearly one-fifth of a mile.

Of foreign trains probably the most famous are the Flying Scotchman and the Orient Express, the latter, from Paris to Constantinople, having even been made the subject of a play produced by the late Augustin Daly.

* * *

ELEPHANT EARS.

Not the ears of the African elephant, but the plant of that name is meant. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* describes its use as a food as follows:

A plant that has received very little attention as a source of food in this country is the caladium, or elephant ear, *Colocasia antiquorum*, though it is not uncommonly grown for this purpose in some parts of the Southern states, and it may surprise some readers, who know it only as an effective ornament of their lawns to hear of it as an article of food.

It is found oftenest in the coast region of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, where it is known as "Tanya," a local name, probably derived from "Tannier," the West Indian name of a similar plant. In other countries, especially in the tropics, this plant furnishes food for many thousands of people. It is a very important food plant in Japan. The negroes of the Gold Coast in Africa have it under the name of "Eddoes." It is common in the West Indies. It is the "Taro" of the Sandwich islands, where it is universally used as food, and from it "poi" is made by pounding the roots in water till they are reduced to dough, which is then allowed to ferment three or four days before eating.

In this country the tanya is cultivated to best advantage in rather moist, rich locations, and it requires a long season to bring it to maturity. It is planted in rows, the plants two to three feet apart, and cultivated like other crops. It forms a large, tuberous root, with numerous smaller tubers clustered closely about it. These smaller tubers are used for the planting of the next crop.

To make them properly edible, the roots require thorough cooking, and must be boiled for an hour, after which the fibrous outer coat is stripped off and the rest served in much the same way as we do potatoes. One who eats tanya for the first time is not likely to be favorably impressed, but on second trial usually likes it better, though it is unlikely that this dish can ever compete with the sweet potato for the favor of the American palate.

Botanically, it is related to the Indian turnip of our woods, and to the cultivated calla lily. Its virtue as a food plant is not made apparent by tasting the fresh leaves or the uncooked root, but its relationship to the Indian turnip is easily recognized from the pungent, acrid taste. The persistent, smarting pain that even a small piece can produce remains long in the



A MOKI CORN CARRIER.

mouth and throat. This pungent quality disappears entirely after cooking, however, and the tubers may then be eaten with impunity. The tanya is starchy, like the potato, but compact and closer grained and somewhat lacking in flavor. It is entirely free from fibers or woody parts, and possibly might be cooked by a different method so as to appear to better advantage.

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AN INDIAN'S STRANGE TOMB.

THE gold fields of the Yukon have enabled the Indians of Alaska to follow the example of the wealthy white people and build mausoleums for their dead. A mausoleum has been built for an Indian chief at Dyea, Alaska. Inside are remains of the mighty warrior, Kuck-Shaw, who passed on to the happy hunting grounds in 1895. He was a chief of the Tagish Indians at the head of Lake Bennett, and was known as a good Indian with a bad appetite.

His squaw, or royal consort, found some yellow stones which turned out to be gold nuggets and were appropriated by the big chief. Kuck-Shaw disposed of the gold for Yankee money and then crossed the mountains to pay an official visit to the Chilkoot tribe at Dyea. A grand pow-wow followed his arrival, and Kuck-Shaw drank long and often of the firewater for three days. Then his war-whoop came only in a whis-

per and for two nights he fought bears and butterflies, and was found frozen to death one morning. His squaw gathered more gold nuggets and paid a Yankee contractor \$600 to build this mausoleum and Kuck-Shaw was re-buried with grand ceremony. Inside are all his war clubs, bows and arrows, blankets and Sunday clothes. There is also an ample supply of dried meats, which is renewed from time to time, and an alarm clock. The clock is supposed to go off for the Judgment Day, but it has never been wound up. His squaw now lives with the Chilkoot tribe, and acts as custodian of this house.

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MILES OF VARYING LENGTH.

AMONG the English-speaking peoples of the earth there are four different miles—the ordinary mile of five thousand, two hundred and eighty feet and the geographical mile of six thousand, eighty-five feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there are the Scotch mile of five thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight feet and the Irish mile of six thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mil passuum, one thousand paces, which must have been about three thousand feet in length. The German mile to-day is twenty-four thousand, three hundred and eighteen feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as ours. The Dutch, Danish and Prussian mile is eighteen thousand, four hundred and ninety-nine feet, three and a half times as long as ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is nine thousand, one hundred and fifty-three yards long.

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BORN AND DIED THE SAME DAY.

"BORN and died on the same day" is true of the following conspicuous men: Shakespeare was born April 23, 1564, and died April 23, 1616. Raphael Segio d'Urbino, the great artist, was born on Good Friday, 1483, and died on Good Friday, 1520, aged thirty-seven. Good Friday is a movable feast, so the day of the month may not have been the same. Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," was born Oct. 19, 1605, and died Oct. 19, 1682. Timothy Swan, composer, was born July 23, 1758, and died July 23, 1812. St. John of God, one of the most eminent of Portuguese saints, was born March 8, 1495, and died March 8, 1550. John Sobieski, king of Poland, who delivered Vienna from the Turks, was born June 17, 1629, and died June 17, 1696.

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THE bidding in the world and the leaving of it are both tiresome enough at times.—"The Seven Houses."

SWALLOWS A WHOLE HOG.

SOME men in the island of Java, the beautiful possession of the New Netherlands in Asiatic waters, recently got the opportunity to take a most unusual photograph. It made the first picture of its kind ever to be obtained. It was that of a monstrous python, which had just swallowed an entire wild hog alive.

The python was almost eighteen feet long, and as large around the middle as a man. It had been lying in the shelter of a thicket of small palms and jungle grass, when the wild hog trotted unsuspectingly out. Like lightning the snake's long head struck downwards with a hammer-like blow, knocking the surprised porker off its feet. Before the animal could rise the great snake had hurled its body over him, and by the time the pig began to squeal the python had thrown three coils around the victim and cracked its ribs with such force that natives some distance away heard the pistol-like reports as the bones broke.

Then the big snake—which is not poisonous—began to cover the bristly hog with saliva until the body was slippery enough to take in the gullet. Down it slipped, slowly, but steadily, till it lay in the stomach. It distended the big snake so enormously that it looked as if the serpent would surely burst. The spectators could see the outlines of the hog, so closely did the creature fill the body of the snake.

The python crawled heavily toward the weeds, but did not succeed in quite hiding away in the undergrowth before it was overcome by the torpidity that assails the big reptiles after they have swallowed prey. So it fell heavily across a little path in a clearing and there it was photographed by some Europeans who had been brought to the spot by native runners. After taking the strange picture, the men dispatched the serpent.

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HOW ERMINE ARE CAPTURED.

PERFECT fur, of the delicate ermine at least, would be marred by the ordinary snare, so the trapper devises as cunning a death for the ermine as the ermine devises when it darts up through the snow with its spear teeth clutched in the throat of a poor rabbit. Smearing his hunting knife with grease, he lays it across the track. The little ermine comes trotting in dots and dashes and gallops and dives to the knife. That greasy smell of the meat it knows, but that frost-silvered bit of steel is something new. The knife is frosted like ice. Ice, the ermine has licked, so he licks the knife. But alas for the resemblance between the ice and steel! Ice turns to water upon the warm tongue; steel turns to fire that blisters and holds the foolish little stoat by his inquisitive tongue, a hopeless prisoner till the trapper comes. And lest marauding wolverine or lynx should come first and gobble

up priceless ermine, the trapper comes soon. And that is the end for the ermine.—*Leslie's Monthly*.

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THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER.

ONCE upon a time three Indians went a-hunting. They walked for three days and nights but could see neither game nor forest. They finally came to a tall tree, which one of them climbed to the top in order to look for a hunting-ground. From the tree a path led to an Indian tepee which was in the clouds.

Arriving there, they entered and found other Indians smoking their pipes. After eating they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard and the Indians to-day believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting up in the happy hunting grounds. One of the Indians, coming home told the story that offering up smoke to the thunder as a sacrifice would stop the thunder.—*Red Man*.

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PAINT FROM GRASSHOPPERS.

WATER and oil have long been used by painters, and now, according to M. Neige, an Algerian architect, they will have to use grasshoppers if they desire to be entirely up-to-date.

While recently walking in his garden, he picked up a grasshopper, which had evidently been feasting for a good while, and by pressing its throat he obtained a very beautiful brown substance, somewhat similar to sepia and capable of covering a surface of about three square inches. To him this seems a remarkable discovery, and he claims that grasshopper paintings are bound to become popular very soon.

* * *

ALL TOOK THEIR HATS OFF.

A NORTH Missouri preacher adopted the following method of requesting the ladies to remove their hats in church. "A lady," he said to his congregation, "'phoned me this morning and asked if I would make her remove her hat if she came to church. I said that I would not and am now ready to fulfill the promise. If the lady is here she can keep her hat on. All others are requested to remove their hats."

* * *

EXCITEMENT is often the cause of strange telegrams as well as of other manifestations. A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother: "I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."

Aunt Barbara's Page

MY TWIN.

I didn't know that I had him,
 My twin that is just like me,—
 Till I peeped one day in the mirror
 And then I happened to see.
 He's always dressed as I am,
 With aprons for everyday,
 And he wears big holes in the elbow
 Like me when I'm out at play.
 I've often wished I could catch him,—
 A brother is jolly, you see,—
 But though I have called him, and called him,
 He never will answer me!

—Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

* * *

KITTY-KATTY.

KITTY-KATTY is no ordinary Tabby, but the very dearest cat in the world. Mary Louise says so, and Mary Louise ought to know for Kitty-katty is her own little pet and they are as fond of each other as though they were a boy and a dog instead of a little blue-eyed girl and a blue and white Mamma Cat. Kitty-katty had two of the cunningest baby cats, but a sad accident happened to one of them and it had to be killed. Kitty-katty showed real grief over the loss of her baby, and then she devoted all her attention to the one that was left. She would go out in the meadows and catch field mice and bring them to her little one, but they were so hard for him to gnaw that he wasn't getting along very well with them until Mary Louise's brother noticed the difficulty. He took his INGLENOOK knife and skinned the mice just as he had seen his Uncle Thompson skin rabbits for Old Blue, the greyhound, when she captured them and brought them to him. Then Baby Cat learned to eat mice and after the fourth one Kitty-katty brought all her mice to Brother to have them skinned before she offered them to her baby.

Mary Louise was so proud of Kitty-katty the day she brought in eight field mice that the next morning she said to her: "Kitty-katty, if you will bring in ten mice to-day you shall have all the cream that's on my milk at luncheon."

And, sure enough, Kitty-katty brought in exactly ten field mice that day. Of course Mary Louise was so proud that she enjoyed seeing her drink all that nice sweet cream more than she would have enjoyed having it herself. But then she had other things and Kitty-katty only eats mice and milk.

I rather think baby cats are like real babies in some ways. One is that it is not good for them to be handled *very* much. The other is that it is worse to eat a great deal too much, especially of meat, than it is to be just a little hungry. Between the many skinned mice that Baby Cat ate and the constant carrying about and playing with at the hands of Mary Louise and her brother, Baby Cat was sick one evening, and wouldn't play at all. That night we heard Kitty-katty calling him and calling him, but he neither answered nor seemed to come and in the morning he was nowhere to be seen nor heard. The children searched everywhere for him. At last they found him lying still and cold under the edge of the sidewalk where he had crawled. Then they all grieved, Mary Louise and her brother and Kitty-katty.

Perhaps you think a cat doesn't know enough to grieve but I assure you Kitty-katty does. She almost talks. Of course she doesn't speak Mary Louise's language, but she has one of her own, and Mary Louise understands it pretty well. Her imagination helps out with what she doesn't understand, and Kitty-katty understands a great many things that the children say to her. I think that is because they are always so kind to her and talk to her just as if she were a child. The pantry door doesn't always stay latched and Kitty-katty liked to go in there and get up on the shelves where she does not belong, but the children taught her that she must not do that, and now they are breaking her of jumping up on the kitchen table, and they do it all by just talking to her about it and never by being unkind to her.

* * *

INDIAN CHILDREN'S ICE SLEDS.

INDIAN children cannot go to the store and buy their boats, so they make them of blocks of ice. They cut from the river great slabs of ice, which they trim into proper shape, rounding them up in front, rubbing them off smoothly and making holes for the rope in most ingenious way. They procure a hollow reed, and putting a little water into it they blow through it upon the ice. The water rises and falls as the child blows or draws in his breath and gradually bores a hole through the slab. But the ice-sled would be cold and slippery. So water is poured upon it and a layer of grass, rubbed fine, pressed down and frozen into place, and the sled is ready.

The Q. & A. Department.

What animals do not sweat?

If by this is meant what animals do not sweat through the skin, there are quite a number of them, a familiar instance of which is the common dog. The sweating process in human kind is the throwing off through the skin waste material of the body. In the case of some animals this is thrown off through the lungs and instead of sweating the animal pants. In others it is thrown off through ducts provided for this purpose as in the case of the hog. There is perhaps no animal that does not perform the function of sweating in some way, though as said, not all of them throw off the waste through the skin as people do.

❖

What is the bologna sausage we buy at the stores made of?

Now, who can tell that? It would probably puzzle the makers themselves to furnish a list of the ingredients. For the peace of mind of the bologna eating public let us draw the curtain.

❖

Why are Indian blankets so high in price?

They are no better than any other blankets for practical purposes, but the novelty and the dealer's price to the white man makes up the round sum. A good many so-called Indian blankets are factory made.

❖

Is there any manufactured hair or where does the hair sold for wigs and switches come from?

Human hair cannot be manufactured. A complete account as to where hair comes from will be found in a recent copy of the INGLENOOK.

❖

What is the soil of southern California like?

It varies widely, but if you refer to orange land it is generally decomposed granite rock.

❖

How are the wooden plates used by grocers made?

Thin slices of wood are cut out and pressed into shape in dies made hot by steam.

❖

Is there any salt in plants?

Yes, there is in some varieties of plants, but not enough to justify its extraction.

❖

What is the area of Alaska?

About 600,000 square miles, an area hard to comprehend.

❖

Who is the president of Cuba?

Estrada Palma.

How is mushroom spawn prepared?

Usually a "brick" of the requisite soil is made and in a hole in it a small piece of the spawn is inserted. This brick is then put into required conditions for the growth, or run of the spawn, which fills the entire substance. The process is then stopped by drying the brick, any little piece of which will "run" in a suitably prepared bed, and in time, about six or seven weeks, the bed will send up mushrooms.

❖

Would you advise growing mushrooms for market?

All will depend on a suitable place and then the skill and seeming luck that follows. A crop may come for an amateur and not for professional growers. No crop is more uncertain.

❖

What State has the largest per cent of young people who can read and write?

Nebraska claims the honor of having the most young people between the ages of ten and fourteen who can read and write.

❖

If a person who is specially gifted as a baker made home-made foods, such as cakes, would there likely be a profitable market for them?

Yes, if the "specially gifted" part is an assured fact. It is done in probably every considerable town and city.

❖

Where does asbestos come from?

The asbestos mines of Quebec supply about nine-tenths of the asbestos in the world.

❖

Are there different kinds of popcorn?

Yes, quite a number of them, varying in size, color and productiveness.

❖

Can sweet potatoes be canned?

Yes, and every other vegetable, and it is often so done.

❖

I can get at the bed of what was once a large mill dam. What would best grow there?

Try celery, is our advice.

❖

Were St. Matthew and Christ related?

Cousins, probably.

❖

Does the buffalo or gramma grass of the plains produce seed?

Yes, sparingly.

The Home



Department

CREAM PUFFS.

BY ROSE HOKE.

DISSOLVE one-half cup of butter in one cup of boiling water. Into this slowly sift one cup of flour, stirring all the while so that the whole will be a smooth mixture. When cool add to this three well-beaten eggs. Drop on floured tins and bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven. It is important that the oven be evenly heated, not too hot, and that no grease of any kind be on the tins.

When baked each will be hollow and in this hollow is to be placed, by skillfully lifting the top, a spoonful of the following filling:

One egg, one-half cup sugar, one cup milk, and enough flour or cornstarch to thicken. Cook well and flavor as desired.

If each puff when done is powdered with pulverized sugar it will give them a still more inviting appearance.

COCOANUT CAKE.

BY MRS. J. P. BOWMAN.

TAKE two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup of creamy, sweet milk, three cups flour, one-half cup cornstarch, two teaspoonfuls baking powder (sifted three or four times in the flour), and the whites of six eggs, beaten very stiff and dry. Cream the butter and sugar together, add milk, then flour, and the whites of eggs last. Flavor with lemon, mix well and bake in two sheets. When cold cut each one in two that you may have four layers.

Icing.—Whites of two small eggs, do not whip them but stir in one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, then beat until it can be smoothly spread on the cake. A tablespoonful of cornstarch in the icing will keep it from running off the cake. Spread icing between the layers and on top, sprinkling cocoanut on it as you do so.

BAKED BEANS.

BY MABEL KNISELY.

PUT the beans to soak in the afternoon in a dish that will allow plenty of water on them. Change the

water at bedtime. In the morning parboil for two hours and drain. Put the beans in a deep stoneware dish, or crock, and put a piece of raw meat a little larger than a closed fist in the middle. Cover the meat with beans so it will cook well. Add a half-teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of molasses and bake from four to six hours. As the beans bake dry add water.

GOOD RAISIN PIE.

BY SUSAN CRIPE.

SELECT one-half cup of large soft raisins, seeded, and cover with one cupful of cold water. Let them soak for two hours. Beat one egg until light, stir in one cupful of sugar, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one tablespoonful of flour. Put in the raisins and the water in which they have been soaking and cook until thick.

Bake with two crusts.

POTATO PUDDING.

TWO cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes, one cupful of bread crumbs or cracker crumbs, one scant cupful of sweet cream, two-thirds cupful of sugar, five eggs, spice. Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately and stir all together as for cake. Bake in a tin used for loaf cake. When done place in the center of a platter and pile boiled beans or macaroni in milk gravy around it.

KETCHUP.

BY JOY SMITH.

TWO tablespoonfuls mustard, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful flour, and a pinch of salt. Mix smooth with cold water and cook in a double boiler. Thin with good vinegar to suit.

POTATO OMELET.

TO one cupful mashed potatoes, add four well-beaten eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Pour the mixture into well-buttered, shallow pans and bake in a hot oven. This omelet can be fried.

LITERARY.

Country Life in America is at hand. It is a large, double, special number, selling for fifty cents, and although rather higher in price than the ordinary monthly publication, it is fully worth it. *Country Life* is a relatively recent publication and this number is magnificently illustrated. Its special scope is the improvement of home surroundings. It tells what to plant, how to plant, and how to care for what is planted around our homes, and no reader of the NOOK can run through *Country Life* without seeing much that is of interest, and learning a good deal about home decorations and home improvement. The pictures are taken from photographs of show places throughout the country, and they cannot fail to give the reader a good idea of how high class selections and high class cultivation tend to improve the looks of a home. The surroundings of a home indicate the character of its occupants, where they own the home themselves, and in *Country Life* the very best things in print are to be found. It is well worth any one's while to take this magazine for the good there is in it and the good it will do him.

❖

THE *Criterion*, New York, always has a lot of interesting matter along its lines of special exploitation. There is an article on Gladstone in the March number, and an interesting study by John Uri Lloyd of Stringtown memory. The *Criterion* has a distinct tendency to higher literature, and its comment on new books, and current thought is excellent. The NOOK family might, or might not, like the *Criterion*, but, at all events, it belongs to the upper stories of literature, and is deserving of the utmost consideration, if one is interested in its particular field. The next time you see it on a newsstand invest ten cents and you will not be disappointed.

❖ ❖ ❖

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

❖ ❖ ❖

SOUTH DAKOTA has one county that is four times as big as Rhode Island.

WHAT THEY SAY.

JOHN SELDERS, West Virginia, sends an account of his trip to Texas which we regret is too long for publication. We would be glad to hear from more of our people in regard to the new countries they visit.

❖

"THE dear old NOOK is the best and most interesting paper that comes to our house. I would not do without it."—*Leona Shively, North Dakota.*

❖

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK very much. I hope it will grow more successful and better each week."—*Cora D. Herbert, Louisiana.*

❖

"I WOULD not like to do without my NOOK, for it is a good clean magazine, and no mistake about it."—*Calvin Beam, Pa.*

❖

"I AM very well pleased with the Doctor Book. No home should be without it."—*Leona Shively, N. Dak.*

❖

"I WOULD rather do without my breakfast than without the NOOK."—*Henry Frantz, N. Dak.*

❖

"WE like the INGLENOOK very much."—*T. J. Miller, Oregon.*

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick with reference.—*J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.* 13

❖

WANTED.—Married man,, small family, to work on farm the year round. Must have good character. Give reference. Address: *C. B. Rowe, Dallas Center, Iowa.* 13

❖

WANTED.—To take to raise on a farm, a bright healthy girl, 10 to 13 years of age. A good home given. Address: *Box 139, Mt. Carroll, Ill.* 14

❖

WANTED.—A good moral man, single, to work by the year on a farm. Begin March 1 or 15.—Address: *John Zuck, Clarence, Iowa.* 18

❖

WANTED.—I want a blacksmith for a country shop. Brother preferred.—*Isaac L. Hoover, Lone Star, Kansas.* 13

❖

WANTED.—A good experienced man to work on farm. Address: *F. L. Netsley, Naperville, Ill.* 18

❖

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.* 13

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 12.

LITTLE FOXES.

BY MARY CRAM.

Little foxes, spoiling the beloved vine
Trusted to my tendings by the One Divine;
Little foxes, wherefore have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences, have ye climbed the wall?
Were there tiny openings? Ye are very small
And ye can creep slyly through a tiny space,
But I thought I closed up every open place.

And I watched by daytime, and I watched by night,
For the vine you're spoiling is my heart's delight;
I've kept the earth worm from its precious root;
I have trimmed its branches, but they bear no fruit.

For the little foxes have assailed the vine
Trusted to my tending by the One Divine;
And though I've been faithful since its birthday morn,
They were in the garden when the babe was born.

For they are the failings that I would not see
When they were my failings, when they dwelt in me.
Little faults unheeded—that I now despise
For my baby took these with my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often, for I know I must,
But I do it always bowed down to the dust,
With a face all crimsoned with a burning blush.
And an inward whisper that I cannot hush.

And sometimes it seemeth like the voice of God,
And it says, poor coward, using now the rod
On a child's frail body, till I hear it moan,
And see its soft flesh quiver, for a sin thine own.

Oh, my Father, pity, pity and forgive;
Slay the little foxes I allowed to live,
Till they left the larger for the smaller vine,
Till they touched the dear life, dearer far than mine.

Oh! my Father, hear me; make my darling thine.
Though I am so human; make her all divine;
Slay the little foxes that both vines may be
Laden with fruit worthy to be offered thee.

COOL GARDEN SPOTS.

A GLACIER when it dislodges itself and sails away
over the Arctic ocean never travels alone. In the
wake of every large one floats a line of smaller com-
panions.

The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and
ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress

of the eider duck followed by her brood will appreciate
the aptitude of the name.

Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom
upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at
rest, moss attaches itself to it, protecting the ice be-
neath, just as sawdust does. After a time the moss
decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of butter-
cups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root
and flourish.

Those who have traveled in arctic lands say they
have found no point yet where the poppy does not
bloom during the brief northern summer.

ONE of the most remarkable cities in the world is
Kelburg, near Cracow, Poland, for, besides being situ-
ated underground, it is excavated entirely in rock salt.
The inhabitants, to the number of three thousand, are,
of course, workers in the famous salt mines, and all
the streets and houses are of the purest white imagin-
able. One of the most famous features of the city is
the cathedral, carved in salt and lighted by electricity,
and when the late Czar Alexander visited it, eleven
years ago, he was so fascinated with the magnificent
effect of the light upon the crystal walls that he pre-
sented the cathedral with a jeweled altar cross. Such
a thing as infectious disease is unknown in Kelburg;
in fact, the majority of the inhabitants die of old age.

THE counterfeit money gathered in from circulation
by the Government in 1902 amounted to a little more
than thirty-one thousand dollars. The accumulation of
paper money is burned, usually annually, and the
counterfeiting paraphernalia and metal money are
melted.

"DON'T be a slave to habit, but make your habits be
your slaves. The more good ones you have working
for you, the more work you can do, and the easier it
will be to do the work."—*W. Osborne.*

THE electrical roads of the country have a nominal
capital of \$1,600,000,000, and employ three hundred
thousand miles of track. Ten miles of electrical road
are building to one of steam road.

AMONG THE MOKIS.—No. 4.

IN our last article the INGLENOOK Society explorers in the Moki pueblos, or towns, promised an article descriptive of the strange dances of these people. It should be stated for the benefit of the Nook readers that the Snake dances occur in the month of August between the fifteenth and the twenty-sixth days. They are announced a few days before the beginning of the nine days' ceremonies, of which the Snake dance is the ending. In the even years they occur at certain Moki towns and in the odd years at the others. In addition to the Snake dance there is also a Flute dance which may be described in the future. As the INGLENOOK



AN ANTELOPE PRIEST.

exploring expedition did not witness the Snake dance for the reason of their not being present last August and not expecting to remain until the coming month of August, it will be necessary to copy largely from the accounts of one who has been there and who has seen the performance.

It appears that the Snake dance is an elaborate prayer for rain. The reptiles are gathered from the country around the pueblos, and after the performance are turned loose to bear the petition of the Indian dwellers to the divinities in order that copious rains may ensue in their arid country. It is only on the ninth day of the ceremony that the Snake dance is publicly performed.

The question naturally arises as to where these Mokis get their snakes and the reply is easy. For a week preceding the ceremony the reptiles are hunted by naked men who find them in their haunts, from which they drag them with poles and sticks and thrust them into a bag with any other snakes they may find. There are

a great many rattlesnakes in the lot and the dance is a wild and weird performance without parallel in all other rites performed by the aborigines in America.

The Mokis are very careful in handling a poisonous snake, but in spite of this fact the scene is enough to stir the blood of the most phlegmatic.

At one side of the dance plaza is a bower of green cottonwood branches. This is the *kisi*, and here the snakes are kept in readiness during the dance. Just as the sun is descending a priest enters the plaza with a bag of reptiles. He quickly disappears among the branches. This is the man who hands the snakes out to the dancers through a small opening in the front of the *kisi*.

Two classes of priests, the Antelope and the Snake, figure in this dance. The Antelope priests enter the plaza first. Their semi-nude bodies are striped with white paint, rattles of tortoise shell are tied to the knees, and white embroidered kilts are fastened about the loins. With the addition of necklaces, etc., their costume is complete. The first to come is the chief who bears across his left arm the sacred badge. He is followed by the bearer of the medicine bowl. All the other priests come carrying a rattler in either hand. With stately mien they pass four times around the plaza to the left, each sprinkling sacred meal and stamping violently upon a plank in the ground in front of the *kisi*. A hole in the middle of the plank is an opening into the under-world and the dancers stamp upon it to inform the spirits of their ancestors that a ceremony is in progress. Fortunate is the man who breaks the plank with his foot. When this is completed the Antelope priests line up in front of the *kisi*, facing outward. There is a hush and the Snake priests enter.

The grand entry of the Snake priests is dramatic to the last degree and is best told in the language of one who has seen the performance.

"With majestic strides they hasten to the plaza every attitude full of energy and fierce, determined purpose. Their bodies rubbed with red paint, their chins blackened and outlined with a white stripe, their dark red kilts and moccasins, their barbaric ornaments, give the Snake priests a most somber and diabolical appearance. Around the plaza, by a wider circuit than the Antelopes, they go striking the plank with the foot and fiercely leaping on it with wild gestures. Four times the circuit is made; then a line is formed facing the line of the Antelopes, who cease shaking their rattles which simulate the warning note of the rattlesnake. A moment's pause and the rattles begin again, and a deep humming chant accompanies them. The priests sway from side to side, sweeping their eagle-feather snake whips towards the ground. The song grows louder and the lines sway backward and forward toward each other like two long, undulating serpents. The bearer of the medicine walks back and

forth between the lines and sprinkles the charm liquid to the compass points. All at once the Snake line breaks into groups of three. The song becomes more animated and the groups dance, or rather hop, in front of the *kisi*. In all this stir and excitement it is difficult to see why one of them drops on his knees in front of the *kisi*, but a moment later he is seen to rise with a squirming snake, which he places midway in his mouth, and the trio dance around the circle, followed by other trios, bearing hideous snakes.

When all the snakes have been duly danced around the ring, and the nerve tension is at its highest pitch, there is a pause. The old priest advances to an open place and sprinkles sacred meal on the ground, outlining a ring with six compass points, while the Snake priests gather around. At a given signal the snakes are thrown on the meal drawing and a wild scramble ensues, amid a rain of spittle from the spectators on the walls above. Only an instant and the priests start up, each with one or more snakes; away they dart for the trail to carry the rain-bringing messengers to their native hiding places. The Antelope priests next march gravely around the plaza four times, thumping the sunken plank, and file out."

HOW SNAKE BITE ACTS.

AN interesting account of the mechanism by which a snake poisons its victim is given in a Paris scientific journal. Those who have not lived in a snake country are apt to think that a snake "stings" with its flexible tongue. The snake does not really "sting" at all; it gives a poisonous "bite" to its prey by means of its fangs or hollow curved teeth.

There are numerous degrees in the perfection of the poison apparatus of serpents, certain species having attached to the upper jawbone two or more long teeth or hollow fangs provided with a dropper from which the venom flows. These teeth are firmly fixed to the bone and are immovable. The ophidians which are provided with the best poison apparatus are the solenoglyphes, their very short upper maxillaries or jawbones being movable and each being provided with a poison fang pierced with a central canal and not with a simple dropper, this canal communicating with a poison gland on each side.

The canal is pierced by two openings. A circular one is found near the root of the teeth, which permits the venom to enter from the venom glands during the time the mouth is opened. The lower opening is situated at the point of the tooth and serves as the distributor of the poison. If one of the teeth is broken the neighboring teeth supplement it, and sometimes three days after the accident the new fang is completely formed.

Snake-charmers to prevent this replacement not only remove the fangs but also the folds of the gum in which they repose. The poison glands are the salivary glands, the upper labials, the saliva of which contains the poison.

DEATH TO GAME.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* tells why game is passing rapidly.

The Audubon society of Missouri calls attention anew to the fact that cold storage is hastening the extermination of wild animals. Congress has passed a law regulating the traffic and shipment of birds and game, but immense seizures by government officers show that the statute is extensively violated.

It is now held by persons who have given special attention to the subject that the only sufficient remedy is to prohibit the sale of all game. It has been ascer-



THE DANCE.

tained by the Audubon society of Missouri that within the past fifteen years song and insectivorous birds in Missouri have decreased sixty-two per cent and game birds over eighty per cent. Last year one seizure in New York included fifty thousand game birds and fifteen thousand song birds. In Chicago 32,000 game birds were seized and a whole car load of quail was captured in Indian Territory. Game and song birds are going fast and the proposition to stop their sale entirely gains supporters fast.

AN IMMENSE WHEAT FIELD.

THE biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine Republic. It belongs to an Italian named Guazone and covers just over 100 square miles.

THERE are 280,000,000 Mohammedans in the world, and their number is rapidly increasing.

HOW DO BIRDS FLY?

BY S. Z. SHARP.

"BIRDS can fly and why can't I?" So reasoned Darius Green before constructing his "wonderful flying machine." Scores and hundreds of other philosophers have done the same thing. In fact, it is one of the great questions of the day. To navigate the air with a well-constructed machine, seems much more simple and easy than to send a wireless telegraph dispatch across the Atlantic. No one seemed to know much about wireless telegraphs until Marconi showed the world how to manage them, but ever since man has been on the earth, he has seen birds and insects navigating the air while he himself has been obliged to trudge on foot on terra firma. That is what is so exasperating and caused Darius to exclaim, "What's the use of wings to a bumble-bee mor'n to me?"

Thousands of others have thought the same thing. Why can not they make themselves wings and flop and buzz the same way? The thing seems easy enough. There are, seemingly, but two things to be done. One is to get the machine or vessel afloat in the air and the other is to propel it when launched.

When you wish to float a vessel in the water you must have one that weighs less than the water it displaces. In like manner, a vessel or machine to float in the air must weigh less than the air displaced. Nearly every boy has seen this done who has seen soap bubbles float in the air or has seen toy balloons which are sold at shows or street corners in large cities, though he may not have seen the large balloons which look like large hay stacks turned up side down. These balloons are filled with gas lighter than air and the air supports them just as vessels, lighter than the water displaced, are supported by the water.

There is, however, something about birds and insects that fly which man has never found out or understood. How it is that birds and insects, weighing more than the air which they displace, can sustain themselves in the air and fly. They seem to defy the law of gravity and other laws pertaining to the air. That is the mystery which has puzzled scientific men for ages and when the law is discovered by which birds sustain themselves in the air, man will also navigate the air as now he sails upon the water.

It is certain that a hawk weighs more than the air which he displaces, nor is it the flapping of his wings that sustains him. A few days ago we watched a hawk sailing in the air in circles for fully five minutes without flapping his wings and then take a straight shoot toward a tree and then flapped his wings only when near the limb aimed at to curb the momentum acquired. You doubtless have seen the same thing. You might think his wings kept him suspended in the

air as a kite is suspended by the wind, but there was no wind at the time; besides, a kite is all wings while a hawk is nearly all body.

Scientists have demonstrated the wonderful fact that the larger the bird or insect that flies the less wing surface is needed. The great condor of South America, the largest bird that wings the air, and weighs sixteen and a half pounds, needs only three-fourths of a foot of wing surface for each pound of body; besides, he can take a lamb or other small animal half the weight of his body and still fly. The proportion of wing surface to body of the turkey-buzzard is as one to one; of the screech owl, as seven to one; of the rhinoceros beetle, of three and one-fourth to one; of the daddy-long-legs, fourteen to one; dragon fly, thirty to one; gnat, forty-nine to one. The smaller the body the more wing surface is required. All this is in favor of man and his air ships and when the law is once discovered by which large bodies are sustained in the air, it will be found as simple as the law of gravitation which was knocked out of the mind of Newton by an apple falling on his head. Who will be the second Newton?

* * *

A FEW ARGENTINE CITIES.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

ARGENTINE is not very plentifully supplied with cities. Buenos Ayres the capital is the largest and also the busiest. This gay and beautiful city is situated on the Rio de la Plata. Here you will find people from many countries. Buenos Ayres is a rich city and has many fine buildings. The province of Buenos Ayres is rich in horses, cattle and sheep. Considerable wheat is raised also. The name Buenos Ayres means *good air*.

Going up the Rio de la Plata we enter the Parana soon after leaving Buenos Ayres. We pass San Nicholas a flourishing little city. In a few hours more we arrive at Rosario, which is the chief city of Santa Fe Province. Santa Fe Province is one of the most fertile of the fourteen provinces which make up the Argentine Republic. The site of Rosario is sixty-five feet above the river. Parallel with the river is a strip of lowland which is occupied by freight warehouses and shipping offices. Many vessels are anchored in the river; the most of them are from Boston, New York, and European countries. The chief imports are manufactured goods, mostly from England and France. Agricultural implements and lumber are imported from the United States. The principal exports from the port of Rosario are hides, bones, and wool from the pampas, skins and furs from the table lands of Bolivia and the eastern Andes, and the mines of Peru and Bolivia. Rosario is not considered a very healthy city, possibly on account of the low situation.

The city of Parana has a beautiful situation on a high bluff overshadowing the river. It is two miles from the port which is reached by a tram, or car. The track winds around the bluff in a romantic fashion and the river below gleams like silver in the sunshine. This, dotted with tiny islands shaded with trees of richest verdure, makes a fair and beautiful picture.

As in all other Argentine cities the houses of Parana are mostly of brick and are plastered inside and outside. The plaster is sometimes tinted, and it is so well put on that it seldom falls off. The houses are built after the Moorish style, having open courts and flat roofs. The gardens and courts are filled with fragrant flowers and delicate vines. Parana is an Indian word meaning "relative of the sea." It lies in Entre Rios Province and is very beautiful.

We cross the river and visit Santa Fe, the capital of Santa Fe Province. This is a quaint old city of many churches. It is situated on a low strip of sandy land bordering the river. As far as the eye can reach the country is as level as the floor of a house. The sun beats fiercely down upon this city of sand and white houses and it is justly called a hot place.

Ashland, Oregon.

* * *

MAKING THE TIME.

St. Nicholas tells how the clocks are set over the country.

Strange as it may seem, Uncle Sam does not make use of the sun in reckoning time, but, as already described in *St. Nicholas*, he turns his attention to some of the regular steady-going stars or "fixed stars," as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the seventy-fifth meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the startime and then every day at three minutes and fifteen seconds before twelve a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at ten seconds before twelve as a notice that the next tick will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their clocks. There are time balls in a great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the state, war and navy

department building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wires. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the twelve o'clock signal is flashed over the wires the hands of each one of these clocks spring to twelve, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the seventy-fifth meridian the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the timeballs drop, the clocks begin to strike and everybody in the district knows it is twelve o'clock.

* * *

WANTED HIS SHOES TO FIT.

DURING the recent cold snap a Kansas City boy, with his coat collar pulled up around his neck and fur cap far down over his ears, followed his mother into



MOKIS DRESSED FOR THE KACHINA DANCE.

a store. In one hand he swung a pair of skates by a strap originally meant to be used for carrying books, and as the big glass door swung open the skates all but shattered the glass. The youngster crawled up on the bench while the mother stated her son's want.

"Give me a pair of those kind of shoes with high tops on 'em," put in the boy.

"How's this, my boy?" said the clerk as he offered a pair with those three-inch thick soles. "Now try them on."

"All right," and the youngster took the shoes and, unstrapping his skates, began to fit the fasteners of the skate around the sole. A smile overspread his face. "Don't they fit? Guess these will do."

"But you don't know whether or not they will fit your feet," said the mother.

"What does that matter, ma; don't they fit my skates all right?"

MONEY IN GUINEAS.

BY E. C. VICK.

Boys living in the country are to be envied by city boys, as on a farm there is an abundance of room and ample facilities for keeping animals of all kinds without danger of annoying your own or neighboring families, but with the boy residing in the city the case is altogether different.

The first assurance parents want is, first, that the animals shall be harmless, and, second, that there shall be no odor, and, moreover, no animal shall be kept that is likely to escape and injure the house or furniture in any way and may possibly also add that the keep of your pets shall cost nothing. After considering this problem the average boy will be ready to give up the idea of ever owning a pet, as the conditions laid down seem too formidable a barrier to surmount, but all these conditions may be complied with, and, more than this, you can also agree to a condition not mentioned, and that is the pleasure you will have with your pets, to make money raising them.

Begin with guinea pigs. Why they were ever called guinea pigs no one knows; probably because they have a peculiar little squeak, somewhat resembling the grunt of a pig, and like the pig they eat almost everything.

The scientific name of this little animal is *cavia aperea* and fanciers always speak of them as cavies. They are naturally very dainty and cleanly animals and if properly cared for can be kept in a cellar or attic without causing the slightest trouble in a well-regulated family.

The first consideration is a house to keep them in, and for this purpose an ordinary soap box answers the purpose perfectly. If the place where they are to be kept is free from rats, a soap box with sides about eight inches high and the top removed makes a good hutch, as the cavies will not get over a partition eight inches high. The bottom should be covered at all times with saw dust, hay or straw, and for very best results should be cleaned out every morning and replaced with new bedding, the bottom being well scraped before supplying the new material.

Cavies naturally are very clean animals, constantly slicking their fur and never showing a particle of dirt on their bodies. If kept in a barn or outbuilding cleaning the hutch once a week will suffice, and any sheltered place where poultry, a horse or cow can be kept will answer for the cavy. The writer has raised hundreds in hutches well supplied with straw and kept in an ordinary barn, where young are successfully reared without artificial heat in the severe winter weather in the latitude of New York city.

The soap-box hutch should be covered with one-inch mesh poultry netting, arranged with a good-sized door on top for cleaning and feeding purposes, and this will

protect your pets from rats, which frequently, as if for mischief only, invade the hutch and destroy the inmates.

The amateur can make as elaborate a hutch as his fancy may dictate. A hutch two feet square and one foot or more in height is ample for from one to four cavies. It is desirable to have the hutch open on top for ventilation and covered with wire with a good-sized door at the end for use in cleaning.

Feed hay, corn, oats, potatoes, apples, weeds of various kinds, carrots, cabbage, turnips, bread and milk, mowings from the lawn, acorns and almost anything except lettuce (which has a stupefying effect). Begin by the purchase of a pair or more, taking care to learn just how the previous owner fed them and to continue feeding the same kind of food, gradually changing off to what is convenient for you to supply. parings of vegetables from the kitchen, pea-pods, huskings from corn, trimmings from vegetables, of which almost any kitchen will supply enough to feed half a dozen or more cavies. I advise watering daily or giving milk, which answers the same purposes. Feeding should be regular, night and morning.

It is advisable to supply your hutch with hoppers for grain.

When filled at the top and cover fastened down the receptacle at the bottom remains full of grain, while that in the top is kept clean. It is also advisable to arrange racks made of poultry netting or metal strips for hay, as cavies invariably sit on and spoil much of their food.

The short-haired variety is called the English cavy, and is the most common, dealers selling them for about \$1.50 a pair, though sometimes they can be secured at a lower price, and are usually found in broken colors, that is black and white, red and white, or red, black and white, though they are also found in solid white, black and red. The solid colors or "selfs," as they are called by fanciers, are the most valuable and greatly prized. Ten dollars a pair is not an unusual price to pay for a good pair of blacks, and it is for these fancy specimens that breeders should strive.

It is not advisable to breed from one pair alone, but to associate with other fanciers, so as not to inbreed closely. Litters most frequently consist of one young one only, frequently two and three, and only rarely four, while the average pair vary greatly in the number produced, some breeding only once a year and others somewhat more frequently.

As soon as young are born the male should be removed and the young left to run with the mother for thirty days. In about three weeks the mother is likely to begin weaning the young, and at this time they should be given milk daily to supply sufficient nourishment, barley meal and bran mixed with milk or water should also be supplied.

In England the cavy was carefully watched and "bred up" developing peculiarities, those with longest hair and their young with longest hair paired in the same way, this selection and treatment resulting in a species of long-haired cavy now known as the Abyssinian.

A variety which originated in France has remarkably long and silky hair, completely hiding the head, eyes and feet of the little animal, and it appears to be a living, moving bunch of hair; this variety is called the Peruvian, and specimens have been exhibited with fur eight inches long, which was kept done up on curl papers. Peruvians are quite valuable and extra choice specimens in colorings or fur bring about what the owner desires to charge for them.

Cavies are lively little creatures, perfectly harmless, very timid and never attempt to defend themselves and really seem to have no way of doing so. They may be given their liberty about a barn or cellar. Feed them from the hand if you wish to tame them, and never startle or frighten them. When allowed their liberty they soon learn their names and to come at call and to follow their master, and any number of them are safe on a floor, as, unlike a kitten or puppy, they are never under your feet. They associate nicely with other animals. The writer once had a group, consisting of a pair of Guinea pigs, an Angora cat, a Belgian hare and a sky terrier dog that always traveled about together, resembling a miniature circus parade; ate together and would lie in a curious heap together.

Cavies are always in demand by boys in every neighborhood and by dealers, and all you raise can be sold at fair price, and this is a good way to earn spending money, while if extra choice specimens are raised fanciers will take them at high prices.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

AN OCEAN LINER'S LARDER.

It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the eating and drinking capacity of the passengers and crew of an ocean liner unless one is privileged to inspect its larder and glance through the storekeeper's list of provisions.

A liner that carried on a recent trip 580 first and second class and 156 third-class passengers and a crew of 301 had at the time of sailing the following supplies: Fourteen thousand pounds of beef, 600 pounds of corned beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 1,000 pounds of lamb, 300 pounds of veal, 700 pounds of pork, 200 sweetbreads, 180 fowl, 400 broiling chickens, 350 turkeys, 90 ducks, 60 goslings, 72 capons, 300 pigeons and squabs, 160 partridges and 160 grouse. In addition there were between two and three tons of preserved meats, which the law insists must be carried by all liners so that in the event of a breakdown or

other casualty there may be ample food for everybody.

The space allotted to the storing of sea foods contained 1,500 pounds of fresh assorted fish, 300 pounds of lobsters and 500 barrels of oysters. The only live stock consisted of six dozen green turtles, which were kept on deck and used as wanted. In order to keep them alive and kicking their eyes were frequently wet with sea water, and they seemed to enjoy the voyage until the soup pot claimed them.

Eggs to the number of 12,000 were in that larder, and 700 pounds of butter, 160 gallons of fresh milk, 60 quarts of cream, 500 quarts of condensed milk and 700 quarts of ice cream.

Among the dry stuffs were 1,200 pounds of coffee, 540 pounds of tea, 2,000 pounds of refined, 600 pounds granulated and 452 pounds of moist sugar.

The vegetable compartment contained twelve tons of potatoes and thousands of barrels of kitchen garden produce. There were also thirty barrels of apples, fifty boxes of oranges and enough grapes and choice fruit to feed an army.

The storekeeper has charge of the provisions. He knows what goes in and is taken out of the huge refrigerators, and keeps a strict account of everything that is used. When the chief steward makes out the daily menu he gives a copy to the butcher and the various chefs. They in turn submit a list of the materials needed for the meals for that day, and are handed an order on the storekeeper, who then distributes the supplies, exacting a signed receipt from each chef.

The contractors who cater to the larders of ocean liners are obliged to furnish the very best quality of food stuffs that can be procured in the market. The magnitude of their task can be imagined when it is taken into consideration that the largest liner afloat uses 1,200 tons of food in a single year. The meat consumed in this period amounts to about 400 tons, the poultry and game number 60,000, the fish represent 45 tons; flour, 280 tons; coffee 25 tons; milk, 10,000 gallons, and 300,000 eggs.

COUNTERPANE.

THE word "counterpane" is a corruption of "counter point," which is itself a corruption of the Latin term "cul cit," which means a wadded wrapper or quilt. When the stitches were arranged in patterns, it was called "cul-cita puncta," which in French became "courte pointe," corrupted into "contra pointe, counterpont," where point is pronounced "poyn," corrupted into "pane."

DR. HILPRECHT says that certain of the inscribed tablets dug from the ruins of Nippur corroborate the Bible story of Abraham's migration.

IN A JEWISH MARKET.

THERE is one part of New York that looks as if patches of old European places had been carried bodily over and wedged into the city. If anyone wishes to see this sample of Munich, Dresden or Moscow right at hand, let him go down to the neighborhood of Essex square. There, every day of the year, from seven in the morning till late in the evening, in the hot summer and the cold winter—every day but Saturday and Sunday—a market is carried on. It is a market of that race which, compelled by law to keep within its own boundaries in the ages gone by, and punished for daring to trespass on the territory of others, now that such limitations no longer exist, by choice keep so strictly to themselves that they have their own newspapers, their own theaters and their own daily market. The sale begins at seven in the morning and closes so late in the evening that torches and candles are used to light it up in winter after the daylight has vanished. All along the curb of the streets where it is held are lines of pushcarts holding the goods to be sold, and on or near the carts sit or stand the venders.

The busiest part of the traffic is at the junction of Hester and Ludlow streets, the northwest corner of Essex square and the streets radiating therefrom. The vendors are all Hebrews. Among the marketers one sees occasionally a Gentile face. If anything, there are more women than men; women, many of them with little, keen-faced babies on their laps.

The stream of buyers pass and repass, scrutinizing the wares and jostling each other impassively. Many are women; some well dressed and prosperous looking, but more of the poorer class, the older ones with shawls over their grizzled heads, the younger bareheaded, exhibiting preposterous pompadours. Everything under the sun seems to be sold here; things to wear, things to keep house with, things for work, for play, and, above all, things to eat. Paramount among the latter in the way it manifests itself to the senses is the fish—barrels upon barrels of herring and slabs exhibiting other members of the finny tribe, while away from and beyond them floats the odor, reaching the vegetable carts and those piled with oranges, bananas and pears. The staff of life takes on curious and unfamiliar shapes here; the most peculiar being the huge loaves of corn bread, looking like Brobdignagian penny buns. This is sold by the pound or fraction of it. Pretzels are here, too, by thousands, skinny and salted, and slices of gingerbread are hacked from the parent cake and sold to hungry customers at a cent, while mysterious looking beverages are dispensed at stands nearby for the same price per glass. Chocolate bonbons of a highly varnished variety are also a feature of the carts dispensing edibles. Sellers doing business in a larger way offer sacks of various grains, seeds and pulse of all sorts. Among these are to be noticed great bags

marked "Italy" filled with dried orange peel which the dealer sells by the pound for making preserves.

The dry goods carts are many in number and well filled. Shirt waists of every hue and make and every style of trimming, dress materials, some very neat and durable looking; children's ready made garments, all brand new and up to date, are visible. Other carts there are containing second hand articles of apparel. Around one of these, freighted with men's undershirts, etc., a day or so ago, hovered several specimens of what is known as the "involuntary leisure class." The hundreds of linen collars offered for sale in the cart were the magnet attracting them, judging by the eagerness with which they rummaged and measured to find their "size." One of them, succeeding at last, calmly divested himself of the collar he was wearing. Evidently it had been his companion through the vicissitudes of several days. This he folded with the utmost care and deliberation, placing it in an inner pocket. He next proceeded to adjust the new one satisfactorily, an operation which took time and pains to accomplish. Having finally arrived at a successful conclusion in this, he handed the dealer the "drei cents" the man had been all the time plaintively, but insistently, demanding, and walked off. At every corner one sees groups of men with second hand trousers and coats slung over their shoulders or arms. These men, emissaries from the second hand shops in the quarter, keep a hawklike lookout for prospective customers. There are peripatetic venders of small wares, too, such as candles, matches, tapes, thread, braces, pins, hairpins, etc. These are chiefly old men, whose long, gray beards give them a venerable aspect, or bright faced, alert boys. These latter are wonderfully persistent. One of them was accosted from on high by a damsel in a Julietlike attitude bending over the railing of a balcony on the fourth floor of a house overlooking the market—a balcony adorned with flapping undergarments drying in the wind. She shouted her wants and the boy held up a package, naming the price, which evidently did not please his customer, as she shook her head and gazed farther afield, while the Hester street Romeo, seeing a more promising subject, darted off with his wares. Observing this a very old peddler with similar wares who had watched the whole proceeding, shook the packages aloft, his depressed old face brightening as he called out his lower price and hobbled quickly across the road, glad to climb the flights of stairs to sell two cents worth of hairpins.

To the amateur marketer, the wares seemed wonderfully low priced; to the regular habitue they must appear otherwise. Else why the floods of Yiddish that follow when an article becomes the object of notice—Yiddish that is evidently the vehicle of vehement laudation on the seller's part and as voluble de-

preciation on that of the buyer as the goods are held up, turned over and rigorously examined. If the colloquy end in a sale the article is wrapped up in a newspaper; if no sale is made the vender seems perfectly satisfied and philosophically looks around to discover other customers less fastidious, after replacing the rejected goods.

There is very little display of anger or unseemly eagerness to sell, and no quarreling noticeable in the Jewish market. There is plenty of pushing and jostling—the narrowness of the streets and the crowded wares make it unavoidable. But the jostlers mean no harm and the jostled ones understand and take it accordingly.

FARMING REINDEER.

How many boys and girls are there who know that their Uncle Sam, the nickname of the government of the United States, is engaged in the raising of reindeer? Such is the fact. Shortly after the gold fever broke out in Alaska the need was felt for some animal accustomed to cold weather and fleet of foot as well to take the places of horses, which do not thrive in that region of snow. So a few dozen reindeer were brought from northern Europe and sent out there to see if they would answer the purpose. The experiment was considered by a great many persons as being more curious than useful at the time, and a good deal of fun was poked at it. But the introduction of the animals into Alaska has made a great many Eskimos self-supporting and has saved small villages from the annual recurrence of starvation times which used to be the rule.

The manner in which the reindeer are distributed is this: A herd of deer, numbering usually one hundred is loaned by the government to a mission station. The government reserves the right to call on the stations for the return of the same number of deer as it loaned after three years.

The missionaries select the best natives of whom they know and take them as apprentices in the reindeer herding and raising business. At the end of a year of training each apprentice gets three deer as a loan.

If he takes good care of these for four years and has bred deer from his original stock the station lends him fifty deer and he may then begin to sell surplus reindeer or kill them for food. But all this time he must keep the original number of deer in good condition. If any die he must be breeding others to take their places.

If he has proved faithful after the end of twenty years the government gives him the entire herd. So by good, hard work the Eskimo can become self-supporting in a few years and in twenty years he can become a rich man.

OIL OF RATTLESNAKES.

IN Pennsylvania the oil of rattlesnakes is preserved most carefully as a liniment especially good for sore joints and for rheumatism. In procuring the oil the dead snake is nailed head and tail to a board and cut open. The fat is taken out and laid upon a cloth in the hot sun, from which the filtered oil drips into a jar. From fear that the reptile may have bitten itself the clear oil is tested by dropping a portion of it into milk. If it floats in one globule, it is regarded as unaffected;



USED IN THE MOKI SNAKE DANCE.

if, on the other hand, it breaks into beads and curdles the milk, it is judged to be poisonous and thrown away.

CARRYING OUT HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

PRIOR to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeant and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow. The regiment will meet on the parade grounds in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed, as usual." Whereupon the sergeant drew up the following order of the day: "Tomorrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

COWBELLS IN THE HIMALAYAS.

SWISS cowbells have been introduced into the Himalayas as a protection for cattle against tigers. The tigers are said to run as soon as they hear the bells.

FRENCH people always have their election days on Sundays.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 8.

SUPPOSE for a change of line of thought we discuss something sure to happen and yet very difficult to explain, common and all as it is. If somebody bought the farm and decided to do away with the lane, took down the fences, grubbed up the briars, and generally cleared it out, and then had it plowed over and harrowed just the same as the field on either side, something very queer would happen. It is not at all unusual for it happens every time, but it has never yet been fully explained.

In the place of all these briars, bushes, weeds, and flowers, there would spring up a life different from any of the plants that had gone before and probably unlike anything near at hand. It is a fact that when a pine forest is cleared out the second growth is something entirely different, and this is true when an oak woods is cut down and then allowed to grow up again. There comes up a lot of trees and set of plants entirely different from what grew there before, and this has never fully been explained. The same would happen in the case of our plowed-up lane, though just what would come cannot well be foretold without a trial.

Now, no one plant ever changes into another, under no circumstances whatever, and the seeds of the new crop must have been there originally, and we simply give them a chance to grow. This is what happens in a field of wheat where the conditions are not favorable for the growth of wheat and a fine crop of chess or cheat takes its place. A great many farmers, probably the majority of them would say that the wheat had turned to cheat, but the botanist knows better, and it is just as impossible as for a number of families to move out of a tenement house to-night, where you had always seen them, and coming back to-morrow you would find that every man, woman and child in the house were Africans. It might excite our wonder, but none of us would believe, or even offer as explanation, the suggestion that white people had turned to black over night. The moving might have taken place without our knowledge, but we would know that there was nothing miraculous about it. And thus in the clearing left to itself a second growth is sometimes, in fact every often, something entirely different, and which we did not know existed there. The seeds that went to make the new crop where the lane used to be were always there. That is to say, they were there before the lane was disturbed, and then when

the conditions were favorable they sprouted at once and took possession. This fact we can notice very well in digging a cellar. The dirt is hauled out in piles and spread over the field when something happens to prevent the completion of the cellar and all work stops. Wherever that ground is there grows a distinctive crop of weeds unlike those that belong naturally to the place. And this has been remarked by almost everybody who has noticed these things much, and nobody has ever been able to give a clear and accurate reason for the situation.

Doubtless there are many older readers of the INGLENOOK, who are interested in the Nature Study talks, who will be able to call to mind just such instances. The thing I want to bring before the class is that in no instance is the change the result of a change in the plant in any way, but rather the development of weeds and other plants, the seeds of which have been in the ground and have only waited a chance to germinate.

If we were to take a shovelful of mud out of the bottom of a millpond and place it under a glass bell or an overturned glass bowl, and put it in the sun where it would have warmth and moisture, and other elements of growth, we would be surprised at the number of plants that would come up. And if we turned it over and broke it up we would get still more. In fact we would get no end of them. It would be a very interesting thing for our older readers, who know familiar instances of the upspringing of strange plants on new ground, to contribute to the Nook a statement of the facts as they have observed them. People who have gone out on the prairies of the Dakotas where nobody has ever lived, and who have broken up the soil will be, perhaps, able to tell something very interesting as to what vegetable forms followed the overturning of the soil. A writer in a New York paper refers to this as follows:

"Men who are eminently successful in commercial life often recreate on fads or hobbies rather than by shooting or fishing, yachting or automobiling, and more often than not their mental inclination is toward something that other men would regard as puerile. We have a wealthy banker whose delight is in studying seeds and seed life, particularly the duration of dormant vitality. In a collection of many hundred millions of seeds he has in black bottles, hermetically sealed, grass seeds from lawns in ancient cities that were destroyed and covered up centuries ago. These he declares, will grow as soon as exposed to air and moisture.

"I will bear witness to this: A farmer, in order to grade the yard in front of his house, removed a mound that was known to have existed over one hundred years, digging down some seven or eight feet from the top. The earth was a reddish clay, slightly moist. Within twenty-four hours clover was sprouting on the bald spot, and in a week the leaves covered the ground. The seeds had lain dormant there more than a century. Why cannot science explain this phenomenon, familiar to every countryman in this city: Cut down a pine forest and scrub oak will grow on the land; cut down an oak forest and scrub pine will grow? The original forest may have been there since the flood. I wonder if you were to cut down all the forests of men what sort of stock would grow?"

* * *

ANIMAL MIND.

THE fact may not be flattering to the human race, but it is nevertheless true, as recent scientific investigation proves, that there is very little difference between the minds of animals and those of men. Those variations that exist are those of degree rather than of quality. On the whole the investigator in question thinks that animals certainly have some glimmering of reason. With regard to the senses of hearing and sight he has found that some animals can hear sounds inaudible to us and can perceive rays of light that are invisible to the human eye. Atmospheric vibrations varying from 33 to 30,000 per second strike the human ear and produce the sense of sound. But certain animals can hear vibrations more rapid than this—that is, they can hear higher notes than we can.

In the same way vibrations of the ether impinging on the human retina produce the sense of color. These, measured on the ample scale of millions of millions per second, vary in number from 400 to 700. By the aid of the thermometer and of photography, respectively, we have discovered the existence of rays beyond the red at one end of the spectrum and beyond the violet at the other. It has been found that animals are sensitive to rays beyond the violet end. It is, therefore, quite possible that the world around us is to animals "full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see and of sounds which we cannot conceive."

* * *

ANIMAL GREEDINESS.

A WRITER in *Longman's*, discussing animal ways, says:

It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals which have often, by the force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will

eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pilchards on board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life.

A snake which thrusts its head through the palings to seize an unwary frog and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian and to deftly draw it through by the leg so as to swallow it on the safe side of the palings, but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side in company with a frog would consume it on the premises and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.

* * *

CLAM SHELLS ARE USEFUL.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that the opalescent layers of the oyster shell are not the sole available material for button-making, as has long been believed by the trade, and that clams, mussels and other bivalves, not to speak of many conches, are of nearly, if not quite, equal value. The first result of these examinations was the prompt utilization of other shells and a consequent reduction in the price of oyster mother-of-pearl and of buttons made from that substance.

Thus far the best clam discovered is the pearl clam of the Mississippi and the other rivers of that region. The sea clams are useful, but the inner linings are not so lustrous or iridescent. The deep-sea clam, with its rich indigo color, makes a showy and rather popular button. The soft clam, or Rhode Island clam, has often a beautiful play of color upon its inner surface, but is usually too thin and fragile. The hard clams or cohogues vary extensively. A few have brilliant interiors; the majority are very dull.

The treatment is about the same in all cases. The clam must be gathered so as not to injure the shell. They are washed and then boiled with a small amount of alkali, either washing soda or lime being added to remove any grease or dirt held by grease.

* * *

FOREST covers thirty-six per cent of Russia's total area, or, in all, 464,500,000 acres. In other words, there are four acres of forest to every inhabitant of Russia.

* * *

FROG skin makes the toughest leather known in proportion to its thickness.

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A HINT OF LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life

And even when you find them,

It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,

And look for the virtues behind them;

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light

Somewhere in the shadows hiding.

It is better by far to hunt for a star

Than the spot on the sun abiding.

The world will never adjust itself

To suit your whims to the letter;

Some things must go wrong your whole life long;

And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the infinite,

And go under at last in the wrestle;

The wiser man shapes into God's good plan,

As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

* * *

SOME QUESTIONS.

THE NOOK is in receipt of a letter asking whether it is right for a dairyman who peddles milk on Sunday to act as Sunday-school superintendent. If this question had been asked by the milkman, himself, there would have been a difference in this answer. However, the Editor feels constrained to make some remarks on such questions.

In the first place the Nook is not a competent judge of any such cases. The circumstances surrounding a question always determine its moral aspect. A thing may be very wrong in one situation and very right in another. The necessity of a situation, not self-imposed, must govern our actions. For example, none of us believe that it is right that a man should build a boat on Sunday for the purpose of fishing for pleasure. But if the house of this man is surrounded by water, steadily rising, and sure to overwhelm and

drown his family of helpless children, is he not justified in any form of manual labor to avert the disaster? This is precisely the point at issue. It all depends on the unavoidable necessities of the case, and it may be added, the matter of mercy involved. No work that can safely be put off should be done on a Sunday. We are equally sure that a positive necessity, on grounds of mercy, can not safely be ignored. While the written law is an austere instrument, the works of necessity or mercy forever take precedence of the letter.

Whether the milkman is or is not doing right, he is the judge, and we are not. It takes the wisest man among us to justly determine the right or wrong of a thing, after hearing both sides. It would be folly to attempt it on a hearing of neither side, but presented only as an abstract proposition.

* * *

LIVING ALWAYS.

DID you ever go away from your childhood's home and then, after a term of years, return to find all changed and yourself unknown? You were sorry you came and go back saddened. It would be precisely this way if we could live forever. It would be the saddest thing that could come to us.

Did you ever stop to think of it? If we lived on in a few years our friends would, one and all, have taken their leave of us. Not one would be left. The last white-haired, feeble old man, hardly recognizing us, would go out into the shadows and we would be left alone. Another set of friends would grow up around us and then the tragedy would be repeated. Our life would be one long mourning season.

The home we built would crumble down and the trees we planted would die. Strangers would come, bide with us for a time, and then leave us forever. Earth would be a graveyard and life a burden. Thank God for the door of death which leads away from this waiting place.

* * *

THE VALUE OF A HOME.

SOME people who have never had the experience are very apt to envy the life of the hotel and boarding house people. They think that their freedom from care, and apparently easy surroundings are most desirable. This is the view of a lack of knowledge and experience. Quite the contrary is the fact.

The real truth is that nobody ever had a home that was managed by others. There is the absence of the personal equation, the inability to change things more than a touch here and there, the certainty that all that is done for you has pay at the bottom of it, and the ever-present if unspoken thought of what would happen if you got sick. Of course this thing of having a temporary home where you pay is a necessity for

many people, and perhaps for all of us at times, but it is never the real thing.

The Nook advises its young people to early get a home of their own, and an empty hogshead in a vacant field, managed by themselves, will be more of a real home than the first floor front at ten dollars a week. What they put into their own home is a reflection of themselves, not of others.

* * *

THE BEST SIDE OF TRAVEL.

FORCED travel is something tiresome beyond expression. When one starts on a journey over territory he has covered before, there is only the feeling that the sooner it is over the better. People who have to go much are not elated over the fact that they have to leave a pleasant home.

But there is a better side to it, and that is when the journey is all arranged for long ahead, and every taste of anticipation has been enjoyed. The work behind has been parceled out so that there will be no trouble, and with good health and ample means such people can start off on a long trip, see friends and enjoy themselves all the time they are gone, and return with an experience of a lifetime, having something to think about for years to come.

The Nook recommends this sort of traveling to the family. If one can save up money enough, and has the time, and can get off, there is no better enjoyment than going to some great city, and systematically exploring it day by day, till the parks, the stores, the art galleries, and the show places generally, are exhausted. Where, do you ask? Well, what do you think of Chicago? There may be several weeks spent there to decided advantage and when you have seen it all run down to the Nook office and tell us about it.

* * *

THE POINT OF VIEW.

NEARLY everything in life depends on the point of view,—the angle of observation. Take the matter of the flight of time. The boy looks forward to the time when he shall be a man, and it looks very far away. The suggestion of what he will be when he is fifty seems like an impossible condition. It is as far as the stars.

When the man of fifty looks back over his youth it seems as yesterday, and the months and years follow each other like the visible revolutions of a wheel. The earth has not swerved or stayed at all in its time-making, but our relation to things about us marks it off faster as we go down the hill to the end. The boy wonders what will be in the future. The man wonders when it will be and he sees the hour hand moving, it speeds so rapidly. Fast or slow the end comes,—the night and then the soul's morning.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Faith sees no clouds.

✱

All we do tells for life or death.

✱

Beware of the story of a talebearer.

✱

Do not bother others, help yourself.

✱

There is no preacher equals practice.

✱

Nothing is troublesome that love does.

✱

Before God all of us are exactly alike.

✱

One of the valuable things is a low voice.

✱

Never laugh at a good resolution of others.

✱

Pride worries us more than our real troubles.

✱

Going into debt is like eating a crop before it is sold.

✱

None are so prejudiced as those who see but a little.

✱

Everyone has his strong points as well as his weaknesses.

✱

Common sense never hurts anybody, at least not its possessor.

✱

It is only through sadness and sorrow that we learn true happiness.

✱

Some people's good deeds resemble the city bill poster's efforts.

✱

It's astonishing how much men think they know of the care of babies.

✱

Beauty is only skin deep, and occasionally it is to be had at the drugstore.

✱

Isn't it a wonder, now, where that boy got his peculiarities of disposition?

✱

Get wisdom, my son, but there's such a thing as paying too high a price for it if you seek it in the school of experience.

✱

Some people are born great, some have greatness thrust on them, others hunt it all their lives, and a good many don't care anything at all about it.

THE FABRICATION OF PERFUMES.

A PLAIN-FRONTED factory in a back street in Hackney, hard by Shoreditch slums and Bethnal Green tenements, does not seem a fitting home for the craft that would have made mediæval magicians hide their heads and ancient soothsayers own themselves beaten.

Yet in just such a building in this unlikely quarter an attempt is being made to win back for England an industry around which all the romance of science clings. We have abolished the black capped wizard, but in his place the modern synthetic chemist has come.

In his hands rancid butter, distilled with alcohol and sulphuric acid, is transformed into the essence of pineapple. He takes putrid cheese and sugar, and brings forth a preparation that recalls memories of Pacific islands in flower time. Evil-smelling chlorine under his treatment becomes an agent for the production of the essence of the lilac, or geranium, or lily of the valley. Strong vinegar and alcohol yield the delicious flavor of the pear.

There was a time when men went for their dyes, flavorings, and scents to nature. Indigo, for example, was made from the indigo plant. To-day it is made without it by the chemist at a fraction of the cost, and many of the old indigo plantations now lie waste. Lily of the valley and other scents were extracted from flowers; this is no longer necessary. The chemist will tell you that the artificial product is better, since in the extraction of perfume from the flower valuable properties are left behind or destroyed, and even some undesirable ones remain. The artificial product, properly made, contains the properties of the perfume in the proportions in which they originally existed in the flower.

Science has stepped in to supply the shortcomings of nature. Faraday and Wohler, nearly eighty years ago, found out how multitudes of new and interesting substances could be created and artificially made.

It is an old story now how this new branch of chemistry, which in part originated in this country, was allowed to drift out of our hands. Here we had neither the facilities nor the encouragement necessary for the long years of research work which had to be faced. Till quite recently young men could not learn if they would. And our manufacturers did not seem especially anxious to encourage them. Rule of thumb methods and the absence of exact research had to be paid for. Germany secured almost a monopoly. To-day it buys our coal tar and sells us back its aniline dyes. The aniline dye industry, originally a British invention, employs in Germany alone fifteen thousand men, and we import from there ninety per cent of the dyes we use ourselves.

In the essential oil of scents our record was even worse. It is this that lends special interest to the ef-

fort now being made to win back one branch of the trade by adopting the methods which in Germany have proved so successful. The house of Bush of Hackney has for generations been a prominent British scent and flavoring essence maker on the old lines. It has scent farms and depots in many lands. To the general public a firm like this is not well known, for firms that prepare the primary matter of scents do not deal with the public. Their business is to cater for the advertising perfume manufacturers, who in turn combine, prepare, and place scents on the market.

While the British house was steadily pursuing the old way, in common with others, it found our markets being more and more invaded by German chemists. About three years ago it resolved to meet the Germans on their own ground. It was not a thing that could be done in a moment, for the formulas for producing artificial perfumes are among the most jealously guarded trade secrets.

The first start had to be made in the laboratory. For nearly two years Dr. Isherwood, himself trained at Wurzburg, and his assistants, toiled over minute experiments. A quantity of the essential matter of a plant would be obtained and analyzed. The raw material thus dissected would perhaps cost two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars. The first thing was to find exactly of what the perfume consisted. Why does the rose give forth its odor? What causes the scent of the lily to be of one kind and that of the geranium another? Easy questions to ask, but not so easy to answer. And when the answer was obtained the fight was only at its beginning. The next step was so to combine artificial material as exactly to reproduce this scent.

To see a reeking chemical heated, distilled in a vacuum, combined with even more evil smelling stuffs, and then come forth so as to be indistinguishable from the scent which one's grandmother produced from her flower garden seems miraculous. And to do it meant years of experiment and disappointment.

When the chemists had done the first part of their work the business had only begun. For the same thing had to be done under commercial conditions. The result might be satisfactory in the laboratory. Would it prove equally so in the workshop? Before this could be ascertained a special plant had to be designed to reproduce the results achieved on the small scale. A frequent and great source of difficulty was to find a material to withstand the corrosive action of many of the reagents necessary. More often than not unforeseen conditions made themselves apparent when the large apparatus was first set to work, and this frequently necessitated a complete rearrangement. Then they had to go back to combat these new difficulties. In addition to all this workmen had to be trained, for something more than routine is wanted here.

It is only two or three months since the British makers could place their output on the market. They reckoned on a hard fight, and doubtless will have it, for when a field has been for so long occupied by foreign firms, it will not be regained in a moment. But already the results are proving more than satisfactory. The British goods are making their way in Germany itself, and also in France, which formerly bought German manufactures, and, further, a new British import trade is being built up in the United States.—*London Mail*.

* * *

WHY SOME FOODS GET SOUR.

IT is a matter of common knowledge, for which all sorts of explanations have been given, that milk, beer and other liquid and solid foods, may turn sour during a thunderstorm. The phenomenon does not appear to be thoroughly understood, but it seems pretty certain that the electrical disturbances in the air have something to do with it, although this was formerly denied. But whether these disturbances are directly or whether they simply favor some atmospheric condition that brings about the souring is not so certain. It has been suggested by the *Lancet* that an ozonized state of the air due to electric souring or that the formation of nitrous discharge has something to do with the acid in the air is responsible for the change. It is, however, not probable that the atmosphere undergoes any chemical change sufficient to account for the extent to which certain foods "turn." Moreover, any important quantity of ozone or nitrous acid would be calculated to exert a preservative effect, as both are powerful antiseptics.

It may be urged again that the phenomenon is due to oxidation by means of ozone, but this can hardly be the case, in view of the larger quantities of beer and milk that are soured in relation to the very small quantity of ozone which a thunderstorm produces. In the case of meat, at any rate, the "turning" can scarcely be attributed to the action of ozone or of oxygen. The change is probably due not directly to chemical agencies, but purely to a disturbance of the electric equilibrium. It is well known that an opposite electrical state is set up by induction, so that an electrical condition of the atmosphere induces a similar condition, though opposite in character, in the objects on the earth.

Although these changes are most marked during a thunderstorm, undoubtedly they occur at other times, though not to the same degree, when there is no apparent electric disturbance. But even when the sky is clear the atmosphere may exhibit considerable electric tension. The electroscope constantly shows that a conducting point elevated in the air is taking up a positive charge, as a rule, of electricity, the tension rising with the height of the points.

This effect increases toward daybreak until it reaches a maximum some hours after sunrise. It then diminishes until it is weakest a few hours before sunset, when again it rises and attains a second maximum some hours after sunset, the second minimum occurring before daybreak. There are accordingly constant changes of electrical tension going on, changes, however, which are more rapid and much more marked during a thunderstorm and which are quite powerful enough to exert an evil influence on certain articles of food and drink susceptible to change, notably meat, milk and beer or cider.

* * *

MAKING BUBBLES.

BLOWING soap bubbles used to be more popular among the boys and girls than it is in these days, but still there is plenty of amusement to be had by those skillful in the art. These spheres are too frail to last long, it is true, but there is a way of making them far tougher than is common—so tough, indeed, that they will roll around the carpet of a room for some time before bursting. Into a pint of warm water shave a piece of brown laundry soap about an inch square, containing a good proportion of lye. When this is thoroughly dissolved add a tablespoonful of gum arabic and stir till melted. Then a teaspoonful of glycerin is necessary and lastly a quart of cold water.

If the bubble-makers are not very little people and know how to keep the water out of their mouths wonderfully colored bubbles can be made by separating this mixture into cups and adding a pinch of different diamond dyes to each. But for little people strawberry or currant juice for pink bubbles and orange juice for yellow are perhaps safer. The lye in the soap plus the glycerin increases the brilliancy of the bubbles and the gum gives them elasticity. Hot water is necessary to dissolve the various ingredients, but unless cold water is added they expand and break too rapidly in the blowing process. A curious pipe that will blow several bubbles at one time can be obtained from any kindergarten supply-house.

* * *

STONE CLOTHING.

THE weaving of stone into material for clothing, the making of flexible and lasting granite trousers, black marble coats and fancy onyx waistcoats may be a possibility of the future, weavers say. Already curtains are made of asbestos and cloth manufactured from chalk, while a certain spinner has an armchair covered with a soft and silky fabric of Titian red which he wove toilsomely out of rock-red shell.—*Industrial Journal*.

* * *

IN Germany the state debt amounts to nearly sixty dollars per capita of population.

FOR THE PERSON WHO CAN'T SLEEP.

AFTER all the experienced sleepers who have told in the papers of the last century or so just how to sleep when you can't sleep, there now comes one with a new method. It would be supposed that all the methods had been exhausted, like the sleepless persons who have tried them, but it seems not. The new discovery is that you can sleep best where there are noises of irregular nature and recurrence. It is suspected that this method has the same advantage as the air gun mentioned in a current play, that it can be used only by the inventor.

He is true to his city. He prefers a front room somewhere in the middle of the city to a back room up-town. The back rooms up-town are too quiet for him. Down-town there are irregular noises—trolley cars, which approach with a low hum, rising to a whoop and sometimes a scream and a clang as they arrive, and then depart with a clash, fading into a murmur and a soothing pur; wagons, which rattle, automobiles which buzz, men who sing lullabies, such as men do sing at 3 o'clock in the morning, when they are on their way home and think that the people whose dwellings they pass will like them; women who say "good night" many times as they reach home, and so on.

The sleeper's explanation is that noises of different sorts, recurring at irregular intervals, take his mind off deep and continued thought on any one subject, which might keep him awake. This, he maintains, a regular noise would not do. It has been suggested that if he wants his mind taken off his thoughts, he must have a bad conscience, but he offers to bet that his conscience is as good as the next man's. The next man, though blessed with much sporting blood, declines to take the bet, because there is no way of settling it.

It has generally been believed that for most persons a more likely way to induce sleep is to produce on the mind a sense of monotony, rather than of variety. The experience of the witness just quoted seems to resemble that of the sleepy headed people, in an old story, who always went to sleep the moment they began to be interested in anything. He even goes so far as to maintain that the old method of thinking of driving pigs under a gate owes its efficacy to the variety of the operation rather than to its monotony. The probable truth is that nobody ever did go to sleep driving pigs under a gate anyway.

Of the other stale ways of bringing on reluctant sleep, the most seem to be aimed at the production of a sense of monotony and the freeing of the mind from every thought of any possible variety or interest. One of the most familiar, probably as useless—and also as useful—as any, is to think of an endless flock of sheep jumping over a wall. Another is to

think of repeated waves breaking on the beach. Akin to this is one purporting to come from India, which is to say continually to one's self, "Om-om-om-om," "om" being, it is said, the Indian word for sea. Anybody who thinks or knows that "om" is not an Indian word for sea is at liberty to say so; the writer does not know. To count a hundred is almost too old a way of going to sleep to deserve mention, but here is one which may not be so old to some. Open your eyes as wide as possible and stare straight up at the ceiling above you. Of course you won't see it, because it will be dark, but stare as if you did see it. It is said that the weariness of doing this will put you to sleep. You may think that it is more comfortable to stay awake and not do it. You must be your own judge about that; perhaps it is.

As to the value of sounds, many doubtless would prefer some sort of sound to the absolute quiet which seems essential to others, but of those who prefer sound it is likely that the great majority would vote for monotonous ones. To be awakened by the stopping of a clock is by no means an unusual experience, and any one who has been in the habit of sleeping in a room with a clock knows how disturbing it is to sleep without it.

There was a sea captain once who decided to pass his last days on shore, but found that he could not sleep without the sounds to which he had been accustomed, and he had to hire a man to throw pails of water against his window, and then sleep sat upon his eyelids. There was a woman whose husband died, and she missed his snoring so that she found sleep impossible till she got a man to saw wood under her window.

* * *

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

"ONE of the most curious hallucinations commonly cherished nowadays," said a New York collector, "is that whatever is old must necessarily be precious and valuable. If you go into the shop of a dealer in antiques you will sometimes find yourself wondering whether there is anything which he could not classify and sell as a curio or a relic, provided it were only shabby, threadbare and worn out enough.

"I remember, a few years ago, when I was on a visit to an old-fashioned settlement on the south shore of Long Island, noticing the great number of old wooden chairs that were out on the veranda of the house where I stopped.

"It was late in the fall. Rainstorms were almost of daily occurrence. I was the only guest in the house, and had there been others none would have sat on the veranda. Yet here was a lot of furniture left out at the mercy of the weather, which might better have been stored away till the next summer.

"When I spoke about it to my host—a leathery old salt, who had been a whale fisherman before he became a summer boarding house keeper, he grinned and said he reckoned "them cheers" would be about seasoned against next spring.

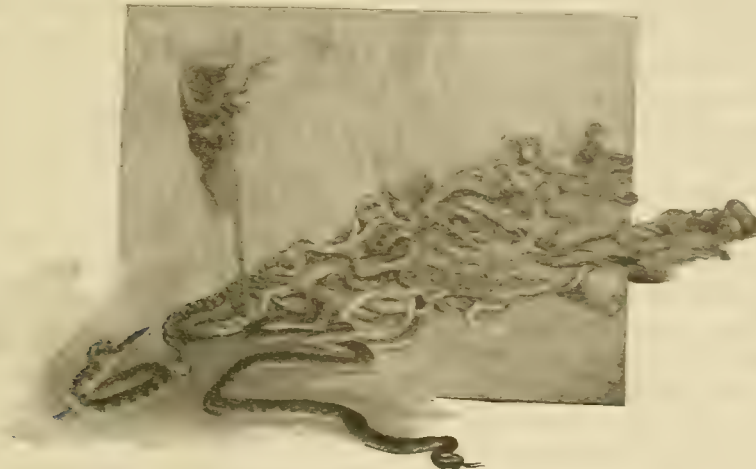
"Then it came out that he bought them by the dozen from a factory in Brooklyn, where they were manufactured after an antique model, left them out of doors all winter to get rickety and weather-beaten, and sold them to his summer boarders at good prices as genuine old Colonial furniture, which had belonged to the house—which was really very old—in his grandfather's time.

"His garret was filled with spinning wheels, and-irons, brass candlesticks and other gear, all equally

no secret to the initiated that the manufacture of these antiques is extensively carried on in Brooklyn, and while Long Island probably consumes the bulk of the supply a considerable quantity is also sent into Connecticut, and some, no doubt, is sold in this city in the curio shops.

"But its best market is still on Long Island, for there in a manner such commodities sell themselves to the summer residents who swarm to the country from the beginning of June to the end of September. Their appetite is whetted by the pleasure of what they believe to be accidental discovery.

"If a dealer in town offered them the same things they might, perhaps, regard them with suspicion, and would, at any rate, haggle over the price. But let



READY FOR THE DANCE.

modern and all growing tarnished, stained and grimy with dust and damp under the leaky roof to prepare them for a similar market, and in an old woodhouse in his back lot was a cargo of the same kind of stuff, in similar course of ripening.

"There ain't really nothin' you can't sell to them city folks," said my host, growing confidential, "so long as you don't try to sell it to 'em. All I does is to let them things sort o' stand around.

"When the boarders come down they soon begin to rummage about. They get into the garret and find things. They run across things in the woodshed. They land on somethin' or other in the barn.

"Then they begin to dicker, and it's my turn to dicker back."

"This very house was once filled with genuine old household stuff. But that was a dozen years ago. The caprice of fashion created a demand for the quaint furniture, china, pewter ware and the like which was to be found in this part of the country, and for a time a harvest was reaped from the curio-hunters.

"When the legitimate stock was exhausted, it was replaced by counterfeits, until soon there was a regular trade in bogus antiques throughout the district. It is

them think they have found something out for themselves, and they will swallow the bait whole."

* * *

A BISHOP'S COMPLIMENT.

WHEN Dr. Clark of Rhode Island was elected bishop and was paying his last pastoral calls before entering upon his bishopric, he visited, among others, a lady of his congregation, a good housewife, who was distinguished for the size of her family. After he had stayed a little while the good doctor arose to go and the lady said to him: "But, doctor, you haven't seen my last baby, have you?" "No, madam," answered the doctor, "and I never expect to."

* * *

ELECTRICITY IN DENTISTRY.

ELECTRICITY is taking the place of gas and ether in dental extraction. The current, which is of the form called high frequency, is applied to the jaw where the operator desires to render it insensible by means of a heat apparatus, and the patient feels nothing more than a slight heating of the affected part. This method is much safer than gas, cocaine and other anesthetics.

WHY POLAR EXPLORERS QUARREL.

PLACE fifty men in any spot where they see no other members of their own race, and the result will soon be disastrous, so far as the maintenance of good temper and amicable relations is concerned. In the Polar regions, where there is darkness for half the year, with comparative idleness and privation, the ruin of good fellowship is an absolute certainty.

The members of a Polar expedition are selected because they are strong, full of energy; such men are ambitious to do something. Now, imagine those men shut up amid the ice, inactive, and with insufficient amusements, without change of society, and without the softening and refining influence of the fair sex, and it will not be difficult to understand that the depressing effect of this combination of adverse circumstances is a disposition to quarrel with one's fellows on the most slender provocation.

It seems ridiculous that one man should quarrel with another because the latter puffed at his pipe in a certain style. The smoker had puffed in that manner since he first went on board, and there was nothing irritating or offensive in it, but on this occasion the objector considered himself aggrieved and the men came to blows. This accident occurred on an antarctic expedition two years ago, and now that the objector is away from the fields of ice he is utterly at a loss to account for his fit of bad temper.

On another occasion, the leader of the same expedition found it advisable to make enemies of two of his men in order to make them friendly with one another. These two men had quarreled about some trifling circumstance, and became such bitter enemies in a few hours that he was rather afraid of the result. He called both to his cabin at the same time and rated them unmercifully for a supposed breach of discipline; the two men retired full of hatred for their commander on account of his injustice, and the fact that they had a common cause against their leader made them friends again.

He saw them talking together very earnestly three or four times during the rest of that day and the morning of the next, and he judged that his object had been secured, and that it was time to counteract their enmity toward himself. Once more he had them in, explained that he had made a mistake, and tendered a manly apology. The men were delighted, and the incident closed happily. But it was a dangerous expedient.

One of the devices adopted by the commander of another Polar expedition was to give one or two of the sledge dogs to each man, with instructions to make pets of them, that the animals might work better. The reason assigned for this act was satisfying to the men, but it was not the real reason, as the dogs could have been relied on with ordinary attention; the real object was to provide the men with something to do

and to think about, to provide them with some other form of society. It was a very successful ruse; many a time a man, feeling tired and disgusted with the society of his few fellow-creatures, has retired, morose and quarrelsome, to a corner with his dog, and has returned an hour later quite a different individual.

No device, however, can be adopted with certainty of success, as was demonstrated in the case of a commander who hit upon the same idea as the preceding. The men thought so much of their particular pet that they quarreled with their shipmates for working it too hard and trying to spare their own pets. Almost every sledge trip that took place gave rise to some disagreeable incident respecting the dogs; disputes arose from a remark that "My dog can lick yours into smithereens" or because Jack whipped Bill's dog without cause (as Bill alleged), and so forth.

The zoologist of a South Pole expedition had a very serious dispute with the captain on a question of humanity, and had to be placed under restraint for a time. One of his objects was to obtain the skull of a seal in a perfect state; after many attempts he saw a good chance of shooting a seal, and he shot it in the neck. The poor creature was a long time dying and in considerable agony, but the zoologist made no effort to put it out of its misery.

On the captain expostulating with him, he flew into a violent rage; he was instructed to obtain a perfect skull, he said, and he was blamed for not spoiling the skull by killing the animal quickly. He overlooked the fact that he might have hastened the seal's death in some other way. Yet that man was, when at home, almost too kind to be a naturalist.

A Christmas pudding is not exactly the sort of thing to make a man quarrelsome—at least, not before having partaken of it. It happened that the vessel was heeling over a little at the time, making dinner less pleasant than it might have been. As soon as the cook appeared with the pudding, this seaman shouted to him to keep it to leeward, and indulged in the grimace known as turning up one's nose. To every one else the odor was appetizing, and a growl went round, but he stuck to his opinion, and so exasperated the cook that that worthy threw the pudding at him, and the dinner nearly ended in a general fight.

* * *

A MUCH-GOVERNED CITY.

APART from the special attractions of this year, Dusseldorf is always an exhibition in itself. It has been well described as "the garden city of the Rhine," and no town has carried municipal housekeeping to a greater extent or into more varied fields. One gets about the maximum of government which it is possible to obtain in Dusseldorf, also the extreme amount of restrictive action and control which it seems pos-

sible even for Germans to live under. To enter or leave the city the visitor must travel on the state railway, and he is put down at a handsome station. He will find that all the public service monopolies are managed by the city council, beginning with the water supply. He will have the choice between gas and electricity for light, but in each case he will have to patronize the municipality. He will ride on a splendidly equipped electric street railway, which serves not only the city, but runs into the suburbs, and is owned and operated directly by the municipality. He will have to go to the state for his telephones, and the post office will deliver his parcels as well as his letters. He will find an up-to-date harbor and docks on the Rhine, and warehouses and elevators alongside with the latest electrically-driven appliances, all in the possession of the municipal authorities. All the markets are owned by the city, which also owns model municipal slaughter houses.

There are several sets of municipal baths, including Turkish and Russian, and a free bathing station on the Rhine. There are no slums in the city, and not likely to be, as the city council has adopted a progressive housing policy. It builds municipal dwellings. A rich citizen left it money to build what are known as foundation dwellings, let at low rentals, and money is lent on easy terms from the social insurance funds to help workmen build their own houses. There is a municipal savings bank ready to receive the savings of the thrifty, another municipal bank, in which are deposited the floating balances and profits of the public service, lends money on mortgages, and there is the poor man's bank in the municipal pawnshop, ready to advance money on personal property and goods at something like twelve per cent. There are beautiful parks, a people's garden in the suburbs, a botanical garden, a zoological garden and ten miles away on the slopes of the Grabenberg hills is a municipal forest—the furthest terminus of the street railway service. A number of the parks contain municipal restaurants. In the educational field the city has, of course, its art galleries, museums of natural history and antiquities, arts and crafts; also its municipal theater, where good companies play nine months in the year and give a Shakespeare season every year.

In the sphere of education the municipality does everything—runs common schools, colleges, gymnasia, technical schools, libraries, etc. There is a state system of insurance against old age and sickness, universal pensions for workmen and a provincial fire insurance system in which the municipality takes part. When one is disabled or stricken with disease there is a municipal hospital awaiting him; when he is old and impoverished there is the municipal nursing home ready to receive him. It is conceivable that notwithstanding all these municipal benefits, he might die, but

even in death he does not escape the omnipresent municipality, for he will have to patronize the municipal undertaker—the only one—and be buried in the municipal cemetery—there is no other.—*Outlook*.

* * *

DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS.

TIME was when the Hudson Bay Company was the most powerful corporation on the American continent. The company is still in existence and its shareholders are growing rich, but not at as rapid a pace as formerly. Interest in the company has recently been revived by the report of a dividend and a bonus of five dollars and fifty cents per share at the last meeting of the corporation in London. There was a time, not so very far away, when this company was the greatest, if not the richest, in the world, that is, its operations covered a wider field than any other; its employees were more numerous, and it did more to develop its territory and preserve peace among the wild denizens than was done by statesmen and armies. It owned Canada, or most of it, and carried to its great storehouses the pelts of the beaver, otter, mink and other fur-bearing animals that were brought to its forts by the Indians, while it placated the Indians by this insurance of a market and by occasional distributions of guns, powder, blankets, flour and kickshaws for personal adornment.

But the Hudson Bay Company is forced to retire before an advancing civilization. The Indian is growing canny. He is wearing trousers and entertains hankerings for pie. Moreover, he has been so industrious in the hunt that with the help of white visitors he has killed off most of the fur-bearing animals, exterminated the buffalo, is taking salmon out of the rivers, and is putting himself and the company out of business. The company has been obliged to go into all sorts of side issues, such as the selling of real estate and the maintenance of crossroads groceries, and has abandoned its posts along what was recently the frontier. It must in time disintegrate, and the enormous territory that it possessed will pass, is now passing, into the hands of farmers, lumbermen, miners, and independent tradesmen. It did a great deal for Canada, and blazed the way for its ultimate occupancy.

* * *

GIANT OF THE EQUINE RACE.

THE greatest size a horse has been known to grow is 20½ hands high. This is the record of a Clydesdale which was on exhibition in 1889.

* * *

THE printing of the first printed Bible was finished in 1455 by Gutenberg and Faust, the year of the beginning of the War of the Roses.

DOUGHNUTS MAKE A FORTUNE.

THERE is a business woman conducting a successful enterprise in New York who laid the foundations of her fortune by frying doughnuts for the miners in the camps of Alaska a few years ago. In a single summer season she made \$10,000 in her little tent restaurant. The doughnuts sold for twenty-five cents apiece with a cup of coffee thrown in.

Part of this \$10,000 judiciously invested formed the nucleus of her present profitable business of cleaner and dyer of women's fine wearing apparel. She has expert foremen to attend to the factory part of the work and runs two shops.

"I had the gold fever when I went to Alaska," she says, "but my prospecting served no purposes but to eat up my little capital. A few weeks after arrival on the ground found me stranded and on the lookout for some practical means of livelihood.

"I had learned from an aunt to make good doughnuts. She was a thorough New England housewife and set great store by cooking. I knew that the materials for doughnuts cost less than the materials for any other sort of cake. I heard that the people in Nome were crying out for something good to eat and a friend lent me the money to go there and get the necessary tent, stove and other furnishings for starting business.

"At that time Nome consisted of miles of tents strung along the beach and extending back in rows as the houses in a city block are arranged. I planted my tent poles in a central place and from the first had all the custom I could attend to.

"Soon I had to get assistants to help serve and keep the cash, but the frying of the doughnuts I trusted to no hands but my own. If the frying isn't done in lard actually at boiling heat, a doughnut, however well made or of whatever good material, will be soggy and tough. And I wanted my standard kept up.

"At the end of the season I came away with my gains before I had time to be tempted into speculations. I expect to go back to Alaska? No, but only because I am tired of adventure and enjoy having a permanent home."

* * *

THEIR MELONS.

It is only five years since two orphan girls living in Boston started out in the world to make their fortunes. Now they are beyond the reach of want and have riches in prospect, all owing to their own enterprise and industry. They are the Misses Gage. Passing through North Carolina, whither they had gone in search of a home, they were delayed over night in a remote and isolated farmhouse, not far from the famous tobacco and cotton belt, which sweeps in all its wealth from one end of the state of North Carolina to the other.

They were practically at the end of their carefully used finances. The elder girl thought over the prospects as she rested in the shade of the farmhouse porch. She looked idly out over the rich, neglected acres of land, unused, untilled, but yet holding such glowing, unthought-of resources.

Just then the querulous voice of her landlady reached her and she listened idly to the few sentences which changed her whole future. "Not a watermelon nearer than Wilmington, except a few scrubby ones over toward 'oaks' plantation,' not fit for wild hogs to eat. Wilmington produce dealers have to send clear to Augusta and Charleston for them." The young girl looked out again over the wide expanse of acres, given to the soft, sweet winds and to jimson weeds, and a true inspiration suddenly came to her and struck her. "Can you hire or rent land cheap around here?" she asked of her hostess eagerly. "Yes, for a mere song," came the answer, and to-day there lie just west of Lumbertown five hundred acres of fair, faithful fields thick with great, luscious watermelons. The "striped sugar melon" they are called, and they rival closely the famous "rattlesnake melon" of Georgia. For miles along the side of these far-reaching fields the railroad runs, a branch built on purpose for the shipping of these same melons. During the season car after car can be seen loading the luscious fruit for cities hundreds of miles away.

A dainty summer house in Bar Harbor, one in Boston and a pretty country cottage near the great melon fields, which belong now to these two brisk girls, stand as monuments to the industry and sturdy trend of purpose so indicative of the rising young American.

* * *

EGGS.

AN English traveler who has visited every nation in the world is authority for the statement that one food is universal throughout all countries. "There is not a part of the world," he says, "where you cannot get an egg." While in western China, however, he at first had some difficulty in getting even eggs. The natives could not understand him and refused to recognize the pictures he drew as pictures of eggs. "The way I got out of the difficulty," he adds, "was that I squatted down on my haunches, flapped my wings and cock-o-doodle-doo'd until the entire nation grasped what I wanted, and I was simply provided with hundreds of eggs."

* * *

THE Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or, rather, to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet.

* * *

CAST IRON, antimony, and bismuth all expand when they cool. Most other substances contract with cold.

Aunt Barbara's Page

CRADLE SONG.

Sweetheart, sleep; night spreads her pall
Over the silent town,
And the far-off tide is musical
Where the little lines of breaking fall,
And the weary sun goes down.

Sleep, oh sleep! for the world reposes;
Droop your head like the tired roses;
Dream till the daffodil dawn uncloses
Over the sleepless sea.

White birds drift to their dizzy nest
Safe on the headland steep;
God's great rose is pale in the West,
My little rose must sink to rest
And flower in the land of sleep.

Sleep, for the wind of night is blowing
Echoes faint of the cattle lowing,
Drowsy scents of the long day's mowing,
Over the hills to me.

Now the moon like a silver ship
Steers through the starry sky;
And the lighthouse at the harbor's lip,
Where the clammy seaweeds cling and drip,
Winks with his fierce red eye.

Sleep, oh sleep! in the magic gloaming
Glide to the land where the elves are roaming;
Wake when the sun flames over the foaming
Splendid spray of the sea!

—St. John Lucas.



CAT IS PET OF PRISONERS.

THE pet of the prisoners at the Indiana State prison at Michigan City is a gray cat, said to be the largest animal of the kind in the State. It weighs twenty-two pounds, is nine years old and has been inside the big walls since it was a kitten. All over the big institution it is known as Tige.

Warden Reid, who values the animal very highly, says that Tige has a queer fondness for the prisoners, one of whom claims to be its master and from whom it receives all kinds of attention. The cat makes up with a very few of the officers, allows no familiarities on the part of strangers or visitors, but in every case expects the caress of the prisoner and gets it.

In its early days it was the cat's custom to visit the cellhouse and to make friendly calls along the ranges, rubbing its fur at each grated door and singing its little song as if it wished to purr out its sympathy for the confined. But there came a time when its place was usurped by another of its kind and this resulted in the old haunts being abandoned. This was brought about

by the cellhouse keeper bringing to his abode a kitten and the dislike occasioned by the newcomer has been unrelenting. Tige may now be seen about the yard, coming and going without hindrance. Most of the time it stays about the pumphouse, where its master holds sway and where no other feline may intrude and get away without a fight.



A LITTLE JAP IN SCHOOL.

Do you know how many letters the Japanese alphabet contains? Forty-seven. Think of it! And, besides there are ever so many word signs, some standing for a word and others for a whole sentence, which the little Japanese boy or girl must learn to know perfectly. When the young "Jap" goes to school in the morning he leaves his sandals outside the door. Then he goes in, bows very low to the teacher and takes his place beside the other children.

That is, he squats down upon a floor mat and begins to study with a book on his knee.

A very queer book you would think it if you could see it, for it begins at the back, instead of the front, and the lines run up and down the page, instead of across, as yours do.

The letters are curious too. Very much like the Chinese characters we see on packages of tea. When he learns to write he does not use a pen, but a small brush with a fine point.

Neither is his ink like ours. Rather it is what we call India ink. It is quite hard and comes in a long stick.

To use it he first pours water upon a flat stone and rubs his ink in it. Then he dips in his brush and copies the letters which the teacher has made upon the blackboard. His paper is not smooth, but quite rough and porous.

He has a very easy time when he comes to arithmetic. He does not have long tables of pounds, shillings and pence, and he knows nothing about avoirdupois and Troy weight. He does everything by tens and he counts upon his fingers.

Then, too, he has the soroban, and he does all his sums on it. It is a great frame, with wires running from top to bottom. On the wires are large wooden buttons, and it is only necessary to move these about to do any sum he wishes.—By Louise Jamison, in *Chicago Chronicle*.

The Q. & A. Department.

A train going around a curve, the inner rail being shorter, both wheels fastened to the axle, what is the result?

The faces of the wheels are such that the outer one being of greater circumference, travels faster than the inner one, and so gets around quicker than the inside one. This and the fact that the inside rail is laid lower enables the train to turn around the curve.

❖

How are the big fish of the Inglenook pictures landed by hook and line?

They are hooked in the ordinary way, and then tired out by playing them till the men in the boat get near enough to hook something in the gills and so get them aboard. It may take many hours to secure the fish, once it is hooked.

❖

What is the origin of the saying, "A Missourian has to be shown"?

The Nookman does not know the origin of the saying, but it cannot be from their absence of perception and intelligence, as there are too many Nookers in that State. Will some one please explain the origin of the phrase?

❖

What is the difference between a trade dollar and any other?

In 1873 Congress authorized the issue of a silver dollar intended for the trade in China and Japan. It was not a success, and by another act of Congress was made redeemable in standard dollars.

❖

Where can I get domesticated quail for breeding purposes? I have reference to the tame quail.

The Nookman does not know where tame quail can be bought or had for breeding. If there is such a thing, the Nook will be pleased to hear from those who know about it.

❖

Why is it that after ruling and sawing ice and then taking it all off the water, and new ice forms over night, the marks can be plainly seen on the ice made over night?

The Nookman does not know why this is true, and refers it to the Nook family for answer. In the first place, is it universally true?

❖

What became of Gaggle Goo?

Gaggle Goo, last night, was building a house of blocks on the floor, where the Nookman lives, and will be interviewed soon with reference to her opinions of things from her present angle of observation.

How was slavery introduced into the United States?

In 1619 the Dutch introduced slavery in Virginia by landing twenty Africans in that colony. Afterward it was a more or less regular trade, until suppressed by law.

❖

Would it be just as reasonable for the government to mine the different ores and oils of the country, as to exercise supervision over the coal product?

Probably yes. The question is a big one, not to be answered lightly.

❖

If gold were as common as iron would it be as valuable as it now is?

Certainly not. It would be of less real value than iron. It is of value now on account of its rarity and difficulty of accumulation.

❖

Is Uncle Tom's Cabin a true-to-life story?

It is probably overdrawn. The good people are too good, the bad too bad. It is a book that did much to precipitate the war that wiped out slavery.

❖

What State of the Union is considered the healthiest?

There can be no answer to this question. It depends upon the predisposition of the individual to disease.

❖

Does a wheel move faster above than below, for instance, a locomotive wheel?

Yes, the top moves faster than the bottom.

❖

Does the majority of people use bread as a daily article of food?

One-third of the earth's population does.

❖

How many Christian Scientists are there?

They, themselves, reported 90,000 in 1900. There are more now.

❖

Where can I purchase a map of England with shires and small towns located?

Write Rand & McNally, Chicago, Ill.

❖

How can mud stains on dark cloth be removed?

Try rubbing the spots with raw potato, then clean.

❖

How can the printed letters on flour sacks be removed? Soak the sacks in buttermilk before washing.

❖

What is the total railroad mileage of the United States? About two hundred thousand miles.

The Home



Department

MUSLIN COVER FOR HOTBEDS.

BY SISTER AMANDA WITMORE.

MAKE a frame that will fit snugly over the hotbed box, strengthened by a few crossbars, over which tack unbleached muslin, such as usually costs about six cents per yard. Give the upper surface a coat of raw linseed oil in which two eggs, well beaten, had been stirred, the quantity of oil being about one pint. This makes it waterproof and translucent. It has the advantage over the glass cover, being light and the seeds not burning so easily as under glass.

McPherson, Kans.

BLACKBERRY PIE.

BY ALICE SMITH.

DRAIN canned blackberries. Place the berries in pie-plates lined with rich paste. Put the juice in a saucepan, add sugar and cornstarch. Boil until thick, pour over the berries and put crust on top and bake.

GINGER COOKIES.

BY LYDIA POYSER.

ONE cup bakers' molasses, one cup sugar, one cup lard, two eggs, one tablespoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls vinegar and two tablespoonfuls ginger. Mix all together well with just enough flour to make a dough thick enough to roll nicely.

A REMEDY FOR AGUE.

BY A. C. NOEZIGER.

TAKE a medium-sized nutmeg and a piece of alum the size of nutmeg. Pulverize and thoroughly mix them and divide into three doses. For an adult a dose in the morning before breakfast for three mornings.

A GOOD FURNITURE POLISH.

BY JESSIE M. BAKER.

ONE part raw linseed oil and two parts turpentine. Be sure the oil is *raw*.

JEWISH COOKING.

[From the Cooking Club.]

Spanish Braised Beef.

INGREDIENTS.—Four pounds of brisket, one pound of carrots, one pound of turnips, one pound of leeks, two tablespoonfuls of Scotch oatmeal, pepper, salt, blade of mace, two bay leaves, sweet herbs, two quarts of water or beef broth.

METHOD.—Slice and mix all the vegetables and lay half of them in a saucepan. Roll the meat in the oatmeal, season it with pepper and salt, and place it on the vegetables. Cover it with the rest of the vegetables and pour the water or beef broth over it, allowing enough to cover, or about one quart over. Close the pan, boil up slowly, skim, and cover it up well again, and then let it simmer for four hours. Serve the meat in the center of a hot dish and garnish with the vegetables. Remove the fat from the liquor and pour the latter round the meat and vegetables.

Spiced Beef.

INGREDIENTS.—Ten pounds of brisket of beef, one-half pound of salt, two ounces of juniper berries, two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of black pepper, two ounces of allspice.

METHOD.—Pound all the spices and seasoning together and rub them well into the meat daily for four days, turning the meat well over. Boil the meat gently for five hours, and on removing it from the stewpan, place it between two plates and press it with heavy weights. Glaze it the next day when quite cold. This meat will keep good for a fortnight, when cooked, and makes an excellent cold side dish and is also useful for sandwiches.

Beef Stewed with Haricot Beans.

INGREDIENTS.—Three pounds of lean brisket, one onion, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one ounce of dripping, three-fourths of a pint of haricot beans, three-fourths of a pint of cold water, one tablespoonful of flour; pepper, salt and ground ginger to taste.

METHOD.—Soak the beans over night. Chop the onion finely, fry it in the dripping, add the flour, seasoning, sugar, soaked beans and water. Stew the meat and vegetables, etc., very gently for four or five hours. Serve hot.

LITERARY.

The World's Work, New York. This splendid review for March is before us. While there are many reviews, all of more or less intrinsic merit, yet in a certain sense *World's Work* is the best of the lot. For one thing it is splendidly illustrated, and for another the topics are more in harmony with current happenings, such as interest men of intelligence and culture everywhere. There are also articles especially written for the Magazine such as the *Workings of a Modern Hotel*, which give the inside of a little known business. Everybody who reads has been in a modern hotel, but very few ever are in the kitchen and get to understand things as they are there. The article deals with just such facts. The general articles are of such a character that appeal to the intelligent reader of the affairs in the upper stories of human happenings. There is nothing frivolous about *World's Work*, nothing cheap and flashily illustrated, but a great deal of thought and most acceptable presentation of current happenings in the world of science, literature, art and politics. While it is not in the province of the INGLENOOK to select one periodical that comes to its desk and say that it is superior to all others, yet we will say this of *World's Work* that those who take it who are at all able to understand its scope will not be disappointed.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever, but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when and how many of you, and the reply will follow if the Editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"OUT of five magazines coming to my school room, none is so eagerly sought as the beloved NOOK by students and teachers."—*C. Willie Henry, Virginia.*

*

"THE NOOK is the best, the most interesting paper that comes to our house."—*Leona Shively, North Dakota.*

*

"I CONSIDER the INGLENOOK the cleanest and best magazine I have ever read."—*P. H. Sine, Arizona.*

"I THINK there is no other paper that can take the place of the NOOK in the home."—*Albert Morelock, Tennessee.*

*

"THE NOOK is a good, clean magazine, and no mistake about it either."—*Calvin Beam, Pennsylvania.*

*

"WE all think lots of the NOOK and would not want to do without it."—*Stella Brubaker, Illinois.*

*

"I COULD not do without your paper."—*J. C. Lehman, Iowa.*

* * *

St. Louis Post-Dispatch has what is termed a new idea for children from five to fifty years of age. A good many papers come to the INGLENOOK but none of them surpass the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in high moral tone, or in excellence as to the matter that goes to make up its pages. A great many newspapers are given over to various sundry undesirable things but the *Post-Dispatch* is a clean paper. We have wanted to say this before and take advantage of the present opportunity to get it off our mind.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick with reference.—*J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.* ¹⁸

*

WANTED.—Married man, small family, to work on farm the year round. Must have good character. Give reference. Address: *C. B. Rowe, Dallas Center, Iowa.* ¹³

*

WANTED.—To take to raise on a farm, a bright healthy girl, 10 to 13 years of age. A good home given. Address: *Box 130, Mt. Carroll, Ill.* ¹⁴

*

WANTED.—A good moral man, single, to work by the year on a farm. Begin March 1 or 15.—Address: *John Zuck, Clarence, Iowa.* ¹⁸

*

WANTED.—I want a blacksmith for a country shop. Brother preferred.—*Isaac L. Hoover, Lone Star, Kansas.* ¹⁸

*

WANTED.—A good experienced man to work on farm. Address: *F. L. Netzley, Naperville, Ill.* ¹⁸

*

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.* ¹⁸

*

WE want 2 women stenographers.—*Dunkard Co-operative Co., Chicago, Ill.* ¹⁸

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 13.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

BY MRS. LOUISA MACARTNEY CRAWFORD.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.
Kathleen Mavourneen, what! slumb'ring still?
O, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?

O, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
O, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

Mavourneen! Mavourneen! My sad tears are falling.
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

THE SHAMROCK.

VERY early in the history of the world flowers and plants were used as emblems or symbols, and, later on, were connected with the great festivals of the church and with the saints of the calendar. It has been said that the highest sphere of flowers is symbolism, and that they are less valuable for their own sakes than for the emotions which they inspire.

March seems to have a full share of Saints' Days and consequently of emblems. The 1st of March is St. David's day. St. David is the patron saint of the Welsh, and to him is dedicated the Welsh emblem—the leek.

March 17th is St. Patrick's day when all good Irishmen wear the shamrock.

The anniversary of St. Benedict falls upon the 21st and he had the honor of having a flower named for him—Herb Bennett.

March 25th is Lady-day and to the Blessed Virgin is dedicated the marigold.

The story of the shamrock is that when St. Patrick was on an evangelizing mission to Ireland, he one day

made the doctrine of the Trinity his subject, and finding that his hearers did not understand, stooped down and picked a leaf of shamrock which was growing by his feet and held up the tripartate leaf as a symbol of "the Almighty three in one." So easy and simple was the application that their difficulties were removed and they accepted Christianity, and ever since the shamrock has been the national symbol of Ireland.

There has been much dispute among botanists as to what particular plant the shamrock is, but a good authority tells us that in Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover which trails along the ground among the grass in the meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover seen in America, and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous and is difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny whitish-brown blossom.

SOME MISFIT NAMES.

You must not think that turkeys came from Turkey, for they are natives of America. Nor that Irish potatoes came from Ireland, for they are American. And the Turkish bath originated in Russia. Nor must you think camel's hair brushes are made from the hair of the humpbacked quadruped. They are mostly made from the bushy hair from the tails of animals. German silver not only is not silver at all, but it was invented in China centuries ago, and it is an alloy of some of the inferior metals. Porpoise hide is not made from porpoises at all. Cork legs are not made of cork, and they do not come from Cork. The willow tree usually furnishes material for them. Cleopatra's Needle, that wonderful obelisk of Egypt was made a thousand years before Cleopatra was born; and really had nothing to do with her. Irish stew is an English dish, Prussian blue, the beautiful color, is not a special product of Prussia, but of England. And so, you see, we frequently find that our language has names for things that are misfits.

AMONG THE MOKIS.—No. 5.

THE life at the homes of the Mokis is an interesting one. Everything belongs to the woman. The house is hers, she built it originally, and all that is in it is hers. The outdoor belongings, the fields, crops, etc., belong to the man till they are harvested and brought to the house, when they are the property of the woman. It must not be supposed that the man is lazy, and disposed to drink or gamble away his property. Quite the contrary is true.

The fields referred to are at the bottom of the mesa, and some are at quite a distance. When they are growing somebody of the owners' family is on the lookout all the time to keep off the enemies of the crop. If a cow or a goat or sheep gets into the growing corn it is killed and eaten. Should a neighbor's cow get into a cornfield, or a melon patch, and the owner is advised he kills the cow and takes the meat to the owner of the despoiled field as a sort of recompense for the damage done. In the case of a burro, the method is somewhat different. The thief has a small piece of his ear clipped off, and when he gets into the growing corn again he loses another piece, and so on. Some of the burros have lost all of both ears. Such animals do not bring a good price, nor are they ever trusted as far as a supposed honest one.

One reason for this is that the Mokis think that animals understand what they are doing in a moral way, and so their owners are responsible for their deeds.

All the ceremonial dances of the Mokis are prayers for rain. In such as have been described many visitors are apt to be present, although the trip from the railroad to the nearest Moki town involves quite a journey.

It would be very interesting to know the origin of the Moki snake dances, but unfortunately they are lost to history, unless we believe the Moki legends, which are, of course, very unreliable. But there is no doubt whatever, about the warmth of the welcome accorded the white visitor, and if any of our readers should follow the footsteps of the Nook party, they should be sure to take along with them plenty of cheap candy and tobacco. One of the very first things the Moki will hail the newcomer with is "Candy—give candy."

The Mokis are very religious people, and almost everything that they do has its corresponding ceremonial observance, and it would appear from the way they enter upon them that they are not mere form, but that they believe in them to the fullest extent.

They are heathen as far as their knowledge of Christianity goes, and their experience with the early Christians several hundred years ago, has not been conducive to their conversion. It is altogether likely that if some of our Brethren were to locate among the Mokis and secure their confidence, it would be

possible to establish a church among them. One of the first things to do in a case of that kind would be to win their confidence, which might be the most difficult part of the whole venture. It is not an easy matter to overcome a religious superstition, when it has attained to that degree that nothing is undertaken in life without a corresponding ceremonial.

No Moki ever undertakes anything without an attempt to propitiate the deities. This propitiation is generally in the form of a prayer, which is a practical thing in the form of a pink stick, or a feather painted in a certain way, which means to the Mokis a wish for the things that he wants.

Out on the desert surrounding the mesa are shrines, merely a few stones laid together, and the native who wants to present to a certain deity a prayer for help,



THE WOMAN'S DANCE.

will take one of these sticks or feathers, and run with it, often as far as ten miles, to deposit it in a shrine, where one of the native gods dealing with such things as he may desire, will be sure to find it.

Outside of their religious superstitions and their primitive Indian customs, the Mokis are a jolly lot, and are very apt to look on the humorous side of everything. Indeed, all wild people are almost universally good-natured and jolly when among themselves. This has been the writer's experience among all the wild people with whom he has lived.

The wild man, whether a town-dweller or a nomad, is one sort of man when he stands among white people, and quite another when he is in his own home and among his own friends. The idea that an Indian is taciturn and never laughs is a very great error. Quite the contrary is true, as they are constantly telling stories, and laughing among themselves according to their own likes.

Those who have been following the illustrations accompanying this Moki study will have a good idea of how they look and how they live in their native homes. They are not at all like the wild, red Indian of the plains, and in fact, it was the red Indian, who drove

them to become hill-dwellers, in order that they might get out of reach of the murderous Navajos, who never spared them, once they had a chance to get at them, although no reason has ever been assigned why the quarrel should ever have been on at all.

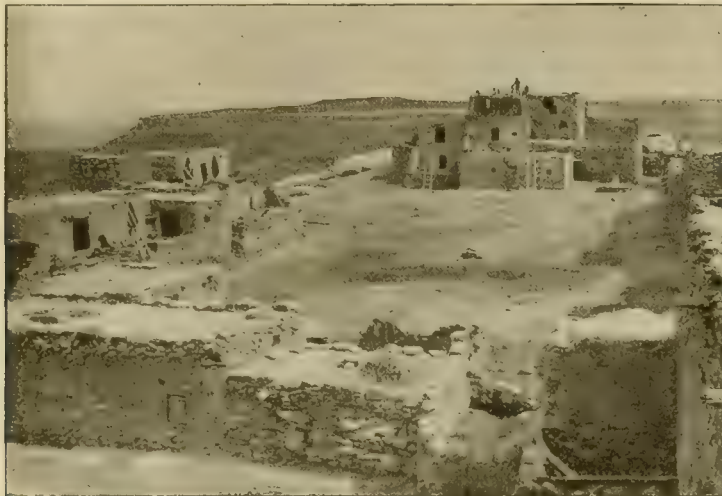
DO OLD MEN DIE FROM IDLENESS?

THERE is certainly far more evidence for the belief in the dreariness of old age after active work has been laid aside than for the shortening of life which results from the enforced inactivity. Two notable instances, and perhaps freer from doubt than most as to whether it is ennui alone that kills and not the dis-

WORMS ARE IMPORTED.

CHICAGO is obliged to import its meal worms from New Jersey.

The worm most valued from a commercial standpoint is the small, inch and a half long specimen known as the meal worm, usually found in flour mills and kindred places. It is sold at all bird stores as a dessert or piece de resistance for the family canary or parrot. The retail price for meal worms is 25 cents per hundred, and large quantities are sold. A man who sells a large number of meal worms at his bird store in State street each year says that the supply used to come from various mills around the country, the mill boys being tempted by liberal rewards to put in their noon hours



MOKI TOWN OF TEWA.

ease of old age or a more specific malady, are those of Napoleon the Great and Bismarck. The one lived six years in St. Helena, the other eight years at Friedrichsruh, each "eating out his heart." If ever there were men who ought, on the supposition, to have been killed by the total suspension of their activities, these two ought to have been, but it would be extremely difficult to show that they were. Though Napoleon was more than fifty-three, yet it was the specific disease of cancer of the stomach of which he died, and the connection between his exiled loneliness and the direct cause of his death does not seem very apparent. On the other hand, Bismarck at the age of seventy-five, when he was dismissed from the Chancellorship, could not have a likelihood of more prolonged years than he actually achieved out of office even if he had continued in office until the end. A wise man, if not too dyspeptic, will never lose touch with actual life. There are old men with young hearts, and the elder when he has a young heart is perhaps the most delightful type humanity can show us.—*Saturday Review*.

prying around behind the loose boards of the mill, exhuming the worms and sending them to Chicago.

But now the dealer receives all his supply from an old German down in New Jersey, who runs a sort of meal-worm ranch. This man breeds the worms and ships them when they are fully grown and of proper weight and color. He has a building fixed up to resemble an old mill, full of loose boards and with flour and meal plentifully sprinkled around. The unsuspecting worms are led to believe that they are boarding in a real mill until such time as they are fat enough to cause a canary bird's heart to dilate with joy. Then they are ruthlessly seized, packed into tins, and sent to market.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE OLD GREEK CUIRASS.

It is said that the Greeks had a cuirass made of linen or woolen fibres which was impenetrable to the sharpest darts or spears. That, by the way, is one of the discoveries that have not been rediscovered, for we do not know the secret of its manufacture.

SOMETHING ABOUT COCOANUTS.

WHERE is the NOOK boy or girl who does not know about cocoanuts? And everybody seems to like them. Few readers have ever seen them growing, and I wonder how many of the NOOK family know what copra is? Yet the *San Francisco Chronicle*, in an article on the subject, says that last year over \$260,000 worth of copra was imported into the country at that port.

Cocoanuts and copra, which is the dried kernel of the fruit, as they come to the port of San Francisco, are the results of skill, labor and a considerable investment in plantations which are scattered over the Polynesian islands. Our local commerce is mostly with the islands of French Oceanica, Tahiti being the assembling and shipping market and center. The Philippine islands contain a large number of wild cocoanut palm groves, distributed along the shores of many of them, but they have yet to become commercially important. We import a little copra from Samoa and a few other outlying insular places, but at present Tahiti is our principal source of supply.

Monthly the ships of the Oceanic Steamship company bring generous consignments of fresh nuts and copra in sacks to San Francisco to be manufactured into "prepared cocoanut" and cocoanut oil, most of which is used in the preparation of fancy toilet soaps and "cocoa butter."

Referring to the trade in copra at large, doubtless it would be greater if the general supply were larger. Although the cocoanut palm grows in the widely scattered island regions of the Pacific, and to some extent elsewhere, it thrives only under conditions which seriously restrict the total area of its successful cultivation. Essentially and exclusively it is a tropical tree, and, moreover, it is said with truth that it will not thrive anywhere inland beyond the sound of the surf. There is no place whatever within the boundaries of the United States where it will live and give returns. Even Mexico is too far north for it. Where it is indigenous, as in Polynesia or the Philippines, or where, as in the equatorial points of South America, it is a successful intruder, practical care and cultivation may vastly increase its output. At this time the demand is far enough in excess of the supply to furnish encouragement for the establishment of new plantations in favorable locations, such as are to be found in the island of Tahiti. It may be said, also, that there is excellent promise in the ultimate development of this natural resource in our own insular empire.

The cocoanut palm—*cocos nucifera*—the *Encyclopedia Britannica* describes as a "very beautiful and lofty palm tree, growing to a height of from sixty to 100 feet, with a cylindrical stem which attains the thickness of two feet. The tree terminates in a crown of graceful, waving pinnate leaves." But in the regions of their growth these trees are something better

than ornamental: "The nuts supply no inconsiderable portion of the food of the natives and the milky juice within them forms a pleasant and refreshing drink. The juice drawn from the unexpanded flower spathes forms 'toddy,' which may be boiled down to sugar, or it is allowed to ferment and is distilled, when it yields a spirit which, in common with a like product from other sources is known as 'arrack.' The trunk yields a timber, known in European commerce as porcupine wood, which is used for building, furniture, firewood, etc. The leaves are plaited into cajan fans and baskets, and are used for thatching the roofs of houses. The shell of the nut is employed as a water vessel, and the external husk or rind yields the coir fiber, with which are fabricated ropes, cordage, brushes, etc. The cocoanut palm also furnishes very important articles of external commerce, of which the principal is cocoanut oil.

In Tahiti and the islands of French Oceanica cocoanut trees begin to bear seven years after planting. They then live and flourish for from sixty to seventy-five years. Each tree will produce from sixty to one hundred and fifty nuts annually, the fruitage being perennial. As fast as the nuts are ripe they fall to the ground and are picked up daily. As they are gathered they are halved with axes and left two days to dry in the sun. This process shrivels and loosens the meat from the shell, when it is scooped out with a knife and spread out on the ground or on platforms to complete drying. This takes three days longer. The result is the commercial article known as copra. It is then cut into smaller pieces, sacked, and is ready for shipment. Native cultivators have some "tricks of the trade" at their command which are sources of annoyance to buyers. In the first place, the native will get his nuts as green as he dares to, because that means increased weight. With the same objects in view, he will wet his copra with salt water, but this reveals itself in a discoloration which is easily detected, and reduces the value of the goods. According to soil, conditions of cultivation and so on, it takes from 3,200 to 4,000 ripe nuts to make a ton of copra. The trees are planted in rows, and twenty-five feet apart from one another. A San Franciscan who is heavily interested in copra raising is J. Lamb Doty, vice-consul, and later, consul at Tahiti, for fourteen years. He has a tract of about 200 acres of shore land about two and a half miles from Papeete, the capital of French Oceanica. He has about fifty acres planted with 2,500 cocoanut trees, half of them already in bearing. The remainder of the plantation will be similarly improved.

The trees being widely separated, opportunity is offered for the culture of bananas and pineapples as an undergrowth. Comparatively little labor is required for the purposes of the plantation. Mr. Doty is obliged to employ only three natives, and even that force would

not be fully worked were it not for the single detrimental factor in cocoanut raising at Tahiti. It appears that many years ago somebody in the states sent to the island a specimen of the ornamental plant called lantana, which, in this country, is grown in hothouses, supposing that it would add to the beauty of the gardens. As a matter of fact, it acted like the rabbits in Australia, and took possession of the territory, running all over the ground and massing itself in lofty and impenetrable bunches of jungle. It is a rough and thorny creeper and makes life miserable to the barefooted natives, thus rendering it difficult and arduous for them to gather the cocoanuts. But unrelenting war for several years has been waged against the invader, and Mr. Doty thinks that before long lantana will succumb and retire from business. Otherwise, he says, cocoanut farming is without appreciable drawbacks, unless a cyclone should happen to damage the groves. Aside from that, you do the planting and in seven years the trees will begin and continue to do the rest for at least a couple of generations. At least they nearly will, because a single laborer can take complete care of 1,000 trees without particular exertion. What a joy such a pursuit would be to some of the hard worked husbandmen of New England, whose farms produce cobblestones as their only certain crop.

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CHINESE MISSIONS.

BY ADELAIDE M'KEE KOONS.

THE other evening I visited one of the Chinese missions here in Los Angeles and took charge of one of the classes. It was composed of boys and men, who a year ago could not speak a word of English. They were having a reading lesson about the ostrich, and I had to answer many questions. I wonder whether any of our people could go to a foreign country and grasp ideas presented to them in a strange tongue as readily as did those Chinese people? It is my opinion that they could not do so.

They had an Epworth League meeting presided over by a handsome young man with his hair cut American fashion. Another equally smart young man in a checked suit led the singing with a cornet. They sang the old, familiar hymns in Chinese, and among them were some very fine voices. I never thought of a Chinese being able to sing, but the old tunes were intensified in their effect by the mysterious effect that rose and fell in liquid refrain from the lips of those foreigners.

We are apt to think that none but ourselves may have the highest talents, but we may wake up some day to the fact that we are all one common clay throughout the world, only kneaded slightly differently.

I asked one handsome young Chinaman what he meant to do when his education was finished. He was

a man who worked as cook in the daytime and attended school at night. He receives fifty-five dollars a month for his services and sends two-thirds of that sum home to his people in China. He replied that he was going back to China to endeavor to convert them to true Christianity, and he added the fact that after the people of China had received Christianity civilization would follow. He said that Christianity is the keynote of progress, and although China is the Rip Van Winkle of nations she is waking up.

The teachers of the mission schools say that their pupils work eagerly and faithfully, and that they excel the average American boy by reason of their faithfulness, application and good memories.

Los Angeles, California.

* * *

HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM.

THE suggestion has been made that the proper pronunciation of the name of St. Louis should be finally determined before the opening of the Louisiana purchase fair in that city, and it is urged the council of St. Louis or even the legislature of Missouri should pass upon the question. It is pointed out that an immemorial dispute over the proper pronunciation of Arkansas was settled by the legislature of that State in 1881, when it was enacted that the pronunciation should be "Arkansaw," and the State lived happily ever after. The name St. Louis was bestowed by the French when the place was settled, and the French pronunciation is Lou-ee, to rhyme with the name of Admiral Dewey. The English pronunciation is "Lewiss," practically rhyming with the word Jew-ess. The suggestion, once made, does not, of course, halt lamely at St. Louis.

When the dispute is settled, then it is proposed to ask Kentucky to declare whether the name of that commonwealth's chief city shall be Looey-ville or Lew-is-ville. And Illinois might settle the point whether the name of the thriving city of Joliet shall be pronounced as the French explorer after whom it was named did—Zhole-ya—or whether it shall be called Jolly-yet. All this is exceedingly stimulating to the mind which keeps reaching out for wider fields, like the mind of a man afflicted with the habit of indiscriminate punning. There are plenty of other towns which need attention. The name of the city of Beaufort, in France, is pronounced Bow-for. A town in North Carolina, named after it, is known as Bowfort, while one in South Carolina is called Bu-fert. A noted French seaport, Calais, is pronounced Kal-lay, while its namesake up in Maine is called Kal-lis.

* * *

THE earliest library was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Every book was a brick engraved with cuneiform characters.

ABOUT DEPARTMENT STORES.

THE department store, as it exists in the large cities to-day, is not the result of speculation on the part of the owner of the stores, but the result of a natural growth in the demand of the public to have all things under one roof.

That is the real secret of the growth of the department store.

The public desired the convenience of localizing the things to be purchased, and those engaged in the general dry goods line were not long in seeing the advantage of giving the public just what it wanted.

Most everything under the sun can be found on the counters of the up-to-date department store, and in a few hours' shopping a couple, starting to housekeeping, can furnish their homes from cellar to garret, including groceries and meats, without leaving the one store.

It would be difficult to state the exact year that dry goods stores changed from the strict dry goods line to the present department store.

The change was so gradual that it was not noticed until the department store existed.

In the smaller towns about the country the general merchandise store, which is a department store on a small scale, has existed for years. They were instituted for the convenience of the farmer, but it was left to the enterprising merchant in the large cities to establish the wonderful department store where anything from a second-hand coffin to a carpet tack can be purchased.

The old strictly "dry goods" houses of twenty years ago kept only silks and woolen cloth. Notions, such as hooks-and-eyes, needles, spool cotton and pins, were not handled. Ladies' wear in general was added first, then house furnishings and gentlemen's goods followed. Shoes and gloves followed in addition to the diversified stock of the dry goods stores and soon the department store with its endless line of things developed.

A store of thirty or forty departments represents just so many different stores, as each department is conducted on a separate basis and entirely independent of any other department.

The department stores are models of convenience for the busy shopping woman. They are arranged so that the shopping hours will be pleasant and profitable.

After a busy morning of buying and sampling the shopper finds the noon hour at hand, and lunch must be had before starting for home. She retires to the "rest room," a room formerly called the waiting room, where she checks her wraps and arranges her dress and hair.

These rest rooms are fitted up with all the modern conveniences of a woman's private boudoir, and are a

great comfort to the shoppers who patronize the department stores.

The dressing rooms are provided with all the dainty toilet articles so necessary to the well-bred woman, and a maid is in waiting to assist the tired shopper who wishes to refresh herself before taking the car or carriage to her home.

From the rest room the shopper goes to the restaurant in the basement of the store, where, for a reasonable price she may obtain a nice lunch. A soda fountain furnishes refreshing drinks in the summer months, and hot beverages in the winter.

Advertising is one of the most important features of the department store, and the sale of goods depends entirely on the advertisements, as the clerks are cautioned against urging a customer to make any purchases. This is done to allow the customers to make their own choice of the articles that they see on the counters.

In many of the eastern stores a complete hospital is maintained for the care of the women who may be taken ill or who may be accidentally injured. The hospital has a complete operating room and medical assistance is always within call. Telephones are connected with a number of doctors' offices, and in less than three minutes a doctor is on the floor, ready to assist anyone who needs medical aid.

Adjoining the hospital is a nursery, where mothers may have their children cared for while they shop. Near the nursery is the reading room and information bureau.

For the amusement of the clerks, who have an hour for lunch, there is fitted up in most of the Chicago stores a music room. A library containing all the newest books and many classic works, is open to the clerks who may wish to read instead of going out on the street.

For the men and boys there is a gymnasium, where they may exercise and bathe before going back to their work.

In one of the New York stores there is a school conducted regularly for the cash boys and younger clerks who wish to improve their knowledge. The attendance is not forced, but the school room is always crowded during the hour set aside for the instructions, which are given by a graduated teacher.

The common school branches are taught, such as reading, spelling, grammar, geography and arithmetic. The teacher also teaches the youngsters morals, honor and good citizenship, and the influence of a competent instructor is noticed in the behavior of the boys after a course of lessons.

The value of a good clerk is taken into consideration by the managers of the big department stores, and the system of promotion is a prominent feature in the conduct of the business. This system not only

serves the interest of the proprietors by promoting discipline, but it is important in the advancement of the employees.

When a manager finds that a bundle wrapper would make a better salesman than a wrapper he is at once placed behind a counter and as he advances himself he is given charge of a separate department.

In one of the large stores in Chicago each clerk is given a book of rules and instructions which tells them that the management is open to receive suggestions from any clerk in the house and desires that these suggestions be made to the manager of the department in which the clerk is employed.

In this store the system of rewards is operated. That means that for every mistake or error that is noticed and reported by the clerk a reward of one dollar is given the clerk. Important suggestions regarding the method of conducting a department on a better basis are rewarded also. A reward is offered for the greatest number of calls that are made to a clerk by a customer for goods that are not in stock.

This system pays, as it makes the whole force thoughtful, and the public receives better service.

During the busy season about fifteen hundred clerks are employed in the St. Louis department stores, and to keep track of this small army of employees is no light task.

When the clerk enters the store in the morning the timekeeper, who is situated at the door through which all the help enter, puts down opposite the clerk's number the time of his arrival. The women and men enter at different doors, and are tallied by different timekeepers.

It is observed by the managers of the department stores that little or no stealing is done by the employees, and the watchful eyes of fifteen hundred clerks prevent any great loss from shoplifters.

The floor walker in a department store is an important person. It is his duty to maintain a dignified bearing and to show customers where certain articles are handled.

He must set an example of politeness to the employees, and when the occasion arises to caution a clerk regarding any display of impoliteness. He is not allowed to address them on the floor, but must call the offending clerk aside and make his correction so that it will not be noticed by the customers.—*Post-Dispatch*.

THE HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.

BY E. C. WOODLAND.

REFERRING to previous articles in the Nook in regard to the humming of telegraph wires we have a wire in our house, and some cold nights it will be singing loudly but will suddenly stop so that no sound will be heard for some minutes, then it begins again.

It hums most in cold weather and more at night than in day time. Yesterday there was a wind but I did not notice the wire hum at all. To-day it is clear and the wire is quiet. We do not have to put our ear to the pole to hear it hum as it is heard all over the house. I would like to know what makes it hum so loudly and then stop suddenly, and then take it up again.

Fruitdale, Alabama.

TOTEM POLES.

BY S. P. VAN DYKE.

I HAVE seen several totem poles referred to in a recent INGLENOOK. One of them is at an Indian town at Cape Flattery, another at an Indian village about



THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, AN HISTORICAL LANDMARK.

thirty miles south of Cape Flattery, and another in the city of Portland. There is also one on exhibition in a small park at Seattle.

In general appearance they are all alike, averaging about thirty feet in length and three feet thick. They are a solid log covered with pictures carved upon the wood, representing the heads of frogs, alligators, of men, etc. This carving is skillfully done but they are stained according to the Indian fashion which makes them very homely indeed. The wood is cut back from around the images and each one stands out prominently upon the surface, making a hideous picture. These poles are made by the Indians and are worshiped by them.

Beatrice, Nebraska.

OVER four billion post office stamps of various denominations are shipped to the different offices within a year.

HOW A SHIP IS LOADED.

WHEN a ten thousand ton steamer comes up to her dock with a miscellaneous cargo of goods from all parts of the civilized world night and day shifts of men are frequently employed to unload and load her up again for the next trip, the time consumed for this double operation varying from two to three days. No more interesting sight can be witnessed on the docks in New York than cargo handling for a big steamer, for the variety of articles stored in her is fully as surprising as the amount pouring in steady streams down the black hole which yawns so fearfully before one, suggesting bottomless pits that even a Dante might hesitate to investigate. Everything from pianos and delicate china closets and cabinets, up to corn, grain, lumber and sacks and cases of foodstuffs go into the hole until it must seem as if the bottom of the hold is a hopeless tangle and confusion. But not so. Every part of the ship must be as nicely balanced as a racing yacht. A slight list to port or starboard would not only make the trip across the ocean dangerous, but half the cargo would be crushed and ruined.

There is perfect order below decks. Fast as the cargo is poured below the packers store it so carefully and snugly that not a piano leg is bruised or scratched, nor a piece of machinery of the most delicate manufacture bent or broken. The science of filling up a steamer's hold is really so exact and definite that the man in charge must be a genius in a way.

If every cargo were the same it would be an easy matter to formulate certain rules which any man could follow. But no stevedore knows beforehand what he may be expected to handle. When the steamer warps alongside of the pier he has studied the bill of lading, showing where various articles have been stored and with a sectional map of the steamer's interior before him he plans his campaign of unloading.

There is science in unloading as well as loading, for things must be taken out as they have been put in or else there will result confusion and accidents.

The stevedore in charge of the unloading and loading has his gangs of men under him which he must dispose in such a way that there will be economy of labor. In order to do this every man must be placed so that he will do his share of work. The men are paid by the hour or day, according to the nature of the job ahead, and they are divided into the skilled and unskilled gangs. The former are sent below to do the packing under the direction of a boss who understands his work. The steamer has hardly made fast to her pier before the unloading begins, and long before the passengers have departed the miscellaneous cargo is coming up from the hold in two or three steady streams. Both fore and aft the steam windlass is working, jerking up cases and barrels from the hold

and depositing them on their piers. They are piled up neatly and systematically, while endless lines of trucks back up and cart away the goods to their respective owners. When night comes on the electric lights are turned on and the unloading continues as rapidly as in the daytime. When one section of the ship is unloaded and cleaned out the process of loading begins immediately, without waiting for the full cargo to be taken out. Thus one may often see the men loading and unloading a steamer at the same time.

The stevedore knows his ship almost as well as he knows his own sleeping-room. Although he has a sectional view of the hold before him he can tell with his eyes shut just how much each corner and nook will hold. He must understand almost intuitively where to pack the heavy weights and where the light articles are best stored; where to put the fragile articles and how to store snugly grain, iron ore and similar unbreakable but good ballast cargo. He must dispose his whole cargo in such a way that the ship will be easily balanced when she floats clear of the dock. This cannot be determined by watching her position in the water when warped alongside of the pier. It would be fatal to the reputation of a stevedore to trust to such methods in loading the steamer.

Consequently he studies his sectional map and the list of things to go aboard. He estimates the weight of the goods and then distributes them accordingly. Naturally the heavy articles are put in first as ballast. Fore and aft they are distributed, so that the center of gravity of the ship shall be firmly maintained. No yachtman ever balanced his pleasure craft with more accuracy than the expert stevedore his big ocean steamer with its cargo of all sorts of merchandise. A record of everything that goes into the steamer is kept and nothing disappears below the hatches that is not checked off.

The early part of the loading is generally the easiest, for that part of the cargo consists mainly of heavy cases, barrels, pig iron and machinery. These articles will pack snugly and no great science is required, but as the loading proceeds there come all sorts of odd and unwieldy articles. A dozen pianos may appear on the dock for shipment, two or three hundred baby carriages, a dozen or two American made wagons, cases of bicycles, a second-hand merry-go-round or carousal, machinery such as reapers, sewing machines, electric motors and various other goods. How to pack these snugly in the hold so they will take up the least possible amount of space and never move a fraction of an inch during a voyage across the stormy Atlantic is something to be determined by long experience and accurate figuring.

* * *

THERE are 300,000 women in Chicago that have the right to vote; and only 1,073 registered this year.

ABOUT MOSS ON TREES.

BY J. P. CRUMPACKER.

IN the last number of the NOOK in Q. & A. Department, we notice this question, "Is there any truth in the statement that the moss grows only on certain sides of trees?" The Nookman gives an answer and winds up by saying, "It is by no means a guide to direction." Now if the Nookman will permit we will submit the following incidents for the Nookers and state facts as they were given to us.

During the sixties, in time of the War of the States, my brother-in-law, in company with two other men, fled as refugees from Montgomery County, Virginia, to Ohio, to keep from being forced into the service of the South, and as runaways, of course, had to do most of their traveling after night. As the country lying between where they started and the Ohio river is one continuous range of mountains for one hundred and thirty miles or more, it would require considerable time to make the journey by traveling only by night and in a strange country at that. So, one dark night, it was misting and no stars were to be seen, they traveled all night and at dawn they found themselves within one hundred yards of the place they camped the day before. They went into camp a second time, on the same ground. One of the party, however, claimed all the time that they were making no headway in the right direction. The other two thought otherwise but were sorrowfully convinced of their mistake. So, after this experience, they submitted to his judgment and he, in a few nights' travel, led them safely through until they were out of all danger and could travel by day. The way he kept his course in the dark was by feeling the bark and the moss on the trees, claiming the bark on the north side of a tree was thicker than the bark on the south side of the same tree, and also, if any moss was found it was invariably on the north side of the trees.

I give this little incident as it was related to me by one of the party. Now if it is no guide to direction will the Nookman tell us how the man could tell on a dark night which way he was going in a strange, mountainous country? He was an expert hunter and a practical woodsman, and had that advantage over his traveling companions.

Roanoke, La.

COMMENT.

The above is a very interesting contribution and such are always welcome in the INGLENOOK. Now this is something that is very readily verified by thousands of our own people. Perhaps the majority of our readers live where they can examine the forest trees, and as the statement that the moss grows most on the north side of the tree is almost universally be-

lieved, will a few hundred Nookers all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, send the editor of the INGLENOOK a postal card stating how the facts are in their neighborhood?

The Nookman's view of it is this. There are a great many forests where moss does not grow at all on any tree, then there are other places where moss does grow on old trees, and the Nook believes that it is the result of moisture in the air and that it grows most on the side of the tree from which the prevailing winds come. Naturally that side of the tree would receive the most moisture and therefore would grow the most moss. In a sheltered position where there are no prevailing winds it would grow equally well all around the tree if the atmosphere contained enough moisture to support the moss. Now will our Nookers send in their observations throughout the country?

As some of our young observers may not know what is meant by prevailing winds let it be said that it means the direction from which the hardest winds usually come, and this may always be told by taking a general view of a large number of trees and noting the direction in which they lean. It is very apparent in every old orchard anywhere. At all events we want the INGLENOOK readers to add their testimony as to just how it is in their neighborhood.

♦ ♦ ♦

HOW BANKING IN GERMANY IS DONE.

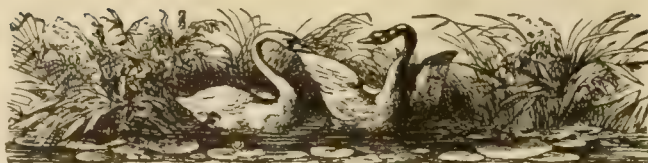
THE Berlin correspondent of *Commercial Intelligence* calls attention to the antiquated and cumbersome method of forwarding remittances that obtains in Germany. A check system such as has been developed and perfected as an instrument of commerce in England is practically unused there, payments being usually effected by means of money orders taken out at the local post office. The English bank exercises the double function of adjusting accounts and guarding wealth, whereas the German bank, under favorable circumstances, scarcely does more than the latter.

For the German merchant the post office is, in a sense, what the clearing-house of the English banking system is for the British business man; it is an active partner in the settlement of differences between debtor and creditor. Yet even under the German postal system, whereby the amount of a money order is paid at the residence of the payee by a special functionary called the "geldbrieftrager," the post office is clearly an intolerably clumsy agent for liquidating accounts nowadays, and occasionally one hears a German bemoaning the steam-roller progress of his fellow countrymen in the technics of payment and urging reform.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE post office that Uncle Sam has at Point Barrow, in Alaska, is the most northern post office in the world. Never before was the mail delivered so near the North Pole.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 9.

ONE of the pleasures of the naturalist is in getting acquainted with the people who wear their own furs or feathers. I use the word people advisedly, for after one begins the study of bird and beast and sees their excellent qualities, many of which we might adopt to advantage, and also comes to know their weaknesses, which are sometimes so human-like we may well regard them as our brothers and sisters of the fields and forests. As we have probably learned by this time there is no place like our weed-grown lane, with its growth of elderberries, briars, sumach, and here and there a tree, to see a veritable city of the so-called lower forms of life. Here birds build their nests in comparative security, the partridge runs in and out of the fence corners, and the small birds plunge into the thicket boldly and bodily when the hawk is around. The chipmunk digs his hole at the base of the stump, and uncounted and unseen thousands of forms of life utterly escape our vision. If we scoop up a handful of the moist earth and take it home with us, moistening it properly, and placing over it a glass bowl, through which the sun can penetrate, we will be astonished at the extent and variety of vegetable life that will show itself. As fast as we pull up these others will come, and when we have exhausted our supply, if we turn our handful of earth upside down the miracle will be repeated. And if we take a pinch of this loam and put it under the microscope we will see it literally swarming with animal life. Here will be seen a small insect doing his level best to get away, while just after him is a fierce spider-looking follower bent on making a meal of him. The whole handful has a microcosm, or little world, in itself. Whether the people who dwell therein love and hate, joy and sorrow, as we larger animals do, we have no means of knowing, but the chances are that in their way they have all these emotions. We know that they fight to the death in defense of their young and that the young cluster around their parents, or get out of the way of the little white rootlet that forced itself into their home yesterday and is reaching out hourly for new fields.

It is a queer thing that we might as well refer to here as elsewhere, and that is where man belongs in the scale of created beings. Suppose all the created things that we know of were placed in a row beginning with the least, and then the next larger specimen, and so on to the elephant and other large animals at

the other end of the line, where would man be, and what would be the middle of the line? Have you ever thought about it? Those who have worked out this problem say that the house-fly would find its place in about the middle of the line of created things, understanding now that only one of a species finds its way into the row.

It may not be a mistake to say that each one of these created beings from the most minute to the highest form have parasites that harass them. And it is a certain thing that each one of the birds we see has its own peculiar kind of lice and other insects which infest it. These we can see on killing a bird for scientific purposes, and placing it on a sheet of white paper and watching it closely as it grows cold. You will find the parasites that have made the life of the bird miserable dropping out of the feathers.

The class should understand that the parasites of one plant or animal do not live on any other plant or animal. A familiar illustration of this is in the fact that the lice that the old hen has on her head are not like the lice our neighbor's son is said to have. Nor would either of them change places if they could. It is true that we sometimes get infested with chicken lice which make us uncomfortable. It is nothing they are doing to us that makes them undesirable, but it is their efforts to get away that make them unpleasant. The kind of lice that a chicken has is of a different order from those that find lodging on the robin, while the robin parasites are different from those of the bluebird, and so on throughout the entire list of birds. None has anything but its own kind.

Now if we will look carefully at our crabapple tree we will find that its leaves are being eaten in places and if our eyes are good enough to catch the insect at its meal we may make a study of it, so we may know it wherever we may see it. But the chances are that we will not find it anywhere except on the crabapple, or the crabapple family.

It is strange how these insect pests find their legitimate food. There may not be a currant worm within a mile of our lane, and yet if we turned to and grubbed up the whole tangle and made a garden of the ground now covered by the fence and the weeds, and planted currants thereon, about the first season from some quarter the currant worms would be on, and if we didn't provide them with hellebore and do some wholesale murder, by next year they would have all their relations along and completely strip the bush of its leaves. If we were expert naturalists we would learn

that there is not a single specimen of plant life that does not have its natural enemy. It may be a living enemy, or it may be a vegetable growth, and every reader has seen a thing of that kind on the so-called rust on the raspberry and blackberry bushes. What is true of the wild raspberry, which we can see so plainly, is also true of every other plant we pass. It may not be so apparent as in the case of the raspberry, but it is still present. And when it is present it always operates to the disadvantage of the plant, and sometimes kills it. Instances of this is in the case of a peach tree attacked by the yellows, so-called, or blight in the pear tree.

PREJUDICES OF ANIMALS.

THE likes and dislikes of animals are unaccountable. Some horses take a violent prejudice against certain men, even though they are treated kindly and though the man's moral character is fair. Between the cat and dog there is a violent antipathy, which, however, is not infrequently displaced by mutual respect, and even affection in exceptional cases. The elephant hates dogs and rats. Cows dislike dogs, and so do sheep, for good reasons. But horses like dogs and, what seems stranger, are particularly partial to bears. On the other hand, horses loathe and detest camels and refuse to be decently civil to them after long acquaintance. They even hate the place where camels have been, which seems to be carrying race prejudice to an extreme.

Evolutionists are accustomed to explain these instinctive feelings as survivals of ancestral enmities dating from the days when one race preyed upon the other. This would account for the natural enmity of cows to dogs, for when cows were wild they were obliged to defend their calves from bands of predacious wild dogs. But why should the horse like dogs? It is but the other day that the wild horses organized to defend their colts from wolves on our western prairies. What could the ancestral horse have had against the ancestral camel of a million years ago? Above all, why should the horse approve of the bear? It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unesthetical camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable and unselfish. He therefore forgets his ancestral predacious habits. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.—*Hartford Courant*.

EBONY, THE WOOD OF KINGS.

WHILE many of the hardwoods in use at the present day are of comparatively recent introduction, ebony was known and highly esteemed by a number of ancient races and used by them for kingly and other purposes. While the name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees, all kinds are of great density and dark color, the heaviest varieties being, as a rule, also the darkest. There are three varieties of ebony well known in the trade. The ebony from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest. The Macassar ebony furnishes the largest pieces. London is still the chief mart for this wood, and from there it is shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes.—*Popular Mechanics*.

STORKS IN TURKEY.

STORKS have always been in great esteem in Turkey, says the *Baltimore Herald*, and their good reputation has gone up considerably, owing to a most touching incident that occurred recently. A small village on the gulf of Ismidt caught fire, and over two hundred houses were destroyed. A large number had storks' nests on them, and at the beginning of the fire all the birds took flight. Almost immediately, however, they returned to their little ones, of which there were two or three in each nest. The old birds settled down over their broods, covering them with their wings, and one after another perished in the flames without attempting to save themselves.

MR. A. R. MILLER recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be 60 times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was, therefore, proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds, pulling a load of four and a half tons, or a horse of 1200 pounds a load of 36 tons.

THE reindeer can endure more than any other draft animal except the camel. A reindeer has been known to pull two hundred pounds at ten miles an hour for twelve hours.

SOME few birds, notably the blue-throat, accomplish the whole of their migratory journey in one stupendous effort.

THE boa and python have the largest number of ribs of any animals, the number being three hundred and twenty pairs.

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And many friends to cheer you on
Wherever you may go;
I wish you days of sunshine too,
Free from life's wintry blasts;
And then again to crown it all
I wish you heaven at last.

GETTING RICH.

THE great majority of people who are accounted rich did not "make" their money, in the sense of lucky adventure. They saved it. In fact the rule of saving is the rule whereby one gets rich. Anybody can do it, though not all are willing to pay the present price, that of self-denial.

On the other hand once the spirit of accumulation gets a hold on people there is no limitation to the length they will go to add to a growing store. It is what makes the miser, and between the spendthrift and the miser there is but little choice morally. Yet it is not only a desirable thing for people to lay by a portion of their earnings, but it is eminently proper, and every Nooker should remember that what he does not get in the forenoon of life is not likely to come his way in the afternoon.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

AN angry person is like a stream that overflows its banks without rhyme or reason. He is touched off as so much powder by the spark of a word and hardly ever fails to make a fool of himself in his tempestuous moments. After it is all over and he sees what he has done, he is generally sorry enough, but it never undoes the foolishness. The person who goes off at a touch is never one to put into a place of responsi-

bility, for there is no telling when, or to what extent, he will make a fool of himself and all around him.

It is true that there are occasions when one is tried to the limit, and these times are perhaps unavoidable. But we should go into thoughtful training for just such emergencies and remember the fact that it is only the spoken word that gives trouble. It is a sickening sight to see a man or woman raving in a senseless passion while the unwilling listeners stand around or go about their business, each with his own opinion of the actions of the madman.

The best thing to do is to cultivate an equanimity of temper that will enable one to pass the rocks in the channel of life without upsetting his boat every time.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

THERE are colleges and colleges, and the value of any one of them depends wholly on the character and quality of the work it turns out. The large institutions with hundreds, or even thousands of students, are, as a rule, good places for special lines of work after the learner is well grounded in general educational lines.

But in the small colleges the average boy or girl stands a much better chance for development in an all-around way. The student in the small college is brought into daily contact with the faculty and he comes to know his fellow-students. The personal equation counts for much in development, and it can be best in a small place where the attendance is relatively few in numbers. In a large school there may be thousands in attendance. They never all get together and by no chance ever get acquainted. A student may be called upon to recite two or three times in a week, and the rest of it all depends on himself. A little or a good deal of cramming for examinations completes what is often a farce.

It is different in the small institution and if he shows any particular weakness or disposition to shirk he is promptly hauled up before the faculty for his shortcomings. All told, it is the Nook's opinion that for the student of small means and big intentions he will get a better run for his money and time in a small college.

THE LABORERS.

TAKE any town, your own nearest town, and there are ten men and women who work to one who is idle because of his wealth. It runs much higher than that in the country. Now all these people are helped or hindered by the laws, the rules of the game they are all playing. If they combined and put up an honest and capable man they could easily elect any and all candidates from the president to the pound keeper. They could

make laws that would be of benefit to them. They could sweep the country before them. It has doubtless often occurred to the Nooker to ask himself why this is not done.

First, then, it never has been done and never will be. The reason, to come right to the gist of matters, is the ignorance of the many. Let a township of people meet, make speeches and agree on some line of conduct of public affairs. It seems a solid combination that nothing can upset. Yet a few lawyers can hire carriages, drive over the township, and in one day so "rattle" the people that when they meet again they are divided. If they do hold together it is only a short time till petty ambition breaks out and there are half a dozen side-show organizations, and meantime the lawyer, and the man about town, are elected and have things all their own way.

It doesn't even take argument to convince some people. Keep saying to them, "Yes, vote for Muggins, yes," and pretty soon the hearer is saying it and the next thing he actually does it. It isn't a very flattering point of view, but it is strictly according to the facts.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

It is difficult to define beauty. In fact only general terms can be used. It is not feature or figure alone that makes it, and true, lasting beauty, goes deeper than any cosmetic can reach.

After a woman has lost the blush and bloom of youth and settled down as the permanent mark of time it is something more than face and form that makes her attractive. Instead of her body it is her soul that counts then. It is not a matter of drug store, but of the inner life.

Any woman can be beautiful, and more and more so as the years go by and register their passing in gray and wrinkle. Let her so live that all about her are helped in word and deed by her presence, and the lines of beauty will come to her and once come will stay. There are many women of this class. The Almighty has set his seal upon them so that all men may know them as the Master's. They may not be regular of feature or form, but there is something that shines out from their lives that makes all who come in contact with them go away reverencing goodness, kindness and truth. It is not hard of attainment, but it must be studied out. The Nookman gives it as his opinion that, at its best, this soul beauty shining out from within, comes best to those, if not only to those, who have followed some nearest and dearest one to the last long home. There is a beauty not of this earth, and its path to us lies across the quiet people out on the hillside.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

It takes adversity to cure vanity.

✱

The lazy man calls his life destiny.

✱

Only those who have suffered are able to feel.

✱

All that some people give to the church is trouble.

✱

The devil passes by the man who knows his Bible.

✱

Women may forgive injuries but they do not forget slights.

✱

A woman can hate things a man does and yet love him for doing it.

✱

Every time failure comes the blame is always laid at somebody else's door.

✱

Some people think they see the bad side of the world when it is only their livers.

✱

There can be no gossip without a listener. Be careful how you are a party to it.

✱

It is a better thing to make resolutions and break them than to make none at all.

✱

Some people get tired at an hour long sermon, but sit out a show three hours long.

✱

Thinking of things that never happened has given more pain than the real troubles.

✱

Few men are satisfied with the simple reward of virtue, but want something additional.

✱

Will coming generations refer to us as being so wise and honest as we credit our forbears?

✱

Where do birds spend their winters? The place where the turkeys stay is well known.

✱

It is a good thing to appreciate what we have and get along without what we can not have.

✱

Dirt is relative. Applebutter in the dish on the table is food. On the baby's face it is dirt.

✱

If there is plenty of room at the top there is more at the bottom, but not such a select company.

✱

When a woman throws a stone all nature shudders. Not even the woman can tell where it is going.

THE LAST OF THE THREE HUNDRED.

Down in the far south the Nookman knows an old plantation home. Fifty years ago it was in its glory. Much of this is gone now, but enough remains to make it notable to any visitor who may chance that way. Like many an old southern plantation home, it is built with verandahs and porches running all around it. In the large yard in front, the flowering magnolias reach skyward. Here and there a Cape Myrtle, or a stray survival of rare flowers of the long ago have spread and grown into great clumps, that, in their season, are a mass of brilliant color. The time was when three hundred men and women of color were owned as slaves. We will not go into the moral merit or demerit of the system. In the main it was admittedly bad, but it had, also, its redeeming features. In the old days the place was a social and economic study. Nearly three hundred people served, unpaid, a family of six, and the system was justified by the Bible from nearly every pulpit in the South. It had, as said, its redeeming features, something hard for the younger reader of to-day to realize.

There often sprang up between the master and man a love that yet lasts, while the people are still on this side. An illustration of this is to be had on the old plantation to which we refer. In the days of the cotton and the cane, there lived a black man, who had been born a slave in one of the cabins. He grew up on the old place, and learned all about it. He fished in the bayou, worked in the fields, and often served in the house. He dug the grave for Evangeline who passed at twenty, and he drove the carriage when St. George, one of the boys, was married. He got religion, backslid, got it again, "zorted" some and backslid again.

The place was at its best when the "gale from the North bore the clash of resounding arms." One after another rode away to the front, when Mars Robert stood like a gray wall, that, after all, was broken down. One died in battle, and fills an unknown grave. Another raved out his life in the hospital. But one rode back, the old man, broken in health and despondent in spirit. The old place had shown the wreck of years and the tooth of time. The man had it all to do over again in life. He called what remained of his once slaves to the front yard and he made them a speech. It all came to one thing—they were free and could go where they would now. He would no longer care for them. They listened dully, wonderingly, and then one after another, singly and by families, they broke for the cities. A few refused to go, and these were given work.

Our black man was among those who went away to taste the joys of personal freedom, that so often spelled nothing but idleness. He and his family were one of a lot that skirts the edge of every southern city. He learned to work and came to know that work

meant money and money meant clothes and food. Then after years had come and gone, there came one night, as comes to all in either cabin or palace, the quiet terror, that took away his aged wife. His children had grown up and gone, he knew not where. He occupied the little home alone, did what he could, and was helped to the small limit of sympathetic neighbors. Then came the inevitable with the negro. He longed to get back to the old cabin home. He wanted to be again in the scenes of his early youth—the "big house," the magnolias and the bayou, the roses and the flaming azaleas. He knew where the family burying place was, and he hoped to be buried there. His little money took him the greater part of the way and the rest of the way he walked.

He came to the house late in the afternoon, and walked slowly down the once broad and well kept gravelled walk to the house. He was old, weak, and footsore. On the porch was the owner, old and weak too. He stood at the foot of the steps and greeted his old master. He was invited to sit down. He did so, and the two talked long together. The sun went down behind the trees hung with the long moss. The broad, full moon came up from over the distant river. The whip-poor-will whistled its note, and the two talked on of the days when the three hundred black men and women wrought in the cotton white fields or danced on the green to the picking of the banjo. The old man told his story. He had come back to the old place to die. The master said nothing, but he, too, was only waiting.

Then a strange and pathetic contract was made. They would stay on the old plantation together, and one would help the other as far as might be till the end came. The next day they began. The cabin was cleaned out and the old man moved in. In time the gourds clambered over the roof, and as the old man sat in his humble doorway, he was supremely happy in the present, and hopeful for the future. The white man often sat on the porch and watched the glimmer in the old negro's window, and thought how the curious chances of life had left him but one decrepit man out of the three hundred souls he once thought were his. But one night, the light was wanting, and the old man walked down to the cabin and entered. The black man was on the bed, and when the candle was lit, the white man saw that the common end was near.

"Master, please read something."

"In a moment, wait a moment!" and he left for the house, returning in a few minutes with a clean, white tablecloth, a lamp, and a book. The dying man understood, and remembered the local custom. The master believed him about to die, and therefore he would die. The gray haired old man opened the book, and said, "This was Miss Evangeline's Bible."

"Yes, sah!"

And the old man read slowly and tremblingly:

"The Lord is my shepherd—"

"Master, them's the very words the preacher read when 'Vangeline died."

"Yes, so they are," and it all came to him across the vanished years.

He read on: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death—"

"Master, Mis 'Vangeline was not skeered to die, ole Missis wasn't afraid of the dark valley, and bless God, I ain't, are you?"

"No, Uncle Henry, I'm not. Here's why: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'"

"That's it, bless God, that's it—Don't read no more, master, 'Fear no evil.'"

The man closed the book, gave the old man a drink of water and bade him rest if he could.

"Yes sah, yes sah!" and presently he slept a little, mumbling of Miss 'Vangeline and the old Missis. The white man sat in the cabin door of the lowly home, and hardly heard the carolling of the night-singing mocking bird in the magnolias. His thoughts went back to the time of the three hundred slaves and of all of them, the old man and himself were all that was left.

There was a dread silence in the room. The man entered, and one look told the story. He folded the black hands, turned down the light and went to the house. The next day, at evening, the old man was laid to rest in the white folks' burial place—the last of the three hundred. And there too, rests the white man, under the live oak with the long, pendant moss, and the mocker sings in the magnolia that spreads its glorious, creamy buds, spring by spring, even as they will when you and I have gone.

MONEY IN AIR.

RAILWAYS would find it difficult to get on without the use of compressed air, says *London Answers*. Boring plates of steel in the locomotive works is almost everywhere accomplished by the use of compressed air machines. The Great Eastern works at Stratford have a complete outfit of pneumatic borers. Up to date signaling entirely depends upon the use of air. The London and Southwestern has partially adopted the pneumatic signaling system. The points and signals are moved by compressed air, conveyed underground in pipes, and soon wires will be no more seen. The saving of time, labor, space and capital is enormous. The Southwestern is beginning to install the system at Basing-stroke, and will gradually extend it over the rest of its line.

For cleaning, dusting and sweeping purposes compressed air far excels any broom or duster ever made. For carpets and cushions it is particularly useful. A

pipe flattened at the end of the shape of a spade is used, and air rushing with great force through the narrow slit carries off every particle of dust. One man can do the work of three armed with brooms, while there is an equally immense saving in wear and tear, for air, of course, does not destroy a fabric as bristles do. Clothes and uniforms are also brushed in the same fashion.

Another industry in which air is ousting bristles is that of painting. Very soon the paint brush will disappear before the paint spraying machine. For covering large surfaces the economy effected by the paint spray is almost miraculous. By way of a test of what was possible, a man using a compressed air painter recently covered 46,000 square feet of surface with an even coat of paint in six and a half hours. A smaller air-brush has been made for the use of artists. The patent for this latter machine brought over \$15,000.

At the Agricultural hall, Islington, there was recently shown a pneumatic milking machine. The apparatus works by means of pulsators, and effects a saving of more than fifty per cent of time and labor, beside insuring that the milk shall be fresh and uncontaminated. The cows soon get used to it, and prefer the machine to the hand method.

For the ringing of heavy bells and of chimes, no power has been found to surpass compressed air. At the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in Paris, which was finished in the year 1878, is an orchestral chime, said to be the largest in the world. There are forty-four bells in the set and until a compressed air plant was installed it was found impossible successfully to ring them. One man plays them now as easy as if they were an organ. A keyboard is beneath his hand and when he presses a key an electric trigger opens a valve in the steeple, which admits compressed air to a piston connected with a clapper which strikes the bell.

To engineers and builders the pneumatic hammer is a boon beyond words. To give some idea of the economy effected by its use, it may be mentioned that rivets which cost four and three-fourths pence apiece to drive by the old hand method are now driven for a mere fraction over a penny apiece.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

FIRST wedding anniversary, cotton; second, paper; third, leather; fifth, wooden; seventh, woolen; tenth, tin; twelfth, silk; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; fiftieth, golden; sixtieth, or seventy-fifth, diamond wedding.

FROGS as large as oxen once existed in Oklahoma, if the fossils recently found may be believed.

THE MANUFACTURE OF APPLE BUTTER.

BY PENSY.

APPLE butter is a luxury that is not enjoyed by the people the world over as it is through the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Years ago, when under the parental roof, the making of apple butter was one of the leading features of autumn. Father would have the boys hitch up in the two-horse wagon, go out in the orchard and gather up the apples. As an incentive for active work we were allowed to go to the neighboring cider press after gathering the wagon box full of a variety of apples. Very often, when arriving at the cider press, we found a score of teams ahead, so each one had to bide his turn, not getting home till long after the evening star had gone to rest.

In making preparations for boiling the butter the women folks of the home were supposed to have apples ready to "snitz." Those were evenings of enjoyment when the family would surround the table, and possibly the neighbor boys and girls would drop in to assist, gossip and drink cider until enough apples were pared and cored for two or three barrels of cider.

The next morning bright and early father would be out with a large copper kettle, over a rousing fire, boiling and skimming the cider. After boiling possibly two barrels into one, the apples that were prepared the evening before were put in the cider, and the boiling continued and stirring commenced to keep the mess from scorching or burning. After the boiling was brought down to the proper consistency and the job was called finished the result would be from seven to 9 gallons of butter to each barrel of cider, to be stored away for winter use.

The more modern way of making the year's supply of apple butter is for the farmer to take his apples to the cider press, where the product is made up into butter, cheaper and better than he can do at home. There is a vast difference in the so-called fruit butters. Large quantities of apple butter are offered for sale that are but a mixture of apple, glucose, pumpkins, etc. The one whose early life was spent among the Pennsylvania Dutch will not let himself be deceived by such cheap adulterations.

* * *

THE SPRUCE GUM HARVEST.

A GREAT many people chew gum but few of them ever go into the history of what they use. A very interesting article on this subject is found in the *New York Times*, which will be of general interest as well as to those who are addicted to the bad habit.

With the first appearance of a breakup in the weather in the North woods the gum pickers load their harvest of the winter upon sleds and begin their journey to the settlements or perhaps the cities.

The gum pickers of the forests of New York and other northern States pursue a vocation of considerable profit, concerning which little is known in the cities or towns outside the shadow of the spruces. These men arm themselves with a long pole at the end of which is a can; very often a tomato or a corn can or a funnel about three inches wide at the top, to which is fastened a sharp chisel, called the "gum spud." This tool the gum gatherer pushes far up the trunk of the tree, until the chisel has cut loose the chunk of gum, which drops into the can and from which it is emptied into a sack or basket.

Many persons who claim to possess some knowledge of woodcraft are inclined to be skeptical when they hear that the stick of gum called spruce gum, wrapped in tinfoil, covered outside with fancy paper and sold in the shops, is an adulteration of the little amber-colored chunks found on the trunks of spruce trees where the sap has oozed out to heal some wound. The pure gum of the spruce tree appears on the tree trunks like drops of wax, crystallizes, and is gathered by the gum pickers, who clean it and sell it to the gum manufacturers, some of whom may put with it paraffin, resin, or chicle until only a small portion of the pure gum remains in a single stick.

The gum gatherer is very often a guide who lingers about the resorts during the fishing and hunting seasons, or he may operate a small farm in the edge of the forest, and again he may be a trapper, a sort of hermit, who lives far back among the mountains much of the year, killing the fur-bearing animals and picking gum as a companion vocation. The huts of the backwoods trappers and of the gum pickers are often old shacks deserted by hunters and fishermen, more or less open to the elements, and their beds are of pine and balsam boughs, with coverings of blankets which have usually seen much service.

Their preparations for the business do not call for the investment of much capital. Nearly all of them have their guns and know how to jerk venison. The hut is the headquarters for a month at least, and in the morning they set out through the forest on snowshoes, some equipped with a compass and others depending upon their own powers of observation and knowledge of woodcraft to get them safely back again at the end of the day. They travel from ten to fifteen miles over the snow, which is really a great aid to them, for it not only makes a smoother path to travel upon, but also elevates them three or four feet from the ground and affords a better advantage in using the gum spud.

This advantage is better understood when it is known that the common height of a spruce tree in the Adirondacks is eighty feet. There are trees which attain a growth of one hundred feet, but this is above the average. There are three varieties of spruce—the red,

the black and the white; the red is now recognized as a separate species, having been included under the head of black spruce heretofore.

The best gum is gathered from the sapwood of the white spruce. The small trees have a thicker sapwood in proportion to their size and age than the larger ones, and from the trees of this species the resinous gum exudes. The gum starts quickly and upon the slightest injury, and there is usually a harvest awaiting the gum gatherer where a limb has been broken off or an axe inserted or where the trunk has been split in a storm. There are so many peculiar seams extending from the base well up toward the branches, which fill with gum.

It is said that forest fires have occurred where the rays of the sun shining through lumps of pure gum have formed a lens.

During the winter the gum picker will fill several grain bags with spruce gum well cleaned, but of it all the most desirable is the "blister gum" which is translucent and which turns blue after it has been chewed a while. This is scraped, washed and brightened, and sells at \$1.50 per pound. There is a coarser grade, consisting of the scrapings of the "blister gum," which contains particles of spruce bark. This is placed on trays of cotton cloth in a steam tank, and the heat and steam extract the good gum. The latter is the ordinary spruce chewing gum of commerce, and yields the harvester about fifty cents per pound.

The visitor to a gum gatherer's hut at this season of the year may also find a beverage formerly a great favorite, known as spruce beer. This is secured by boiling the young branches and evaporating the infusion, a decoction which has medicinal properties, and is a well-known antidote for scurvy, but which, as a beverage, has been largely succeeded by other drinks.

Four years ago this spring the harvestings of an aged gum gatherer of the Cranberry lake region were lost in the bottom of the lake. He set out with twenty-three bags of gum in his boat, and when about half way across the lake the boat split under the load. He had to swim for his life in icy water, but returned later and devoted several days to fruitless dredging for the gum.

Woodsmen claim that water will preserve it, and that someone in the future may become enriched by the find.

VERSED IN MEDICAL LORE.

THE knowledge the aboriginal tribes of this continent possess of the medicinal properties of the herbs and roots that grow around them has astonished the most eminent of scientists. It is probable that this knowledge is much more extensive than the white man's. V. K. Cheshunt has endeavored to elicit from the Indians of Mendocino county, California, trust-

worthy information respecting the uses to which they put various indigenous plants and attributes our knowledge of cascara sagrada to these tribes, suggesting that other plants, such as ceanothus, croton and eriogonum, would well repay investigation.

The diet of the inland tribes is peculiar, as they regard young clover shoots as a delicacy and make use of acorns and the variety of horse chestnut known as "buckeye" for making a porridge or baking into bread. The method adopted is to pound up the seeds into very fine flour and wash out the tannin and other stringent ingredients with water. A porridge or thick soup is formed by boiling the flour, while a favorite recipe for making bread consists in mixing the dough with red clay. The product is a heavy black, cheese like substance, in which the clay probably absorbs the oil and converts the last trace of tannin into a more digestible form. Another curious custom at one time in vogue was the use of poisonous plants, soap root and turkey mullein, which were thrown into streams to poison the fish. These were then caught and eaten without any deleterious consequences.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

EVERY one who has heard a dog or a horse welcome its master with exclamations of joy, or a cat plaintively mewing for its food, ought to believe that animals can talk. The dog has different sounds to express hunger, pain, joy, sorrow, thanks and fear. Birds have different songs and notes to express their feelings. We recognize their songs of victory and of love, as well as the notes of anger and fear. It is evident that these notes are understood, not only within the limits of one species, but among other birds; for different tribes often make a common cause of joy and battle. Monkeys express their passions, fears and desires by various cries and gestures. Some of the most uncivilized languages are but little richer than theirs. Abbot tells us that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries or utterances. Many scientists believe that certain sounds made by fishes are for the purpose of expressing their feelings. It is clear to the careful observer that language is universal wherever there is sensation, and all animal life, more or less inter-communicative.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE BIGGEST CHESTNUT.

THE largest and oldest chestnut tree in the world stands at the foot of Mount Etna. It is two hundred and thirteen feet in circumference and is known to be at least two thousand years old.

WE must use no words that we are not prepared to back up with deeds.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

GOVERNMENT MONOPOLIES.

RUSSIA started in trade at the close of the Crimean war. Money was scarce, so the government, noticing that people were making a lot of money by selling the old iron picked up on the battlefields and in Sebastopol, decided to act as auctioneer. Officials were appointed as mediums between the venders and purchasers, and for their services in this capacity exacted twelve cents from both parties on every hundredweight of metal sold. This brought Russia seventy-five thousand dollars by the time the old iron was bought up.

Spain goes in for trade whenever her finances want attending to. Two years prior to the outbreak of the war with America she decided to turn an honest penny by linen and plate marking. Accordingly an act was passed making it compulsory for everybody whose income exceeded a certain sum to have their linen and plate properly marked, with an alternative of a one hundred dollar fine for breaking the law. The government did all the marking and earned seven million five hundred thousand dollars before the law was repealed a year later.

Eighteen months passed and then Spain decided to take up bookbinding. The government made it imperative for all new books to be bound by the state, and supervised every bookbinding business in the country. Another law compelled the owners of all mules born within a certain period to take the animals to government officials for branding at a charge of one dollar a head, and these two businesses brought ver-satile Spain in several millions.

Italy and France have both made a good thing out of their businesses as the national tobacconists. Italy pockets a profit of forty million dollars a year in this manner and France seventy-five million dollars with an additional million from the sale of matches.

The Italian government also clears three million dollars a year by the state lotteries, retains a monopoly of all the flags used in the country, and makes a handsome profit by the sale of snow from her mountains, which is brought down in baskets by night and sold for refrigerating purposes.

Greece has tried many ways of making money of late, but none of them is very successful. The government makes and sells all of the playing cards used in the country, and also retails a little bronze badge which finds ready sale at twenty-five cents as the national emblem. These two monopolies produce two million five hundred thousand dollars a year.

Sweden goes in for banking, and conducts a state bank, which is responsible for a revenue of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum.

It is rather surprising that Austria should choose the uncongenial occupation of sweeping chimneys in order to raise the lacking millions, but such is the

case. Some time ago the government announced that every chimney must be swept once a month, and the government would do it for a fee of forty-five cents per chimney. All the chimney sweeps in the country were pressed into the government service, for no competition was allowed, and Austria managed to accumulate four million dollars a year in this manner, in addition to fines of fifty dollars which people were compelled to pay for breaking the regulation. Moreover, the government built and conducts swimming baths throughout the country, and realizes seven million five hundred thousand dollars a year by its state lotteries.

There is evidently a large profit attached to pawn-broking, or France would not interest herself in the business in addition to her trade in tobacco. The Mont-de-Piete at Paris is the national pawnshop, which the government conducts, and it brings in the respectable revenue of five million dollars a year. Anything may be pawned there, from a coffin to an elephant—both of which, it may be mentioned, have figured among the pledges before now—and money is lent at the rate of 7 per cent interest.

Other trades are well represented, for France also runs a theater and does a big business as a soap merchant.

Russia more or less controls all her theaters, and taxes every playgoer two cents for her supervision, the eight hundred thousand dollars derived from this source going toward the maintenance of the Empress Marie Foundation, an institution for the poor of the land.

Germany keeps a corps of housecleansers, which she loans for spring cleaning at a profit of four million dollars per annum, and Hesse acts as a matrimonial agent by taxing all her bachelors over the age of thirty.

* * *

HOW A POUND PULLS A TON.

IN the use of a cable with an anchor holding a battle ship of 15,000 tons worth five million dollars a great deal often depends on the soundness of the cable, and a writer in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* tells how they are tested for use:

Cables are now made not of hemp, as formerly, but of iron chain, for hemp cables fit to hold large vessels are far more bulky, expensive and perishable than those made of iron. An ordinary inch and a half iron chain is equal to a hemp cable of sixteen inches circumference.

In England, by an act passed in 1871, certain bodies—such as Lloyds—are licensed to erect machines for testing all chain cables and anchors. There is a penalty of \$250 for selling or purchasing any chain cable or anchor weighing over a hundredweight and a half without the required previous official testing.

The cable testing houses are very important parts of our dockyards. That at Davenport is a long, shed-like building of great strength and solidity. Down its center runs an immense wooden trough some eighty feet in length. At the end nearest the door there is a massive drum, over which the cable about to be tested is fastened. At the other end is a hauling arrangement, worked by hydraulic power.

A ship's cable is of enormous weight. One of an inch and a half weighs 121 pounds per fathom. So horses are employed to pull it into the testing shed, and it is then lifted over the drum, and made fast by means of a "stay pin" to the hydraulic ram.

When the cable is properly arranged in the trough and fastened at both ends the testing party retires into a small room which opens from the left of the shed. All the doors are closed and the ram is set in motion. In front of the operator in the small room is an ordinary pair of scales, and let into the wall is a small chain, below which is a scale marked with an index. The chain is so arranged as to correspond with the cable which is being tested, and the index shows how much the latter stretches under the strain. Each pound weight laid upon the scales is equivalent to a ton pull upon the cable.

To test a cable whose links are of inch-and-a-half iron, sixty pounds are put into the scales and outside in the testing shed the great cable may be heard creaking and groaning under a dead pull of sixty tons. The man in charge then looks at the index, makes a note of the amount of stretch recorded, releases the lever, and the test is thus completed.

The precaution of getting inside a separate room and shutting the door is a very necessary one, for now and then a weak link fails, and, with a tremendous crash, the cable leaps in two, and springs back whip-like across the shed. Some little time ago a certain admiral was most anxious to remain and watch a cable being tested. But when the risk was pointed out, he reluctantly consented to come into the inner room. It was lucky he did so. The chain broke, and this contributor was shown a great dent in the door frame of the testing room by a flying end of it.

The iron from which ships' cables are made must be of the very best, and not too hard. Very hard iron will snap at a sudden shock. The best cable metal is extremely "ductile." At the Devonport testing shed there is shown a curiosity in the shape of a piece of cable as stiff and straight as an iron bar. This result was obtained by putting a very heavy strain upon a piece of light chain. So excellent was the material that, instead of snapping, its links lengthened out until they bit one another, and remained rigid.

The standard test is by no means the extreme limit which anchor chains may have to bear at sea, so a few links are usually cut at random from a cable and sub-

mitted to a second test fifty per cent greater than the first. If this is withstood satisfactorily the cable is passed for use.

* * *

HUMOR IN HORSES.

ONLY those who are unfamiliar with animals doubt that they have a sense of humor. Jimmy is a lively road horse who has ideas of his own and very original conceptions of what is amusing. One day the children had erected a small tent on the lawn and sat within it drinking lemonade and playing that they were banditti. Jimmy walked softly up to the side of the tent and slowly inserted his nose through a convenient slit, says *Our Dumb Animals*. Eyes and ears followed and,



LAS BANOS—THE BATHS AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

his head once within at the back of the unsuspecting revelers, Jimmy gave one tremendous sneeze of that kind which is half a snort.

The banditti fell back in every direction, and the horse, withdrawing from the tent, laughed silently to himself before going back to his grass cropping. Jimmy's favorite amusement is that of scattering a flock of sheep. When he is feeding with them in the pasture, he suddenly stops eating and then dashes among them, sending them scudding over the hillside. Then he stands watching them until they again settle to their nibbling and after a short luncheon of his own repeats the pleasing diversion. Although this horse is the gentlest creature in the world, it pleases him exceedingly to frighten any one who has shown timidity in his presence.

Jimmy's two mistresses harness him without trouble or danger, but he delights in alarming one girl cousin who visits at the house. Sundry fidgetings and nervous starts of her own were enough to show Jimmy of what manner and temperament she was, and he is merciless in taking advantage of that knowledge. If she enters the stable where he stands accepting the

harness in the most docile manner, he opens his mouth, showing a wicked row of teeth, and makes a feint of snapping at her. She shrieks, his mistress scolds and reasons with him, and Jimmy apparently is then repentant.

* * *

JEWEL CASES OF SKIN.

EXQUISITE jewel boxes and porte-monnaie are made of sharkskin that has been bleached to extraordinary whiteness and glistens like flint or granite on which the sun is shining. Only lately have the artist craftsmen discovered the secret of doing this, and therefore these articles come high.

A jewel box of the rich white substance will have cover and sides inlaid with the scales of the bone pike, the Florida fish which supplies a material preferred for inlaying to mother-of-pearl. The bone pike's scales bear quaint markings, not unlike Chinese characters. They are put on in overlapping sections, and, being pale brown and lusterless, are an interesting foil to the highly polished sharkskin.

Fashion demands jewel holders of a light, cheerful hue, so many skins are being experimented with to produce light pearl or cream-tinted leathers of requisite strength and quality. The sea lion's skin is used for costly articles and gold-bound curio caskets. All the tanning, rubbing and polishing ever resorted to fail to obliterate those curious, wavy lines on the surface of the sea lion's skin, caused by the animal's wiggling round over the ice. Hence it is stamped forever with an intrinsic decoration. However new the article, it always presents the aspect of an antique because of these odd markings. And this distinction makes it sought after.

Other jewel cases and beautiful appurtenances in leather ware are derived from snakeskin, alum cured, a material so difficult to get in right condition that the manufacturers guard it jealously in locked compartments. The same snakeskin, cured with a preparation of bark instead of alum, makes another variety of material, the one smooth and glossy, the other lusterless. Java snakes, from sixteen to twenty feet long, contribute skins of this sort. The alum-cured skins have a unique, mottled appearance that makes up charmingly with borders of dull gold and corner designs of intertwining asps or lizards in shaded metal and with fine emerald-studded heads.

Devices of lizard skin are fitted up with real silver mountings and set off with a topaz or a sapphire unobtrusively introduced. The lizard skins are often used in their natural hues, but again are dyed black or dark brown for more practical purposes. In all cases they are beautifully marked and shaded. The coloring of beetles and of the chameleon are imitated in larger skins and utilized for very handsome cases for necklaces and caskets for hair ornaments.

A casket or porte-monnaie made of American buffalo skin costs a considerable sum and will grow higher priced each year as the buffalo becomes scarcer. The expert leather workers now take the skin of the ordinary Texas steer and convert it into leather so rich and durable that many costly accessories are made of it.

* * *

POISONING BY PERFUMES.

THOUGH it is popularly believed that strong perfumes have power to intoxicate and benumb, and though workers in perfume laboratories are occasionally so much affected as to need medical aid, little attention has been paid by physiologists to the effect of odors. But now a German physician has made a series of experiments which fully confirms the popular belief. The experiments were made not on human beings but on frogs which were put under glass bells with sponges saturated with various essences.

The effects are similar to those of chloroform. There is a brief stage of excitement, followed by partial or complete paralysis. Although many odors were used they were found to differ only in rapidity of action, and the notoriously heavy and "heady" musk was found to be one of the slowest. Camphor, peppermint, lavender, and cloves are also slow, while aldehyde, turpentine, elder flower, ylang-ylang, "peau d'Espagne," asafoetida, bisulphuride of carbon, mustard, and nicotine act quickly and energetically. In some cases the effect was instantaneous. The frog would jump about in a lively manner, but would soon stop, close his eyes, and rub his nose with his paws. His breathing and heart action become slow and labored and he perspired profusely. If he still tried to spring he often fell on his back and had hard work getting on his feet again. If the action of the fume was continued the frog's breathing became convulsive, his head fell forward, and his only response to an external stimulus was a spasmodic attempt to breathe. His eyes turned outward and his heart beat more and more slowly until it stopped altogether.

* * *

ORIGIN OF THE CANNON.

It is a curious fact that the first cannon was cast at Venice. It was called a "bombard," and was invented and employed by General Pisani in a war against the Genoese. The original bombard, which bears the date of 1380, is still preserved and stands at the foot of Pisani's statue at the arsenal. The bombard threw a stone one hundred pounds in weight; but another Venetian general, Francisco Barde, improved it until he was able to handle a charge of rock and bowlders weighing three thousand pounds. It proved disastrous to him, however, for one day during the siege of Zara while he was operating his terrible engine, he was hurled by it over the walls and instantly killed.

Aunt Barbara's Page

FROM LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

My Dear Little Nook Readers:

I have been living in California for some time and never had a happier season in all my life. I have been down at Santa Ana and like it very much there. We went from Santa Ana to Laguna Beach, a distance of twenty miles, driving over there, and it is a picturesque place. There are rocks that extend one hundred and fifty feet into the ocean and the large waves roll around them and cover them over at times. We were out on these rocks hunting shells, and the weather was just as it was in Illinois, where I used to live, in the middle of May.

We took a drive, making an overland trip of two hundred and fifty miles by way of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Covina, Glendora, San Bernardino, and other places, getting back on the 24th of February. We passed over a desert about ten miles wide, where it was impossible for us to get anything to eat for ourselves or our horses.

We went out to Catalina Island, not far from Los Angeles. It is only a half hour's ride over the Pacific. The island is twenty-two miles long, seven miles wide, and sixty-five miles around. There are thousands of sheep on the island and it would be a very pleasant place to stay. I know that all of our young INGLENOOK readers would be pleased to make this trip, as it is an experience of a life-time. A. K. LAREW.

KEPT HER PROMISE.

"TALK about your 'Helen's Babies' and your 'Heavenly Twins,'" said a West Philadelphia man yesterday. "I've got one at home, and if I had two the things I would do to them would be enough. Mine is a little girl, and she is now nearly six years old and a terrible chatter-box. The worst of it is that when we have guests at the house she is continually making breaks of the worst sort—breaks that tend to rattle the dry bones of the family skeleton in the closet. Recently when we had company at dinner she allowed her tongue to run away with her as usual, the result of which was that she very much embarrassed both her father and mother, although the guests, I am free to say, seemed delighted. I had a very serious talk with her, and impressed upon her, or tried to, that she must not tell any family secret. The next time we had company she was per-

mitted to come to the table only by promising that she wouldn't utter a word. She behaved beautifully, and had nothing to say until the dessert was about to be taken away. Then her lips began to quiver, and finally she burst into tears. 'Why' what's the matter, darling?' her mother asked 'I—I want some more ice cream, if that isn't a family secret,' she wailed, between sobs."—*Philadelphia Record*.

HOW EARLY SLEDS WERE MADE.

FROM history we learn that the boys in the time of George III. coasted on sleds made of a small board with beef bones as runners, but these dropped out of sight when the inventive genius built one out of a barrel stave, for his invention was extensively copied. The barrel staves were called "jumpers" and "skippers," and were made of a single barrel stave of moderate width to which was nailed a twelve-inch seatpost about amidships. A piece of barrel head constituted the seat. To navigate this craft required no little skill, the revolutions and convolutions performed by the rider while "gittin' the hang of the crazy old thing" being akin to the antics of a tenderfoot on a bucking broncho. A more stable and docile jumper was made by fastening two or three staves side by side, but these were not considered as fast travelers as the single staves.—*Outing*.

WILLIE SHOWED THEM UP.

IN a western school, not very long ago, a little fellow was called upon to read for the county superintendent, who was paying the school a visit. The boy was a good reader in all respects but one—he gave absolutely no heed to punctuation marks. When he had finished the superintendent asked:

"Willie, where are your pauses?"

Willie dropped his book and held up both hands.

"Here they are, sir," he said.

CASE OF CRUELTY.

A LITTLE girl, whose acquaintance with the zoological wonders of creation was limited, was looking at one of the elephants in Lincoln park, Chicago, while on her first visit to that popular resort. Observing that the animal stood motionless near a watering-trough, she said: "Poor thing! Why don't they lift up his trunk and fasten it back, so he can drink?"

The Q. & A. Department.

How was time estimated before the standard now in use was used?

If reference is had to railroads and the like it was in a sorry jumble. Each place had its own time, and a railroad schedule would read something like this: "Train arrives at Elgin at 1:45, which is sixteen minutes slower than local time," and it will be seen that each place had its own time. The division of the country into sections in which hours only counted was a great boon to the whole country.

❖

I heard a man tell of a negro turning white. Is this possible?

Yes, but not as the words imply. The Nook has seen instances of negroes who, from some obscure form of disease, took on shiny patches of dead, glistening white. The color resembled the white skin of a catfish's belly, and was disagreeable to see. It was a disease, not a change from a black man to a white one.

❖

Would it pay a couple of young men to go to the tropics and engage in drying and canning tropical fruits?

The Nook thinks not. There is no question about the fruit and the market that could be created for it, but the matter of help, taxes, the government and all that sort of thing, would most likely rule the venture out of successful prosecution.

❖

A friend and myself have decided to refer a disputed question to the Nook for answer. Is there such a thing as banana flour?

Yes. Bananas are dried and ground into flour. The Nook has seen it, but not in this country. With the ripe fruit sold everywhere it would hardly pay to get any of it, save as a curiosity.

❖

Is there a market for snapping turtles?

Yes, a limited one. Try some hotel or restaurant. It will be hardly worth while unless you are in a position to get many of them.

❖

Is there an electric railroad from Chicago to Elgin?

One is being built. The workmen can be seen from the Nook window completing the last few rods of the new road.

❖

Is the Great Salt Lake actually salt, or is it simply so-called?

Yes, decidedly so, and a great deal of salt is annually evaporated from the water.

Of what are clouds composed?

Clouds of all ordinary kinds are simply fogs more or less dense. People who ascend high mountains and pass through the clouds find them simply so much fog. Occasionally the clouds settle down on a large portion of the earth, making the dense foggy days so familiar to people in the vicinity of large bodies of water. If the conditions change slightly the fog rises and when high enough to see constitutes clouds.

❖

Is there money in raising fancy chickens?

There is money in any industry whatever. It all depends on the man and his adaptability to the business and the intelligence and push put in it. A great many people have made money out of the chicken business, and numbers have failed. A good plan is to visit people who have succeeded, and get their methods, and at all events read the books and papers on the subject.

❖

How is wood engraving done?

The surface of the block is whitened with Chinese white and on this the picture is drawn with either pen or pencil. The shading is put in the same way and then the untouched part of the face of the block is dug out with tools suited to the purpose. Very little, if any of it, is done now. Half-tone printing is better and cheaper.

❖

Why is paper so indestructible by fire?

The reason is not a clear one, but a solid mass of paper is well nigh unburnable. A printing house once burned, and a pile of paper on a marble slab was only badly charred, while the slab was burned to lime.

❖

Are perfumes ever manufactured?

Using the word manufactured to distinguish from natural products, perfumes of all kinds can be made readily and it is a distinct business. They are called synthetic perfumes, that is, put together perfumes.

❖

On what are half-tone pictures made?

On a smooth piece of copper about as thick as pasteboard, which in turn is fastened to wood. The picture is photographed on the copper surface and is eaten out by acids.

❖

I would like to get a printer's ink of a certain color of which I have a sample. Can it be done?

Yes, the ink makers will reproduce you anything in the ink line, no matter what it is. It is a regularly advertised business.

The Home



Department

DYEING CARPET RAGS.

BY J. W. VETTER.

IN a recent issue of the NOOK we notice a recipe wanted for dyeing carpet rags, and as I am in the carpet weaving business and also do a good deal of dyeing, I shall give a few recipes which I know to be good.

In the first place any article to be dyed should be made clean. Goods should be washed with soap, and the soap rinsed out. This is not so important with carpet rags, but they should be dipped in water and thoroughly wet just before putting into the preparation, to prevent spotting.

Always use soft water—enough to cover the goods well. This is always understood where quantity is not given. After dyeing, air, rinse well, and hang up to dry. Never hang up in the sun but always in the shade. The recipes given are for cotton goods only, and for five pounds of goods.

BLUE.—Dissolve 5 oz. of copperas in rain water. When it reaches the scalding point, put the goods in and scald one half hour, take out and air: put clean water in the kettle together with 6 oz. of prussiate of potash. Put in the goods and let stand one-half hour. Remove and add to the kettle 2 oz. oil of vitriol, return goods and let stand twenty minutes, or longer, if the shade is to be dark. This is a beautiful and lasting color.

GREEN.—First color the goods blue as above, then take four oz. sugar of lead, and two oz. bi-chromate of potash, dissolving each separately in $\frac{1}{2}$ pailful of water. Dip the goods from one to the other until the desired shade is obtained. Or dye yellow first, as given below, and dip in the blue as above. Either makes a substantial green.

YELLOW.—Dissolve $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar of lead in hot water. Dissolve $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bi-chromate of potash. Dip in the lead dye, then in the potash, until the desired shade is obtained.

ORANGE.—Dye the goods yellow and dip in a very strong boiling lime-water. Wring out, and dip in clear, hot rain water.

MADDER RED.—Good, but not brilliant. For 6 or 7 lbs. of goods, 6 gallons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. madder, 3 oz. alum, 1 oz. cream tartar. Heat half the water scalding hot and dissolve in it the alum and cream of tar-

tar. Let boil and put in the goods and boil two hours, then rinse. Empty kettle, break the madder in small pieces and put into the other 3 gallons of water. Put in the goods and keep scalding hot one hour, stirring constantly and then boil five minutes. Drain and rinse in clear water without wringing. Wash in suds. We have given these few recipes in as brief a way as we could, so that they could be understood, and while they are substantial colors they are also quite expensive, and, as you will notice, take quite a good deal of time to obtain good results. Not only that, but the acids used in them to set the colors will soon rot the goods so they are not the best after all. We prefer in our dyeing, the package dyes, because they are easier to use, go farther for less money, are more brilliant, and no acids are used to set dye, nothing but vinegar or salt. We use what is known as Magic Dyes in large packages, dyeing from three to five pounds of goods for ten cents. We have dyed coats, vests, waists, yarn, carpet warp and carpet rags with the best of results. In dyeing *always* use a brass, copper or porcelain lined kettle and be sure to have your goods clean, which is one-half of the result obtained.

Pyrmont, Ind.

HOW TO COLOR CARPET RAGS.

BY MRS. SARAH KINDER.

I AM a weaver of carpet and have had some experience in coloring rags both for carpet and rugs. I get the best results by using Perfection and Putnam dyes, which can be had at the drugstore. I get the kind that will color silk, wool or cotton, and follow the directions, only that I add a tablespoonful of powdered alum, which, I think, sets the color.

Another way to color I think is cheaper and never fades. Get a half pound of extract of logwood and five cents worth of alum. Dissolve the logwood and alum in about three gallons of boiling rainwater. Put in your rags, which do not need to be white to insure a good color as faded calicoes, ginghams, and shirtings color nicely. Boil them for one hour, then wring and hang in the sun. This airing in the sun makes the color darker. On wash day rinse them in the suds, after the washing is done; then rinse in clear water. This makes a good black color for carpet rags.

Arcadia, Indiana.

LITERARY.

THE *Review of Reviews* for March opens with an editorial tribute to the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry, the veteran leader of the movement for popular education in the South. In the same magazine, Mr. George Perry Morris reviews the long, public career of the late ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, the steadfast friend of the American Indian. "The Sultan of Morocco and his Present Troubles" is the subject of an article by Dr. Talcott Williams which embodies full and accurate information regarding political and social conditions in Morocco; Mr. Walter Wellman describes the workings of the United States Steel Corporation's great profit-sharing and stock-distributing plans; there is a character sketch of the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, the first Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, by Mr. H. B. F. Macfarland; Dr. J. M. Buckley describes the methods by which the Methodist Episcopal Church has raised its "Twenty-Million-Dollar Fund," to celebrate the opening of the twentieth century; Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin sketches the recent remarkable progress of Germany as a ship-building nation; "The Lumber Industry of the Pacific Coast" is described by Alvin Hovey-King; Mr. Thomas C. Martin gives the latest information as to "Long-Distance Power-Transmission in Canada;" and the work of the first federal Parliament of Australia is reviewed by the Hon. Hugh H. Lusk. Other important topics of the day are editorially treated in "The Progress of the World," in the cartoon department, and in "Leading Articles of the Month."

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I LIKE the Doctor Book ever so much. Many thanks. I think the NOOK is a fine paper."—*Emaline Pippenger, Indiana.*

*

"I READ the INGLENOOK with a very great pleasure, and find in its pages much that is helpful."—*Sadie Keller Myers, Iowa.*

*

"THE INGLENOOK is a welcome visitor at our place. It is getting better all the time."—*Michael Arnold, Indiana.*

*

"WE like the NOOK very much and anxiously await its coming."—*Lucy Sherman, Virginia.*

*

"THE NOOK always tells us something every week that we did not know before."—*Samuel Petry, Va.*

*

"THE NOOK is the cleanest and best magazine I have ever read."—*F. H. Sine, Arizona.*

*

"THE NOOK is a good magazine."—*Sarah Sell, Pa.*

"WE all think lots of the INGLENOOK, and would not want to do without it."—*Stella Brubaker, Illinois.*

*

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK for its wholesome moral tone and hard sense."—*Homer F. Sanger, W. Va.*

*

"LONG live the Nookman with success to the INGLENOOK."—*Mrs. C. S. Eisenbise, Nebraska.*

*

"WE are very much pleased with the Doctor Book."—*Allie, Eisenbise, Nebraska.*

*

"WE think the INGLENOOK is a splendid paper."—*Walter Uhl, Iowa.*

*

"I THINK it an excellent paper."—*Sarah Witmore Harnley, Kansas.*

*

"I AM perfectly satisfied with the NOOK."—*N. J. Roop, Missouri.*

*

"WE like the INGLENOOK very much."—*Elias Fashbaugh, Indiana.*

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Tenant for farm. Married. Will give work by year. Rent free. Trucking, poultry and cows free. Not less than \$250 a year. Address quick with reference.—*J. E. Keller, Tipton, Iowa.* 13

*

WANTED.—Married man, small family, to work on farm the year round. Must have good character. Give reference. Address: *C. B. Rowe, Dallas Center, Iowa.* 18

*

WANTED.—To take to raise on a farm, a bright healthy girl, 10 to 13 years of age. A good home given. Address: *Box 130, Mt. Carroll, Ill.* 14

*

WANTED.—A good moral man, single, to work by the year on a farm. Begin March 1 or 15.—Address: *John Zuck, Clarence, Iowa.* 18

*

WANTED.—I want a blacksmith for a country shop. Brother preferred.—*Isaac L. Hoover, Lone Star, Kansas.* 13

*

WANTED.—A good experienced man to work on farm. Address: *F. L. Netzley, Naperville, Ill.* 13

*

I WANT to make your bonnet or cap.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.* 13

*

WE want 2 women stenographers.—*Dunkard Co-operative Co., Chicago, Ill.* 13

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 14.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR Idaho issue deals almost exclusively with that State. It is a great State, a coming one, one that has already arrived with room for millions more. Physically it is of irregular shape, being three hundred miles wide on the south, and fifty miles on the north. It has 55,228,160 acres within its domain, which in the main is a vast plateau from six hundred feet to ten thousand feet above sea level, taking into consideration its highest mountains. There are 7,000,000 acres of good timber, of which one sees little or nothing as he crosses the State on the railroad.

In the Southern part of the State is a volcano belt about fifty miles wide, extinct now, but lively enough ages ago. In the mountains are valleys as fertile as any on earth. For the most part the State is arid in the sense of requiring irrigation, but there is an upper corner in it where there is rainfall enough for good and certain crops. The rainfall in that part of Idaho is about the same as the precipitation in Maryland. In the other parts of the State irrigation must be had for crops, and where water is available it is a surer and better method of farming.

The weather is that of the desert, that is, it is good. It is never so warm in summer but that the nights are cool, and while it gets cold in winter, it is not of the penetrating, biting kind. The average temperature is about that of the State of Ohio.

Wheat is grown in the State, from thirty bushels, to one hundred bushels per acre in exceptional instances. It is a first class dairying country, while for fruit it is not surpassed. Its decomposed lava soil makes excellent crops, while its mineral wealth is unknown yet.

Is Idaho a good State to consider in moving? It is,—if you get in the right place, and the right place is where you can wet down your crop when it needs it, and there is no mistake about it then.

OUR COVER PICTURE.

OUR cover picture shows a band of elk in the mountains literally starved into tameness and docility. As a picture the original photograph is an excellent one, and our reproduction shows the native grace of the

animal. Those that get down seldom get up, and when the herd wanders on they are left behind to perish with hunger and thirst.

We understand that arrangements have been made by the Government whereby a fund is available, or will be made available, for the purpose of purchasing food for wild animals should there be another occurrence of the present year's difficulty in the animals obtaining food.

The elk is a noble animal, and the Government, both general and State, have taken the most active measures to prevent their disappearance at the hands of hunters who kill for the sake of killing only. The sneaking coyote, in company with a few of his kind, sometimes follows a disabled elk or deer when the snow is so deep that he cannot protect himself by flight and they fall upon him and destroy him. Three months after this when the herbage is green on the hills this body of elk will have separated and the man who gets a sight of one, much less a herd of them, may consider himself lucky.

SAGE BRUSH.

HALF the NOOK family never saw sage brush, and would like to know what it is like. Well, it has a scientific name, which we forget, and it grows on the desert, so-called. If our Eastern Nooker imagines a shrubby growth that started to make a tree, grew two or three feet high, then changed its mind and decided on a currant bush or gooseberry style of architecture he will have it in the rough. The sage brush puts forth a few leaves in the spring and has a plan of flowering one would not suspect. It has a few sure thing seeds. It has a rather smallish root and is scattered over the ground not so thickly, as a rule, but that one can ride and walk through it. It is easily scalped out of the ground, if not too large. In the dry season, when the wind is right, whole patches of it are burned by engine sparks, leaving the bare sticks lifeless.

In some sections it maintains the size of a big quince tree, but ordinarily it is more of a bush. The wood makes excellent kindling. Cleaning the sage brush off the land is tedious but not at all difficult. Whoever planted the first sage brush seed ought to be satisfied with the extensiveness of the crop.

AN EXPLANATION.

A GOOD many NOOK readers will notice in this and other issues of the INGLENOK a great deal about irrigation and they may not fully understand its importance. In fact few people who have not a pretty good idea of the country as a whole, can comprehend the magnitude and the importance of the subject. Take a section like Pennsylvania or Ohio, or kindred States, where there is an uncertain rainfall, and either a hit or a miss of the crops, and the residents do not know what irrigation means, not only to them, but to the whole country. It is a science, one that will, in the near future, involve the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, and other hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of crops. In the end it will seriously affect the east in a farming way. All that prevents the west from being the bread basket and the vegetable and fruit growing sections of the world, producing to a certainty all that the world wants to use, is the present lack of water.

More people are working on irrigation now than ever before, and there is a reaching out into new territory, and perhaps the time will soon come when every available cubic yard of water will be used in the sections where it is needed. It is not this matter that needs much clearing up, but when the natural flow is used, when there is a dam wherever there is water to be impounded, and there is still a clamor for new supplies to cover new fields, the underground storage will be sought out, and that it will be utilized, is not a question in the INGLENOK mind. It is a sure thing.

Now if you will look at a map of the United States you will see that a very large part of it, larger even than appears, will fall within the sections where irrigation is a necessity. Consider the economic result when this is all "under water" as the saying is, and is it not a question big enough to think about and to talk over? Moreover, if there is nothing out of the ordinary happens, making a crop by irrigation is a sure thing, as sure as anything can be in this world of ours. This is not the case in the older sections where sky farming is the practice.

Take for instance the Cumberland Valley, where there are many good Nookers. This spring the farmer will plough his corn ground, and he will plant it with the three yellow grains to the hill. It comes up all right, and shows the green shoots in mathematical precision whatever way you look at it, telling of good and correct furrowing out. Then everything goes all right, and the yellow heaps in the autumn seem in sight. Then comes the dreaded dry spell. The corn stops its growth, the leaves turn yellow and curl up, everything shows the withering effect of the drouth. If it keeps on long enough what there is of the crop is folder and little else.

What is said of corn will apply equally well to all other crops. While corn is not raised as a main crop in the part of Idaho we have in mind, on account of the cold nights, yet what is said of corn in a dry spell is also true of all that man grows. Now what happens in an irrigated section? The man thinks the crop wants a drink. He doesn't look to the blue sky for help. He puts on his rubber boots, or rolls up his trousers, and with a hoe in his hand lets on the water and makes weather to suit himself. He is as sure of the crop as he is of anything on this earth. Of course there may be something come over him, as a hail storm, or the end of the earth may come, but the result will be growing all right enough when the calamity overtakes him. That's the difference between sky farming and irrigation. It is the sureness of the crop that makes the matter an interesting subject to the farmer back east who has to chance it. Now does it not appear that irrigation is a subject worth thinking about?

* * *

THE GENUS HOMO OF IDAHO.

ONE of the first questions asked by people who have never been west is about the people. Naturally they want to know and as commonplace as the question may seem to the Westerner it is of great interest to the man of the Eastern Coast. The whole matter might be summed up in the statement that there is no difference at all, that men and women are alike the world over, and while this is true in general terms yet there is a difference. What is it? Well, as a rule, there is a country of youngish people. They move faster, and live three years of the East in one of Idaho. Morally they are as good as any, and if any Easterner who has lived all his life in the peck measure of Owl Hollow expects to find the whooping, hard drinking, harder looking picture paper people he will miss it badly. There will be more get up and go in evidence, but that is due to youth and the free air of the country. In all other respects they average well with any State and its people.

At a recent "opening" of a new hotel perhaps a thousand people were in attendance. Many of them were in dress suits and the entire proceedings were such as might characterize a similar event in Philadelphia, which is supposed to be sufficiently staid for most people. The mistake of most people is in regarding the West as either wild or unkempt. Possibly a remote mining camp might show some signs of lack of observance of conventions, but anywhere else in the West is the East with a move on it.

* * *

NAMPA, less than 2,000 population, sold in the last year \$64,000 railroad tickets, handled 39,000,000 pounds of freight, with a freight receipt of \$185,000.00. Not bad, that.

THE FRUIT OF IDAHO.

If one were asked where the best fruit comes from, the best apples, for instance, the reply would be according to the party's knowledge. It might be said that in New York, in Pennsylvania, Arkansas, and other places the big red apple thrives best. All this is true in a certain sense, yet when it is all said, and the apples are on exhibition, those of Idaho are unsurpassed. It is perhaps not saying more than the facts justify when we write it as our opinion that no better apples grow anywhere outside of the more favored sections of Idaho. There is a good reason for this.

In the first place, in the irrigable sections the sun is

in boxes not very much different from an orange box, and their sale is generally effected on the box plan, and the beauty of the fruit can not but impress itself on the observer. Nearly everybody has seen the seductive, and often deceptive pictures in the plate book of the tree seller, and they are generally regarded as so much imagination and fiction generally. Yet here in Idaho, in the parts visited by the Nookman, there are hundreds of boxes of apples everywhere, as pretty as any picture.

The trees are apparently healthy, and, as a rule, are pretty well cared for. But the codling moth, the bane of the orchardist, is there all right enough, and it is not to the credit of these people who live in the home of the apple that they have allowed it to get a hold.



WHAT AN IRRIGATED IDAHO ORCHARD LOOKS LIKE.

hot and long in the day. It is cool enough in the shade, but out in the open the sun beats down continuously. When the soil is a decomposed lava, full of mineral constituents, and with water as a solvent these minerals put character into the fruit and the sun develops the colors. It is a combination that does not exist everywhere, but where it does the result is a sure one. The soil in southern Idaho is very like that of Italy, and if its relative situation to the conditions that make southern California what it is were similar, the result would be the same kind of country.

There is always an uproar when anyone says that a certain section of country is superior to another in any given matter. But such things as fruit speak for themselves. Nobody can fail to notice the beauty of the Idaho apples as they are offered for sale at the stores. Unlike the methods of the east they are packed

The codling moth, if not amenable to reason, is to poison, and it is simply a matter of continued and universal warfare and the pest can be held in check. It is a little humorous to hear people in an entirely new country tell one who knows, that there is not a single insect pest in the neighborhood. Moreover, they will cite this as an argument that there never will be. All the same the little codling moth will come along in time, together with the peachtree borer, and the potato bug, and the rest of the family. These winged people do not travel by fast trains, but they come trailing along after to vex the soul of the orchardist and the general grower. Talking to them with a patent sprayer will make better and more fruit.

* * *

THE lake surface of Idaho is over 600,000 acres.

MAKING SOIL.

A GOOD while ago, we don't know how long, and nobody knows for that matter, but a good while at least, all this Idaho country was in more or less ferment. There is a considerable string of volcanoes, gone out of business and dead enough now, but in that "good while ago" they made things exceptionally lively when they were in action. From them poured millions of tons of molten matter, and steaming mud, that, in the course of ages hardened into rock. One doesn't have to go far to find lava and other evidences of volcanic origin. In fact these rocks are all about, everywhere, and of all sizes, shapes and general conditions.

Then, when the earth got through with its fit of belching and vomiting and settled down to rest, the "elements," a nice, smooth, easy word for sun, wind and weather, proceeded to get in their work and wore down the cooling rocks into a fine dust, soil, so to speak. There was no violent operation and what went on then goes on now, just the same sunshine, the same rain and snow, freeze and thaw, plant life and death, and particle by particle the eternal rocks, which are not eternal by any means, were powdered and the operation is still going on every minute and will go on till there are no more rocks, which in this country will be for many a day.

Then came the lakes that spread themselves in inland seas. Long, long ago all this! Strange animals frequented the waters, but no man looked on. Finally the lakes went, leaving mighty beds of detritus, the broken up and refined rocks of every hillside and mountain slope, ready then for the man with the hoe.

None may know how or when the sage brush came. But wherever it started it has spread over the face of the earth till its limitations are simply the places where it can grow. It is here now in this soil, so rich in every element of plant growth. It is a familiar sight on what is locally known as the "desert." It is neither bush nor tree and is, in a million fold, to vegetation what the coyote is to animals. It needs no water, indifferent as to sun, hardly a good refuge for the jackrabbit, and of no use save where men scalp it out of the soil for firewood. It comes on in the spring, greens up some, puts forth a few inconspicuous flowers, seeds a little and then sits down to patiently wait on another year to come, unmindful of everything.

To the man who doesn't know, the sage brush country spells desolation. To him who knows, it is, with water, the direct road to competency and even wealth. The worst of this Idaho soil is in sight. Its faults are on the outside where all can see. Cut out the sage brush, and it is easily done, burn off the tops, treat it to a liberal drink of water and it will smile into a harvest as full of fact and promise as an egg is full of meat.

A GREAT CANAL FOR IDAHO.

CONTRACTS have just been awarded at Salt Lake City, Utah, for the construction of two-thirds of the 61-mile irrigation canal of the Twin Falls Land and Water Company of Idaho. When completed this canal should irrigate 270,000 acres of land, now of little value, in the Snake River Valley. In connection with the project it is proposed to construct a dam 900 feet long and 60 feet high across the Snake River at Twin Falls, which backs the river up about three miles. It is stated that work will be under way within a month, and an attempt will be made to have some irrigation in connection with the enterprise in operation for the beginning of the growing season of 1904. The amount involved in the enterprise will approximate \$1,000,000.

* * *

A SIGN.

ALL through this Idaho country there are certain signs in the towns that tell a story. There is no end of new houses in sight, the yellow, unpainted house, and the pile of lumber where there is going to be a house one of these fine days, lots of them, are in sight. Then there are the tent people, and some of them are right where their house is going to be a little later on. A man with his family will have a tent or a tent house with nothing but thin canvas on the sides and between him and the overhead. Of course it is not as warm as a steam-heated brick house, but it is a great deal warmer than you think, pretty comfy, thanks. These people will live in a house one of these days, a little later on, and it may have a front door with a colored glass in it and the front room will have lace curtains, a red carpet, and the window will have a plaster dog on a shiny table, just back, where passers-by can see it. Give them time, give them time, one can't expect the earth all at once.

* * *

THE ELK PICTURES.

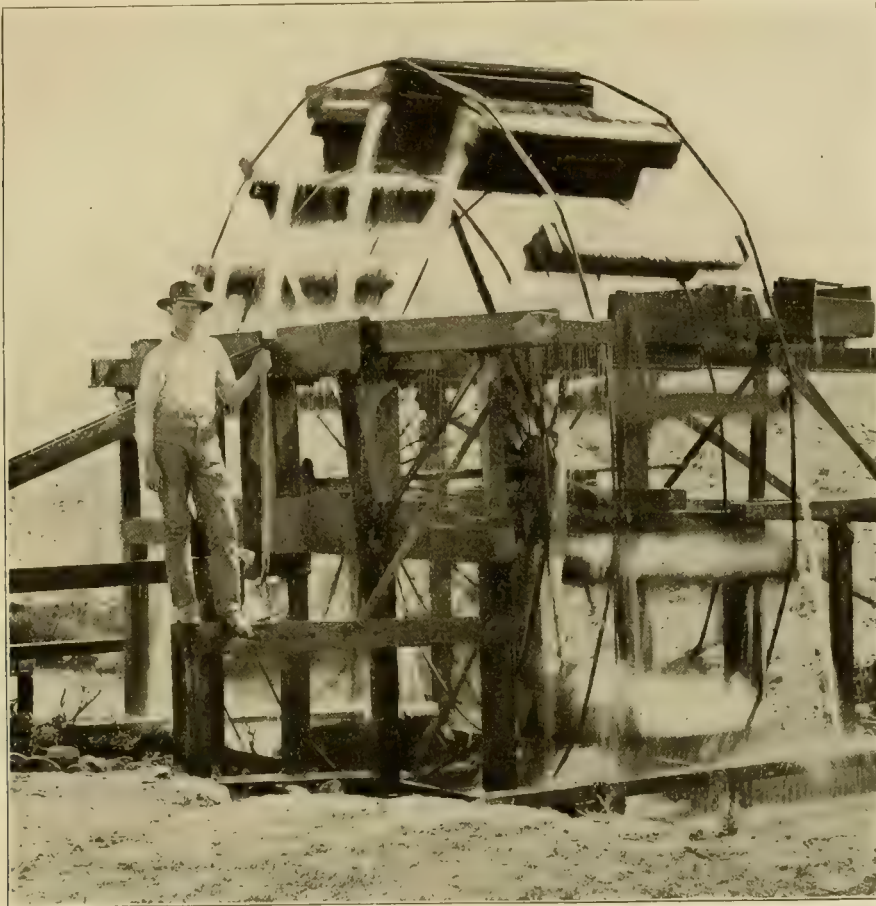
READERS of the INGLENOK cannot fail to be impressed with the pictures of the elk printed in this number of the magazine. They were taken by S. N. Leek, of Jackson, Wyoming, and represent the starving elk in their nightly raids on the haystacks in the neighborhoods in which they are found. Ordinarily the elk is a very wild animal and difficult to approach, but hunger drives them to the very doors of the houses. It is a great pity that some provision has not been made whereby they can be fed and their suffering avoided.

Mr. Leek, we are informed, has quite a collection of pictures of this character and those interested in this sort of thing will find it to their advantage to write him about the illustrations.

A WATER WHEEL.

THIS illustration shows a water wheel intended for irrigation purposes. It shows it in operation. The wheel is set up along some convenient stream, the force of the current turns it and the buckets are so arranged that they dip up the water, pass through it and empty as the wheel turns. It will be evident that

IN seeing Idaho, especially the southern part of it, it was the Oregon Short Line that we took. We were accompanied by Mr. Graybill, of Nampa, for most of the way. We had an unequalled opportunity for seeing that part of the State. We did not penetrate to the mines because our people are not so much interested in minerals as they are in agricultural development.



AN AUTOMATIC WHEEL.

a large quantity of water can thus be raised for the purpose of irrigation where there exists a stream so related to the land around it that it may be available. The size of this wheel may be estimated by the man standing by the side. The water is run through a trough into a ditch, or flume, from whence it is let on the land.

THE Red Astrachan apple and Yellow Transparent are two good summer apples in Idaho. The Snow apple and Gravenstein are two good fall apples. Jonathan and Rome Beauty are two good early winter apples. Wine Sap, Mammoth Black Twig, and Ben Davis, are three good winter apples. It should be remembered that almost any apple will do well in Idaho but the above have been well tried.

ONE of the things that pays in this life is to spend some little money in the start in looking up a home and in investigating the sections before making the final move. Few, if any, of the sections described may suit you and then again, the whole section may be just the place you are looking for. How can you tell without going and seeing?

THE average temperature of Idaho is about the same as that of southern or central Ohio, and is said to be several degrees warmer than that of northern Illinois.

ONE of the odd things about Idaho is that fruit, and even vegetables, are bought and sold by the pound. After all that is the only correct way of doing it.

THE RESOURCES AND WHY.

IDAHO is a wonderful country in the matter of its resources, as all who know the State fully understand. But not everybody knows why. Take a State like Pennsylvania or Ohio, and others in the East, and about the same general climatic conditions prevail throughout their boundaries. This is due to their relations to what makes the climate. They are blocked out of the same kind of material, so to speak. But Idaho is another story.

The reason is this. Idaho is over four hundred miles long, from North to South, and is laid out cross-wise with the conditions. It is cut across the climatic fabric, not running with it, like Kansas or Nebraska. Thus the Northern border is along the Canadian possessions, while the Southern border is four hundred and ten miles south. It will make our meaning clearer if we say that laying the Northern border at Chicago the Southern part of the State would be in Alabama, and if the northern edge were about the level of Pittsburgh it would reach into Georgia. On the east the Yellowstone Park laps over into the State. Clearly to all matters would be different in a country around Chicago from what they are in Alabama, and just so Idaho with its North and South reach presents a great change of surface, climate and productions. In the North it is cold and there are forests and lakes, a goodly country it is, and in the South there is a volcanic country with a soil of decomposed lava and the climate of Maryland, though it never gets as cold in southern Idaho as in Western Maryland.

The most of the readers of the INGLENOOK are in the southern and southwestern part of the State. Where they live the country presents the aspect of mighty reaches of valley land, sage brush, and greasewood overgrown, with a river running down through the valleys, from which water is taken to irrigate. In the northern part of the State irrigation is not necessary, or, at least, it is not practiced, while in the southern or volcanic part it is an absolute necessity.

In these great valleys it is practically desert country, but let nobody be misled into thinking that the word desert is to be construed in the sense of a barren country. Quite the reverse. It is fertility itself under the magic touch of water, of which there is a plenty in most places, and where there is none the reader must keep away with his hoe, though he can go into stock, and realize all the joys and sorrows of the shepherd.

The climate of this southern valley section is clear, dry, and in summer time it is hot. No high winds are known and in the absence of general moisture when the summer sun blazes forth it gets hot, not the sticky, miasmatic heat of the lagoon and bay country of the Atlantic seaboard, but a dry heat. And it is an advantage to agriculture. Put out a fruit tree, apple, plum, peach or the like, and there is that in the soil

which puts character into the fruit and color on its skin. Give it water to drink and soil and sun makes the big, red apple or the luscious prune. Nor will there ever be an over-production. The dryer and the cannery will take all there is into their capacious maws when the public appetite for green fruit is appeased. It is a country where the Almighty does a great deal. Man only does his part halfway.

All over this country there is something that strikes the eastern newcomer or visitor. At his home he knows all about the field of swaying timothy or the meadow fragrant with red clover. But he sees stacks here, that, cut across show a light green unfamiliar to him. He will see, in the season, uncounted thousands of acres of alfalfa, which is just so much cattle, sheep, horses and fat hogs in the green. It is a wonderful crop that will stack up its six or eight tons to the acre and animals get fat on it, so fat that they often go to their shambles without being fed any grain. A wonderful crop is alfalfa.

The great advantage of this Idaho country is the fact that the farmer can diversify his crops. In mixed husbandry there is safety. When one's eggs are not all in one basket the danger of failure is minimized in the case of temporarily adverse conditions. Look you to it, Nooker, Idaho is a good place.



THE COYOTE.

THE coyote is really a little wolf. He is about the size of a small shepherd dog, or a little larger than a fox. He has a fox tail and a wolf's head. He lives out in the open and he looks as though he had committed every crime known to man and animals and was trying to get away. He has a lean and hungry look. Nobody ever saw a fat and good-natured coyote. He jumps unwary bunnies and he will eat anything, but nothing "sticks to his ribs." Two of them can make more noise at night than a political convention.

The coyote is a liar and a thief. His mother was a bad coyote and his father was deservedly killed by dogs. His grandparents on both sides were worse than his parents, and the farther back you go the worse the family gets. What a coyote likes best is to follow some weak animal and pounce on it when it can get no further. All you have heard bad and mean about the coyote family is true and you haven't heard half of the truth. All you can think of that is bad he is, and a good deal more. Every now and then the Eastern man may see one standing out in the open watching the train go by. You will know him by the slinking look he carries with him.



IN Idaho, as everywhere, mixed husbandry is the correct thing. It is never best to have one's eggs all in one basket.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

AWAY back the NOOK does not attempt to say when, the southern part of Idaho was the scene of intense volcanic action. There is a range of extinct volcanoes plainly in evidence, and the time was when there was a vast outpour of mud and molten lava that covered a large part of the State. The mountains thrown up, and the craters, in places, are plainly visible while the whole country is a lava bed. Then in the course of time, nobody knows when, the country was a network of huge lakes. These were likely placid in their character and filled the vast inter-mountain country. For how many ages these lakes shimmered in the sun before they began to dry up there is no record. But dry up they did for the most part, leaving in their lowest part rock graven gutters, down which flowed the melting snow water of the mountains. These are the rivers of to-day. And what is said is perhaps the history of every river that flows through the far west country.

Then came the long, sunlit ages when the strange geological period animals that flew or waded were the only living things in sight or hearing. Ages came and went. If there was a man in sight his color was red and he had it all to himself.

Then came the mightiest force of all. The sun came up in the morning, looked down on the bare rock bot-tomed scene, and went behind the hills again. The earth swung around the sun, who knows how many times, and every day and each night a particle of rock let go here and there, and the snows fell and the rains came, and freezing and thawing, kept it up till the everlasting and eternal rocks, and they are neither, were worked into the dust we call soil. What followed in the way of vegetation we do not know, but it is clear that at the present is the scrub growth known as sage brush, neither grass nor tree, and undecided itself what it is going to be. But it naturally grows best where the soil is deepest. The response to good environment is shown wherever there is a hollow spot in the ground where dust accumulates and water lies the longest. There the sage brush rises in stature from a gooseberry bush to quince tree proportions.

Now all these old lake beds have in their soil every element of plant growth. Put a seed in the ground and from the time the descending white root growth begins to drink, the upper plant waxes fat and strong and flashes into bloom to glow with fruit as the seasons wane. There is perhaps no plant which will stand cold, which will not thrive in the decomposed lava beds of the ages, if, *if*, IF water can be furnished the growth.

Now coming from out the dim past of exploding volcanoes and placid, monster haunted lakes, to the present let it be distinctly and clearly understood by everybody who reads that nothing worth while will

grow in the southern part of Idaho, in what is known as the irrigable country, unless water is within economic reach in quantity and quality. Given the soil, and sufficient water, and the result is one to conjure with. Without it there is nothing but sage brush to count on.

As to the question as to whether or not there is such desirable land the answer is that there are thousands and thousands of acres where everything adapted to the country will do surpassingly well, and there are thousands and thousands of acres where by no known human agency can a crop be grown. Now if you get into such a place as the latter, after being warned, do not come to the NOOK with any whine that you have been misled. Water and you are all right. No water and you are done for. That is it, and that is all of it.

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WHY NOT?

THE Oregon Short Line, an excellent railroad and well managed, runs right through the sage brush country of Idaho. Thousands of people ride on it annually and pass through the desert with feelings of relief when they get beyond its dreadful and depressing influence. They have no knowledge of the possibilities of the coyote and jackrabbit domain. If they go and come with no object lesson showing the capabilities of the country so much for the report they make.

Now why not let the State of Idaho select a quarter section in reach of a good supply of water, and carve out of the sage brush a show place that would be a literal standing advertisement of the country? Suppose now, that in some broad expanse of the sage brush the traveler could see, right by the track an ideal home. If the Nookman had the say of it he would have a white-painted green-shuttered cottage with broad verandas about it, no gingerbread, but a homey place such as a professional architect could devise. Let the florist loose, and the horticulturist is to have a free hand. Each phase of it should be the work of an expert in plan and execution. Then put an educated farmer on it to make every part of it respond in happiest mood to intelligent touch. It is not meant to suggest an experiment station, but an ideal home, an educator to the Idaho man, a lesson for the stranger and an advertisement for the State. There need be no descriptive literature. With the sage brush all around it the story would need neither title nor chapters. It would tell itself. The good it would do would be incalculable. The stranger would want a place just like it. The native woman would want "some of the seed" of the flowers and plants she would see, while the man might be induced to buy vines and evergreens.

It is a good idea. Why not?

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REMARKABLE how good some of the country town hotels are! And—well, nothing!

IRRIGATION IN IDAHO.

BY J. H. GRAYBILL.

THERE are several ways of dividing water from the streams to get it on the land. Where one lives near a large stream and wishes to irrigate only a farm or two, and his land lies above the stream, the water is raised by means of a large water-wheel that is turned by the stream, and at the same time the buckets pour the water into a flume that runs it out to the land to be irrigated. Or, sometimes one has a large spring near his farm, and the water is run into a reservoir and the farmer irrigates from that. Again it may be done from a well, a common wind engine or a gasoline engine pumping the water. But these means of irrigation are only used to irrigate small areas.

Irrigation in its broad sense, as known to the western man, means the watering of a tract of land containing from ten to three hundred thousand acres or more. These large tracts of land are watered by means of large ditches or canals, located by a competent engineer, who determines the proper grade just as accurately as though a railroad were to be built, and the process of construction is the same as building a railroad. The water is diverted from the creek or river at the most convenient place by damming the stream, which sometimes means a very costly structure. These canals vary in size from ten feet wide to eighty or one hundred feet, and are often fifty miles long. They run on the highest level possible from the point of starting and all the land lying on a lower level than the ditch may be watered from it. This is what is meant by the expression, "The land is under water."

All the land watered by these canals is not distinctly tributary, and to reach all the lands smaller laterals are taken from them and run on the highest points to distribute the water to the many farms, which can be watered from that system. Where the large canal is taken from the river, and the smaller ones from the larger there is a simple water gate that may be raised or lowered to let in more or less water as the case may be.

Some of these canals cost very large sums of money, even running up into millions of dollars, and generally they are built by companies. These companies either rent the water to the farmer at a cost of about \$1.50 per acre each year, or sell the farmer a perpetual water right at about \$10.00 per acre, after which there is no cost but for cleaning and caring for the ditch, which seldom exceeds fifty cents an acre.

Another method of irrigation is by the district system, which is considered the best. All the land that can be watered by a certain ditch is taxed, bonds are issued, the ditch bought or built, as the case may be, and then it belongs to the farmers and is under their complete control.

The applying of the water to the land by the farmer is where the secret of success in irrigation comes in. To be successful every detail of the work must be properly done. The land must be cleared of sage brush and leveled so that the water, when turned on, will cover every part of the ground. When your land is in proper shape for the seed, the preparation from its raw state will have cost you, in labor and money, on an average of about five or six dollars per acre, and if it is properly done your irrigation troubles are over. After this when your crop needs rain, and every good farmer or gardener knows when, you have only to raise the water gate in the lateral from which you take your water and let it all over the land, if it is grain or grass, or between the rows, if it is vegetables or corn, letting it run, in each case, until it has covered the entire field and the land is properly wet. Then the gate may be closed and you may wait until the crop needs more water. There are minor details to be learned by experience that cannot be told in an article of this kind.

Southern Idaho has several million acres of irrigable land. Much of this is under cultivation, and much yet remains to be brought under the magic power of water. There is much government land to be had, but it is worth nothing without water, and now that the government has gone into the irrigation business, only a few years may elapse until thousands of acres that now grow sage brush, bunch grass, and jackrabbits will produce great fields of golden grain, sweet smelling clover and big, red apples.

There is no land that produces like irrigated land. There is no failure or loss of crops, for while the continual sunshine with the application of water brings immense crops of grain and grass, the withholding of water, which the farmer has under his control, the bright sunshine and light, dry air enables him to save his hay and grain in the most perfect condition. And so it goes, year after year, producing about the same average of crop, which enables the man of small means to get a home. The sure crops and large yields mean an increase in the price of the land, so that the land that the farmer took in its wild state at only a few dollars an acre soon becomes worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars per acre.

Did you ask how many acres could one man irrigate? Well, if it is grass he can easily irrigate one hundred and sixty, but if he is doing general farming one-fourth of that is enough for one man who has no help. To get the proper results the work must be done exactly, and if you are a slipshod, Peter-tumble-down fellow, stay in the East and let the Lord furnish the water, apply it to the land and you rustle around a little between showers to gather in what the Lord has made for you.

Nampa, Idaho.

A WATER PIPE.

IN the illustration is shown a method sometimes used to carry water over a hill. It is the form of an inverted siphon. The tube is composed of wood hooped around as shown in the picture. The size of it may

only those who have seen it in operation will understand the velocity of a stream of water with a head like this when it passes out at the pipe adjusted for the purpose of eating into a hill for mining purposes.

In a stream flowing through the delivery pipe, about the diameter of an ordinary stove pipe, no man is strong enough to take an iron crowbar and



BRINGING WATER OVER THE HILL.

be imagined by the man leaning against it. If this pipe gets full of water rushing down a hillside out of an inexhaustible reservoir one can imagine the force with which it flows through the nozzle of the pipe, adjusted for mining purposes, and it indicates the amount of water that might be used for irrigation purposes.

The picture, in the main, shows how the ingenuity of man may lead a large body of water over a hill while

strike through the stream where it issues from the nozzle. And if by any ill luck anybody should get into the way of this stream it would simply break every bone in his body and send him to death in a fraction of a second.

When used for mining purposes it is directed into a hillside where it eats away the dirt just about as fast as the steam from a teakettle would melt a piece of ice.

BOISE.

BOISE is the capital of Idaho. It is on a branch of the Oregon Short Line, an hour from Nampa. When you come to Idaho you want to get off at Nampa and run up to Boise, and you call it Boy-see, accenting the first syllable. Boise is an old town, a very old town, as much as forty years old, and this age in a sage brush country entitles any town to put on airs and give the advice supposed to be tempered with the wisdom usually associated with age.

The country right around Boise is an object lesson of what can be done in this part of the State once the hand of man and the touch of water livens the scenery. The immediate surroundings of fields etc., as seen from the railroad are as smooth as the Cumberland Valley in Pennsylvania with the added fact that when it is level it *is* level, not rolling like the famous valley south of Harrisburgh.

There is a range of mountains just north of Boise and the town sat down to stay right at their base. With the sun on the mountains and an atmosphere of great purity Boise should be, and is, an exceptionally healthy place. The site of the town is flat, the streets are wide and laid out checkerboard fashion, while the tall trees and the plant and shrub-embroidered homes give no hint of an arid country, which it naturally is, but with the water at hand is an example again of the desert and the rose.

There is a good deal of culture in Boise. In fact one of the mistakes Eastern people are continually making is in persistently regarding everything wilder and woolier the farther away from home they get. The truth is that the West in many ways, if not all material respects, is far and away ahead of the East, considering the time it has been growing. While Boise might be called a mining town in the sense of being the home of many men who have grown rich in the mines, as well as being a miner's outfitting place, it has a good deal of culture and refinement noticeable in the externals of the many homey homes all over the city.

Boise varies in population, dependent on the imagination of the one from whom the figures are had, but it probably has 12,000 residents, summer and winter. There is an electric car service, a lame duck affair, for no good electric road can be had in a town of less than 20,000 of a population. But its intentions are good, and as over five hundred new houses have been put up in the last year and a half, it will be seen that Boise is coming to the front.

The Capitol buildings, sufficient for the purpose, resemble a row of brick ward school houses in some eastern city. The State does not seem to have reached the stage when a big appropriation, a big marble building, a big steal and the consequent investigation that never comes to anything, figures in Capitol buildings.

The West is pretty smart in a good many ways, but the East could give it pointers in practical politics in several undesirable ways.

One set of figures that will aid in the correct sizing up of Boise is in the fact that its banks have \$4,000,000 on deposit, which is pretty good for a 12,000 little city. First and last, up to date, the Boise mining country has turned loose on the country over \$150,000,000, and the country back of it has not yet been more than scratched in a mineral way. On its sunny streets, the last of February, we noted groups of men passing up and down, talking, weaving through one another, and bearing all over them, or at least on many of them, the ear-marks of a mining life. In the windows of some of the stores are displayed the hardware that goes with the miner, and any Nooker who wants to tempt fortune can get his camp equipage here at Boise.

But the charm of Boise is the admirable location not only physically, but in a business way, for it is the jumping-off place for the mines back of it. It will, perhaps, never be on a through line of road, at least it is not likely for a long time to come, and so Boise will be unique and always Boise.

By some understanding when Idaho was made a State the capital was a pro tem affair to be settled at a given time to come. A few years will bring that time around and the State will select a capital for keeps. Anybody who knows the West at all will understand the situation with a *casus belli* like that. There will be a time, and a warm one, out in the sage brush country when it comes to selecting the location. If Boise misses it the place can be made over into a resort that means more, really, than the State Government does to it now.

All around Boise large orchards are to be seen, and to the eye of the skilled fruit man the trees show clean and exceptionally healthy. The soil has in it the mineral constituents that put flavor into the fruit, while the sun colors and pencils the apples most beautifully. See Boise when you do Idaho.

THE AIR.

THE air in southern Idaho, in the mountains and irrigable regions has a quality and dryness that is especially desirable. The damp, chilly days, inseparable from a locality where there is much water, are entirely absent. There is nothing on the desert to make unpleasant weather. It gets cold in winter, but not the raw and piercing cold that chills one to the bone. In midsummer it gets hot, but the nights are all right.

A MAN starting out to make a crop by irrigation is as sure of it as the workman who goes into his shop and with lumber and tools starts to make a kitchen table.

THE UNDERFLOW OF WATER.

ONE of the interesting things connected with the irrigation problem, where it is a problem, is what goes on under the surface of the earth with regard to water. From *Forestry and Irrigation* we have the following on the subject:

Prof. Charles S. Schlichter, in a paper published by the U. S. Geological Survey, says that the amount of water within the crust of the earth is enormous, amounting to 565,000,000,000,000 cubic yards. This estimate is based upon the supposition that the average depth which waters can penetrate beneath the surface is 6 miles below the land and 5 miles below the ocean floor. This vast accumulation, if placed upon the earth, would cover its entire surface to a uniform depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet. Under the influence of gravitation the water is generally in motion, and the object of Prof. Schlichter's paper is to describe the rate and manner of its overflow and the laws governing the same. Experiments have shown that not only do sands and gravels possess porosity, but rocks presumably solid and compact may be traversed by water. Even so hard a rock as granite, selected for the sarcophagus of the tomb of General Grant on account of its great strength, shows a porosity of 0.23 per cent. The most productive water-bearing rocks, however, are found to be the porous sandstones, and in some cases limestones, whose inner texture has been chemically dissolved.

The popular idea of underground waters is derived from the rivers of copious discharge found in the Mammoth and other caves; but this idea is erroneous, as such streams, though of great local importance, are comparatively rare. The great mass of ground water slowly percolates through sand and gravel deposits, sandstone, and other porous material under a wide extent of territory. Though its motion carries it but a fraction of a mile in a year, this ground water is so widespread and often so accessible as to be of the greatest economic importance.

The knowledge of the underflow that exists beneath the gravel of all river valleys has been taken advantage of in arid sections of the West, where the running dry of streams deprives irrigators of their water supply. By excavating to bed rock in river gravels and building an impervious barrier across the channel, these underground waters are saved in sufficient quantities to be of great value to the farmer. A notable subsurface dam of this kind has been constructed on the Pa-coima Creek, California, to furnish water for irrigation and domestic use.

Deep zones of flow are a most important feature of the movements of underground waters, and open up an interesting field for investigation. The wonderful artesian basin of North Dakota and South Dakota, which

has proved such an important factor in the economic development of these States, forms one of the illustrations used by Professor Schlichter in the explanation of deep-seated underflows.

A cross-section of this part of the country clearly shows the interesting fact that the water which comes to the surface in the gushing wells of the Dakotas travels underground all the way from the Black Hills and Rocky Mountain slopes, in the water-bearing strata known as the Dakota sandstone. Another illustration of extensive basins due to deep underground flows is found in Wisconsin, where an extensive area of water-bearing rocks, nearly 1,000 feet thick, conducts water of singular purity under large areas of the State.

It must be borne in mind that there is a limit to the amount of water which can be drawn from an artesian basin, and that there is no such thing as an inexhaustible underground supply. The gradual failure of the wells which supply the city of Denver clearly illustrates this fact. So great a demand was made upon this basin between the years 1884 and 1890 that it has been estimated that, if all the wells were now plugged, the water-bearing strata of the basin would require forty years to recover the saturated conditions which existed when the first well was sunk.

The study of underground water in its relation to the effective water supply of the country is one of the most important departments of the work of the United States Geological Survey. It is carried on in the arid regions, where water for irrigation is of the greatest value; in the middle west, where grazing and successful farming largely depend on it, and in the east, where an unpolluted supply for domestic and municipal use is yearly becoming a more serious problem.

* * *

ONE REASON.

THE question might be asked what there is in Idaho that makes it anything very different from any other section. In answer to this be it remembered that the State is a trifle over four hundred miles from north to south. Now if you will stop to think a moment it will be apparent that four hundred miles to the north of where you read this, or four hundred miles south of your location does make a difference. If the northern border of the State of Idaho were laid along the southern part of Illinois the lower part of Idaho would be drowned in the Gulf of Mexico. On the other hand go away up to the extreme northern part of Maine and you are not as far north, by considerable, as you will be when you are on the line between Canada and Idaho.

Naturally, all this gives the State a wide range of climate and productions, and it will be seen how impossible it is to cover the State thoroughly in the space of one INGLENOOK.

WHAT OF IDAHO?

IDAHO, as a State, is so situated geographically as to make it easily divisible into two well-marked sections, as far as agriculture goes. The southern part of it requires irrigation, the northern part can get along with sky farming. Each method has its advantages, but the INGLENOOK believes that, all things being equal in other respects, the man along the ditch has a surer thing of it. The first man is dependent upon conditions he cannot control. The other, or the irrigator, makes the weather to suit.

The eastern man has much to learn about irrigation. As a rule he is afraid of it because he does not understand it. Then, again, a country that must be irrigated shows up badly. In the immediate section where this is written the desert abounds. On all sides is the omnipresent sage brush. In the valleys, as far as the eye reaches, on all sides, sage brush. The soil does not look specially inviting and a loping jackrabbit here and there is all the life one sees. The near and the remote mountains, peaked, nicked, and saw-toothed are practically bare. It looks as though a curse were on the land, and for a long time it was believed that it was as bad as it looks. Then it was discovered that this sage brush was readily cleaned from the ground, that in fact it could be burned off and killed. It was further found that the soil, ploughed, planted and duly watered, would perfect every green thing suited to the larger question of climate. There is no more beautiful demonstration of man's dominion over nature than some specially favored spot where there is an ample supply of water, either from a spring or from storage. On all sides is the desert, scant, brown and repellant. When our man has planted and turned water on his crops the green is vivid and beautiful. The vine riots, flowers enliven the scene, great, red apples grow, prunes load the trees and peaches redden in the sun. It is the trick of the magician who takes from the empty hat a host of undreamed things. None who have seen the picture ever forget it. Human observation and experience have summed it all up in the oft repeated phrasing: "Everything will grow in this soil if you can get water on it."

Up in the northern part of the State things will and do grow with the aid of the rain that falls. No showing need be made of such a section. It is as at home where the Nookers live all over the East. It is as the southern portion of the State with the difference of irrigation and one other thing characteristic of all arid sections—the purity of the atmosphere. The air on all so-called deserts is always as right as right may be.

And let nobody imagine that Idaho is a treeless country, for there are sections where magnificent stretches of pine are to be found, and this pine tract is perhaps the most valuable unbroken body of timber in the country.

Little reference will be made to the mining interests of Idaho for the reason that the INGLENOOK readers are not, as a general thing, interested in that line. It should be remembered, however, that the precious metals are common in the hills of the State, and that its mines are daily turning out sums that, in the aggregate, represent enormous values.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

FEW people who have not seen the actual difference between the desert and an irrigated section can comprehend it. Here is a place in far southern irrigable sections say, that we will look at. There is a white-painted frame house in the midst of surrounding greenery. Roses, great, golden, globular blooms, are all around the house. Some clambering vine overtops the roof. Large trees hedge the home in, and fruit and flower are on the same limb of the propped-up tree. The grass is greener than common, the fruit larger and higher colored, and the lines of the floral world are limited only by the knowledge and taste of the owner.

Then there is the adjoining desert. It is simply a piece of rough, dry, stony, cactus-grown land. The jackrabbit and the snake can get along on it, but until man has learned to live on sun and scenery his effort to get a living out of it without help, would let him and his family into a practically immediate grave.

Now how far apart are paradise and the desert? It will be a surprise to many of the NOOK family to read that the line between them is as strongly marked as a paling fence separating a family garden from the pasture field. On one side of the line it is a lush riot of growth, on the other the rough bottom of an oven. And the difference? Water, nothing on earth but water, and plenty of it when it is needed. It is hard to believe but it is a matter perfectly plain to every boy or girl living where irrigation is practiced. It is to be seen all over Idaho, omitting winter roses, where sun and soil are married to the water, with golden grain, fruits and flowers for children. It has to be seen to be appreciated.

* * *

AT Payette we saw a steer that weighed over three thousand pounds. He was big, broad of back, and seemed to take pleasure in being looked at and handled. He was not of specially large ancestry, but was large as a calf and as such was cared for and developed into a massive animal. A thousand dollars would hardly buy him, and they are talking of making him weigh three thousand and five hundred.

* * *

IDAHO people talk much about their apples, and with good reason.

BEET SUGAR.

Few Nookers have any idea of the extent of the beet sugar business in the world, and especially is it a new work in the United States. Here in Idaho there is every condition requisite to successful sugar beet growing, and a factory will be built next season. As there is some slight doubt, at this writing, where the factory will be located no mention of the towns will be made.

The establishment of a beet sugar factory means much to the locality and its vicinity. One great advantage of the sugar beet business is its certainty of returns. A farmer may devote his time to potatoes and have such a crop, in common with his neighbors, and the country at large, that they represent but a small amount of money to the grower. In the case of beets the price per ton is fixed in advance, and the grower knows just what he will get for his product. If he devotes considerable time to it and acts industriously

in such places as the farmer may require. Some of the smaller laterals are so narrow that a child might step across them. Others are wider. Our eastern readers unfamiliar with the situation may understand the situation by comparing the irrigating ditch to the tail race of a water mill near home.

TIMBER.

HAS Idaho no timbered tracts? This is a question frequently asked by the stranger touring the country on the south, and it is also made the subject of correspondence. In reply to this be it known that Idaho is a varied State, and the largest body of untouched timber, pine, etc., in the United States is found in Idaho. It is mainly in the western and northern parts of the State, and is already made the subject of consideration of mill men interested in lumber. It is only a question of time till the market claims it.



MAKING A DITCH.

and intelligently in the matter, he is perfectly sure of an equivalent amount of money. This is a great advantage to the beet raiser, and enables him to forecast results, financially, very closely. One of the best evidences of the desirability of beets as a crop is the price of land near the factory. Whoever gets a piece of land in sight of the factory at first prices will find it worth a hundred dollars, and over, when the business is once started.

MAKING A DITCH.

OUR picture shows the method of making an irrigation canal or ditch. The land is first surveyed by someone familiar with the business, and after it is laid out it is dug and finished completely from end to end, and the water turned in. As simple as this statement may seem, in actual realization sometimes considerable over a million of dollars is expended in making the first water-course.

The water will be let out of this canal into a ditch and from the ditch into laterals and so let on the land

ONE would think from the look of Idaho from the car-window that there is not enough water to go around, yet the lake surface alone of Idaho, independent of the rivers, comprises about 600,000 acres. The reason these do not appear to a traveler is that the railroads are not laid through the lake country, but have taken a short cut along the desert to reach the Coast terminals as quickly as possible.

THE corn crop of Idaho is not an extensive one and is not considered very profitable. The reason is that the nights are cool and anybody who knows anything about corn knows that it does best where there is a long, warm night.

AFTER seeing sage brush galore you'll have a deal more respect for the creek down in the meadow where the johnny-jump-ups grow in springtime.

By reason of surrounding conditions there are never any high winds in the great valleys of the south.

MELONS IN IDAHO.

Just about the last thing on earth that a traveler through the arid section of Idaho would think possible is that melons could be grown. Yet the facts are that last season, in the Payette Valley, about one hundred and fifty acres of land were planted in cantaloupes and seventy-five acres in watermelons. This was a considerably greater amount than in past years. Taken on the average the melon crop will amount to seventy-five dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars per acre. The *Independent*, a very interesting local publication, writing on the subject says as follows in regard to last year's crop:

The crop began to ripen for shipment the past season about August 5, nearly two weeks later than usual, owing to the backward spring, but as has always been the case the Payette melons were on the market a number of days earlier than any other. The shipments of cantaloupes of the first few days went to Butte and other Montana points and brought on the market seven dollars to the standard crate, weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, netting the grower \$5.40. This was about \$1.75 more than the top price of past years. For nearly eight days, being the only producers with fruit on the market, Payette valley melon growers reaped a harvest, as prices did not drop below \$5 per crate, netting them \$3.50 and over. Prices kept up well throughout the season, although they dropped considerably after competitive crops came in, which, however, is, of course, always expected. For watermelons an average price of from eighty to ninety cents per hundred was received throughout the season. The top price netted for a carload of watermelons, weighing from 25,000 to 30,000 pounds, was \$225, after the shrinkage.

The total amount of cantaloupes shipped from Payette the past season was about seven thousand standard crates, a large increase over past years. In all twelve carloads of watermelons were sent out. Most of the cantaloupes, as usual, were sent by express, but practically all of the watermelons went in carload lots. During the melon season the express company is compelled to set off cars on the side track every day to be loaded and then picked up by the passenger trains. The biggest shipment of cantaloupes of any one day during the past season was about four hundred and twenty-five standard crates.

There is every indication that the melon-growing industry will continue in the future to make advancement in all of its features. The growers are practically all members of the association and have come to realize the immense advantage of having a central head to handle the crop, in order to receive the greatest profits. They are awake to the fact that melon growing in the Payette valley has ceased to be an experiment; that it

has grown into an industry of large proportions which must be looked after with the same degree of interest and care as any other business enterprise.

From the above it will be seen that the Payette melons will successfully masquerade as a Rockyford melon, just the same as butter made within five hundred miles of Elgin is often known as Elgin Creamery butter.

* * *

ONE DIFFERENCE.

ONE of the differences between the West and the East is the rapidity of growth. Naturally this would be the case, but it is so great, in instances, to astonish even the people under whose eyes it takes place. Here, to-day, is a stretch of desert. The sage brush and the jackrabbit have it all to themselves. The dreary expanse is benumbing to the senses. There is nothing but desolation in sight, and improvements seem impossible. Now, go, your way and come back a year hence.

Dotted all over the plains are the homes of settlers. The general effect is that of the sage brush, but there is also the hand of man in evidence. Cattle take the place of the jacks and the smaller bunnies. Squares of sage brush have been cleared out and fields as level as a floor present themselves to the eye. Empire building is going on right before your eyes, silently but sure. Now go on back east and stay two years and return.

Is it possible,—the scene that unrolls before one? The train slows up at the station. There is a mob of people on the platform. Hacks are in line. Shouting porters split the air. Across the track is the elevator. The lumber yard is full of wagons loading for the country. A score of houses are going up. The foundations of a three-story brick school building are laid. There are two banks, a newspaper, and a city marshal sports a star and keeps an eye on the door of the "Palace" saloon. It isn't magic, it's only the way of the West. It takes the breath of the eastern man who has watched the one house being built in the last year in the town where he was born.

And then the price of land! Three years ago the sage brush was worth five or six dollars an acre. The next year it was twelve or fifteen dollars, and now, the third year, it ranges from thirty to fifty dollars per acre, dependent on location. Every western farmer knows just such places and he knows the picture is not overdrawn, no matter how fast it may seem to move from an Eastern outlook.

* * *

THE fruit sales of Nampa and Payette sections amounted to over \$300,000.00 the past season.

* * *

A MINING country means good prices for anything a farmer has to sell. Always.

THE OUTLOOK.

WHAT is the outlook for Idaho in a crop way? The answer to this is hard to give with any degree of certainty, but the Nookman will venture the prophecy that eventually a great many people will settle down to the production of fruit. The reason for this is that the land of Idaho, in the southern part, is especially adapted to fruit growing. It has practically the same kind of soil that Italy has, namely, decomposed lava. The prunes they grow in Idaho, in the more favored sections, are as good as those of any part of the United States, and better than in a great many places. The apples are perhaps as good as any in the world, anywhere. It has been explained in other pages of the INGLENOOK why it is that apples are so much better. The mineral constituents of the soil and the prolonged sunshine make good apples.

At the World's Fair in 1893 in Chicago, Idaho received the first prize for apples. And at Paris, in 1900, the same honor was conferred on Idaho apples. At the trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha in 1898 Idaho apples received more medals than any other State in the Union.

Then there is the fruit itself. It is packed like oranges, that is to say, in orange-box shape, and there can be no question about the beauty and quality of the fruit. The markets are good, and the apple business is something that is not likely to be ever overdone. The reason for this is a good one, because not every section of our great and wonderful country is adapted to making the best apples.

The business is in its infancy yet, and those who get in on the ground floor and get a good bearing orchard of sufficient size will probably be fixed for life. It is not meant by this to say that anybody can go out there and grow apples without care or work. But those who make a business of it, and bring intelligence, skill, forethought, and industry to their aid, are almost absolutely certain of success.

Idaho is a wonderful mining country and its surface in a mineral way has not yet been pin-scratched. As long as the precious metals retain a value Idaho will be a field for mineral exploitation, and in all such places the world over the highest markets obtain, and a big red apple will never go begging for some one to eat it.

The INGLENOOK cannot give its readers the names of any of the apples he saw except the rambo, but all that the Nookman did see were large and beautiful to look upon.

In the Snake River country, which is a wonderful one, as well as in the northern part in the more favored sections, magnificent peaches are grown. Just one word of caution. Do not go into a country and be misled by the statements of the natives that they have no insect pests whatever. What they say may be, and even is, true enough, for they came by train while the

codling moth and the rest of the pests travel slower. They are coming there all the same. However, intelligence soon teaches a man how to protect his own from the ravages of the flying and creeping things.

* * *

BEGINNING IN IDAHO.

UNLESS the newcomer to Idaho is careful he is sure to make some mistakes that will make trouble for him in the future. One of the mistakes that strangers make is to plant too large an acreage. Some parts of the country are especially adapted to fruit growing, and the new man coming into Idaho should not make the mistake of setting out large orchards in the first few years of his residence. The reason for this is in the fact that an orchard, for the first four or five years, is a continual source of expense without adequate returns. And while the orchard should be put out by all means, yet there is the question of living until the trees begin to return profits and this should not be overlooked. This can be done by planting alfalfa and looking after the chickens, cattle and hogs, and so arranging the matter that the country will give a living until the more permanent crops, such as fruits and that sort of thing, begin to come on. While Idaho is a great fruit country, an orchard will not take care of itself by any means, nor will it return in profit for the first few years.

* * *

POOR LO.

IN traveling through certain sections of Idaho one will occasionally run across some Indians. In fact the railroad cuts right through their reservation. Poor Lo,—who, by the way is not always poor in a money way—can be seen from the car windows, and he is not likely to impress the tourist favorably. He does not trouble anybody, and if there are differences between them they keep their troubles among themselves. Facts are that they cut such a small figure in the make-up of Idaho as not to be worth considering one way or another.

* * *

OUT from Nampa there runs a short railroad that will give the traveler a good idea of the sage brush Idaho country in the process of making. A thriving little town is at the far end, and the tents pitched around, and the hangers-on generally, will give a good idea of what the making of a new country is like.

* * *

IN some of the deeper lakes of Idaho the speckled trout can be seen at a great distance under the water. This is due to the great clearness of the lakes.

* * *

MANY an Idaho man has taken a start with a few sheep he got on shares.

The Inglenook

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OUR FRUIT IN EUROPE.

THE following article is a dispatch sent from Washington to the *Chicago Tribune* in regard to American fruit in Europe. It is put in the Idaho edition for the reason that it is not only interesting to Idaho people, but to everybody who has more good apples than they can find a market for at home. It might be well to say in this connection that it would be useless to send apples to Europe unless they are all right both in size, quality, and appearance. Some of the best apples in the world go to European countries and if anybody believes that they are going to pay for culls on the other side they are mistaken. The article says: Wonderful success has attended the efforts of the agricultural department in attempting to establish a European market for American fruits. Experiments during the last year have demonstrated that it is possible for American fruit growers to place their products in Paris, London, Liverpool, Hamburg, and other European cities in perfect condition, and to dispose of them at a greater profit than ever made in the United States.

Apples, peaches, and Bartlett pears have been successfully shipped to London, Paris, and Hamburg and disposed of at a profit 100 per cent greater in some instances than could be secured for the same products in the United States.

California and Florida oranges also have been sold in England, France, and Germany, and during the year the pomology division of the agricultural department will make experiments with the view of establishing foreign markets for plums, apricots, and other fruits, of which this country produces a large supply in excess of the domestic demand.

The experts of the department conducted a series of experiments which has demonstrated that American summer apples from points as far south as Delaware

by proper handling and packing and the use of refrigerating cars and plants and transatlantic steamers, can be laid down in London in perfect condition. During July, when the English market is bare, good prices can be obtained for the fruit. After the fruit has been gathered in the orchards it is wrapped in ordinary absorbent paper, placed in refrigerator cars, shipped to New York, and put in cold storage, where the fruit remains four or five days, after which it is transferred to a refrigerating ship and transported across the ocean to the European cities, where it is placed on sale in the open market.

These experiments have demonstrated that the flavor of the fruit is not impaired in the slightest degree, although it is not placed in cold storage after reaching the foreign markets.

There is a good supply of Australian fruits in the London markets from April until the end of June, after which the market is entirely bare. From July 1 to the latter part of August the American fruit commands extraordinary high prices, but after that period the prices are lowered, and it has not yet been demonstrated that American summer apples can be sold in London after August 22, as the domestic fruit appears then.

The department now is making experiments to determine whether or not the American apples can be placed in London and other European markets after the time specified and whether or not they can be shipped under the ordinary conditions and be delivered in merchantable shape; that is, without the use of cold storage.

Peaches from Georgia, Connecticut, and West Virginia have been laid down in London in sound and wholesome condition. A profitable market is found for this product from July 15 to Oct. 15. The shipments were profitable to an extraordinary degree during the period when the fruit could not be obtained from Australia or the continent or from domestic orchards.

The department is not yet able to determine whether peaches can be shipped to London and sold at a profit in competition with other products. Bartlett pears have been shipped to London in cold storage and have sold at an increase of 40 per cent over the profits secured in this country.

Pears placed in London during August and September are sold at an increase over the domestic profit, but the earlier fruits bring a still greater revenue. Apples, pears, and peaches are well received by the dealers and the consumers, and the outlook for a permanent and constantly growing market is extremely bright.

Experiments have been made with different wraps for the small fruits, but the one which has been most successful is the ordinary absorbent white paper. Peaches and pears, as soon as they are gathered in the

orchards, are wrapped in this paper and packed in the ordinary small baskets, such as frequently are seen on the fruit stands. The baskets then are placed in refrigerator cars and shipped exactly as are the apples.

This wrapper is most acceptable and economical. Paraffin paper, which is nonabsorbent, cannot be used successfully in the shipping of fruit. The experiments also have made possible the shipping of winter apples, such as Baldwins, winesaps, and Roxbury russets.

It has been demonstrated beyond question that American apples can be placed in the European markets in perfect condition, and experiments are being made now for the purpose of determining whether it is preferable to ship the winter apples in barrels or boxes,

it can be sold at a reasonable figure, and bids fair to divide the market with the French apples.

* * *

A HOP YARD.

OUR illustration shows that hops will grow in Idaho, and they are said to be superior in quality compared with those of other sections. However this may be we are compelled to say that this hop yard has been abandoned of late years, though why we are not able to say. Everybody who knows anything about hops understands that they require rich soil to do well. The fact that they have been successfully grown indicates that in the neighborhood where the yard was there



AN IDAHO HOPYARD.

or whether they should be wrapped or unwrapped, and what difference in dollars and cents it will make to the producer. Discordant results have been obtained. In London the wrapped Baldwins sold for less than the unwrapped, while of the winesaps shipped at the same time the wrapped apples brought more than the unwrapped.

It was demonstrated that there was not enough difference in the price paid for apples wrapped and packed in boxes to justify the extra cost. At Hamburg the advantage was all in favor of the apples packed in boxes.

Since Jan. 1 commercial shipments of Baldwins and Roxbury russets have been made to Paris. Each week one to three carloads of these apples are sent over in the French liners, and the shipper secures a net profit of \$5 to \$6 on each barrel.

American apples are extremely popular with the French people, and there is an unlimited market for the American fruit during January, February, March, and April. During the other months the French fruit is ready for consumption, and while the American product cannot be sold for such a tremendous profit,

are the leading conditions that go to make the business a success.

* * *

THE Jackson Hole country, the Teton range of mountains and the Teton valleys, overflow with the larger game. The Indians long withstood the encroachments of the white hunters in the protection of the game, and many a bloody battle was fought between the races.

* * *

IN the apple country they are organizing into shipping companies instead of each man going as he pleases. This lesson the fruit growers of California learned years ago. In union there is strength.

* * *

THE Garden of Eden—you've heard of it—well, it isn't in Idaho, but if rich dirt is what you are looking for that's in plenty.

* * *

IF rabbit tracks in the snow mean anything there was a sage brush convention in Idaho of all the bunnies on earth.

THE PAYETTE VALLEY.

It is not the object of the INGLENOK to single out any one section in making the special issue to the detriment of any other, but in describing one section of the State of Idaho in the irrigable districts practically all are described in general terms. What is said about the Payette Valley in the *Independent*, a publication in Payette, is appended. Having seen the section we give it a place in the INGLENOK because we believe it to be practically correct and applicable as well to other sections as to the valley under consideration.

The Payette Valley lies in the southwestern part of Idaho, with its upper and narrow end extending far back into pine-clad mountains and its lower flaring into broad, fertile fields, terminating at the banks of the Snake river, just across whose waters rise the mountain peaks of Oregon. Its length is upward of forty miles, its width varying from two miles at the upper point to eight where it merges into the larger delta of the Snake. On its northern side rise foothills which succeed each other with increasing height until they are lost in the great chain of the Seven Devils mountains; on the south a long, low line of hills divide it from its sister valley, the Boise; and through it from end to end the Payette river, broad, deep, perennial, threads its way around innumerable islands. At its mouth, its gateway and outlet, within a mile of the confluence of the Snake and Payette rivers, is the flourishing town of Payette; midway in its length, on its mesa or bench lands, is New Plymouth, a new community established on the co-operative principle; still farther up the valley is Falk's Store, which in an early day was one of the most widely known stage stations in the State and outfitting point for cattlemen of a large adjacent territory; and at its upper end, where the waters of the Payette, cold and clear, come tumbling out of a deep canyon, Emmett, a thrifty village, stands sentinel.

Such is a brief outline of the district to which we have come to pay tribute. Its area is not large, but the stuff it is made of is "pay dirt." Up to the time of the building of the Oregon Short Line railway, a link of the Union Pacific system, the Payette valley lay, as did the greater part of the arid northwest, a desert covered with sagebrush, and over which the coyote chased the jack rabbit for his daily bread and meat. A few men, more hardy and more enterprising than their fellows, had located homes along the water courses, but they had done so with no other expectation than spending their lives in the picket line of pioneers. Irrigation was then in its swaddling clothes in the northwest. The general opinion of it then was that it was a fad, a game to play at, but as a utilitarian proposition—nil.

But the railroad drew people in its wake, who found a climate so genial that they cast about them for some occupation that would make a livelihood, so that they might stay. Many embarked in the live stock industry, some sought the great forests of pine, fir and tamarack toward the headwaters of the Payette, rafting logs to its mouth, and some, settling on the lower lands, easy to water, commenced tilling the soil. To these latter and to the few who preceded them in the same work is due the growth of the tree of knowledge. Through them the possibilities of production of the valley's 75,000 acres has been made known, and from that time the certainty of future prosperity was made as sure as the coming of the seasons is sure. It was these men who first planted fruit trees. They were set out for home orchards and home consumption, with little thought or expectation of their being utilized for anything else. But when they reached maturity their enormous yields and the excellence of the quality of the fruit opened a new field for endeavor. Commercial orchards were planted. They came to fruitfulness and the future great industry of the valley was established.

The climatic, soil and moisture conditions which make it possible for the Payette valley to outrival even some of the famed lotus lands of California and to raise fruit that is second to none in any market are unusually felicitous. The summer season is long and warm with an average of twenty-nine days of sunshine each month. Practically no rain falls from May to October, making the harvesting of all crops a matter of comparative ease. The winters are short and mild, yet with that indispensable touch of frost which gives the tartness and flavor to fruits of the temperate zone which those of California lack. The soil is of the same nature as abounds throughout the inter-mountain region—a deep alluvial rich in all mineral constituents and of durability widely known. In an irrigation district "water is king." On it depends the success of all crops; without it land is not worth annual taxes. The Payette valley claims and is prepared to make good this statement against all comers, that it has the best water supply in the irrigated northwest. To-day four-fifths of all the land in it that is susceptible of irrigation is under ditch, yet at the time when the Payette river is at its lowest stage there runs to waste 50,000 miner's inches. That is an amount sufficient to irrigate twice the number of acres in the entire valley. Should this present natural flow ever diminish there are on the north fork of the Payette two lakes whose storage capacity can hardly be estimated in figures. They lie in deep canyons, walled on all sides with mountains that reach the line of perpetual snow, and their outlets are through deep cuts where they may be dammed at comparatively small cost. The canals now constructed and in operation are of

a substantial and permanent character and supplying water with every facility for the best and most economical use of it. Second only to getting water on land is getting it off. At no place in the valley is there a lack of ample drainage channels which carry all waste to one of the two rivers. The slope on the bench lands is an even one to the north—the ideal exposure for fruit—and on the lower lands to the north and west. These lands are universally level and susceptible of easy irrigation.

While horticulture will be a leading industry, it will not be the only one by many. The first settlers to accumulate means, and some of them wealth, were the stockmen, and they form to-day a large proportion of the population. The foothills adjacent to the valley form good ranges, on which large bands of cattle and sheep roam. The majority of these are rounded up and fed during the three winter months, but many get no other forage than they can rustle for themselves throughout the year. The quantity of hay that can be raised to the acre makes the question of winter feeding an easy one to meet. The average is five tons. Here as elsewhere the cattle business is being divided into small holdings, and with the exceptional advantages for feeding it has already become a most important factor in the support of many homes. The many large valleys lying to the north of the Payette afford summer ranges for sheep that are wintered in the Payette. Dairying is, up to the present, almost neglected and it affords a field for enterprise second to none.

Reference has already been made to the timber belts that surround the Payette valley. Their acreage runs into the millions—pine, tamarack, fir, spruce and mountain poplar. There is but one natural outlet for this vast amount of lumber. It is the Payette river.

Each year sees a large number of the American people seek to escape the heated term by flight to the mountains or seaside. Near to the Payette valley lies a country of mountains and forests and lakes, of perpetual snows, of magnificent panoramas, of little sequestered valleys of indescribable charm, and of grand, deep canyons and precipitous mountains of granite, that offer such delights for the lover of nature and such possibilities to the adventurous traveler as no land excels. There, too, the hunter may find some of the remaining few of those vanishing species—the moose, the elk, the mountain sheep, the caribou and the fierce grizzly. The seeker of health may there locate himself at any altitude in an atmosphere redolent of the pines and fairly crackling with vigor, and on every side he will find living examples of the beneficence of nature to man.



THE Idaho man moves himself as though he was going some place and was afraid he would be too late.

SOMETHING ABOUT MINING.

ALL over Idaho, of course more in some places than in others, gold is found. And there are some spots where men make a business of rocking, or panning it out of the gravel and sand. They make fair wages and it is entirely possible to get a place in Idaho where, when you want gold, all you have to do is to go out and pan it out of the earth. Plenty of people do this but it is not recommended to any Nook reader. While the work does not involve any great skill yet it is hard work and the returns are never certain. Then again people who go out and work a day and find two or three dollars worth of gold have nothing ahead for their labor. The gold taken to-day is no sign of what may be taken to-morrow, and there is nothing ahead for the small miner. If he has his money in stock or fruit there is very little uncertainty about it, and he can see for years ahead just what is before him, and as his place increases in value by reason of his care of it, so he can look forward to the time when he can retire from active work, having disposed of his property or having turned it over to his children. No such element belongs to individual mining. And the man who depends on it will often find, when rheumatism or some allied disease gets hold of him, that the income stops right there. This is not true of alfalfa and hogs, red apples or sugar beets.

The Thunder Mountain gold mining is in the heart of Idaho, and is a newly-discovered field, concerning which there has been much written and no little misrepresentation set afloat. The Thunder Mountain neighborhood is far in the interior and is practically inaccessible in winter time. The gold is not there in quantities to justify individual effort. Freight to the Thunder Mountain mines is something like six dollars per hundred and when the weight of machinery is considered, and the transportation of supplies, it will be seen that it is no place for an individual to penetrate unless he strikes a streak of luck that does not come to one miner in fifty thousand. The mining people who are there now are simply looking forward to the time when their mines will pay them. The leaders have put in \$75,000 and received no returns as yet, or adequate returns. They will put a great many more thousands of dollars into the project, one way and another, before they will begin to realize much. All they expect to get out of it will be not more than a fair percentage as a business venture. Reliable reports, that is to say, reliable written accounts, by experts, show that the gold is there, but in such a shape that it takes other gold to get at it. No matter what you may read or hear about Thunder Mountain neighborhood our advice to the average Nooker without thousands and thousands of dollars is to keep away from it, and stick to something which has not so many of the elements of a wheel of fortune to it.

NAMPA.

NAMPA is in Canyon County, Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line and is about half way between Portland, Oregon and Salt Lake City, Utah. Nampa is a fine sample of a growing western town and the reason why we single it out among others for special prominence is because the largest Brethren church of Idaho is located there. They have a pleasant building in town, which is packed full at every ordinary service.

It is hard to tell what the actual population of Nampa amounts to, for, like all western towns, it is scattered so much and includes such a large territory, that the actual, compact town part, represents really but a

They have churches and schools, and everything is moving along in a way that indicates prosperity and satisfaction. It would not surprise the writer if Nampa should eventually become the capital of the State. In a few years the matter of the location of the capital will come before the people, and there will be a State fight opened up as to its location. As there is nothing slow about any of these western towns, and as Boise is so situated that it cannot be got at only with a stub of a railroad running specially for the purpose, when the time comes to vote on the matter Nampa will be heard from, especially if Col. Dewey is alive. At the same time the writer does not guarantee that Nampa will be anything but Nampa. It is



ELK CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.

small part of the town map. Like all western towns its population is mainly from the eastern States and more are from Montana, Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, than other States.

It is from Nampa that one takes the train for Boise City through an extraordinarily fertile valley. There is also a railroad running as far as Emmett, and it is in contemplation to eventually extend it to Thunder Mountain, one of the gold fields of Idaho. There is another stub of a railroad running in an opposite direction to the mining camps.

In the past year the population has nearly doubled and as the boom is not likely to drop out of the town, the chances are that Nampa is going to be quite a place in coming years. They expect to have a sewage and water system. They have an eight thousand dollar schoolhouse, and altogether, have two school buildings. Land in the business part of the town is high in price, and is an evidence of what happens when a western town strikes the combination with the sage brush. A few years ago there was no town here at all, and now land is from thirty to fifty dollars per front foot in some parts of the city.

a typical western town, and the people will gladly welcome those who come to cast their lot with them.

* * *

A HERD OF ELK.

THIS illustration shows a herd of elk almost famished by hunger, standing upon a wind-swept knoll, surrounded by snow too deep to allow them to more than survive. They were photographed on the spot by the same gentleman who took the other two elk pictures shown in this issue of the INGLENOOK. A wild animal of the nature of the elk must be dreadfully hungry to allow the approach of a man with a camera with such seeming indifference.

* * *

DON'T think that you can come to Idaho and get on without work. That kind of a place hasn't been discovered yet.

* * *

REMEMBER this: sage brush will not grow on poor land.

WITH ROD AND GUN.

THE mountainous sections of Idaho furnish exceptionally good hunting and fishing places. There are bears—the grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, and there are elk, antelope and deer found in many parts of the State. There are also California lions, wild cats, wolves, coyotes, wolverines, foxes, badgers, minx, otter, squirrels, raccoon, not to speak of jackrabbits and bunnies generally. There is no end of ducks in the streams and there are places where the ducks breed in Idaho.

When it comes to fishing there is not a stream in the State which does not afford excellent places for the exercise of the skill of the angler. There are trout, salmon trout, and red fish. If a man wants to hunt and fish for a week or two Idaho with her mountains and lakes affords just about as good a ground for operation as any State in the Union. It should be remembered, however, by any Nooker who sees fit to go into the State to kill some of the elk pictured in the Nook, that unless he goes at it legally there is likely to be trouble ahead of him. Before undertaking to use a gun in the State of Idaho get hold of the game laws and make yourself thoroughly familiar with them. They may save you trouble. People cannot go in there and shoot and kill indiscriminately as used to be the case before law and order came to the rescue of wild animals.

* * *

PRETTY HARD.

IN the northern part of the State and adjacent thereto is any number of elk. This last winter has been exceptionally hard on them. The snow fell so as to cover the earth, and it lay there, an unusual combination for the country. The elk, to the number of many hundreds, were without their accustomed food under the snow, and they grew desperate. In and about the buildings of the cattlemen and the settler was food, the bright green alfalfa, and there was shelter, too.

The cattle man had gone to bed thinking everything was all right, but he had not stopped the gap in the fence about his sheds and barns. When he got up in the morning he looked around and what he saw was a drove of two hundred elk in his yard. Full of wrath at the idea that his alfalfa was going in such a wholesale way he attempted to drive them away, but they would not be driven. Hunger had made them as tame as so many cattle. If he shoots one he violates a cast-iron law that will get him into trouble. Moreover, neither the flesh nor the pelt of the animal is worth anything under the circumstances.

Finally he got them out of the yard and put up the bars and let them starve to save his own cattle. What more can he do? But isn't it pitiful, the mute

appeal for food, and the hard refusal, for there has never been a winter when there was so much snow and many an elk will lie down and never get up again.

* * *

THE GAME OF IDAHO.

To the hunter and sportsman the State of Idaho presents many attractions. Like all new countries shooting and fishing are at their best. In the unsettled parts it is the same as it always has been, and there is much that interests the devotee of the rod and gun. The streams and lakes are full of fish and the mountains and forests are the runs of wild animals. It should also be said, in this connection, that no indiscriminate killing of the larger game is allowed. The restrictions in the case of elk and the like are cast-iron, and the indiscriminate man with a repeating rifle, and no regard for the law, will likely have occasion to remember that there are laws in Idaho and that no man may safely go through the State slaughtering as he goes. On the other hand there is ample allowance for every man's disposition toward sport, so-called.

* * *

A RABBIT HUNT.

EVERY now and then the Idaho people combine and have a rabbit hunt. The pests do large damage to growing crops if not prevented, and it has been discovered that the best ounce of prevention is a pound with a club. While the Nookman was in the State the people of the section near undertook a round-up and slaughter. A central enclosure is arranged with winged entrances, and all the countryside turn out and beat the sage brush towards the trap, starting in a circle miles away. The particular hunt in consideration resulted in over 5,000 rabbits, mainly jacks. Once trapped they are killed with clubs. As there is to be another round-up in March, they do not appear to have had the last pair yet.

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AN irrigated community in the end, becomes one of greater average intelligence than the sky farming community. Mainly for the reason that the intensive farming when weather is made at will requires a greater intelligence than the hit or miss method.

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WHEN in Payette, Idaho, ask for Howard Miller and a tall young man in successful business will be shown you. Named after the old and rotund original, of course.

* * *

IN Nampa there is a good big young folks' meeting before the evening service. Papers are read, speeches made, hymns sung, and all that sort of thing. What we heard and saw was as good as anywhere.

WHAT WE WOULD DO.

THE Nookman does not want to influence the reader one way or another. In fact he hasn't a solitary interest in the State of Idaho beyond peace and kindness of feeling toward its people. But the question naturally arises and ought to have a definite answer: "Now, that you have been over the State, or a part of it, where do you think a good place to settle?" This can be answered without committing ourselves to any particular locality. If you take a map of Idaho, showing its railroads, you will observe that here and there are short stubs that go off into the interior ending in a town at the terminus. There are a very few of these short roads that have no outlet and never will get any farther. They are run back from the main line for the purpose of reaching a mine, or striking a city, and they stop where their interest ends. Then there are other places where these spurs are sure to be projected into an entirely new country. And now, without specifying any locality, if the writer wanted to go to Idaho he would get all the information he could about the country back of these places and selecting the most available one would go to the terminus of the railroad, mount a pony and strike out into the new country. By doing so he would have a good chance to select a desirable place, or, at least, he would have a better chance than after the railroad had started.

There is a large amount of public land still available in Idaho, and an intelligent selection might be greatly to the advantage of the party making it. Two things should be remembered in this connection. One is that these large interior tracts, that is tracts away from the railroad, are either barren by reason of a lack of water or they are occupied by the cattle and sheep men, neither of whom are in love with the man with the hoe.

Here and there over the State of Idaho are some ideal places, and a week spent in exploration might be the most profitable week that a man ever put in. On the other hand it should be remembered that in taking this plan schools and churches have not been considered. It is readily understood how it might be that a man would be so situated as to not want to go off by himself out of reach of schools and churches. Nevertheless the exploring idea is an excellent one, and it is suggested for the benefit of any one who sees fit to consider the matter.

* * *

FIGURES AND DESCRIPTION.

ONE of the things that the average reader of the INGLENOOK wants to remember is that the description of a new country always shows the best side. Naturally when the land company goes to the expense and trouble of getting out a circular they do not trouble themselves to print the shortcomings of the country, or show the failures. The INGLENOOK tries

to avoid this and isn't showing the failures for the simple reason that the object of the special issue is to show the best side of things. This best side is shown exactly as it is, but the worst side is nearly always of man's making, and, of course, the country could not be responsible for the laziness, lack of forethought or incapacity generally, of those who come into the State and make a failure of it. These people, the failures, are everywhere, and it does not at all affect a country. Every reader knows people, who, if they were put down in the middle of the most favored spot in the United States, and given a farm fully stocked, could not take care of it, and in the end would allow it to dribble away from them. When these people are rounded up and transplanted they are just as much failures as ever they were in the east, and it is a mistake to estimate a country by its failures.

The INGLENOOK sees a community through those who have made a success of it. The fact that success is possible is the best evidence in the world of the value of any section. If anybody thinks that he can go to Idaho and sit down and have a good time doing nothing while his crops are coming on he is mistaken. He will have to get up early and work late here, as well as any place else in the country if he wants to get on. But there is this thing about it beyond all question, that if he gets into a good place, that is, where land is good and where water can be had on it, and uses ordinary intelligence and industry he will come out whole and ahead.

* * *

IF you want to fish and hunt Idaho offers excellent attractions. The fish are plenty and good, the game big, and there will be enough sport in getting either to make one sure enough tired before he counts up the result.

* * *

QUESTION for some western boy. If each rabbit has four feet and two of them get out on the snow on a moonlight night, how many millions of tracks will they make?

* * *

THE sheep men and the cattle men do not love one another. They may speak as they pass by, but often their language would not look well in print.

* * *

RED CLOVER, timothy, and bluegrass grow well in southern Idaho, and are worth more than alfalfa for feeding purposes, especially at the mines.

* * *

WHERE sheep feed over a range cattle refuse to follow, or at least, to eat. The cattle don't say much but the owners sometimes do.

* * *

IDAHO means "The Gem of the Mountains."

THE PICTURE.

IN the accompanying picture we have a scene in the far west at once typical of the country and a condition that does not occur in many years. All over the western country during the past season an immense amount of snow fell in the northern and central parts of Idaho. There was no exception to the general rule. In the more unsettled parts of the country where elk abound, as well as other large game, the suffering of these animals must have been intense. The ground was covered with snow so deep that they could not obtain their natural food and it lay so long as to render them desperate in their hunger.

The accompanying picture, the like of which was never taken before, and which appears for the first time in the INGLENOOK, represents a herd of elk gathered about a settler's house in the hope of something to eat. Driven by starvation they lost all fear of man, and, from naturally being one of the wildest animals they

paid no attention to dogs and only wanted something to eat in order to keep from starving. The picture shows a most pitiful condition of the animals' misery. Those who notice carefully can tell how deep the snow is, and how after weeks and weeks of suffering these wild animals were compelled to approach their mortal enemy, mutely asking for that which was not there to give.

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OUR IDAHO ISSUE.

WITH this issue of the INGLENOOK we present a bird's eye view of the State of Idaho. The other State issues have been Virginia, California, Colorado, and the sub-tropical issue showing California in the dead of winter.

The object of these special issues referring to States is the presentation of compact information relative to the sections covered. The parts specially dealt with



ELK IN WINTER, ABOUT A HOUSE.

came to this house in search of food. About eight o'clock in the morning their picture was taken by a gentleman living in the house shown in the picture. This unusual sight of the wildest of animals being tamed by hunger is presented in the INGLENOOK in all its beauty and suggested misery.

These animals, at the time of year, and under the circumstances were too poor to be used as food and could not, under the law, be killed under any circumstances. Not even their pelts are worth anything. And doubtless hundreds of them perished of hunger because the residents in that out-of-the-way section had no more food for their own animals than what was necessary to keep them through the winter.

We were told of a place where a band of between three hundred and four hundred elk had collected within the barnyard, the bars of which were let down unintentionally during the night. It was necessary for the owner to drive them away, and in doing so he had to go among them as he would a flock of sheep. He had considerable trouble in getting them out. They

are those in which our own Brethren are located and the design is, in that respect, to give a picture of the surroundings and country where our people live. As far as may be there is no prejudice in favor of one more than another, or of one part of the State against any other part of it. Thousands of people have no other idea of some of these places outside of the colored picture the land seller has to present. A very hazy view of things exists in the minds of those who have never been on the spot in these far distant States. Our estimate of everything we know nothing about is always based on things we do know. And the situation in any given section of the far west is, as a rule, very unlike the east. Things look different, men go at things in a different way, and the outcome is different.

All the INGLENOOK has in these special issues is the spread of compact information, correct as far as we are able to make it, and all for the advantage of the reader. Those who follow the special issues, that is, read them carefully, will be in possession of information, accurate as far as it goes.

SHOOTING WITH A CAMERA.

THE INGLENOOK stenographer, who is a camera girl, suggests that the Idaho number would not be complete without reference to the possibilities within reach of the artist. And in reply thereto we might say that there is no State offering better fields for artistic venture than that of Idaho. There are noble forests, majestic mountains, wonderful depths and interesting places generally. Take the Shoshone Falls, and comparatively few Americans have ever seen it. The semi-circle of the brink over which the water falls, measures nine hundred feet and there is a sheer fall

YOUR MINE.

THIS is, in a certain sense, a mining country. In fact some of the best gold and silver, and other mines are found here. But it is not with the mines we wish to concern ourselves in this article. All have read of them, all have dreamed of owning one, and not a few have had chances offered them.

It is of your future offers of this kind that we write. In the first place a good mine, a real mine, not all prospects and scenery, does not go around begging purchasers for shares in stock. The real thing, with millions in it, can have millions to work it by people on



MINE AT THUNDER MOUNTAIN.

of 221 feet. Down below the falls, over the water's edge, the top of the canyon is 1200 feet. Down this frightful gorge sweeps the Snake River between the lava walls and then takes a plunge into the boiling caldron below. A good many people have visited Niagara Falls and lots of people who read these lines have watched the overpour of Niagara River, but the surroundings, and even the actual fact, is tame enough compared with the overgo at Shoshone Falls.

Down below the falls some five hundred miles are the Blue Lakes. The water is a transparent blue and is very deep. Then there are the mineral springs, the mighty mountains, and the vast plains. In fact there is no better place in the United States for the Nooker with a camera than out in "The Gem of the Mountains."

the spot. The fraud, the trap for the unwary, with millions "in sight" is a good thing to let alone, no matter how attractively it shows up on paper. Not in one instance in a hundred is it anything but a fraud, and putting money in it is verifying the relation of a fool to his wherewithal. A real mine, undeveloped, is a very expensive thing to put in shape for returns, and there is never any telling, even by experts, how soon it will give out. The prospect mine begins and ends, as a very general thing, with the promoters. Keep your money where you can lay hands on it when you want it.

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THE northern part of the State of Idaho is very unlike the southern in almost every respect, notably so in the matter of irrigation.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLD.

As has been remarked in this INGLENOOK, gold is probably found everywhere, though not always in sufficient quantities to justify efforts to get hold of it. There is probably no field of human effort about which so little is known by the stranger as about gold mining. Most people, if they were asked how gold is had out of the earth, would likely tell you that, while they did not exactly know, their opinion of it was that people went out, struck a pick into the ground, and tore up chunks of gold pure and unalloyed. Now the facts are that, up to a few years ago, the methods of gold mining were just about the same as they were in Abraham's time. Latterly, however, a change has come over the process of treating gold ores and getting gold out of its refractory surroundings.

The first, or earlier miners had no means of getting minerals out of the ore save by melting and even the process at a much later day failed to secure a large part of the precious metal.

Another feature that is not generally understood is this. Gold ore is not gold ore wherever you find it, but it varies largely in different localities. While gold is gold everywhere, the world over, it may be so tangled up with other metals and in such different immediate surroundings as to make its treatment radically different in different mines. A writer in a New York engineering mining journal describing the process of cyaniding in Colorado will tell the Nooker one of the most important processes whereby gold is recovered from its native ore. This writer states in part:

Successful cyaniding comes from an intelligent adaptation of the process to the ore to be treated. An appreciation of the need of different methods can best be made plain by a description of the systems in use in different plants in this State. Thus, some of the ores of Fergus county are most admirably adapted to the simplest form of cyaniding. They are crushed to pass a quarter-inch slotted screen and are then treated by percolation. In other words, the particles of ore, most of which after being crushed are about the size of kernels of wheat, are soaked in cyanide solution of the desired strength, say four pounds of cyanide to the ton, for eight to twelve hours. The solution is drawn off and run through zinc boxes, where the gold is precipitated from it onto the zinc shavings. A weaker solution is passed through the crushed ore for two or three days, and then the ore is washed with clear water, the successive washings removing from the ore such gold as has been dissolved. After the gold has been taken from the solutions they have cyanide added to them, to bring them up to the desired strength, when they are ready to use over again.

Some of the ores in Madison county require fine crushing before their values are accessible to the dissolving fluid, and they make many slimes, so that after

they are crushed the ore is a pasty mass, through which the fluid cannot be passed. Percolation being out of the question, these ores are treated by agitation. In other words, the fluid is not passed through the crushed ore, but the ore may be said to be washed in the fluid. The ore is stirred by mechanical means in a vat in which cyanide solution is placed, until such gold as can be dissolved is in a fluid state, tests being made to determine the time of treatment needed for each particular ore. By the aid of lime the fluid is then clarified, the slimes settling to the bottom of the vat. The clear fluid containing the dissolved gold is then drawn off near the top instead of at the bottom, as in percolation.

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THE SCHOOLS OF IDAHO.

THE educational advantages of the West are fully equal to those of the East. Not perhaps in the grade of educational institutions, because the country is not old enough to have universities, and that sort of thing, which are not made, but grow, but the common schools are as good as anywhere. While at Nampa the Nookman had the pleasure of visiting the high-school and saw a number of bright young men and women being examined in elementary Latin. Everything went to indicate a successful school. Ever since 1893 the free text-book system has been in vogue and has proven a great success.

In 1890 the school population was 25,741. In 1896 it was 47,958. In 1898 there were 724 school districts in the State. There are proportionately more now. The school buildings are a credit to the State, and would be creditable to any town, anywhere. Every day the writer passes several public school buildings of Elgin and the buildings of Idaho are just as good in every way.

Idaho has two normal schools for the training of teachers and a State university at Moscow. There is no end of private institutions, and denominational schools. No one who settles in Idaho, unless he is away back in the interior, need have any fear of the lack of schools and school facilities.

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IT is not the amount of land in the State that determines its value for farming purposes, but the amount of available water. In many places they are out of proportion, and small bodies of land without water to irrigate are useless for farming purposes.

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WHAT the sheep man said to the cattle man contains words with which all good people have no concern. What the cattle man said in reply indicates a profitable subject for the Salvation Army.

SOMETHING ABOUT FREE LAND.

ANY person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years and who is a citizen of the United States, or has filed his declaration of intention to become such, as required by the naturalization laws, and who is not the proprietor of more than one hundred and sixty acres of land in any State or Territory, has the right to settle upon, enter and acquire title to not exceeding one quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres of public land by establishing and maintaining residence thereon, and improving and cultivating the land for the continuous period of five years.

Formerly the homestead law required the applicant to appear personally at the district land office and present his application, and to make the required affidavits before the registrar and receiver, but this requirement has been modified, so that where a party is prevented "by reason of distance, bodily infirmity or other good cause from personal attendance at the district land office," he may make the affidavits for homestead entry within his own county before any commissioner of the United States Circuit Court having jurisdiction over the county where the land desired is situated, or before the judge or clerk of any court of record of such county, and such affidavit, with the application of the party, may be transmitted to the registrar and receiver of the proper land office, thus permitting entries to be effected without personal attendance at the district land office by the applicant.

Where a wife has been divorced from her husband, or deserted, so that she is dependent upon her own resources for support, she can make the homestead entry as the head of a family, or as an unmarried woman. A single woman who makes a homestead entry and marries before making final proof, does not by her marriage forfeit her right to make proof and receive patent for the land, provided she does not abandon her residence on the land to reside elsewhere. Where, however, two parties unite in marriage, each having an unperfected homestead entry, both entries cannot be carried to patent, and residence elsewhere than on the land entered, for more than six months at one time is to be treated as an abandonment of the homestead.

A homestead settler on unsurveyed public lands, not yet open to entry, must make entry within three months after the filing of the township plat of survey in the district land office.

Where a homestead settler dies before the consummation of his claim, the widow, or in case of her death, the heirs, may continue settlement and cultivation and obtain title upon requisite proof at the proper time. If the widow proves up, title passes to her; if she dies before proving up and the heirs make the proof, the title will vest in them.

A homestead right cannot be devised away from a widow or minor children.

Desert lands are defined by the statute of the United States to be lands, exclusive of timber and mineral lands, which will not, without artificial irrigation, produce some agricultural crop.

To entitle a person to enter desert land, he must be a citizen of the United States, or have declared his intention to become such, and must also be a resident of the State or Territory in which the land sought is located, and may enter not exceeding 320 acres, exclusive of mineral lands. When the land is shown to be desert in character and the applicant pays the sum of twenty-five cents per acre, his application will be received at the land office and a certificate issued acknowledging receipt of the money paid and showing the filing of the declaration. A person making a desert entry must acquire a clear right to the use of sufficient water for the purpose of irrigating the whole of the land and of keeping it permanently irrigated.

Within three years the applicant must, by means of ditches or otherwise, have completed the appropriation of water for the irrigation of the land, at a cost of not less than \$3.00 per acre, and within four years from date of filing application, is entitled to enter the land upon payment of an additional one dollar per acre, provided the same has been reclaimed as to irrigation and at least one-eighth of the land shall have been cultivated.

Lands defined by the statute to be valuable chiefly for timber and unfit for cultivation if the timber were removed, may be purchased by citizens of the United States or those who have declared their intention to become such, to the extent of 160 acres for any one person or association, at the minimum price of \$2.50 per acre. Such land must be unreserved, unappropriated and uninhabited, and without improvements (except for ditch or canal purposes), save such as may have been made by or belong to the applicant.

All mineral lands are excepted from sale as timber lands.

All lands belonging to the United States, both surveyed and unsurveyed, and valuable for minerals, are by law made free and open to exploration and purchase by citizens of the United States, or those who have declared their intention to become such. Lode claims may equal, but not exceed, 1,500 feet in length along the vein or lode, and shall not extend more than 300 feet on each side of the vein at the surface. Patents are issued to the owners of lode claims upon which there has been expended \$500.00 in value in labor or improvements made, and upon payment to the Government of \$5.00 per acre for the land included in such claims.

Placer claims include all forms of valuable mineral deposit, excepting veins and other mineral-bearing

rock in place, and are subject to entry and patent under like circumstances and upon similar proceedings as are provided for patenting lode claims.

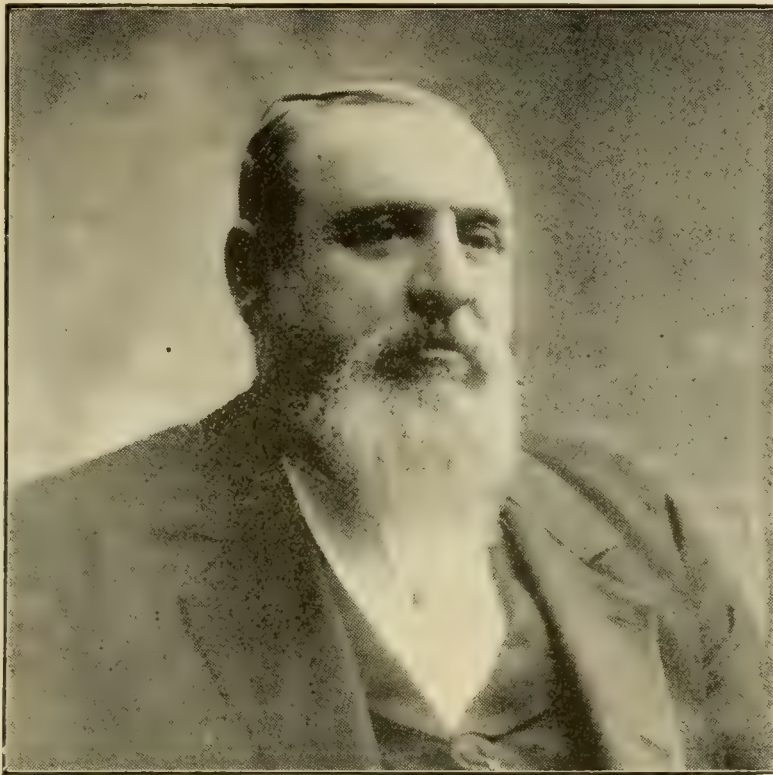
THE DEWEY PALACE.

NAMPA is a town of yesterday, made in the sage brush country, but it has a curiosity in Col. Dewey's Palace Hotel. Instead of the "hotel" on the boardwalk, the general thing west, the traveler will find a big, three-story, brick hotel fitted up inside in a way that would be a credit to Chicago. It cost about \$250,000 and is an evidence of what the millionaire

ONE of the things that they grow well in Idaho is cabbage. A man can grow a field of cabbage the heads of which readily average ten pounds apiece.

THERE are not many bee hives in evidence in the southern part of the State, though there is no reason why there should not be.

IN many places one sees near a house, a great pile of sage brush. Firewood's the idea. It answers the purpose exceedingly well.



COL. DEWEY, A MILLIONAIRE MINE OWNER.

mine owner thinks of the country. It is a case of faith with works, and considering the surroundings in the way of sparse population the Dewey Hotel is a wonder. In all respects it is first class, and it looks like a dress suit individual among the "hands." It is not only unusual, but is an unusually good hotel.

IDAHO! Stand up and be measured. On the North fifty miles across, South three hundred miles, from North to South four hundred and ten miles. Contains 84,000 square miles.

THE dry atmosphere in southern Idaho makes the summer heat bearable, but it is always cool in the shade.

ONE little town we were in had a bank with over seven hundred depositors, mainly farmers. That tells a story.

THE first of March, and for a week before, the robin and the red-winged blackbird were seen in Idaho.

As long as water will not run up hill some places will always be left for the seed of the sage brush.

ONE sees most of the places herein named on the Oregon Short Line, a very well managed road.

THE stock people are being pushed back by the man with a hoe. Cattle will never again be low in price.

PRIZE WINNERS.

WHEREVER you go you will hear much of Idaho fruit. The boxed apples for sale at the stores bear out the statement that there is no better fruit growing section anywhere. It is the soil and the sunshine that do it. We saw apples served in families and the fruit seemed to be of the selected show kind, big, high colored, and superior in quality. Not only apples but all other fruit incident to the latitude does well. It is a thing to be remembered in home seeking. Think of raising a family where, in the winter nights, there is no basket of apples on the table, and none to put on! It would be a very considerable factor in the selection of a home, with the writer, as to whether or not there could be a bin of rambos, northern spies and their kin, in the cellar.

IDAHO is such a new country that comparatively few are aware of the figure its fruits cut in great expositions. The official report of the Committee on Awards of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, shows the following:

Apples—Crop of 1892. There was a large exhibit representing twenty-three varieties. They excelled in color, size and freedom from blemishes. The crop of 1893 represented forty-three varieties, having the same general characteristics as the crop of 1892.

In pears fifteen varieties were shown, representing general excellence in color and size.

Prunes. There are German and Hungarian varieties grown, the fruit of which has a high flavor and they are unusually large and perfect in size and appearance. What is said of prunes is true of apricots, and applies equally well to peaches.

Grapes—the Black Hamburg, Black Peter, Foster, Rose of Peru, Sweetwater, and Delaware grapes were possessed of points of general excellence.

The prune industry came in for words of commendation.

At the last Paris Exposition Idaho fruit received a first prize, as it surpassed all others in size and appearance.

The following table shows the acreage of 1890, 2,640 acres, and the annual increase up to 1900. The increase in 1901 was much greater than in any former year:

1890.	2,640	1897.	2,549
1891.	2,752	1898.	3,676
1892.	3,456	1899.	2,186
1893.	4,493	1900.	2,720
1894.	4,571		
1895.	3,848	Total number of acres	
1896.	3,182	now planted.	36,073

An increase in the last two years of 16 per cent. Comparatively the greatest increase has been in the counties of Fremont, Bingham, Canyon, Ada and Washington.

Orchards usually begin bearing paying crops in seven years after planting, and come into full bearing at from ten to twelve years after planting. By referring to the above it will be seen that 50 3-10 per cent of the fruit acreage is now bearing, and that 17 4-5 is now in full bearing. In 1900, as nearly as can be ascertained, 1,166 cars of fruit were shipped to market, including 82 cars of evaporated prunes.

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SOME IDAHO FACTS FOR IDAHO PEOPLE

THE first white man that saw Idaho was Capt. Lewis of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition.

GOLD was first discovered in Idaho in 1860, by Capt. Jas. Pierce, on Oro Fino Creek.

THE first settlement in Idaho was in May, 1861, at Mount Idaho.

IDAHO was created a territory in 1863, and was made a State in 1890.

ITS territory was originally taken from Dakota, Nebraska, and Washington. It afterward lost a lot of its area to Montana and Wyoming.

THE interior of the State is a vast plateau varying from 600 feet above sea level to 10,000 feet.

THE mineral field is in the center of the State.

THERE are three important rivers in Idaho which empty into the Columbia, namely, Spokane, Clarke's Fork, and the Snake.

THE altitude of the land determines very largely the character of its productions. The Boise Valley, where fruit grows well, is 2,800 feet above the ocean.

THERE is some alkali soil, but generally it is limited to narrow strips and rarely interferes with agriculture.

HUCKLEBERRIES, gooseberries, and wild cherries grow wild in the mountains.

THE camas is a bulb growing everywhere, and is highly prized by the Indians as food.

IDAHO is in the same latitude as France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

IDAHO is rich in timber, though it does not appear along the Oregon Short Line Railroad.

THERE are between 5,000 and 6,000 Indians, mostly settled on reservations.

* * *

THE meek-eyed shepherd, and the herder of the kine on the hills, and such "landwidges" when they pass the compliments of the day from hill to hill!

* * *

THE soil of Idaho is like that of Italy. Both have an underlay of lava, the decomposition of which makes the best soil in the world.

* * *

SHOOK hands with lots of good Nookers out in Idaho.

BOISE MARKETS.

REPORTED and revised weekly for the Gem State Rural by *The Market*, E. H. Plowhead, proprietor—Wholesale and Retail dealer in farm products and groceries, 9th and Main streets, Boise. The prices quoted are those paid by the dealers for the items named.

Butter, creamery,	\$	27	per	lb
Butter, ranch,		25	per	lb
Eggs, ranch,		35	per	doz
Honey, comb,		10	per	lb
Honey, extracted,		10	per	lb
Beans,		5	per	lb
Cabbage,		2	per	lb

HOW THEY PRESERVE FRUIT.

THE newest form of preserving fruit is to put it up in the form of bricks, which are either rectangular or disk shaped. They are of about the consistency of a soft gum drop, and being composed largely of sugar, they hold the flavor of the strawberries, peaches, pears, plums or what not admirably. These bricks will soon be on the market in large quantities from California, experiments in their manufacture having attained final success. They are made by boiling down the fruit pulp to a sugar until the desired consistency is attained, when the mixture is poured into pans and permitted to



A KODAK OF THE MINERS.

Onions,	90	per	cwt
Wheat,	1 40	per	cwt
Oats,	\$1 35 to 1 40	per	cwt
Potatoes,	85	per	cwt
Hay, alfalfa,	9 00	per	ton
Hay, clover,	10 00	per	ton
Hay, timothy,	10 00	per	ton
Chickens, live,	10	per	lb
Turkeys, live,	15	per	lb
Ducks, live,	10	per	lb
Geese, live,	10	per	lb
Bacon, domestic,	13 3/8	per	lb
Apples,	75	per	box
Pears, 40 lb box,	75	per	box
Prunes, evaporated,	5	per	lb

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A KODAK OF THE MINERS.

THIS shows a group of mining people in the Thunder Mountain neighborhood, where gold has been recently discovered. The snow was pretty deep in that section of the country when the picture was taken, as the way it was piled up around the house will indicate.

dry slowly for 10 hours, being eventually cut into suitable pieces and wrapped in the manner described. They will keep in perfectly good condition for years.

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THE average Nooker stands just as good a chance of discovering a profitable gold mine as the most expert prospector. Still it is not recommended, for once mining gets into your blood you will be no good forever afterward in any other field.

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BACK of a good many houses we saw a great pile of sage brush, with now and then a man cutting it up for firewood. While it was of no account as timber it makes excellent kindling.

* * *

A NEW beet sugar factory is to be put up this year in Idaho. The soil of Idaho is especially adapted to making good sugar beets.

THE WESTERN TOWN.

WHAT'S a western town like? Simple as it may seem it is not generally clear to the eastern man who has not seen one. A town in the east generally means a collection of houses built against one another, abutting the pavement, and where the town ends the fields begin. The western town generally aims to take in all that can be seen in every direction. Then there is one street of saloons, stores, restaurants, more stores, a saloon or two, a bank on the corner, and some more stores. The walk is of wood and on the side streets are the churches and the cottage houses, farther and farther apart, till the general aspect of the whole "outfit," as they say here, is that of a compacted settlement



A SNAPSHOT AT POCATELLO, IDAHO.

rather than a solidly built town. The builders of the homes have correct ideas about not being cluttered together without breathing space. As a general rule the streets are wide and the houses, outside of the main artery, far apart. Everything is relatively new and a few years ago the whole site was sage brush.

Crowd into the bus at the station and go to the hotel, which, by the way, will vary from hotel to hotels. It will be full, and to find a place to sleep is not always easy. This means that the people are on the move, that business is being done. One hears about a "bunch" of sheep, say three thousand, and much talk about ranges, weather and the like. On the vacant lots and out on the edge of town will be seen something utterly new and strange to the easterner. Here is a big covered wagon with a family living in it. There is a tent and it is full of a family that arrived late and set up a canvas house. Over there is another wagon and more tents. They have fires within but it must be undoubtedly cold when there is freezing weather just outside a ply of canvas.

These people are here as movers and settlers. They

are not sure of their location and the head of the family is looking around to make sure of what he wants. Five years hence the tent will be a pleasant memory as the man stands on the front porch of his home counting his cattle in the field beyond.

In the East there are many towns that are dead and done for. Nobody is able to tell why there should be a town at all where some of them are found. Here in the West nothing is dead. It is all getting ready to live. Five years hence the village will be a larger town, and the town will have passed into a city. Thus goes the west.

EMMETT.

OUT from Nampa some twenty miles northward there is the town of Emmett, a village reached by the train daily. Emmett is a good sample of a town just coming out of the brush. When the train arrives with its load a large portion of the population is there to see it come in. Then the locomotive pulls out for Nampa again, and the people settle back to the normal level.

Emmett is a good place to go to see a town in the act of pulling itself together to be something one of these days.

THE FORESTS.

THE Idaho railroad we went on is so related to the forest part of the state that it does not seem possible that there is such a thing as a good sized native tree, as the sage brush desert is passed over on the Oregon Short Line. Yet there are large forests, and thousands and thousands of trees, some of them exceptionally large, and of great value. These forests are now being sought out by lumbermen and before a great while they will fall under the rhythmic beat of the lumberman's ax. It seems almost impossible that the State, viewed from the sage brush country, should have within its limits anything like a forest. And it is strange that anything like the largest unbroken forest in the United States is within the State.

DON'T write the Nookman about these places unless you have definite questions to ask. "Tell us all about Idaho," is a little too much for even the Editor, in a letter. Know what you want and we may help you out.

BOISE city is perhaps the only town in the world where they heat the public buildings with hot water piped directly from the wells that flow out from the bowels of the earth.

ALFALFA is king of crops in Idaho.

NOW BE WARNED.

A GOOD many people read the INGLENOOK, and a good many believe in it. It tries to be absolutely truthful in what it says. And with this in view the following statement is made. Idaho, in part, is a State that requires irrigation for crops. Where there is ample water the crop is as sure as anything can be. If a man gets a piece of land where water is a sure thing he is all right. In the sections where irrigation is a necessity this must be remembered. Although a section of country is said to be "under water," as the term goes, that is, so related to the water supply as to render it available, yet there are often parts of this same section that can not be irrigated. It will be apparent to all concerned that while a meadow will allow the water of the creek to be run over it, the same is not true of the sides and top of the high creek hill. This illus-



HENRY LAKE, IDAHO.

tration is used so that the eastern reader unfamiliar with irrigation will understand the situation. Now these higher grounds may not be shown on a map, and he who buys without knowing, as boys trade knives "sight unseen," takes a chance of trading his money for land that is worth nothing save for a limited sheep range. It may be out of reach of the water that is absolutely necessary for farming.

Now he who would buy land in any section where water is a necessity should know that he is within reach of water, and further, that there is enough of it. A farm where irrigation is a sure thing is a valuable holding, and one without it is simply so much waste land. Not all the people who are engaged in selling land are liars and thieves, but unfortunately some are not honest, and the way to be sure of the thing is to *know*, as far as human knowledge is available, that you are getting what you think you are. Now be warned to act with discretion and buy no pig in a bag.

THE STREAMS.

IDAHO being a rock country in the south has clear streams of water. They are made by springs and melted snow from the mountains, and lots of people use the water in the irrigating ditch for drinking and cooking purposes. These mountain streams have cut deep channels in the native rock in places, and there are more rivers and lakes than one would imagine. Snake River is the largest and traverses over a thousand miles in the State. The sportsman will find no end of fish in the waters of Idaho, gamey and worth the while of the man with rod and reel.

* * *

AND now come the letters of inquiry about Idaho. Where we can help any of the Nook family we are only too glad to do it. But matters of how to get

there and what to do when there are best taken care of by those whose business it is to look after such things. Mr. S. Bock, of Dayton, Ohio, and J. H. Graybill, of Nampa, Idaho, are in positions to give accurate information of many of the places we describe. Write them if you would know more.

* * *

ONE thing very much in favor of this Idaho country is in the fact that there are no high winds. This condition does not leave extensive snowdrifts in the open valleys nor is there ever the cold, cruel, piercing wind to disturb one.

* * *

NEXT week's INGLENOOK will be back in the old path again, after our excursion out to Idaho, the "gem of the mountains."

* * *

ALFALFA's the thing out Idaho way.

OUR ADVICE.

AFTER every special issue or State number of the INGLENOOK the inquiries swarm in asking about going into the territory described. Anticipating this let us give some general advice along these lines of inquiry.

In the first place be it remembered that in every section of the United States there are always marked advantages in many ways, and there are also disadvantages equally definite and characteristic. What may suit one to a nicety may be the exact opposite for another. Thus it becomes impossible to lay down any general rule from which to judge all cases.

It may be said, however, that the chances for the farmer are always better west than east. There is no question but that in a country where land continually appreciates in value the owner of a holding will find himself growing richer in spite of himself. His ten dollar land becomes twenty dollar or even fifty dollar land in a short time. Of course this is not universally true, but the principle is a very general and true one. It will depend very largely on the judgment of the buyer in making his location, and in such an important matter the INGLENOOK must finally and absolutely decline offering advice.

Circumstances differ, and it is a proverb that they alter cases. A young man who can rough it anywhere will doubtless do better anywhere west than he can east. As a rule there are more pegs than holes in the East, and in the West there is elbow room. If the young man has a wife and no children the situation shifts somewhat. It changes decidedly if there are a half a dozen children in the family, and schools are a necessity. Then the amount of ready money is an important factor. As a rule no person with a family should venture into a new country without enough money to tide him over possible difficulty and failure till he gets settled.

To assert positively that Idaho, or any other State, is the best place in the world for anybody and everybody is simply to advertise one's ignorance or rascality, possibly both. Only the general situation can be recommended. The individual must choose for himself, and unless he has absolute reliance on someone who knows the situation he should make a personal canvass and even then be sure that he is not deceived. The Nookman will risk saying that where our own Brethren are at present located their advice may be as a rule relied upon, as far as they know. But the best chances are not always where there are most people, and in an entirely new country, or relatively so, nothing and nobody on earth ought to make a selection for another. He ought to go ahead and spy out the land.

There is this to say about Idaho. In the first place it is better than it looks. Then again, those who are here are satisfied. Moreover there is no question but that there is a strong movement this way. The hotels

in the out-of-the-way towns are full. People are coming and going, overflowing into the unsettled country, and it is going on day and night. Ten years from now there will be considerable towns where there is nothing but sage brush and rabbits at present. Where is now the desert will in another year be the curling smoke above the home of the settler. The Nookman will, on request, tell what he may happen to know of any locality he has personally seen, but the final test before cutting loose is to see for yourselves.

* * *

THE CHURCH IN IDAHO.

THERE is a good Brethern church representation in Idaho. At Nampa there is a church in the town, that is, a church building, and a membership, alive all over, of not far from one hundred and fifty. At Payette there is another church building and a membership less than at Nampa. At Moscow there is a small body



SAWTELL PEAK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

of earnest workers, and a good church at Nez Perce, and with the exception of isolated members this is the extent in the State. There are many Nookers among them, and consequently happiness reigns.

* * *

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

WE had the pleasure of attending a Farmers' Institute at Nampa, Idaho, and the instructors and instructed were as intelligent a lot as one would find anywhere. The subjects were practical and thoroughly well handled. It was just such an Institute as one would find in any of the Eastern States.

* * *

PUBLIC LANDS.

THERE is a lot of about 8,000,000 acres of public land in Idaho open to the settlement under the various acts whereby such land is acquired. Some of this land is as good as that found anywhere, but unless the matter of irrigation is affirmatively settled the reader is advised to go slow in making a selection.

THE INGLENOOK

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LIFE.

There's nothing so easy as living,
When we've learned the way to live;
And nothing so easy as giving,
When the heart is willing to give.
And our load isn't hard to bear,
If we follow the light within,
For the good is everywhere,
And there is no sorrow and sin.
The way to receiving is giving,
However so little it be;
And love is the keynote of living,
The love that makes every one free.

—Selected.

A POUND'S A POUND.

THAT old question about a pound of feathers and a pound of lead takes on new interest when we look at it in a simple, scientific way. It seems absurd, of course, that a pound of one thing could be heavier than a pound of another thing, and yet that is exactly what may be shown in this case; not that the pound of lead is heavier than the pound of feathers, as most persons would say on the spur of the moment, but just the other way—a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead.

This apparently inconsistent statement may be quite easily proved. With accurate scales weigh a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience; then with the same scales weigh a pound of feathers, putting them into a muslin bag for the purpose. The feathers and the bag together must weigh exactly a pound.

The next step in the operation will show apparently that there is no difference whatever in the weight of the two articles, for you put the shot in one pan of a balance and the bag of feathers in the other, and after a little seesawing they will come to an exact level.

Now, however, the scientific phase of the question presents itself, and you are reminded that in weighing the articles thus in the open air you have taken no account of the buoyant power of the air, which bears everything up in proportion to the object's bulk. As the bag of feathers is of greater bulk than the shot, it is borne up more than the shot is, and for that reason it is necessary to use a little more than a pound of feathers to balance a pound of lead.

This, however, is theoretical. The practical proof is obtained when you place the balance bearing the lead and the feathers on the receiver of an air-pump and cover them with the glass bell. Then exhaust the air, and you will find that the pan bearing the the feathers will sink and the pan bearing the lead will rise, thus showing that when weighed in the ordinary way the quantity of feathers used to make a pound is actually more than a pound.—*New York Press.*

RADIUM.

RADIUM is a rare metal and extremely difficult to procure. It is a constituent of pitchblende, which is found in many places, but only in a very small way. All that has so far been segregated has come from a mine in Cornwall. A ton of pitchblende carries about fifteen and one-half grains of radium and it is difficult to extract. This quantity, a gram by the metric scale, is at present estimated to be worth about \$2,000, and a kilogram (2.2046 pounds) is theoretically worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

It has many curious and as yet inexplicable properties, and also entails many dangers to those who handle it carelessly. Professor William Crookes in describing it recently said: "Probably if half a kilogram were in a bottle on that table it would kill us all. It would almost certainly destroy our sight and burn our skins to such an extent that we could not survive. The smallest bit placed on one's arm would produce a blister which it would need months to heal." This would seem to indicate that it emits something more than light. Heat and actinic energy must make up a large part of its radiation. It also admits electrons with a velocity so great that, according to Professor Crookes, "one gram is enough to lift the whole of the British fleet to the top of Ben Nevis, and I am not quite certain that we could not throw in the French fleet as well." This is popular rather than scientific, but it warrants the conclusion that radium will always be a laboratory metal and that efforts to recover it in large quantities will not meet with much commercial encouragement. Perhaps the universal solvent might have been found long ago if there had been anything to keep it in.

SOMETHING ABOUT EASTER.

ABOUT the time this issue of the INGLENOOK reaches the reader Easter will be on. The NOOK wants to refer to its observance and to what it stands for. It will be observed all over the world and in different ways. There will be more eggs eaten on Easter day than perhaps any other day of the year. The people will blossom out in new clothes to a greater extent than before. Some churches will be decorated and a general show time will be inaugurated and all because it is a day set apart in commemoration of the resurrection. It seems to the NOOK that the Easter day observances are sometimes more honored in the breach than in their observance.

The origin of the day can be traced back to the early Christians, but there is no word whatever on the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival in the Bible, and none of the Apostolic fathers wrote about it. Neither Christ nor the Apostles enjoined the keeping of this or any other festival whatever. The way it came about originally was no doubt something as follows:

The first Christians were undoubtedly of Jewish descent. They were perfectly familiar with all of the observances of the Jews and one of them, that is one of the Jewish observances was the Passover festival, in memory of the deliverance when the angel passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt. The first Christians, being of Jewish descent, still continued to observe the Jewish festivals, but they did it in an entirely different spirit. The Passover of the Jews was observed by the early Christians with the thought of Christ, the true Passover lamb, as the first fruits of the dead, and they continued to celebrate it and it became the Christian Easter. All that is back of it is the innate and inherent disposition of all people, of all nations, to set aside a time to celebrate an epoch.

Of course there were Christians of Gentile descent and these people did not observe the same day for Easter that the Jewish Christians did. In the Jewish and the Gentile churches they naturally observed different days, and the difference was this: The Gentile Christians, having no Jewish traditions, identified the first day of the week with the resurrection, and Friday as the day of crucifixion, without regard to the day of the month. With the other sect the observance was based upon the day of the month. In the absence of any authority to govern the matter there was much controversy and dissension. It was finally settled by the Church of Rome, which adopted the Gentile method. The settlement of the controversy was one of the causes which led the Emperor Constantine to summon a council of the Church, and this council decreed that Easter should be kept on one and the same day throughout the world. However, nothing was said as to which day, and this was left to be calculated at

Alexandria, the home of astronomy at that time. It finally settled down as follows: Easter is the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the Calendar moon which happens on the next after March 21. The Calendar moon is not the moon of the heavens, but an imaginary moon created for ecclesiastical convenience, in advance of the real moon.

The whole business would have been settled beyond a question if the moon had been left out of the calculation, but the day was finally settled by an astrono-



A MILK SELLER IN PORTO RICO.

mical way, which included the changes in the moon, which, left out of the question, would have made Easter a fixed instead of a movable festival.

The calculations by which they arrived at the date are too long and too abstruse for presentation in the INGLENOOK. But there are three questions which may be regarded as settled and they are: First, that Easter has no foundation whatever in the Bible or the practice of the early Christians, and it is wholly a man-made day commemorative of the resurrection of Christ, and that it is a movable festival because the Roman Catholics included the movable phases of the moon in the determination of the day to be observed.

BRUSSELS has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

IN Hungary the legal age of an individual dates only from baptism.

ORIGIN OF SIDE-SADDLE.

Of late years it is the fashion in all the principal cities of America for ladies to ride astride. For many years it was thought to be immodest, unladylike and injurious for a woman to sit a horse astride. This prejudice, however, has been overcome and now those girls and older women who ride at all generally use the cross-saddle. They make a far more graceful appearance in the up-to-date style of saddle than did their predecessors in the old-fashioned side-saddle. Further than this, the new fashion is far safer for a woman than was the old. Then the woman who rode was constantly in danger because she depended solely upon the girth about the animal to hold her upon the horse's back. The late system makes it more comfortable for both horse and rider. No side-saddle that was ever manufactured could be so easily carried by a horse as a man's saddle. It is an established fact that the same horse can carry a person in a cross-saddle a fourth of a distance farther in a day than in a side-saddle. This because of the fact that the weight of the person in a side saddle is continually shifting. It naturally shifts to the left side, gradually from the motion of the horse as it travels, and must be fixed or readjusted about every five or six miles. This, however, is seldom done and the result is that the animal is fagged sooner than it would be if a cross-saddle were used.

When a woman has once overcome her prejudice against the cross-saddle and tried one, she will never return to the old way. Eminent physicians can be quoted in support of the theory that this style of horseback riding is really beneficial and not harmful.

It is interesting to note that women in the olden times rode astride like the men, though they seldom rode at all. The side-saddle was first introduced in England in 1341 by a consort of Richard III., Anne of Bohemia, who was lame. Before her time no such thing as a two-pommel saddle was in existence. Queen Anne died in 1394, but the custom she introduced of riding sidewise has lasted ever since. It is rapidly becoming obsolete, however.

* * *

KILLS THE MAPLES.

AN interesting story in the *Galena Gazette* tells about a mouse that works on the soft maples.

The dying of soft maple timber on the islands in the Mississippi in this vicinity for the last year is explained by Captain George A. Schneider. Many people are curious to know what kills these trees, which has been closely observed by the captain. All of this trouble originates from a new kind of timber mouse, which is much larger than the ordinary mouse in the woods. We term them the jumping mouse. They can jump from four to six feet and are very savage.

This peculiar mouse lives entirely on the soft maple tree, the bark being softer and sweeter than that of other trees. It first eats from the base, then proceeds up the tree, taking the bark off in large patches, which is as dangerous to the tree as girdling would be, thus causing the tree to die. If they keep increasing as they have been in the past year there will not be a maple tree standing in the next two years that has not been partly killed by this mouse. The enemies of the mouse, such as the mink and skunk, are being trapped, the owl is shot, so the mouse has free play.

* * *

NEW GUTTA PERCHA TREE.

Up to a quite recent date the world has relied on the rubber tree for its supply of gutta percha, and on account of the limited area in which this plant grows the product has been exceedingly expensive. A short time ago a gutta percha merchant in the Guyanas in examining the Amazon region in South America found the balata tree growing in abundance near



WHERE THE MILK SELLER LIVES.

Para and on the Amazon and its tributaries for thousands of miles. The Brazilians had no knowledge of its gum-producing properties and were found cutting down the trees for firewood and building material. A concession was bought and the practical work of producing gutta percha for the market begun.

There is practically no limit to the supply of gutta percha on the Amazon and it can be produced at a fraction of the cost of rubber. The method of "bleeding" the balata tree is entirely different from that used to extract the gum of the rubber tree and only expert "bleeders," it is said, can be employed. The trees yield many times as much sap as the rubber trees and one man can gather as much gutta percha in a day as twenty men can extract from the rubber tree. Each tree will average three and a half pounds and one competent "bleeder" can prepare forty to fifty pounds per day. The gum is fermented and then dried in the sun, after which it is ready for shipment.

TO BEAT THE BURGLAR.

HOUSEHOLDERS generally are the burglar's best friend. They forget to lock their doors and windows upon going away from their residences. When they return a few hours later and find money, jewelry and silverware taken they indulge in harsh accusations of the inefficiency of the police.

Burglars and housebreakers in the guise of peddlers, agents or persons looking for rooms to rent, or in search of some mythical family, are always prowling about looking for easy places to rob. After they have repeatedly rung the bell and assured themselves that no one is at home they are quite apt to try the door. If it is unlocked they naturally walk in and help themselves. The moral is quite obvious. It is simply to be sure to lock the doors and windows when you go away from home.

Next to the individual who fails to lock his door, the burglar loves the person who has a nice, easy lock on his door that can be opened with a skeleton key. Burglars make a study of locks, and one that baffled them two years ago may now be easy for them to open. With a half dozen master and skeleton keys they are able to negotiate many a lock which the owner fondly imagines could not be blown open with dynamite. While almost any of the more ingenious burglars can open a lock with a skeleton key, their work is in vain if the lock is reinforced with a bolt. The only way to get at a bolt is to bore holes in the door and saw out a piece of the panel, and this takes too long and makes too much noise to be employed except in a solitary neighborhood and when the family is away from home. Solitary neighborhoods do not abound, and, accordingly, the burglar does not often resort to taking a section of the paneling out of the door or to cutting out a window pane with a diamond or glass cutter. Besides the burglar would feel that such work would bring him needless trouble and involves too many risks, when, by moving on to the next flat or dwelling, he may find a door which has been kindly left open for him, or a back window that can be readily pushed up.

Housebreakers find their harvest time between 1 o'clock and 6 in the evening, and they usually enter a house or flat either by walking in through an unlocked door or the use of the skeleton key or by shoving open a window that opens upon a hall or a court or a back porch, from which their movements are cut off from the street by an awning or some other object.

People have a habit after dressing for dinner of raising the windows in order to air the rooms before bedtime. The porch climber usually works between six and nine o'clock. The family then are at dinner and the bedrooms are being aired. In the winter time, when it is dark at six o'clock the porch climber can readily climb up one of the posts of a porch, and crawling over the top gain the window, and opening

it, get into the house. Long before the family have finished their dinner the porch climber has moved swiftly through all the upstairs rooms and helped himself to everything to which he took a fancy. As it is easier climbing down a porch than it is climbing up, the burglar has not much trouble in getting away with his booty.

If the porch climber finds a window locked it is easy for him to lie flat on the top of the porch next the wall of the house, so that in the darkness it is impossible for him to be seen from the street, and then put a steel jimmy under the window and pry it open. The catches in the majority of cases are not strong, and when a jimmy is rightly applied they either break or tear out of the wood in a few moments. The only way to defeat the enterprising climber is to make it a rule never to leave open a window communicating with a porch unless some member of the household is near by. Such window, too, should have a strong catch and be otherwise safeguarded so that the porch climber cannot pry it open with a jimmy. Windows opening on to back porches and in other places where there is a good place for a burglar to stand while he is working with a jimmy should be well looked to and have the strongest and most approved kind of catches. The lockmakers usually keep quite a distance in advance of the most up-to-date burglar, and it is not hard nowadays to find locks, catches, and other appliances that in the city will baffle the most skillful cracksman, because he has not time or opportunity to use sterner methods than skeleton keys or jimmies.

Still, there is one thing that the burglar can always count on. That is the carelessness of the householder himself, his family, or the servants. The strongest locks have not a great deal of value unless the key is turned in them, and a window may have a dozen patent steel catches, but if it happens to open on to the top of a porch roof and is left open during the early part of the evening the porch climber will not have much difficulty in getting in.

* * *

OUR UNCLE SAM'S MONEY COUNT.

THE New York *Sun* has an interesting account as to the way the money in the Treasury is counted.

On account of the death of Assistant United States Treasurer, Conrad N. Jordan, there will soon be under way a recount of the 275 million dollars which was in the vaults of the sub-treasury on the day he died. The magnitude of the task may be judged from the fact that when Mr. Jordan was reappointed in 1897, it took more than two months to finish the count.

It is well for the business efficiency of the institution that this inventory of treasure is taken only at long intervals. It is undertaken only when a new assistant treasurer takes charge.

The count is made by a committee consisting of a representative of the retiring officer, a representative of the incoming officer and an expert who is present in the interests of the Secretary of the Treasury. While thousands of bags of coin are gone over, it seldom happens that a variation from the book figures is found. The assistant treasurer is under bond of \$400,000.

The committee has a working force of about ten skilled clerks and twelve or fourteen laborers. These men are selected with great care, as they are in daily contact with millions of dollars, and the stealing of the smallest coin would destroy the value of the count.

The clerks do the figuring and the laborers do the manual labor, which is perhaps the hardest part of the task, since the moving of more than 2,500 tons of coin is involved. Each bag of coin, be it silver or gold, has to be handled three times; once in its removal from its compartment to the scales, then from the scales to the pilers, and from the pilers back to its compartment.

The first step toward the count is the sealing of the vaults and the making of an inventory of the money exposed, or in the teller's hands. In the present instance this was done on the day Assistant Treasurer Jordan's death was announced. United States Treasurer Roberts came on from Washington to take charge of the work, and the interests of the Jordan estate were in the hands of Edward W. Hale, deputy assistant treasurer under appointment by Mr. Jordan. The count of the money in the sealed vaults will be made as soon as President Roosevelt appoints an assistant treasurer.

The bills, of which there are some ten million dollars are counted by hand. If it happens that the majority of these are of small denomination little time is consumed in going over them. This is usually the case, and the committee figures on finishing this part of the work in two days.

The gold, silver and minor coins, nickels and coppers, are cast up differently. In counting the gold the committee selects a bag of coin which has been tested as to condition and amount, and this is put against all others in the vaults. It is necessary that the condition of the coins in the test bag be examined carefully, and weighed on the most exact scales, and a small amount of abrasion brings a bag under weight.

This test bag contains exactly \$5,000. It is taken down to the vaults and put on one pan of an expensive pair of scales, and the real work then begins.

The gold vaults are divided into compartments, each holding ten bags of coin, or one half million dollars, whether these be double eagles, eagles, half eagles or the small \$2.50 pieces. Each bag is sent to the scales and placed against the test bag.

The standard weight, the weight of the test bag, is

exactly 5,375 pennyweights. A bag is allowed to vary from this to 5,348 pennyweights, but no more. There are some 40,000 bags of gold, and each in turn is made to undergo comparison with the test bag.

Although this is unquestionably a quicker method than hand counting, it is still laborious. As there is about 200 million dollars in gold in the vaults, there is entailed the handling of approximately 400 tons of gold, which must be done carefully or costly abrasion will result.

The weighing, too, must be done accurately. All in all, the committee is satisfied if it counts some ten million dollars in gold each day. At this rate twenty days will be used to cover the present store of that metal.

While the method of counting the silver coin is the same, the work is much more laborious. The silver compartments hold from one and one-half million to nine million dollars each, depending on the size of the coin. The bags contain only \$1,000 dollars each.

There is about sixty-seven million dollars in silver in vaults just now, and since the experts figure one million dollars in silver to weigh thirty tons, something more than 2,000 tons of the metal must be handled. Each bag of silver is balanced against a standard test bag of the same metal as in the case of the gold. The majority of silver coins are dollars.

The minor coins, nickels and coppers, are put up in bags, holding of the former \$200 and of the latter \$50. The amount of minor money on hand varies noticeably with the time of year; it being greatest in the summer season when the trolley lines to suburban resorts are busiest. At present there is on hand about \$70,000. This is quickly counted by the same method.

* * *

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

SUCCESSFUL experiments have been made for obtaining alcohol and sugar from pine and birch sawdust.

French cabinet makers have learned a way of preparing sawdust and making it into articles of ornament that resembles carved woodwork.

A Canadian inventor claims to have invented a system of telephoning between stations, utilizing the railroad tracks instead of a line of wire for the transmission of messages.

The *Automotor Journal*, London, describes a new traction engine called the "pedrail," which literally walks upstairs with the stride and surefootedness of an elephant and hauls loads far in excess of those the wheeled traction engine can move.

* * *

THE wall in front of Glasgow cathedral is built almost entirely of tombstones.

WOMEN IN ODD OCCUPATIONS.

MRS. LAURA B. ALDERMAN started the first apple farm of North Dakota. She made a marked success of what all her masculine neighbors predicted would be a failure, and the Alderman apples find a ready and profitable market, while the farm is known throughout the country.

Miss Josie Wanous owns and operates personally a successful drug store of Minneapolis. She overcame the prejudice which exists against a woman druggist by her strict business methods and careful attention to all the details of her work.

Miss Elinor C. Clapp, of Chicago, makes artistic jewelry after original designs. She combines old metals with semi-precious stones, producing odd effects and antique patterns. Her work is sought after for every exhibition of arts and crafts.

Miss Virginia Pope has a hospital for birds in New York city, where she receives and treats invalid feather pets, sets broken legs and doctors her patients with skill and marked success. She also travels extensively, giving lectures in the larger cities upon the care and feeding of birds which are kept in confinement.

Miss Sybil Carter originated and carried out successfully the plan of teaching lace making to the Indian women of various tribes. She now has a large corps of teachers, and the lace made is sold in New York city at private sales, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and her daughter frequently opening their homes for the sales. Miss Carter carries on this work in a spirit of pure philanthropy, since it is in no sense a money making scheme, but it is used as a means of reaching and teaching the Indian women and of giving them employment which shall help to settle them and interest them in their homes.

Miss Mabel Hay Barrows writes Greek plays and acts as coach in the various colleges where the plays are presented by students. She has all the engagements that she can fill. Her work is commended in the highest terms by college professors and men of letters as well, and her study of Greek life and action has been deep and thorough.

Mrs. Zimmerman, of Minneapolis, repairs the wax figures used in display windows. She learned the process of making the various parts and finds profitable employment in repairing accidents of all kinds.

Mrs. Eugenia Wheeler Golf, also of Minneapolis, is probably the only woman who makes historical maps. Her work requires a thorough education, great technical ability and infinite patience. Her maps are used in books of history and also as wall charts for school rooms and offices. She has access to government records and frequently visits Washington in order to complete or verify some complicated or mooted point.

Mrs. Ida Belmer Vamp, of Caro, Mich., has the largest private collection of cacti in this country. She

produces many new varieties by grafting and has collectors in nearly all the cacti producing regions. She is looked upon as an authority by botanists and her specimens are sold not only throughout this country, but abroad.

Miss Estelle Reel has won the distinction of being the highest salaried woman in the government employ. She is superintendent of Indian schools, and travels several thousand miles each year, visiting the different agencies and tribes, studying their needs and bringing improved methods to bear upon their training.

Mrs. Clara L. Kellogg has raised modern embroidery to an art. She furnishes entire homes in embroidered textiles, producing harmonious effects throughout. She travels abroad every year, studying embroidery and design. All her designs are original and are founded upon suggestions received from paintings, mosaic, furniture—anything, in fact, which may offer a suggestion to her alert mind and ready fingers. She starts each piece of work, selecting the colors and shades to be employed, and then sends it out to some chosen worker to complete. By this means she gives employment to special workers scattered all over the country.

* * *

THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH.

I SWEAR by Apollo, the physician; by Esculapius, by Hygeia, Panacea and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and stipulation: to reckon him who teaches me this art equally dear to me with my parents; to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring upon the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it without fee or stipulation, and that, by precept, lecture and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of this art to my own sons, to those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to no others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my best judgment, I consider best for my patients and abstain from whatever is injurious. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel. With purity and holiness will I pass my life, and practice my art. Into whatever houses I enter I will go for the advantage of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption. Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I may see or hear, I will not divulge, holding that all such things should be kept secret.

* * *

So keen is the elephant's sense of smell that he can scent a human being at a distance of 1,000 yards.

WHAT A SNEEZE PORTENDS.

IN almost every land, civilized and uncivilized, the act of sneezing is regarded with more or less of superstition. There is an equivalent in nearly all languages for the "God bless you" of the Irish peasant when a person is moved to declare the presence of a tickling sensation in his nostrils. To this salutation in France is added sometimes the phrase "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe," who is believed to have got rid of a "death of cold" by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is used: "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter and four times for a disappointment."

In Italy the salutation is simply "Felicità!" or "May you be fortunate!" In India it is customary when one sneezes to say, "May you live!" and the reply runs, "Long life to you!" Should a Hindu chance to sneeze while he is going through his peculiar ablution practices in the Ganges he will make a kind of sign over his face, stop in his ritual and begin all over again.

In ancient times the Romans, holding the idea that sneezing between noon and midnight was a good omen, believed that between midnight and noon it was most unlucky, and if they should chance to sneeze while getting up in the morning they would at once get into bed again. There must be something in this, especially on very cold mornings, but boys home for their holidays are not as a rule superstitious and it might be difficult for them to impress their parents with a saving belief in this happy superstition.

The Germans say "Good health!" because they maintain, and not without reason, that sneezing is a warning of approaching catarrh and also marks the moment when a charm, a wish or a suggestion may drive it away. The Persians go further in this idea; they say what practically amounts to "Thank God!" because they consider that the sneeze has actually driven away some evil spirit that has attempted to get into a man's body to feed upon his sacred fires.

The people of the Amazulu go even further than this into superstition and arrive at the stage of actual devil worship. No doubt they would style it "angel worship," but the things to which these so-called angels are supposed to lend themselves put that high-sounding name quite out of the question. Their uncivilized familiar spirits are said to give some sign when they are near and able to help their votaries.

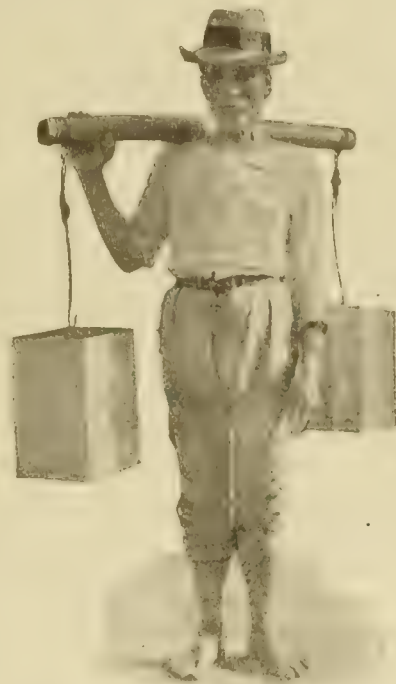
THE WAX INSECT.

TREES afford the birthplace and cradle of the wax insect, scientifically called *Cossus pela*. In the early spring the bark of the boughs and twigs becomes covered with brown pea-shaped scales, which can be easily detached and which, when opened, reveal the

flowery looking mass of minute animals, whose movements can just be detected by the naked eye. In May and June, however, the scales are found to contain a swarm of brown creatures with six legs and two antennæ each. Some of the scales also contain the white bag or cocoon of a small black beetle, which, if left undisturbed, burrows into and consumes the scales. The Chinese say that this beetle eats the little wax insects, and it appears certainly the case that where the parasite is most abundant the scales fetch lower prices in the market.

CUNNING SIBERIAN NATIVES.

WHEN compelled to travel all night, the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just be-



A WATER SELLER IN PORTO RICO.

fore sunrise and allowing their dogs to go to sleep. They argue that if the dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One or even two hours' stop at any other time is perfectly useless, as the dogs will be uncontrollable from that time forward until they are permitted to take what they think a full allowance of sleep.

WIRELESS telegraphy is to be used on Italian trains to prevent accidents.

THE chance of two finger prints being alike is not one in 64,000,000,000.

OUR CALENDAR AND ITS ORIGIN.

BY J. H. FULTZ.

THE reckoning of time among the ancients was very inaccurate. This was owing to their ignorance of astronomy and also to changes that were made from time to time for political reasons. The calendar was reformed by Julius Cæsar, in the year 46, B. C., and he made the year consist of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, adding one day every fourth year. In 1582 the error amounted to ten days in the calendar established by him. That is, too much time had been reckoned as a year until the civil year was ten days behind the solar year. To correct this error Pope Gregory XIII decreed that ten days should be stricken from the calendar, that the day following the third of October, 1582, should be made the fourteenth, and that henceforth only those centennial years should be leap years which are exactly divisible by 400. Most Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian Calendar soon after it was established. Great Britain did not adopt it until 1752 when the error amounted to eleven days.

By act of Parliament the third day of September was called the fourteenth. The civil year, by the same act, was made to commence on the first of January instead of March twenty-fifth as was previously the case. Dates reckoned by the Gregorian Calendar are called New Style, N. S., while dates reckoned by the Julian Calendar are called Old Style, O. S. Russia still reckons dates according to the Old Style. The difference now amounts to twelve days. The year begins with the month of January and ends with the month of December. In most business computations thirty days are considered one month and twelve months one year. Then four weeks constitute one month for many purposes. But the common year contains fifty-two weeks and one day, and the leap year fifty-two weeks and two days. Hence, commonly, each year begins one day later in the week than the preceding year, and the year succeeding leap year begins two days later.

If Pope Gregory while he was reforming the calendar had divided the calendar year into thirteen months of four weeks each, and made the remaining one day or two in leap years holidays, the year would have begun on the same day of the week and ended on the same day and it would have been much easier to have kept records straight. But as it is the Gregorian calendar is almost correct in calculations. The time required for the earth to revolve around the sun is one year which is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-nine and seven-tenths seconds, or very nearly three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days. Instead of reckoning this part of a day each year, it is disregarded and an addition is made when this amounts to one day which is very

nearly every fourth year. This addition of one day is made to the month of February. Since the part of a day that is disregarded when three hundred and sixty-five days are considered as a year is a little less than one fourth of a day the addition of one day every fourth year is a little too much, and to correct this excess addition is made to only every fourth centennial year. With this correction the error does not amount to much more than a day in 4,000 years. Therefore centennial years exactly divisible by four hundred and other years exactly divisible by four are leap years. Hence 1900 was not a leap year. No doubt many dates are wrong. For illustration, Christmas on December twenty-five is no doubt erroneous, that is, we do not believe that Christ was born on that date. For from the physical features and location of Palestine the shepherds would not have been in the fields watching their flocks at night in that season of the year. Most of the best scholars of the world believe his birth to have occurred about the middle of September. But as Christmas is a day set apart to commemorate the anniversary of the Savior's birth, it is of little importance what day of the year we observe. We may in that case as with Sunday if we become confused keep any day we may believe to be Sunday. Of course this applies to people as a whole and not as individuals for in changing from the third of September, 1752, by Great Britain to the fourteenth of that month Sunday would fall on a different day of the week than it did previous to the change.

We are somewhat confused as to dates but we are calculating with much more accuracy than the ancients did. One reason is we know the earth to be a sphere, and can tell to the fractional part of a second the time of its revolution around the sun. In time to come very likely the dial of the time piece will be of twenty-four equal spaces instead of twelve representing hours, and the year will consist of thirteen months of four weeks each, instead of twelve months of irregular length. A revolution may bring it about or the demands of the times may do it. We can not tell. Ever since history has been recorded people have declared at intervals they had reached perfection on certain subjects only to find themselves confounded later.

Rushville, Ohio.

* * *

THE ATMOSPHERE.

UP to twenty years ago it was usually estimated that our atmosphere was but forty miles deep. It is now put at from one hundred and eighty-seven to two hundred and sixteen miles. Its thickness is judged by the incandescence of meteors.

* * *

THE proportion of mules to horses in the United States is as one to seven.

THE SEEDLESS FRUIT AGE.

UNCLE SAM has a plant wizard, and his name is Herbert J. Webber. For quite a while he has been making new fruits and vegetables, and some of the things he has accomplished are little short of miraculous. Only the other day he handed to the Secretary of Agriculture an unfamiliar looking object, golden yellow and of spherical shape, which he said represented the long sought cross between the Tangerine orange and the grape fruit, or pomelo. He called it the "tangelo," and promised that before very long it should be on our markets commercially. It tastes somewhat like an orange, but is more acid.

Here, then, was a fruit unthought of by nature and created purely and simply by human ingenuity. What could be more wonderful? Yet it is only one of a number of similar marvels which have been recently evolved. Burbank, the California plant breeder, has just announced the production of a new berry that is a cross between the raspberry and strawberry—a delicious morsel which, as it melts on the tongue, conveys mingled suggestions of both of these fruits.

Dr. Webber says that the seedless watermelon is a reasonable hope for the not distant future. Meanwhile the thornless blackberry is already an accomplished fact, having been produced recently at Benton Harbor, Me., and the "pit" has been eliminated from a new and promising variety of plum. Oddly enough, in this plum the kernel remains, though the stone is gone, but this may be disposed of eventually by cross breeding. At present the experts are engaged in augmenting the size and improving the shape of the "stoneless prune," as it is called, in order that it may have as high a commercial value as possible.

There seems to be scarcely a limit to the wonders which may be accomplished in the line of experimentation in which Dr. Webber and his fellow experts are engaged. It has been ascertained recently, for example, that by suitable grafting the potato plant can be made to bear tomatoes above ground while producing its own tubers beneath the soil. What a gain it will be to the farmers if in the future they find it practicable to raise crops of potatoes and tomatoes on the same areas of ground, one above and the other below.

These magicians who play such wonderful tricks with plants have recently evolved a new kind of cherry tree, which seems to be the cherry tree of the future. Instead of bearing fruit in the ordinary fashion, by twos and threes, it produces them in large and dense clusters, so that fifty or sixty cherries sometimes grow in a single bunch on a twig. The cherries, too, are big and of remarkably fine flavor.

One of the most notable of recent achievements in this line is the seedless grape, which has at last been successfully produced in California. There is an ex-

cellent commercial opportunity for it, inasmuch as many people object to grapes on account of their seeds, apart entirely from the fear of swallowing them, which has been mistakenly caused by the appendicitis fad. Many of the finest varieties of grapes, especially those of the "meaty" sort, have very large seeds, which on account of their size are really objectionable. If they can be got rid of entirely, that will be highly satisfactory; and, one seedless grape having been secured, it may be confidently expected that there will be others.

The seedless grape was obtained from the muscat of Alexandria (imported from Egypt) by selecting year after year cuttings from those vines which produced less than the normal number of seeds. This process was continued from season to season until absolute seedlessness was eventually achieved. The special object in view was to get a raisin grape of large size. Everybody is familiar with the little dried grapes of Corinth, which are commonly known as currants; they are seedless, but have the disadvantage of small size. The new California grape, on the other hand, will have flavor equal to that of the currant, while relatively a giant.

The seedless apple may arrive in the near future. The plant makers are working on the problem patiently. Indeed, that kind of work pays well, inasmuch as there is always a fortune in any new seedless fruit. Fortunately, the banana is already seedless, and has been so for centuries, though nobody knows why. It is propagated by suckers, and possibly it had no seeds when it was first found in the wild state. The banana is a modified berry. Cutting the fruit down through the middle, you will sometimes see a few little brown spots, which are rudimentary seeds; but occasionally the banana does actually produce seeds. The pineapple is nearly seedless, being propagated likewise from suckers and from slips.

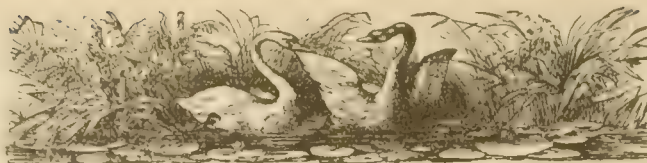
Thorns are a nuisance on fruit plants, and the plant wizards are doing their best to get rid of them, the means adopted being simply to select for propagation specimens which by chance happen to be thornless or comparatively so. In this way the raspberry is being freed of its thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny, for example, the high priced King orange, which is the best of the mandarins, though rarely seen in our markets. In Florida its thorniness has been diminished by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns. The thorns in this case are objectionable partly because they puncture the oranges or lemons when the branches are blown about by the wind.

In speaking of seedless fruits, the navel orange must not be forgotten. It is a freak of nature.

* * *

RUSSIA has more holidays than any other European nation—86 in all. Austria comes next with 76.

NATURE



STUDY.

DOWN THE LANE.—No. 10.

ONE thing the class wants to do is to learn to distinguish between the sexes of the birds we see. It is not such a difficult thing to do, and I will give you a very homely and at the same time a very true guide to telling. Take a pair of barnyard chickens, a hen and a rooster. Now which is the brighter colored? The rooster, as everybody knows. If you will think a little it will be found true of all the fowls you know. Now the same is true of birds. If we see two of them together it is easy, as a rule, to determine which is the male. There on the fence are two early bluebirds. One of them is a brighter blue than the other. Both are clearly bluebirds, but one is not as distinct a shade of blue, compared with the other. Note them well, for all the bluebird family are alike in this respect. The clear, bright, blue belongs to the male, and the dustier blue to the female. Now this rule is so perfectly general that it will apply to most of the birds we see. Take a lot of sparrows, and you will see that some of them are marked as though they wore a colored cravat. These birds are the males, while the ones without a cravat are the hens. But how about blackbirds, crows, and the like? Well, there the matter of size comes in, and by closely watching a pair of them we can soon learn to tell the sexes when we see them separately.

And now let us note the plants that are beginning to put on their spring dress. Every section has its own special flowers that are coming up, and they are either in sight now, or soon will be. It is a great pleasure to watch the development of the plants that come in the early spring. And now the Nookman wants to tell you something that is real interesting. Some of the very earliest spring flowers are the prettiest, and after their season of bloom is over their stalks lie down, and either rot or are blown away. They pass clear out of sight, and are forgotten till they come around next spring. An instance of this is in the case of a low growing plant I have heard called Dutchman's Breeches. It has a whitish, heart-shaped little flower, growing about six inches in height, and it is one of the earliest flowers. In two or three weeks it is gone, and there is not a trace of it. Now if you will just mark distinctly where there is a clump of these flowers, doing it in such a way that you will be readily able to find the place next December, you will have a new experience ahead of you. You can't remember the place without marking, and four red or

colored sticks stuck in at the corners of a space about as large as a page of the INGLENOK will do. Now one reason why this is necessary is that certain plants require to be frozen before they will bloom satisfactorily. Our Dutchman's Breeches is one of this kind. The root is a small, scaly, crumbly bulb, easily broken up.

Now then wait till about the middle of next December, when the ground is frozen solid. Then go down to where you have marked the flower place, it may be under the snow, and if so clear off the space, around the spot, and with an old axe cut down around the square six or eight inches deep, chopping in from the outside, and do it in such a way that you take out a solid block of frozen earth. Take this home, put it in a box, set in a sunny window, and as soon as it thaws out the bulbs will sprout like magic, bloom in profusion, and you will have a piece of the spring in the window at Christmas if you time it correctly. It can be done with all wild flowers, but remember that the freezing is a necessity. It will not work at all if you take up the plants when they are in flower. The reason is that the root growth and the arrangement for next season's flowers require a long time to perfect them. The winter time does this. It is a very pretty experiment, always sure to give pleasure. If any Nooker has a clump of lilies of the valley at home they can be very readily forced the same way, that is, by digging out a frozen clump of roots, potting them, and setting them in a warm room, and they will bloom the same as they do outside in the springtime.

Now for the past ten weeks we have wandered together down the lane, looking here and there, watching the birds, noting the plants, and having a pleasant time together, and we have doubtless all enjoyed these outings. All things however pleasant, come to an end. Here we rest. Has the class anything to say?

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

BY LULU ULLOM.

THE prairie dog is a small animal that inhabits a great deal of the West. It is about the same size of a squirrel, only of a heavier build. It burrows in the ground and uses a part of the dirt in making a mound, from six to eight inches in height, around its hole. This embankment keeps the water from running into its den in ordinary rains. But it has another pre-

caution against being flooded. It digs the hole on a slight incline then digs a curve upward and a place for a nest. The hole then goes on deeper, some of them perhaps to water. Rattlesnakes, owls and coyotes are very common in prairie dog towns.

The dogs are of a yellowish color, sometimes mixed with black. They are covered with a tough skin and short fur. They defend themselves by getting on their backs and biting and scratching with their sharp claws. It is all a common dog can do to kill them. They have a peculiar bark. When one comes near they all run to their holes and stand over them and bark, giving their tails a vigorous wag each time.

I think they are always fat, at least I never saw a poor one. If part of the fat, with which they are literally covered, is removed, they are good to eat. Why should they not be when grass and roots are their food? They multiply very fast. In the spring, from four to eight young ones can be seen on or near one hole. They become so numerous as to be very destructive to crops as well as pasture, destroying fields of alfalfa, wheat, corn and cane. I have seen corn stalks, three feet high, cut near enough off by them that they fell to the ground. Not that they eat them, but apparently that they can see farther. Each clay mound marks the center of a bare circle about two rods in diameter. The Government is trying to get some effective way of killing them.

They are very hard to catch, but if captured when they are young they make very nice pets. We once drowned out five, two of which we kept as pets for some time. They were very fond of playing on a cushion, and would tumble and play like kittens, then jump up on their hind legs and bark. We kept them in the house until they became tame, then let them go out doors and eat grass. They dug several holes and carried grass, strings, etc., to make their nest. Whenever they met they touched their noses together and then went on. A neighbor's dog killed one of them, then the other seemed lonely. At night it came to the door and barked and we let it in. In the morning it went out again, coming in each evening for a week or more. Then it went out to some near-by dens and stayed. When we went out to find it the other dogs ran, but when we called Chippy it answered as usual. We caught it and put a ribbon around its neck. Soon its new den was dug out and we supposed Chip was killed by a badger.

Another one we had soon learned that when we went to the table it was meal time. It would climb on some one's foot, then up on his shoulder, and if given a piece of bread dipped in milk, of which it was very fond, would sit up like a squirrel and eat it. Sometimes it would go from the elbow of one person to the next, up over their shoulder down the other arm, on to the next until it went round the table.

All this convinces me that the young are capable of high culture as pets. But the old ones are like other dogs, it is hard to teach them new tricks.

Friend, Kans.

* * *

THE CHANGED GRIZZLY.

THERE are numerous reliable statements of grizzly bears having attacked men, but nowadays the grizzly does not seek out his human victims, as there are credible statements that his forefathers used to do. Neither does he lie in wait and, pouncing upon a hunter, tear him into bloody shreds in delighted fiendishness, as the old-time stories used to tell. The change in the grizzly's disposition is likened by veteran hunters to the change in the character of the white cousin of the grizzly, the polar bear of the arctics. When the stations for the Hudson Bay company were established, the diaries of the men there often referred to the fright of attacks by polar bears. Many a navigator in the arctic seas has been clawed and chewed to death by polar bears. But for nearly a century the polar bear has not been regarded as so very fierce, and nowadays it is looked upon as a cowardly beast. Association with armed men has modified the polar bear's disposition.—*Outing*.

* * *

THE SINGING MOUSE.

THE power of song among the brute creation has so long been associated in our minds with the feathered tribe alone that we do not think of it as belonging to any four-footed animals. Yet there is a mouse that sings—why, nobody knows. It is a small animal, with very large ears, which are moved about much while singing, as if that were necessary to the success of the vocal performance. The song is not, as you think, a prolonged squeak with variations, but a succession of clear, warbling notes, with trills, not unlike the song of a canary, and quite as beautiful, though some of the notes are much lower. One great peculiarity is a sort of double song, an air with accompaniment quite subdued. Upon first hearing this one believes that he is listening to more than one mouse, so perfect is the illusion.

* * *

A CAT FAMILY.

A TEACHER asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well," said the teacher, encouragingly. "Father Cat, Mother Cat and three little kittens!"

* * *

THE moose deer has the largest horns of any animal. They often weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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"One ship sails east and another sails west,
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'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,
That tells us the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

FEAR NO EVIL.

THIS is a grand utterance of the Royal Singer of Israel. He says that though he walk in the shadow of death he will fear no evil. It is a wonderfully comforting view of things. If we all looked on life aright, fear, the terror, would vex us no more.

Some of us, many in fact, who are now living will be dead next year. By the perfectly reliable law of averages nearly three hundred now living Nook readers will be dead a year to come. The Nook repeats the word—Fear no evil.

Nor should we sorrow overmuch for those who leave us. They leave behind a land of shadows and enter one where it is ever a June morning. Why should we lament their departure?

A better plan is to look on the promised land as one to which we should journey joyously. The way may be dark, the sky overcast, but there is no doubt of the end. Welcome, morning land! Welcome the day when perfect peace comes to us—the peace of God, the communion of saints, a home prepared for those who love and trust him.

LOVING ALL.

WE sometimes hear the statement that we should love all alike. It may be beautiful in theory, but it never did exist in any normal man or woman. There

may be some washed-out natures that are capable of this, but they are always people who are not able to discriminate between good and bad. Nobody of normal make ever did or ever can love all alike. It is not possible. Moreover it is not desirable.

But there is one thing we can do, when fortified by religion, and that is we may treat all alike, independent of our feelings in the premises. If we do this we fill the requirements of the higher law, and that is all that is expected of us. Even this is a hard thing to do at times. While the law of love is the keystone of the arch of Christian virtues, in practice it is the doing that counts for or against us. And the doing is the hard part of it all.

While the Nook understands that we never do look on all with the same interest and with the same liking, yet it advises, when the time comes to do good, that there be no discrimination in the disbursing.

LIGHT OR SAD.

HE who would have the world laugh must first laugh himself. If he weeps he weeps alone. We all come to love the one who is continually jolly, "the life of the party," as we say. But there is another side as well.

Whatever we may think of the lighter side, it is a fact that all the great things of life, the momentous, from individual to national affairs, are serious even to sadness. We may watch the mountebank, even paying to see him, but we never send for him when we meet life's grave issues. He is out of place when death enters. In seasons of great trouble it is the earnest, the serious one we wish to meet. Laugh if you will, yes, laugh as you go, but remember there are times, when deep emotions are stirred, that laughter is as ill as the dancing time in the house of mourning. The gay are, perhaps, desirable, but the serious are a necessity.

ADVICE ABOUT BAD COMPANY.

THE Bible has four pieces of advice about bad company. "Avoid it"—that is to say, cultivate a hearty dislike for it; "pass not by it"—that is to say, do not let curiosity lead one voluntarily, even within hailing distance; "turn from it"—that is, if one is thrust into it from no will of his own, a determined resistance is wise; "pass away"—that is, leave it behind at the earliest moment possible, and without looking back. Bad company cannot hurt us unless we turn traitor to one of these excellent rules; but the fact that Solomon repeats and reiterates the warning against it four times in this one verse shows what a subtle snare to the soul he saw it to be.

MAKE FRIENDS.

No man lives unto himself. Now and then we find one who thinks he can stand without friends, and some really do pass through life without a real friend to their name. They profess an independence that does not exist, and seem to delight in standing off people who desire amicable relations. There are just such people in the world. Sooner or later they come to grief.

The facts are that the most valuable asset a man may have is the number and character of the friends he can rely on. They don't grow everywhere, and he who deliberately destroys or neglects to strengthen friendship is doing the most foolish thing imaginable. There come times in the lives of all of us when friends are worth more than anything else on earth and they ought to be the last thing to be sacrificed and the first to be cultivated.

* * *

USELESS EXPENDITURE.

A MILLIONAIRE gives a big dinner, or something like it, costing say \$100,000. Immediately a sermon is preached by the press and its contributors about the uselessness and extravagance of the affair.

The Nook dissents. If he had been "economical" he would have held on to his money and nobody would have been benefited. As it was he put into circulation a large sum of money. If his critics had their way, instead of giving it away the most of them would have hoarded it, or it would have turned up as a mortgage on the poor. The man with the money helped the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, and if he had spent a million just that many more working people and tradesmen would have been benefited. Instead of condemning the outlay let it expand.

* * *

It is well to seek advice in times of perplexity, but the seeking of advice does not commit one to following it. The purpose in so doing is simply to get further light. The responsibility of decision cannot be shifted upon another. Every person must settle his own problems. This is the dignity of the race,—that in every human breast God has planted a judgment bar over which the soul alone presides.

* * *

THE tune of "Star Spangled Banner," one of America's greatest songs, was originally an English drinking song in 1765. Later it settled down in Boston, and in 1812 Francis Scott Key thought of the words making the "Star Spangled Banner," while the British bombarded a fort, and the tune fitted to the words subsequently became the property of the poem as it now stands.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

A fool for luck.

*

What is luck, anyhow?

*

There is no such thing as luck.

*

Luck and forethought are brothers.

*

Trust to luck and you will get left.

*

An unlucky man is always whining.

*

Don't go courting luck. Compel it.

*

Inglenook luck is the best kind of luck.

*

Don't expect luck if you fish without bait.

*

Good luck is another name for good sense.

*

Good luck is not success—it is an accident.

*

The unlucky man is nearly always a whiner.

*

Keeping everlastingly at it brings good luck.

*

Keep out of partnership with unlucky people.

*

Bad sense and bad management breed bad luck.

*

Luck, good or bad, never goes first. It follows.

*

Luck is the result of good judgment and hard licks.

*

Bad luck talks through its nose. Good luck laughs.

*

Make a grab for an opportunity and you catch luck.

*

We fail in a thing, and then say that it is impossible.

*

He didn't cultivate his corn and had bad luck. Most astonishing!

*

Bad luck may overtake us but it need not be allowed to trip us up.

*

Do you want luck? Pitch in intelligently, begin early and quit late.

*

Luck is a favorable happening without our being any part of the cause.

THE ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

THE above is the scientific name of the California poppy. Let us call them yellow poppies and be done with it. Out along the coast is now the time when their gold is over everything. A writer in the *Los Angeles Times* writes entertainingly about them.

I wish that every visitor to Southern California might catch his first glimpse of the poppy fields as I did mine, some eighteen years ago, when Pasadena was but a tiny settlement of a few congenial "first families" set down in the midst of luxuriant orange groves and thrifty vineyards, undisturbed by railroads, electric cars or sidewalk. The foothill country had not then been invaded by man, and in the late winter and early spring time the golden sea of poppy bloom,



A PORTO RICAN NURSE.

then at its flood tide, extended for miles and miles along the undulating foothill slopes.

But though the inroads of civilization and municipal progress have of necessity destroyed miles of these famous poppy fields, still, even yet, like an undulating sea of gold, acres of these sun-hued blossoms lie along the rolling foothills, where best they love to lie, close at the feet of the purple-shadowed mountains; and when a gentle breeze fresh from the blue ocean blows over the sensitive petals they quiver and shiver till the illusion of a rippling, sunset sea is complete.

Like some persons, the poppies awaken late and retire early, their satin petals closing by 4 o'clock in the afternoon. They are, indeed, most conscientious little sun worshipers, and as the genial warmth of the sun-god's smile leaves their petals, their eyelids begin to

droop, and soon each blossom is fast asleep in a tight-rolled silken mantle. If the day be dark or cloudy, they do not deign to open their sleepy eyes at all, but continue throughout the day wrapt in a beauty sleep that is sometimes not quite appreciated by the tourist, who is trying to "do" Pasadena in a day and a half, and wants to gather the full-blown poppies!

During the wild and frantic rush of seekers after gold in '49, it is said that the native Indians held the belief that it was the petals of the poppies, or Great Spirit Flowers, falling and sinking into the earth, that produced the precious gold, while others, inclined to be superstitious, believed that these flowers of gold sprang up to guide the way to the rich veins of ore.

The Indians of Placer county, this State, use the leaves and stems as food, boiling them or roasting them upon hot stones, after which they are soaked in water and eaten as greens.

The stems are from six to eighteen inches long, of a pale, gray green. The petals are two or three inches across, the ordinary tint being a deep, clear orange, though the more beautiful specimens have a deep outer border of chrome yellow. Occasionally, a pure cream blossom is found, but these are rare. A calyx, or cap, of green is drawn tightly over the firmly rolled buds, as one draws the case over his umbrella, and the pointed buds quite remind one of little, yellow satin parasols neatly rolled. When blossom time approaches the bud bursts the confines of its case with a pop, which is distinctly audible, and away the cap flies in the air as the satin petals slowly unfold to "let a little sunshine in" to their golden hearts. The foliage is very finely dissected and feathery, like ferns, wilting very quickly. The green case from which the blossom springs is tipped with a vivid carmine, as are also all the leaves, though there is seldom found an artist who recognizes this in his reproduction.

Eschscholtzia is the proper name of the poppy, having been given it, the botanists tell us, by Adalbert von Chamisso, a member of a Russian exploring expedition that arrived on board the *Rurick* in San Francisco bay in 1816. He was a German botanist of some note, and named the beautiful blossom for his friend, Dr. Eschscholz, also a member of the party.

It was the Spanish sailors who termed California the land of fire (*Tierra del Fuego*), having first seen from their ships the broad expanse of flame color creeping so close to the mountains of the coast range, and "fire flower" the poppy is still called by some. Others believed that Saint Pasqual from whom a prominent street in Pasadena derives its name, had spread his glorious altar cloth, a veritable "cloth of gold," over the foot-hills. Believing it to be consecrated ground, they disembarked, that they might worship with their eyes turned toward the poppies and the grand old mountains. The Spanish termed the

blossom "Copa de Oro" (cup of gold), and it was certainly a most poetic conception, worthy of that passionate people, whose emotional natures responded so quickly to appropriate suggestion.

The artistic possibilities of this charming flower are becoming more and more widely recognized, and the poppy has come to occupy an important place in art. Many exquisite designs for wall paper, wood carving, pottery, embroidery, etc., are possible, using it as the motif. It is especially artistic when conventionalized, and does not lose its distinctive charm of form when thus treated, as do so many flowers.

The poppy is generally accepted as the emblem of sleep, but the poppies of California do not contain the opium qualities, as do some varieties, notably the white poppies.

There are many other varieties of poppies found in the Southland, but the yellow *eschscholtzia* is queen of them all in the hearts of the people.

From the time when the first bright flashes of flame color begin to glow along the country roadways in February, till the last, late blossoms reluctantly bid good-bye to the late spring, the little urchins may be seen about the streets, and clustering in friendly rivalry about the hotel entrances, their arms and old baskets overflowing with the glowing blossoms.

Many of them have their regular customers at the hotels, and each morning bring fresh plucked blossoms to adorn the rooms of these Eastern tourists. No tourist, however, thinks his trip to California complete till he has waded ankle deep into the sea of gorgeous bloom and plucked whole armfuls for himself.

In poppy time nearly every electric car out from Los Angeles brings throngs of tourists, who return laden with the glorious flowers, and the cars usually bear the sign "To the Poppy Fields."

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

It is doubtful whether there is a set time in life when a woman becomes an old maid. The habit we have of calling a woman an old maid at twenty-five or thirty years of age is a pernicious one and is something to be deprecated in strong terms. If asked when such a period arrives the Nook gives it up, but in another part of the Magazine may be found a list of the centenarians and after one has passed the one hundred year mark without having made a practical impression, it may be we shall be able, if called upon, to express an opinion.

It is different in Europe from what it is in this country, for the old maids over there, once having been settled into the groove so known, have not the slightest chance to get married. There is a reason for this and it is strongly asserted. To our Nook readers we will say that in most countries of Europe, Germany

for example, marriage is a business. The girl must have a dowry or a man will not have her. Naturally the girl who has no dowry, or practically nothing, does not stand the ghost of a show. Of course there are now and then people who marry for love and not for money, but it is rather a rare thing for a woman who is without money or money back of her, in her family, to ever get a chance to marry.

Most of them go into some kind of business, such as having a shop or selling something, or doing some kind of work to which they are adapted, and they accept their lot as final and never think of getting married and rarely do. In this country, as the saying goes, "while there's life there's hope." In most European countries it runs something after this manner, as long as there is a good-sized dowry there is a chance,



THE NURSE'S HOME.

but no dowry means no chance. This idea is fixed in Europe and is so firmly established that no person there ever thinks of raising a question about it.

When the United States becomes as old as some European countries in all probability it will have reached the same situation.

* * *

THE land that has the smallest number of post-offices is the independent republic of the Congo. It has thirty-two. In these thirty-two it employs seventy-seven men. Every now and then a letter carrier of the Congo post office is eaten by a lion or a leopard. The path of these bearers of the mail is through forests and swamps. Sometimes they must camp at night in places where the wild beasts prowl around them in the darkness.

* * *

A CHICAGO man has recently completed a law course at the age of sixty-two years, and is about to embark on his career.

THE SNAKE'S DEATH.

ZOOLOGISTS have generally exhibited a lively scorn at the stories of living frogs or toads imbedded in rock which find a place in "the columns of the local press."

The workman's pick splits open the cavity; the toad's eyes shine with unusual brilliancy: it finds it difficult to perform the process of respiration; makes a barking noise; its mouth is completely closed; it is of a pale color, but shortly after grows darker until it is of a fine olive brown; Mr. ——, the well-known

gave rise to great concern, especially as the brilliant coloring began to wane and its fine proportions to decrease. At the beginning of the present year it was of a dull gray color, and was a mere bag of skin and bones. Its aggressive habits disappeared, it became apathetic and inoffensive, and remained motionless in the corner of its cage. Its weight dropped to two-thirds of its original twelve stone; and, to cut the story short, it passed away after a voluntary fast of two years, five months and three days.

This is not the first experience of the kind that the officials at the museum have had under their notice.



A SCENE IN AFRICA, THE SEAT OF A MISSIONARY'S LABOR.

local geologist, gives it as his opinion that the animal is at least six thousand years old; and so on.

One also hears famous tales of fasting serpents, but it is not often that the reptile enjoys the advantages possessed by a great Japanese Python reticulatus which has just paid its debt to nature in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. It arrived at the museum in the fullest health and strength Nov. 17, 1899. It was about eight feet long, of brilliant coloring, enormous diameter, and of singularly aggressive disposition. Its keepers soon found that it was a teetotaler of the most bigoted character. Geese, ducks, sheep, hens—every imaginable dainty was offered, but in vain. It would occasionally take a bath, and for a change would lovingly envelop a victim in its enormous coils, but not a morsel would touch its lips. This state of affairs

Fasts of twenty-six months and twenty-eight months have not been uncommon. But the palm—if it be a palm—is carried away from all competitors by the *Pelophilus madagascariensis*, two specimens of which died of starvation after periods of three years and forty-nine months, respectively.

A COLORED woman threw the odds and ends of medicine left after her husband's death into the fire. The explosion that followed carried the stove through one of the windows. "Mos' pow'ful movin' medsin I evah saw'd," said she. "No wondah the old man gone died."

THERE are about six and a half million unopened letters received each year at the dead letter office.

NAMES OF LAKES IN MAINE.

THE mention in a press dispatch from Farmington, Maine, describing a drowning accident of Lake Mooselookmaguntic recalls to mind the fearfulness and wonderfulness of the aboriginal titles with which some of the charming inland waters of the pine tree State are burdened.

Those who urge the retention of the Indian names of American localities and natural features have much reason on their side. Certainly those who have substituted for them modern English names have seldom been happy in their selections. But such aboriginal local names of lakes and mountains as Meddybemps and Passadumkeag and Sisladobsis Bashaheegan, Umbacooksus, Mollechunkemug and Mooselookmaguntic can command unreserved admiration only from enthusiasts. They are undeniably cumbersome

is possible that the most cultured persons would sympathize with the vandals if they had to summer and winter with Mollechunkemug and Mooselookmaguntic and the rest; had to say all that every time they were asked whence they came or whither they were going; had painfully to write it all out every time they sent forth a letter or a telegram.

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IS IT A PEANUT?

ALTHOUGH the peanut is a distinctively American product it is known nearly the world over. When its wide popularity and excellent standing are considered it is remarkable how many aliases there are under which the peanut travels. Whenever it is introduced to a new community the toothsome offering of the sod adopts a new name, and comes forth with an additional



THE CHURCH THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF THE HUTS SHOWN OPPOSITE.

and hardly likely to strike euphoniously on the unprejudiced ear. Possibly they are replete with poetic suggestions, but they don't convey them very clearly. Theodore Winthrop has the poet soul in him, but he strove in vain to get poetry out of the names of some of the Maine lakes he loved best. Mooselookmaguntic suggested to him only the effort of an Indian hunter, with an exceedingly imperfect command of the English language, to tell how he had unexpectedly shot a moose, and Mollechunkemug suggested to him nothing more romantic than the thought that the lake had been named by some woodman after his innamorata, his short-faced Mary, his Molly of the chunky mug.

Now and again the residents of localities afflicted with such names as these petition the powers that be to change them to something better fitted for ordinary daily use and are therefore abused as vandals by all cultured persons in other parts of the country. But it

sobriquet which makes it almost unrecognizable to its old acquaintances. If the "edible fruit"—as the dictionaries call it—had ever done anything to be ashamed of, the public might understand, but as things are the eccentricities of peanut nomenclature are absolutely astonishing.

In Virginia our little friend is principally designated as the peanut, but is quite often alluded to as a "groundpea," and occasionally as a "goober." Over in England they call the same fruit groundnut, while it is variously known elsewhere as "earthnut," "Manila nut," "jurnut" and "pindar." The scientific patronymic, as we understand it, is *Arachis pypogaea*, and the family belongs to the genus of leguminous plants.

But, be its name what it may, a peanut is a peanut the world over, so far as its virtues go, and few are the human palates which decline to receive an introduction to it.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

THE natural presumption, and the commonly received opinion, is that the saloon-keeper and the bartender gladly welcome those who drink and that they, themselves, are temperance people never seems worth a moment's consideration. But it is the unexpected that is continually happening, and we have an illustration of it in the meeting of the saloon-keepers and bartenders of Jersey City to organize a total abstinence society. There is such an organization in Chicago, and in Jersey City nearly all of the eighteen hundred barkeepers and saloon owners will combine in a total abstinence effort.

No reason is given, and it is, perhaps, anything but a matter of ethics among them. It looks to the Nook as though the men engaged in the sale of whiskey know too much about it, see too much of its evil, and dread their falling into its toils, to risk anything personally in the matter. So they combine and agree to not touch a drop themselves. But think of a barkeeper in a Chicago saloon refusing to drink because he is a member of a total abstinence organization! It is a whole temperance lecture in the small.

The time will come when the law will no more license a man to sell intoxicants than it will allow him to sell any other poison. But think of the unusual organization! The sellers of rum agree not to use it themselves! What next?

* * *

THE NEW TOMATO TREE.

IF one would be considered quite sane one should not discuss the tree tomato even yet. Otherwise one is likely to be reasoned with gently and informed that tomatoes grow on vines instead of trees. All this to the contrary notwithstanding, there really is a tree tomato. A branch of such a tree as described is grown by Mrs. Shepherd, at Ventura, Cal. She has grown it several years, and feels that it has a great future as a fruit for shipping. It comes into bearing along during the holidays, when fruits are scarce, and ships long distances perfectly. Some say it is practically hardy in California. This tree, however, grows under glass.

As to the fruit, there seems to be no understanding. Some call this rich, tomato-tinted production fruit; others tomato, which is equivalent to a vegetable. As to flavor, it is said to be a cross between the tomato and the plum, and is equally delicious as a salad or a dessert. Experts think the day is not far off when it will be extensively grown. One good specimen, and about the easiest to get at here in the East, is the one in the Bronx botanical collection in New York. For some time past this tree has hung full of these rosy, plum-shaped fruits, or vegetables, which hang singly or in clusters of two or three or four.—*Philadelphia Record*.

COMMON SALT AS A CURE FOR OLD AGE.

AN exceedingly interesting investigation of the causes and ills of advancing age has recently been conducted by Dr. Trunecek, a noted Berlin scientist. He declares that the most characteristic of these ills is due to deficiency of salt in the blood which causes a hardening of the arteries, arteriosclerosis, as a physicians term it. Dr. Trunecek has been treating aged patients suffering from arteriosclerosis by injection of a saline solution and with very astonishing results.

Arteriosclerosis is an affection almost exclusively confined to the second half of life, for it depends on all kinds of chronic poisoning and on the use and maltreatment of the arterial walls. Nevertheless, it is not excessively rare to meet with it in subjects who are yet young, either because of a special predisposition, of peculiar vulnerability of the blood vessels, or of serious chemical or microbial poisoning.

This malady is characterized by a local or general thickening, which, starting in the internal layer of the artery, extends later to the middle and outer layers. It forms in the great arterial trunks more or less numerous layers, isolated or confluent, often resembling cartilage, and infiltrated with calcareous salts, among which phosphate of lime holds a foremost place. In the small arteries and the capillaries the hardening process goes so far as to transform their walls into a fibrous and compact tissue that gives to the touch the sensation of a rigid tube or cord.

The disagreeable and even dangerous consequences of such a change in one's arteries are apparent. It may result in their further degeneration and ulceration of the arterial walls, ending in death, and if matters do not go so far, it may lead at least to loss of elasticity in the greater arteries with diminution of the calibre, and to actual obliteration of their finer branches. The blood does not flow so readily through them and anæmia results, with all its connected evils. The resistance encountered by the blood increases the work of the heart, whose enlargement often follows, as well as other heart troubles dependent on disorders of the nervous system.

When a man or a woman has attained a certain age and may be said to be in his or her declining years, arteriosclerosis is a malady almost impossible to avoid. A deposit of calcareous salt, and particularly of phosphate of lime—a compound insoluble in distilled water, but soluble in a solution of common salt—constitutes the principal factor of the malady.

* * *

THE SPOON.

THE spoon is very ancient, and many fine specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians in the seventeenth century B. C.

TREE AS AN INQUISITOR.

THERE is a peculiar tree indigenous to Madagascar which is believed by the natives to possess the power of divination. They are firmly of the opinion that, while an ordinary person may eat its fruit with impunity, a criminal will die after partaking of the smallest morsel of it. The tree is known as the tangen. For centuries it was the custom to use the fruit of the tangen for the purpose of ascertaining whether criminals charged with grave offenses were guilty or not.

In each case the prisoner was brought into court and the judge thereupon solemnly handed him a fruit from a tangen tree and told him that if he ate it and it did

WONDERFUL WORK DONE BY THE BUSY
LITTLE ANTS.

MANY wonderful things are related of ants—the most intelligent creatures of the insect world! Reports show that ant colonies have increased so in South Africa that they have become a pest to the residents of certain sections. Indeed, it has become necessary to destroy them wholesale, and in doing this cannons, loaded with grape shot, are used. The charge is fired point blank at the mounds in which the ants live. Often these mounds reach twenty feet in height. They are pyramidal in form.

In South Africa the termites, or “warrior ants,” work the greatest havoc. They live in a republic of



SAWING CHURCH MATERIAL IN AFRICA.

him no harm he would be considered innocent, but that if it killed him he would be considered guilty.

It is said that some criminals who had great political influence or considerable wealth managed to escape through the connivance of the judges, but, on the other hand, the criminal records tell of many cases in which prisoners died a horrible death very soon after they had eaten the noxious fruit.

More civilized methods of adjudication now prevail in Madagascar, but though this barbarous custom is obsolete, the tangen tree is regarded with almost as much aversion as it ever was. A proof of this may be found in the fact that a French naturalist recently tried to obtain some branches and fruit of the trees, but, though he asked several natives to aid him in the search he was unable to obtain the slightest assistance from any of them.

their own. Some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queens, however, have none.

The workmen construct their buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become, in point of fact, mere egg-laying machines, which have to remain tied to one spot.

A dozen men can find shelter in some of the chambers of the mounds, and native hunters often lie in wait in them when after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon, and which run three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be five hundred times as high as the ant's body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale, they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

WOMEN BUTCHERS.

FOR a most strange reason all of the butchers of Paraguay are women, and there are many occupations, invariably assumed elsewhere by the sterner sex, that fall to the lot of women.

The cause of this state of things is the heroic war waged by Paraguay more than thirty years ago against the overwhelming forces of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Uruguay combined. This war, which lasted five years, bore many singular points of resemblance to the recent Boer war. It ended in the almost total annihilation of the able-bodied male population of the country, and the result may be read in the following figures: Population of Paraguay in 1857 one million, three hundred and thirty seven thousand, four hundred and thirty nine; in 1873 (three years after the termination of the war) it amounted to only two hundred and twenty-one thousand, seventy-nine, and of these nearly all were women, children and very old men.

When the war was over the people had been reduced to the most abject poverty and were on the verge of starvation, being driven to such expedients as to eat cats, dogs and horses. Worse still, owing to the destruction of the male population, anarchy prevailed, and all the work formerly performed by the males fell on the fair sex. They rebuilt the houses which had been burned down, tilled the fields and wove for themselves rough homespun clothing from the cotton grown on their fields.

In the public slaughter-houses the cattle are dispatched by men, who sever the spinal column by cutting it with a sharp cutlass just behind the nape of the neck. When the animal falls to the ground its throat is cut, and it is allowed to bleed to death. This is the only part of the work done by men. The animal is skinned and otherwise prepared by women. The carcasses are then conveyed to the butchers' stalls, where the meat is cut up and sawed by women, who are dexterous in the use of the saw and the knife. It is then served out to customers, also by women.

HOW COAL WAS DISCOVERED.

ONE hundred and ten years ago, in a rough little cabin in the forests of Mauch Chunk Mountain, lived a settler named Ginter.

One day, while out hunting game for his family—for the market then was the forest around them—he made a fire and roasted some game for his dinner. The spot was by the roadside, not far from Summit Hill town.

The fire was made of wood, but to make the embers last longer, Ginter placed some black stones, which were lying near, around the fire.

As he sat watching his game roast, he noticed that those black stones were beginning to glow.

The stones were still hot when he was ready to start homewards. So he gathered some to take home. He burned them, and found them good fuel.

His neighbors soon learned of the discovery and began to use the coal also.

But mining was not carried on regularly in Carbon County until after the war of 1812 began.

Some of the leading coal men in Pennsylvania have determined to erect a monument of coal to Philip Ginter, the discoverer of coal, at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, on the spot where that historic fire was made more than a century ago.

THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

IF the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, besides which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shoaler spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.—*Leslie's Monthly March.*

TOLD IN FIGURES.

NIAGARA is worth \$1,000,000,000 as a source of electrical power.

The army of 60,000 men costs the people less than \$ per capita per annum.

German investments in Brazil are said to aggregate more than \$150,000,000.

A new hotel in New York City has a capacity for 1,200 guests and employs 1,800 servants.

The highest mountain in the moon is at least 35,000 feet, that is, 6,000 feet higher than Mount Everest.

The trolley lines have affected a reduction of 12,000 annually in the number of passengers carried by steam railroads.

The report of the commissioner of patents for 190 shows a total of 49,490 applications for patents, including designs, and that 27,776 patents, including designs, were issued.

Aunt Barbara's Page

FUN AT A CARPENTER'S.

THE carpenter had put down his tools and gone for his luncheon.

"Life for me is a perfect bore," said the Auger.

"I'm a little board myself," said the Small Plank.

"There's no art in this country," observed the Screwdriver. "Everything's screwed in my eyes."

"You don't stick at anything long enough to know what you're driving at," interjected the Glue.

"That's just it!" said the Screw. "He never goes beneath the surface the way that Jack Plane and I do."

"Tut!" cried the Saw. "I go through things just as much as you do. Life's stuffed with sawdust."

"Regular grind," said the Grindstone.

"I agree with you," observed the Bench. "It doesn't make any difference how well I do my work, I'm always sat on."

"Let's strike," said the Hammer.

"That's it!" cried the Auger. "You hit the nail on the head that time."

"I'll hit it again," retorted the Hammer; and he kept his word, but he hit the wrong nail. That is why the carpenter now wears his thumb in a bandage. It was his thumb-nail the Hammer struck.—*Chicago Bulletin.*

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A HUNGRY OWL.

RY MAGGIE B. WADE.

SOME time ago, while I was at my father's, there was a deep snow on the ground. My brother, who was looking out the window, suddenly asked: "What kind of a bird is this?" We went to the window, and on a maple tree sat a bird about as large as a dove. Father said it was an owl. Presently it flew and lit on the ground not far from the house, and when it arose again we saw a ground-mouse held firmly in its claws. It flew to the barn and in about half an hour was back again on the same tree, watching for another mouse. Surely he was hungry to venture so near the house in the daytime.

About a week later, after the snow had gone, I went into the yard and found under a small rose-bush a tunnel under the grass where mousie had lived until Mr. Owl had seen him and unmercifully pounced upon him for a dinner.

Elyria, Ohio.

IF YOU HAVE A GOOD THING, STRETCH IT.

YESTERDAY two wee maidens toddled up the city street in the pouring rain. They were poorly clad, but one of them was better dressed than the other to the extent that she had a cape. It stretched, and she just managed to make it cover the shoulders of the other little one as well as her own, and so, closely folded together, they toddled up Yonge street, says *Toronto Star*, the warmer because they were so close held together by the encircling cape.

If you have a good thing, stretch it, so that some one else may share the benefit. If your pocket is full, halve up; if your coal bin is full, pass a scuttleful over to your next door neighbor. Your own coal will warm you more thoroughly because your heart will be working in accord with it. If your table is well loaded, send a basket round the corner where you happen to know it will be welcome. You will be less liable to have indigestion if you do.

If you have a good thing, stretch it.

* * *

A LESSON in arithmetic is no joke—a painful reality, rather—yet a Boston school boy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division. After he had failed on the sums the teacher had set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted.

"My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same, she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?"

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: "Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?"

"She made apple sauce."—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

"I'm not stingy like George," said a little girl concerning her brother. "I gave away three apples, but he gave away only one." It developed that the little boy had only two apples to begin with, while his sister had a basketful. We manifest our liberality, not so much by the amount that we give as by what we have left.

The Q. & A. Department.

From what is vanilla made?

Vanilla is a bean growing on a vine in the tropical parts of America. The business is, as a rule, in the hands of native Mexican Indians, and the cost of the beans is considerable. I have known the best beans to sell in Mexico City for \$24.00 a pound. A very good quality of imitation vanilla is made out of pine sawdust, and it is probable that very little real vanilla is sold in the small bottles in which it usually comes.

How are the Welsbach burners made?

A mantle is made of light thread. This is soaked in a chemical solution—nitrates of thorium and cerium, and dried. The first touch of fire burns out the thread, and the heat decomposes the minerals to their oxides, these retaining the shape of the mantle and are luminous according to their heat.

What comes of the shad after it goes up the river in the spring?

Those that escape being caught return to deep water and their haunts are unknown until they return again the following Spring. The same is true to a large extent of some other fish that spend their winters in unknown quarters.

How are the bottled olives of the stores prepared?

The olives are placed in fresh water which is daily changed for forty or fifty days, after which they are put in water, which has been boiled and salted. They are then changed several times and finally bottled.

When and what was the tulip mania?

In 1634. People were crazy over buying and selling tulip bulbs. The bottom suddenly dropped out of the business and thousands were ruined.

How is the ascent of Pike's Peak made?

By the Cog Railroad, a road with cogged wheels under the train, fitting into a set of cogs equidistant between the rails.

What is jade?

A very hard stone, taking a high polish, green in color, used anciently in Mexico and now in China and Japan.

Is the vertical style of writing going out of date?

Not that we know of. Personally we wish there was more of it.

Where are the little white pickled onions grown?

Mainly in Holland, where over 7,500 acres are devoted to it. About 300 to 350 bushels of the onions are grown on an acre.

Why does Wales remain a distinct country from England when it is practically a part of the Island?

Because England was conquered, while the Welsh were not subdued, but maintained their national integrity.

Who was the first English writer?

It is impossible to tell this, as the earliest English literature was in Latin. In those days education was not common but was confined to the clergy.

Are the advertisers of Brethren clothing reliable as to price and fit?

Some of them are, all may be, but some we know to be.

Is there any place where I can buy pure spices?

Perhaps. But to be sure buy the ones wanted in the whole state, and grind them yourself.

If inst. stands for this month, what is the abbreviation for last month and next month?

Ult., ultimo, for the last month. Prox., proximo, for the next month.

Why is rosewood so called?

It is called rosewood, not on account of its color, but because the fresh cut chips have a faint smell of roses.

What is meant by gilt-edged butter?

Gilt-edged butter, or gilt-edged anything, is only a term used to denote the best of its kind.

Was fire always known to men?

There is no mention in history of any race ignorant of the uses of fire.

What is decomposed granite rock like?

It is simply a gray soil without any suggestion of rock about it.

Was there ever a reply to "Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

Yes, "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," by Mrs. Eastman.

What is the name of Lady Curzon's father?

Levi Zeigler Leiter.

The Home



Department

GOOD NIGHT.

COPY this on a card and place it on a mantle of the guest chamber:

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O friend, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill.
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still;
Forget thyself with all thy woes,
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead—
Sleep sweet, good-night, good-night.

* * *

SANDWICH MAKING.

THIS requires not only refinement of taste in blending the materials composing them, but an artistic sense.

The first necessity in making sandwiches is to have bread in suitable condition. The bread should be of close, uniform texture. White, brown, or entire wheat bread may be used. Sandwiches for afternoon teas are always small, as dainty as possible, and placed on a doily in a pretty dish. In order to avoid waste in trimming, and have the slices of uniform size, the bread can be baked at home in baking powder boxes. Fill the boxes just half-full of the dough, let rise and bake. Bread for sandwiches should be a day old, as it cuts better. Cut slices thin as possible, spreading first with butter.

When a number of sandwiches are required they may be prepared hours previous to serving, and kept nice and fresh by wrapping each one in paraffine paper. They are better if allowed to stand awhile before serving.

The butter should be softened by creaming, not melting, so that it will spread easily and smoothly. Flavored butters are very popular for sandwiches, and may be prepared and packed in small jars and kept on ice until needed. Fresh, unsalted butter is used for this purpose, first creamed and then the flavoring added, and all beaten until smooth and thoroughly blended. Caviar, anchovy, sardine and lobster, cheese, olives, parsley, chives, cress, horseradish, chutney, chily, paprika, and curry are all used for flavoring these

various butters. Nut butters can be used nicely and to good advantage.

* * *

MOCK HARE.

INGREDIENTS.—Five pounds of loin of mutton, forcemeat or stuffing, one and one-half pints of stock, one glass of port wine, one-half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, mace and nutmeg, two ounces of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper.

METHOD.—Remove the bones and most of the fat from the loin and sprinkle it with the spices and seasoning; wash them off after twenty-four hours, dry the meat, cover it with forcemeat, roll it up tightly with a tape, place it on a baking dish and bake it for one hour, basting it with the stock. Let it cool, remove all the fat from the gravy, thicken it with a little flour and add the port wine. Place the meat and gravy in a stewpan and simmer for one hour. Serve hot with the gravy strained over it, and red currant jelly. This is a good dish for orthodox Jews, as the dietary laws forbid them to eat hare.

* * *

HOW TO WATERPROOF BOOTS AT HOME.

I HAVE for the last five years used successfully a dressing for leather boots and shoes, composed of oil and India rubber, keeping out moisture and uninjurious to the leather applied, leaving same soft and pliable. To prepare same, heat in an iron vessel either fish oil, castor oil or even tallow to about 250 degrees Fahrenheit, then add, cut into small pieces, vulcanized or raw India rubber, about one-fifth of the weight of the oil, gradually stirring same with a wooden spatula until the rubber is completely dissolved in the oil; lastly add, to give it color, a small amount of printers' ink. Pour into a suitable vessel and let cool. One or two applications of this are sufficient to thoroughly waterproof a pair of boots or shoes for a season. Boots or shoes thus dressed will take common shoe blacking with the greatest facility.—C. F. M., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

WE have had a large number of methods of coloring carpet rags sent us in answer to our request. We thank all senders for their interest. The first that came in were used, and those whose recipes have not appeared have our thanks as much as though their papers had been received in time.

LITERARY.

Nature and the Camera, by A. R. Dugmore, pp. 126, price \$1.35. Doubleday, Page and Co., New York, make this book, and it can be bought of them. So many of our NOOK family are interested in nature study that we feel like calling attention to this book in a special way. The author is a skilled camera man, and the book he has written tells how to get the best results with natural objects, such as birds, nests, animals, flowers, etc. No end of people have cameras these days, and perhaps everybody has wanted one. To both this book will be of unusual interest.

The author tells how to get pictures of birds, fish, animals, etc., and in doing so he describes his own methods. The numerous pictures in the book are the result of his own effort, and there is no question but that they are beautiful, and interesting too. Remembering the fact that all the shooting of wild birds and animals, according to our way of thinking, must be done with a camera, and not with a gun, this book opens up a wide field of active outdoor life with the best possible results. It embodies a knowledge of not only how to work a camera, but the artist must be versed in wood lore, and get close to the birds, flowers and plants. We wish that every boy and girl, under seventy, had a camera and the knowledge contained in this book, and more than all the disposition and the necessary skill to get in reach of God's creation so harmlessly as well as so artistically. If you have a camera, better send for this book. If you have no instrument, it is a first-rate book to buy, either for personal reading, or as a gift.

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The Arena.—The *Arena* which is laid upon our table this month represents its usual output of interesting contributions to human knowledge. The *Arena* is not a popular publication in the sense of being full of pictures and having its pages overflowing with fiction. Its particular field is out on the frontier of thought and subjects along sociological lines. The leading article in the March number is, "On Law and Human Progress," by the Chief Justice of North Carolina. Those who read *Arena* will be sure of keeping even with current thought of speculative character and, while there may be much in the publication from which we dissent yet there is also much that is very superior in its character and make-up.

❖

The Era.—The *Era* is one of the better illustrated publications of high standing, and it always contains a number of articles of more than passing merit. "Egypt Under the Viceroys," is an illustration, while "The Jews in the United States," is another interesting communication. There is the usual grist of short stories and illustrated articles which are rather above

their kind in merit. The *Era* is a superior magazine of its class and far and away ahead of the ordinary ten-cent pictorial output.

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Home and Flowers, a publication from Springfield, Ohio, devoted to the adornment of the home and floral culture.

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NOTE.

NOOKER J. B. Lehman, of Nez Perce, Idaho, would like to have some other Nooker inform him where he can secure seed of the catalpa speciosa. Or he would like to know where he could get slips of last year's growth. Will someone who lives in a catalpa neighborhood go into correspondence with him?

❖ ❖ ❖

A GOOD many people will receive this copy of the INGLENOOK who are not regular subscribers. Their attention is called to its general make-up and its character, and a careful reading is invited. Much of interest will be found in its pages, and we would be pleased to have every person to whom the magazine is a stranger to enroll himself as a regular friend of the periodical.

❖ ❖ ❖

HARVEY BARKDOLL, of Naperville, Illinois, writes the INGLENOOK an interesting letter, describing some things that he saw when he was on his California trip. He said that he recognized all the places referred to and that he took as much satisfaction out of them as the Nookman did. We are always glad to hear from those of our friends who happen to have been at the place described in the magazine.

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THE INGLENOOK of this week is somewhat larger than ordinary on account of an extensive advertising section. The INGLENOOK proper is the same as it always has been. Do not confuse the two.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—To take to raise on a farm, a bright healthy girl, 10 to 13 years of age. A good home given. Address: Box 130, Mt. Carroll, Ill. 14

❖

WANTED.—I want a place among members for two little girls—one six and the other eight years old.—N. Wagoner, Nora Springs, Iowa. 17

❖

I WANT to make your cap or bonnet. Write me.—Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.

❖

WE want 2 women stenographers.—Dunkard Co-operative Co., Chicago, Ill. 18



Bird's-eye View of Denver, Colo.--The Market for South Platte Valley.

PRODUCTS — OF — IRRIGATION

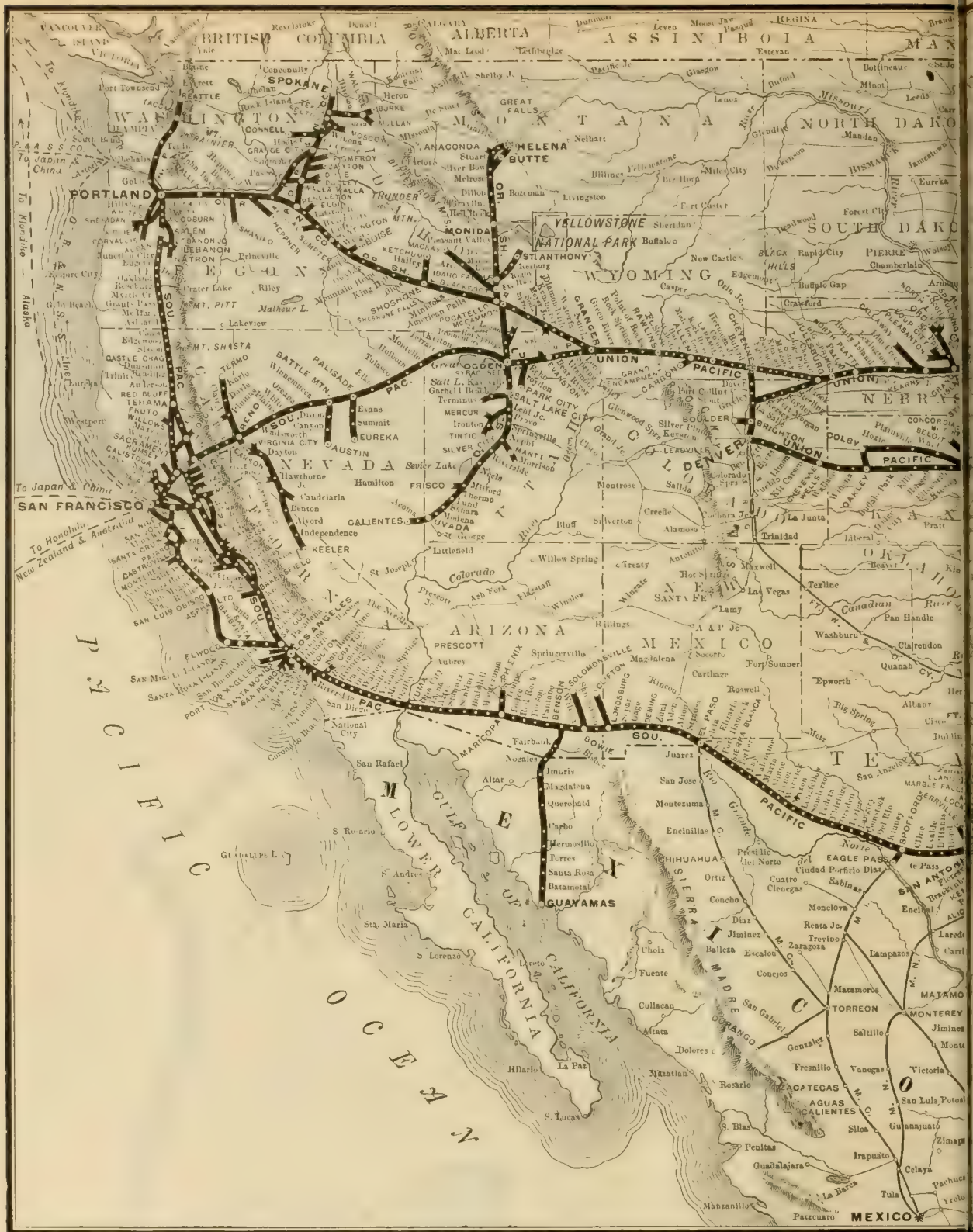
There is authentic evidence of the following yields in the South Platte Valley, Colo., on the Union Pacific, during the season of 1901: **72** bushels of corn; **45 to 57** bushels of wheat; **250** bushels of potatoes, and **60 to 90** bushels of oats and barley to the acre. These are exceptional yields, of course, but not of single acres, but of whole fields in different portions of the South Platte Valley. The irrigated parts fairly riot in growth of vegetables.

The Melons and vegetables are superb — quantity, quality and size are alike unsurpassed. ALFALFA thrives in this valley and the yields are phenomenal.



Onions weighing from **1 to 2½** pounds; beets from **3 to 26** pounds; cabbages from **20 to 30** pounds; potatoes from **1 to 3** pounds.

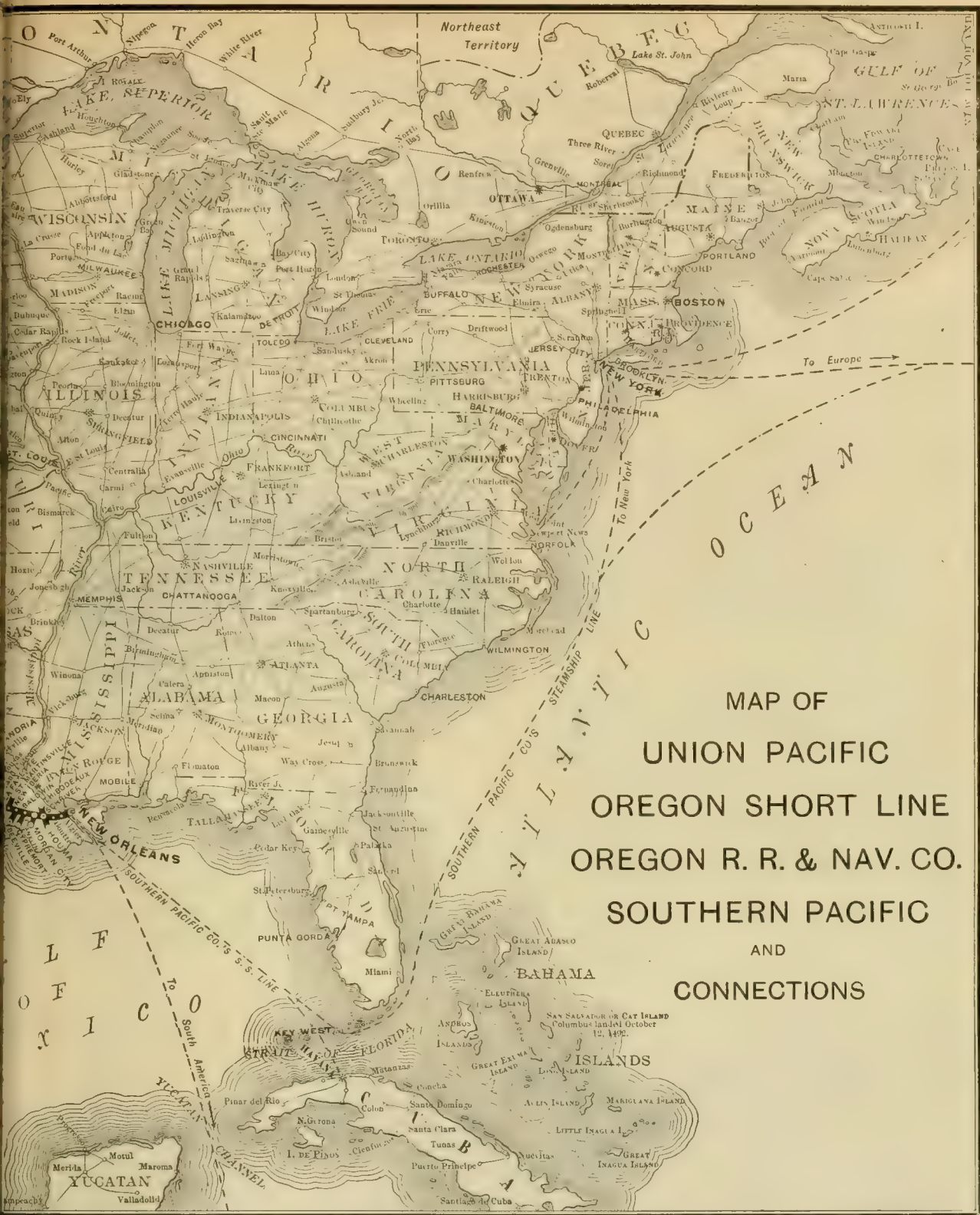
Further information cheerfully furnished by
E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.,
OMAHA, NEB.



The Union Pacific

Is known as the "OVERLAND" route from the Missouri River to all points in the West, saving many hours of travel.

E. L. LOVELL



Railroad

only direct line from Chicago and
Business men and others can
address a postal card
ent, or

P & T. A.,

b.

What They Say About The South Platte Valley.

ALONG THE SOUTH PLATTE.

Wonderful Country.

THE mountaineer in the East may see poetry in the beautiful scenery around him and stand in admiration at the rugged peaks piercing the clear blue heavens; the dwellers of the valleys where woodlands abound may rejoice in "God's first temple" and almost worship their favored land checkered here and there with the ever-charming forest. Yet these lands do not hold all the beauty, all the charm that the Creator lavished upon this goodly earth.

This once known waste land with its vast expanse unbroken by mountain and forest, bounded only by the horizon, distant beyond the comprehension of the untrained eye, has, too, a beauty and a charm peculiar to itself. I have watched the play of the clouds as they cast their shadows upon the high hills and mountains of the West and stood in admiration of nature's sport. But far more beautiful is the picture on the prairie. Like one great canvas carefully and smoothly stretched by God's own hand, the picture of all kinds of life is taken in at one glance and one stands in rapture at what is before him. For, lo! Yonder towards the setting sun is a village in plain view, and looking eastward another can be seen. Between this great stretch covering miles and miles, may be seen large herds of cattle, great fields of growing grain, the modest homes of the well-to-do farmers of this wonderful country—all in plain view.

There may have been a time when this land became a "weariness to the flesh" as the traveler moved slowly across the great expanse with the then advanced facilities of the stage coach. But to one who now goes across this same tract in the modern "Overland Limited," the acme of ease and comfort in travel, no such feeling of fatigue comes over him. To him the view is continually changing and the impression as he rapidly passes one scene after another, is more of the moving pictures on the canvas.

Is this land, where the buffalo once roamed in freedom, and the prairie dog dug his hole undisturbed, of any value to man? In the years gone



Irrigation Ditch near Sterling, Colo., South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

by men thought, and found it true, too, that the same grazing that laid the surplus flesh on the buffalo and made his meat so juicy and sweet, would do likewise for the cattle. And the herdsman and their thrilling experiences of round-ups and similar semi-labor and sport were a daily occurrence. Experts thought grazing would be the highest use to which this land could be put.

Irrigation.

Late years have revealed a still better purpose for these vast prairies along the streams in Colorado. Irrigation, the modern and most practical method of farming, is wresting them from comparative idleness and thrusting them forward as one of the most fruitful of all lands.

By the way, what better can a man ask than a good irrigated farm? Back in the "good old home" where the farmer plowed and planted and looked to the heavens for rain, now and then either a flood or a drouth caused a partial or total failure of crops. This is the only drawback to the dear old home farm, unless one goes into local hindrances, such as stony lands or poor clay soil.

On an irrigated farm this is not so. The farmer has the rich soil to begin with. Sunshine is in abundance. He plows and plants and then instead of praying for rain when it does not come, he goes to the upper end of the farm, opens the floodgates

of the overflowing fountains above him and waters his field at his pleasure and just to the extent of its good. This done, he returns to his home and thanks heaven for the many blessings which are his.

Talking about irrigation and lands that are farmed "under the ditch," too little is known or more people would be taking advantage of the "golden opportunities" waiting thousands to make good homes for themselves. The vague idea that to construct the ditches costs sums of money far exceeding the profits, that the soil has some unkindly element that will not respond properly to the tiller, are some of the notions that obtain too much among people who are not familiar with irrigated lands. To this must be added the same element of prejudice that was manifested years ago, when emigrants first came across the Alleghanies and settled on the rough and hilly lands of the rivers of the Ohio Valley, spurning the fertile soil of the rolling prairies, simply because they were not used to such "wonderfully level tracts of rich black loam."

Irrigation is no new mode of farming. Even when the children of Israel lived in Egypt, on the fertile plains of the Nile where God's wandering people dwelt for a time, irrigation was successfully carried on. Men lived and died at the *shadoof*, the old-fashioned well sweep of recent times, as they

dipped the waters of the Nile into great reservoirs. The owner used it on the lands, and the Lord promised the Israelites that in the land to which they were to be led they would not need to water their farms with the foot (referring to the method of opening and closing irrigating ditches) but the new country was full of fountains and rills.

Soil.

The early settlers of California, in crossing the giant Rockies, well recall the beautiful wastes of the Salt Lake Valley. They little realized the rich and productive soil over which they passed, but made so only in later years by "the ditch" as it is used so deftly by the Mormons. From worthlessness these lands have sprung into values exceeding \$100 per acre, and the end is not yet.

In many respects the beautiful lowlands along the South Platte Valley are similar to the fine farming lands of Utah. The soil is a rich alluvial deposit, the climate partakes of the same elements of the pure mountain air, and with the same amount of irrigation, there are many reasons why these lands of the great valley leading down from the Rockies should be some of the richest farming lands of the United States. In fact the day is coming for many parts here, and now is for some parts, that \$75 and \$100 or more per acre will be cheap for them, so wonderful is their productiveness.



Barn Yard Scene, Schneider's Ranch, South Platte Valley, Colo.

Immense Cattle Ranches.

Why has not this Valley been occupied heretofore? Largely because it is the home of the immense cattle ranches, about which most people have read more or less. In this valley lives "Buffalo Bill" with his fine Western home and broad acres where he still raises and fattens great numbers of cattle for the Eastern market. "Buffalo Bill" is no one else from one standpoint than one of many of these great cattle kings.

These ranchmen did not want their prairies cut up into farms, for they no longer could feed cattle to the same advantage. So they held the lands possible of irrigation and two-thirds of the year fattened their cattle on the uplands belonging to the Government. Their feed cost them next to nothing, the beef from their cattle was the finest in the United States. But the old ranchmen are passing away. Their sons are living off their fathers' accumulated wealth. A newer and better civilization is pressing in and the vast tracts are being cut up into small farms, yielding willingly to the advanced ideas of Eastern farming.

Few Drawbacks.

The country has some drawbacks as an eastern man might think, but they really are of minor importance. One of the party said, after spending a number of days among the settlers who are now in the Valley: "It is the first country I ever traveled in where I did not hear some word of dissatisfaction." We had a chance to see the sand fly in a high wind one day and yet no resident complained because of it. The farmer can easily bear this seeming disadvantage for the many good features of the Valley. Among them perhaps the most valuable is that there are no winter rains. The stock having a shelter from the north wind can easily be outdoors. Expensive barns for housing them are not needed. Sheep pick on the alfalfa or native grass all winter. Even the alfalfa, taken up during the summer—at least three crops each season—is not stacked but heaped, and in March is as green and bright and sweet as when cut the summer before. One should not forget the value of this one product alone. Three crops in a season cut down the acreage necessary to produce rough feed for stock. And what is pleasing is that horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, chickens, turkeys and geese all eat it with a relish and fatten upon it. We drove by the herds and among them every hour of the day and heard no lowing or calling for feed.

Long Seasons.

The farming season is long. Every month of the year the farmer can till his soil. The first week

of March finds him out sowing his spring wheat. For the varied products of the land take time to look up the State report where facts are given with more completeness than can be here and the reader will be surprised to know what these fine valleys will do.

As for water, the all-important element of this country, the present irrigation is ample for the



Mule Ranch near Sterling, Colo., South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

old ditches holding "priority." Those under new ditches do not always have all the water they need. But the people and the government are both interesting themselves in a succession of reservoirs that will make plenty of water for every acre that can be reached by a ditch. Shipping facilities are ample, there being enough competition on the one hand to keep the rates proper; then, too, the railroads are awake to the possibilities of the Valley and are very courteous and helpful.

With such wonderful lands almost "lying out of doors" no one need fear of the United States being overcrowded with population yet for decades to come. But did the young men and women of the East, who are trying to wedge themselves between the forties and eighties of the semi-crowded East, realize what happy homes were awaiting them in such goodly lands, there would be a rush westward that would have pleased a Greeley in earlier days when he said, "Young man, go West."

GALEN B. ROYER.

* * *

FARMERS buy beet pulp and feed it to their stock. Beet raisers get it at twenty-five cents a ton. Others pay thirty-five cents a ton. You ought to see the stock go into a pile of it.

* * *

THERE are six sugar factories in Colorado and three in process of building.

RICHES IN BEET SUGAR.

Great Future for South Platte Valley's New Industry Predicted by Secretary Wilson.

"I EXPECT to live to see the time when the farmers of the United States will produce enough sugar to supply the entire demand for local consumption and have a surplus for export," said Secretary Wilson yesterday. "I expect to live to see home-made beet sugar selling in our village groceries for two cents a pound, with a good profit to the farmer who grows the beets, to the men who own the factories and to the merchants who supply the market. I am firmly convinced that we will get down to two-cent sugar and have all we need of it when the economies have been developed and put in practice.

"Thus you will see that the United States and our insular possessions supplied about two-fifths of our sugar supply in 1901. In 1902 there will be a decided increase all around. The new beet sugar factories which I have mentioned will double the capacity and bring the beet sugar product of the United States up to half a million tons. I expect that the crops of 1903 will show that we are producing one-half of the sugar we consume, and that in five years more we will surely grow two-thirds if not three-fourths of the sugar.

"Do you realize what this means?" exclaimed Secretary Wilson. "Last year we paid \$122,000,000 for imported sugar and that money will gradually be turned into the pockets of our own farmers.

"It will take 500 factories with a daily capacity of 500 tons each, or 250 factories with a daily capacity of 1,000 tons each to satisfy the sugar eaters of the United States. By the end of 1903 we are likely to have more than thirty of those factories in operation.

"We can grow sugar beets for the pulp so that the sugar we get out of them will be clear gain and we can afford to sell it at two cents a pound. Another important feature of the problem is to increase the tonnage for the acre. When a full crop is grown in rows eighteen inches apart and the beets eight inches apart in the row, and an average of two pounds to the beet, the possible crop is over forty tons to the acre. Our present acreage is only nine and six-tenths tons to the acre, but twenty-ton averages are frequently made in South Platte Valley on well-conducted farms, and in the Ogden Valley this last fall they got thirty-eight tons to the acre.

"Now then," concluded Secretary Wilson, "when our farmers have learned how to produce a fifteen-ton average to the acre of beets yielding sixteen and seventeen per cent sugar and to fatten stock for

market with the pulp, no one outside of the United States, not even Cuba, can compete with us, and that will bring sugar down to two cents a pound."

—William E. Curtis, in *Chicago "Record-Herald."*

Washington, Jan. 4, 1903.

Chicago Expert Says Colorado is Destined to Lead all States in Sugar Beets.

"After carefully investigating the beet sugar fields of Colorado, I think it is safe to say that in the next few years this State will lead the country in the production of sugar," said Arthur J. Robinson, of Chicago, a man who has been engaged in the sugar business for thirty years. He was formerly connected with the Havemeyer company.

"I have been all through the sugar fields of Bra-



Sugar Beets Grown in South Platte Valley,
on Union Pacific.

Sixty Days from Seed.

zil, India, Germany, and the Hawaiian Islands, but I never saw a better land of promise than Colorado. I was under the impression that the climate here was too cold, but I find it is one of the best in the world for the sugar beet. Besides that, the soil seems to have been made just for its growth. It contains the right properties to make the sugar beet flourish. In five years the industry will be one of the best paying propositions in the State.

"The majority of the people in Colorado do not realize to what giant proportions the business can be developed. It was estimated that 1,950,000 tons of sugar were used last year in the United States. To supply this amount we had to import \$125,000,-



Orchard on the Schneider Ranch, South Platte Valley, Colorado.

000 worth of raw sugar. Cuba supplied about half of it, and the rest came chiefly from other islands of the West Indies, the Hawaiian Islands, Guiana, and the Dutch and Spanish East Indies. When a person stops to realize what this vast importation means he can get a faint idea of what profit home industries can make."

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FRENCH EXPERT SAYS COLORADO SURPASSES WORLD IN PRODUCT.

DENVER, COLO., Oct. 18th, 1902.

MR. E. L. LOMAX,
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—

We have been visiting Sterling Colo., on the 16th and 17th inst. As a result of my investigation, and after examining the ground, the patches of beets, etc., I think I can positively state:

1. That the climate, the soil and the existing irrigating system (not to speak of the prospects of a future development in the area of irrigated lands when the Pawnee Reservoir is built) are very satisfactory from the beet grower standpoint. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that some 6,000 acres of beets—or even more—could be raised in and near Sterling to supply a 600 tons daily capacity factory; there would be enough good irrigated land ready at once for that purpose.

2. That it would be very imprudent to depend on the farmers or ranch owners in the place to grow such an acreage, as most of them know very little about the growing of beets. I have been told that 5,000 acres of beets have been contracted for to be grown in 1903, as an inducement to the capitalist to invest money in a 600 tons plant at Sterling. In fact the necessity of an importation of farmers and farm laborers is evident at first sight. In the meantime, I have already written to several parties—capitalists, builders, etc., and I would not be much surprised if we were able to do something practical about the Sterling proposition in the near future.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED MUSY.

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HERE IS MR. MUSY'S MORE EXTENDED OPINION.

"For tonnage and percentage of sugar, I have seen nowhere in the world such beets as are produced in your State. Another point is that of what we call the purity of the beet, but is unimportant and it can be improved in Colorado when the farmers have learned thoroughly the cultivation of their product. Purity consists in a high proportion of solid matter to the liquid ingredients. It does not affect the percentage of sugar, however, for I have

seen purer beets in France that produced less sugar and aggregate a less tonnage to the acre."

FRUIT.

THE fruit output in Colorado impressed the INGLENOK Editor with two things. First the beauty of the fruit as well as its excellence, and the high prices it commanded. It should be remembered that in every mining country the conditions are such that agriculture is practically impossible. Taking a place like Silver Plume, or Leadville, there is not soil enough for a good garden. There are thousands of people, and all that they eat must be brought in. This makes everything high in price and fresh fruit soars. All such things are sold by the pound, really a better and juster way than by measure. The apples of Colorado are beauties, and, strange as it may seem, the fruit of the Silver State is well on the way to compete with the famed California output.

A COLORADO GARDEN SPOT.

Elder P. R. Keltner, who has been in Colorado for the past week, has arrived home. He in company with his brother and some other members of the Brethren church, made a flying trip through the South Platte Valley, where a colony from the church is being established.

Mr. Keltner said this morning that he went there predisposed against the location, but has changed his mind most materially and now believes that the possibilities there are excellent. Many people are coming in and purchasing the land. The land is irrigated with water from the Platte and wherever this is done, splendid crops result. Three crops of alfalfa are grown each season and the wheat crop

this year is excellent. Mr. Keltner says it is in his mind the best he has ever seen. All kinds of grain and garden vegetables grow luxuriously where the ground is watered. At present there are exhaustive experiments being conducted in the growing of sugar beets with every promise that this will be a success. Already steps are being taken to establish a large sugar factory in the valley, the location of which has not yet been fully determined.

Mr. Keltner is quite enthusiastic about the country. Plenty of water for irrigation in the valley and back of this, mountain sides where thousands of cattle find food in the native grasses on which they grow fat and sleek, ready for market without a pound of grain. He expressed himself as much surprised at the character of the range cattle he saw there and states that they are superior in point of breeding to much of the stock in this vicinity.

ONE WHO WAS PREJUDICED AGAINST, BUT NOW FAVORABLY IMPRESSED.

I ARRIVED home safely 13th inst. after about a nine days' trip to Colorado. Was favorably impressed with the country, and I think the South Platte Valley has a bright future opening up to it. Brother Galen Royer and I reported favorable to Brother D. L. Miller, but I have not heard from him yet. Having gone there with considerable prejudice against that arid country, I now entertain a very favorable opinion, and I am much better prepared to advise in reference to investment in irrigated lands than I was previous to our investigation. We covered the grounds of investigation pretty thoroughly for the time at our command. We were well pleased with our conference with the State Commissioner on Irrigation, and found



Sugar Beets Grown in South Platte Valley, Colorado, on Union Pacific.

him to be a man of ripe experience as well as possessing a very complete knowledge of the laws and regulations governing the subject. Our visit up the Clear Creek Canon to Silver Plume gave us some idea of the demands for South Platte Valley products, as well as our investigations at the Greeley sugar factory. Our observations made in the wholesale and retail markets of Denver were very gratifying and could not but impress any one favorably. We certainly made our committee a board of inquiry all along the line of our travels and we feel prepared to say that for fine climate, raising of sugar beets, hay, small grain, and about all kinds of small fruits and vegetables, South Platte Valley is not surpassed anywhere.

JOHN ZUCK.

Clarence, Iowa.

IRRIGATED SOIL VERY PRODUCTIVE.

In company with a number of others, I visited the South Platte Valley, Colo., last June. We spent some time in the valley, viewing its system of irrigation and its wonderful fields of alfalfa, etc. The soil is par excellence, the climate delightful and very healthy, its water for drinking purposes drawn from wells, varying from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, is the best I ever found in any locality. Apples and other fruits requiring the same kind of climate seem to do well. Potatoes and other vegetables are grown quite successfully. For the growing of alfalfa, sugar beets, and stock-raising, the South Platte Valley is destined to become a veritable paradise. With the free government range land for grazing purposes, and the alfalfa for feeding purposes, it is unquestionably the best place to be found for the cattle raiser. It seems to me that our people as well as others would do a wise thing to begin to colonize this part of the country. But let every one go and see for himself. As for me, I am convinced that it is destined to be one of the most desirable places in the great West.

I. B. TROUT.

Lanark, Ill., Feb. 12, 1903.

SIXTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO THE ACRE.

L. F. SHADOWEN informed us this afternoon that he threshed out eleven acres of wheat for John Christensen that went sixty bushels to the acre and tested sixty-four pounds to the bushel. If an eastern farmer received this amount from one acre he would think the Lord had blessed him with two crops in one year. John is a good farmer and makes his land pay good dividends.—*South Platte Valley Tribune*, Aug. 8, 1902.

MONEY IN POTATOES.

THE Colorado potato is known all over the country. It is not that it is so much better than others, but that the people in the potato country around about Greeley, and other similar places, have found out that potatoes pay, and that the soil in South Platte Valley is an ideal one for their production. The crops are something enormous.

FERTILITY OF SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

THE seeds of a certain variety of melon grown in Michigan were sent to Colorado. There, under the influence of irrigation methods, the melon so much improved in flavor and yielded so abundantly that the product is said to have found a profitable market, in preference to other melons, all over the country, even as far east as Boston. But gardeners in other localities supposedly more favored by nature—since there the amount and general reliability of the rainfall renders irrigation unnecessary in raising accustomed crops—when they have undertaken to raise the same melon from seeds taken from Colorado specimens, have, it is said, scored a general failure. The certainty of all crops secured under the regular method of irrigation has heretofore been a matter of frequent comment. But this melon incident shows that the combination of a high altitude, a dry moisture and regular watering by artificial means may also produce such qualitative results in horticulture as to compensate yet further for the lack of the assumed advantage of a sky more generous though less regular in its watery bestowals. In certain specialties the semi-arid regions of our West, covering a total area of some 70,000,000 acres, and whose agricultural capabilities are largely dependent on irrigation, may one day outstrip other portions of our national domain which we are accustomed to look upon as climatically the most favored.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Sept. 19, 1899.

VALUE OF FARM LANDS INCREASING IN VALUE.

THE great value of sugar beet factories to Colorado can not be estimated by the paltry dollars which the invested capital in the buildings and machinery add to the taxable assets of the State. Compared to other interests directly arising from the location of a sugar plant in any community, these assets are not the most important features. As a safe criterion, we can refer to Otero County, which has welcomed two factories in the past year, at a probable cost of \$2,000,000, which has been listed upon the country list. But let us look fur-

ther. These two refineries have brought to the county at least four thousand new people, who have been enrolled as bona fide residents. The farming and agricultural lands have been enhanced in value at least \$3,000,000. The business and commercial interests of the county have been quickened by the increased capital which has been placed in circulation. The slipshod custom of careless agricultural methods has been abandoned, and the theory of intense farming has been almost universally resorted to.

The value of an acre of land depends on the amount of cash it will pay its owner each year, and its value can not legitimately rise above this basis. Here is where the great profit in general comes in from the establishment of the factory and the growing of sugar beets. Land which has heretofore produced, when cultivated in ordinary farm crops of alfalfa and grain, from \$7 to \$10 per acre net to the owner, is capable of producing, when properly planted to sugar beets, from \$50 to \$70 per acre, besides giving permanent employment to at least four times the number of laborers. Hence, we can see in the starting of every factory the solution of two great problems—the increase of land values and the maintenance of a fourfold greater population.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*.

* * *

IRRIGATION.

THE superior advantages of irrigation are manifold. The farmer can raise standard crops each successive year, without failure and unaffected by heat or dry weather, provided he has an ample supply of water. His lands, unlike the soil of older States, dependent upon rainfall, requires comparatively little fertilization. Ordinarily, by rotation of crops, land will hold its standard productiveness for ten years. After that fertilization becomes necessary. The sediment deposits by irrigation constitute a fertilizer of itself. The farmer has entire control of the making of his crops after germination, inasmuch as when he needs water he can apply it as the case may require. No crop is burned up by continued drouth and none destroyed by excessive moisture. The grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables are superior in quality in not having too much or too little moisture at times when they most need it. Furthermore, by what is termed in Colorado as "intensive farming," that is, the closest and most diligent cultivation, it is possible to make the soil yield a crop double that of the average general yield in farm products.

* * *

ROOM FOR SETTLERS.

THE whole western half of the United States contains to-day less than one-tenth of the total

population of the entire country. Two-thirds of it is yet government land. If the water that goes to waste every year in our western rivers were saved and used for irrigation the West would sustain a greater population than the whole United States contains to-day. Millions of acres will in time be transformed from deserts into populous and prosperous farming communities. Alfalfa fields crowded with improved stock will take the place of sand and sagebrush. Valleys and hillsides will blossom with the fruiting of the orchards and vineyards and the now arid plains will be carpeted with fields of waving grain.

* * *

STERLING, COLO., WELL ADAPTED FOR BEET SUGAR FACTORY.

MR. E. L. LOMAX,

Gen'l Pass. Agt., U. P. R. R., Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—I will give you briefly my impressions of Sterling as a site for a sugar beet factory, and of the South Platte Valley, as a sugar beet section:

There can be no doubt that Sterling is an ideal location—it possesses all of the requirements for a successful beet sugar factory, viz: adaptability to beet culture, railroad facilities, ample water supply, coal and limestone within easy reach, and the additional advantage that being in the center of a cattle country, it could readily dispose of its beet pulp for feeding purposes. It is deficient in one material respect, however—it cannot, at present, at least, raise sufficient local capital to convince prospective investors of the necessary local interest, without which no beet sugar factory can be a success.

The surrounding country is perfectly adapted to beet culture, but it must be more thickly settled with farmers owning small holdings to insure a permanent adequate beet supply. It will not be difficult to colonize these lands when the Pawnee Reservoir is completed, and even now there is sufficient water supply to irrigate all the land necessary to produce beets for a 600 or 750 tons plant.

The beets we saw are enormous in size but they had not yet been tested for sugar content and purity. We will get a report on this later. It is a fact, however, that Colorado beets last year averaged remarkably high in sugar content, viz: seventeen and one-half per cent, and it is fair to assume that those about Sterling will show as high, notwithstanding the fact that they were poorly cultivated.

I was prepared for the splendid showing of beets in irrigated districts by reason of the fact that I have read much about them, but I am positively astounded at the amazing adaptability of some of the lands we have seen, to beet growing, and



A Suburban Scene. Sterling, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

more than pleased with my trip thus far. If the other sections which we will visit are anything like that about Sterling, you have along your lines locations for a sufficient number of beet sugar factories to supply one-fourth of the sugar consumed in the United States. I will write you again upon this subject later, and I will have a full story of my trip in the next issue of my paper, when I will send you a marked copy.

Yours very respectfully,

FRANK RODERUS, Mgr.

* * *

CONDITIONS FAVOR THE SUGAR BEET.

What the *Chicago Beet Sugar Gazette* says:

Among the most important figures which Mr. Musy, the Beet Sugar Expert, carries in his head and offers as evidence of Colorado's superior product are these:

Average percentage of sugar in product	
of the East,	14.0
Average percentage in Colorado,	16.0
Lowest percentage encountered in Colorado,	14.7
Average tonnage per acre in Eastern beet fields,	7.0
Probable average tonnage per acre in Colorado,	20.0

Without hesitation, Mr. Musy declares Colorado the greatest sugar beet district in the world, and Editor Roderus puts it in this artistic way:

"It seems as if nature had experimented with sugar beets in every other section of the globe and applied her

conclusion by combining all the requisites of climate, altitude and soil to produce them on a grand scale in Colorado."

* * *

"FROM THE INGLENOOK."

NEXT to a good gold mine we are inclined to want a one-thousand-ton-a-day sugar factory. As we might as well wish for both as one we will consider their acceptance when they come our way.

It costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars to make an acre of beets and the farmer will clear thirty dollars on the lot, on the average, at a conservative estimate.

Beets are ripe for the factory from the middle of September on till freezing weather, which comes about the middle of December.

The sugar in a beet is not squeezed out to be "biled" down, but soaked out and evaporated afterward. Between cane sugar and beet sugar not even an expert can tell the difference. Many a family has beet sugar at home and doesn't know it.

If you happen to hear of a section in Colorado where a beet sugar factory is sure to be, get all the land you can buy as near as possible.

* * *

I. D. PARKER IN "GOSPEL MESSENGER."

EVERY saved soul ought to be engaged in saving others, and the one who braves the hardships and trials incident to new countries and gathers

around him other souls and helps to build them into God's building confers a great blessing upon the world.

We name a few elements that enter into successful church building in new countries:

1. *Honest, faithful, persevering workers led by an efficient leader,—individuals who know how to encourage others and are willing to sacrifice. They must be persons who do not expect much from their fellow-men, but great things of God.*

2. *Good soil, well adapted to growing the necessities and at least a few of the luxuries of life. You can grow thorns and weeds and professors, but you cannot grow true Christians very abundantly on poor soil.*

3. *A healthful climate with a plentiful supply of pure, cool water is essential to permanent growth. A healthful soul may exist in a sickly body, just as a strong man may live in a broken-down house; but the service such souls do for the Master will be correspondingly weak.*

4. *A good market for all the products of the soil must be within reach. Having these, and a plentiful supply of water for irrigation, home and church building will be comparatively easy.*

We had the pleasure of visiting the South Platte Valley in Colorado and spending a few days in Denver in June last, while the International Sunday School Convention was in session. Much has been written of this flourishing city and fertile valley where a number of our people have purchased

farms, and I only wish to say in this connection that we found the facts justifying all and more than has been written up in the descriptions that have come under our notice.

Within the last few years we have visited a number of colonies and considerable territory where our church work is comparatively new, and as an all-round favorable location for the upbuilding of good homes and flourishing churches I do not know of a better place than the South Platte Valley. I would say to the homeseeker, Go and see the goodly land and possess it. I. D. PARKER.

SUGAR'S FUTURE IN SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

Expert in Mill Work Looks for Many New Plants to be Built—Says Germans Can Now Teach Coloradoans Little in the Industry.

FRANK McVAUGHN, who lives at 323 South 15th street, is probably one of the best posted men in regard to beet sugar manufacturing in the West to-day. He has been the practical man in charge of the construction of the largest factories in Colorado, and has had ten years' experience in the same work for the Oxnards, the Kilbys and others, who own the biggest factories in this country. He said:

"I can name only five points in this State where there is now population and water sufficient to insure the investment of capital for sugar beet fac-



Bunch of Cattle Ready for Market, Sterling, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

tories. These places are Sterling, Holly, Alamosa, Windsor and Fort Collins. I have every reason to believe that very shortly mills will be started at Holly, Fort Collins and Windsor. At the first-named place the Oxnards have secured control, and I understand will do something very soon. The public knows pretty well what is being done at the other places named.

Sterling Offers Muth.

"I BELIEVE that Sterling offers the best location, and at least three mills could be built, anyway. There has been only one failure of a mill in this



Bird's Eye View of Sterling, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

State, and that is at Grand Junction. I do not think that it was owing to the beets nor to the plant, but to the people engaged in farming. They can do so well with fruit there, at such a minimum amount of labor, that they did not take to beet raising as they should. The Grand Junction mill will be moved to the eastern part of the State, but I am not at liberty to say where."

What Mr. McVaughn says regarding the Colorado sugar beet is interesting. The beet root sinks straight down and the sugar accumulates around the green leaves at the top. When it is ripe this saccharine matter sinks into the root. If the rains come late and the beet starts growing again the sugar comes up and is likely to be lost. It is this lack of rain and the sunshine that gives the Colorado beets so great a percentage in sugar of such purity.

"In Colorado," continued Mr. McVaughn, "I have seen a patch of five acres that grew twenty tons an acre, and all the beets averaged five pounds each. They ran eighteen per cent sugar. That is simply marvelous, and it is what is calling the attention of capitalists to the country. The profits are very large in this manufacture. In building a

mill we calculate the sugar end of the plant at about the capacity of treating the tonnage. We figured about an average of 14 per cent sugar, and the first thing we knew we were swamped at the sugar end of the house. The beets had an average of about 18 per cent sugar and the plant had to be enlarged at that end."

Mr. McVaughn built the Rockyford mill for the Oxnards, the Loveland mill for John Campion and other Colorado capitalists, and the Greeley mill for E. H. Dyer and Co. In 1898 he built the Oxnard mill at Oxnard, Cal., which has a capacity of 2,000 tons a day. He also has had experience in Nebraska and other districts before that. Mr. McVaughn says we have nothing to learn in this country about beet sugar from the Germans and French. We have passed them in all directions. At first experts were brought from those countries and all the machinery imported. We are making all the necessary machinery at Cleveland now, and it is superior to anything that can be imported with the exception of their scales. They have patents on a scale that weighs 1,000 pounds automatically, and this we cannot duplicate. Our natural conditions are so different that they can teach us little excepting as we profit by their knowledge in the care of the soil.

BEET SUGAR FACTORIES PAY.

THAT beet sugar factories will become important elements in the development of such communities as South Platte Valley can be seen by the following statements regarding similar enterprises in Michigan:—

Someone has been figuring on the number of people in Michigan more or less dependent for a living on beets and beet sugar in that State. Even if every reader cannot admit the figuring as entirely correct, the calculation, in a more or less modified way, can be used as an argument when dealing with people who have not yet thought of the importance of introducing the beet industry in their neighborhood. The calculator is liberal, and allows 100 stock and bondholders for each of the sixteen sugar factories of Michigan. He then assumes that five persons are dependent on each of these. This makes a total of 8,000 persons. He further supposes that each factory employs 210 persons and that five depend on each of these, which makes 16,800. He has been informed that about 127,000 separate contracts for beet acreage were made in Michigan during the campaign just closed. Using the multiple of five again, he obtains 635,000 persons, and a grand total of 659,800 persons, more or less dependent on the beet sugar industry.



Hay Scene at Iliff, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

Stockmen and farmers of Sterling, Colorado, are watching with interest the new way of fattening cattle being tried there. Mr. Harris, who is one of the largest stock owners of the Platte River valley, has selected for the experiment 100 head of fine, long, three-year-old Oregon steers double wintered in Colorado. He began feeding about a month ago and is using twenty-five pounds of sugar beets and twenty pounds of hay per day to each steer. The steers weighed on an average of 1,150 pounds when placed in the feeding pens, and Mr. Harris expects to make them weigh out at 1,400 at the close of 100 days' fattening.

A Beaver Dam schoolboy has found out for himself that it pays to grow beets. He planted a patch of three-fourths an acre last season, and netted \$51.46, after paying for his seed, the use of a seeder, and the cost of the team work. He did most of the weeding and thinning himself.

WISHES HE DID OWN MORE LAND.

STERLING, COLO., Jan. 19, 1903.

I HAVE been a citizen of the South Platte country twenty-five years. I think this valley is the best country for a man with a small capital to get a start on the road to prosperity that I know of. Do not understand me to mean by "small" capital that there is not great inducements for large capital as well. I have never known a man

to start in business in any of the various occupations pursued here, and use good judgment and a little "rustle" to fail of success.

The resources of Logan county are only partially developed, notwithstanding the rapid progress made in the last two or three years, but with the facilities for irrigation which we have, the advance in values and in fact along all lines will be greater than ever before.

I do not write this because I wish to find a buyer, but for the reason that I know this is a good country. I have no real estate I wish to dispose of, but wish I owned more Logan county dirt.

Respectfully,

JOHN W. LANDRUM.

PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS.

STERLING, COLO., Jan. 23, 1903.

I CAME to the South Platte Valley and located at Sterling in 1901.

At that time I knew but little about irrigated lands, but since that time I have observed with interest the possibilities of an irrigated country. I am pleased with this section and its splendid outlook for the future.

The interest that the people take in all public enterprises show them to be public spirited.

I am especially pleased with the interest taken in the schools and churches, which I find to be as good as in any place I have ever been.

The fine new school building just being completed here at Sterling is a great credit to the community.

The church buildings are good and the people take an interest in church work.

The community is as free from places dangerous to morals as any place I have ever seen.

I have never lived among a more honest, moral, intelligent and progressive people.

The country and towns are improving steadily; intelligent and thrifty people are coming this way.

The great sugar beet industry and the splendid national irrigation interest make the prospects bright for this country.

I see no reasons why persons desiring to locate in a growing, promising country, among good people, should not thoroughly investigate what this country has to offer.

I feel that I may safely say that this is a good, healthful country, with splendid prospects for still larger development in the future.

Respectfully,

JONATHAN WILLIAMS.

Sterling, Colo., Jan. 22, 1903.

* * *

ONE would not look for lakes in a State like Colorado, yet there are nearly a thousand of them, and more than two hundred and fifty snow-fed creeks and rivers.

LAND SELLING FAST.

STERLING, COLO., Jan. 22, 1903.

MR. E. L. LOMAX,

G. P. A. U. P. R. R. Co.,

Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sir:—

On February 1, 1902, I wrote you that we had already located 300 families from the middle and eastern States on our irrigated lands in the South Platte valley along the line of your road.

By referring to our report of business for the year 1902 just ended, you will notice that since making the previous report we have brought 343 people into the valley on our homeseekers' excursions and sold 9,113 acres of land and water in the valley.

There is still room here for several hundred families of good, industrious farmers and small stock raisers; and the sooner they come, the better location they can secure.

Some of our settlers have made a good living and saved money on forty-acre tracts, but with our new sugar beet factories for next year already assured, we can say the same of twenty-acre tracts; as many of our Colorado farmers made \$100 per acre and more raising sugar beets last season.

We will continue running our personally conducted excursions over your line to Sterling, Colo., during the year 1903.

Yours truly,

HORACE B. DAVIS, President.



Sheep Scene—Winter Fed on Alfalfa, Sterling, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.



Six-Hundred-Ton Hay Warehouse near Iliff, Colorado, South Platte Valley, on Union Pacific.

EASTERN FARMERS LOCATING AT STERLING.

THE valley is from three to six miles wide and probably about 150 miles long. The farmers now locating there are from Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri and are excellent farmers, with enough money to develop the property rapidly. If all signs do not fail the valley will be one of the garden spots of Colorado within a very few years.

TO HOMESEEKERS.

I MADE a trip to Colorado last April with Mr. George L. McDonough and other Brethren to look over the South Platte Valley and inspect the lands offered for sale by the Colorado Colony Company.

I closed a deal on May 15th, for 160 acres of irrigated land about 12 miles from Sterling and have since refused an offer of \$5.00 per acre advance, as I was satisfied the land was worth more money.

I made another trip to the Valley in October and bought 252 acres of land adjoining the town of Sterling from the same company.

Sterling is the county seat of Logan county and is growing rapidly; it is a very prosperous model little city, with contracts signed for water works, electric lights and a beet sugar factory; and it will no doubt become a place of considerable importance.

Owing to the demand for small tracts of land by parties wanting to raise sugar beets, and by request of the Colorado Colony Company, who have offices in Denver as well as Sterling, I have arranged with them to subdivide and sell my land adjoining the city in five

or ten acre lots, together with water rights in Sterling's oldest ditch for irrigation purposes.

I would advise and recommend all brethren seeking a new location and especially the younger ones to join one of the cheap excursions, which are run and conducted by the Colorado Colony Company, and look over the great South Platte Valley with the idea of locating a home and settling in this prosperous and enterprising community.

DAVID PLUM.

Maryland, Ill., Jan. 15th, 1903.

COLORADO'S WONDERFUL PRODUCTS.

Colorado.

INEXHAUSTIBLE as is Colorado in mineral wealth, agriculture is destined soon to be its foremost interest. The grains of the temperate zone, vegetables and fruits, grow here and ripen in profusion, and through most of the state, cattle and sheep can live and fatten all the year round, without housing or feeding.

The South Platte Valley.

On the line of the Union Pacific, between Julesburg and Denver, yields wonderfully. The soil is a rich dark alluvial, varying in depth from two to three feet, near the river's bank, to fifteen to twenty feet as the higher ground is approached. Beneath this is a layer through which water is constantly percolating.

Alfalfa.

Which is to the farmer of Colorado what red clover is to the farmer of the Eastern States, thrives in the

South Platte Valley, because the roots penetrate the sand reached by the water. Elder L. E. Keltner, a very prominent Dunker of Denver, is authority for the statement that on the irrigated lands of the South Platte Valley farmers can raise three crops of alfalfa a year, while they now raise only one crop of clover in the East; and they also have three months of clover pasture on these same fields in the South Platte Valley, after they have cut their hay, while in the East they cannot pasture their meadows. Mr. Keltner was very much elated when he found that these large tracts of irrigated lands in the South Platte Valley, which have heretofore been held by cattlemen were being sub-divided and sold off in tracts of 40 and 80 acres each. He said: "There now would be a chance to bring our brethren in from the dairy countries of Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, where they could dispose of their lands at from \$75.00 to \$100.00 per acre and replace them acre for acre at from \$30.00 to \$45.00 per acre, and invest the balance in range cattle to graze on the free government lands up over the hills adjoining the South Platte Valley. Then, in addition to the dairy business, farmers could go into the poultry and hog raising business, as alfalfa is splendid feed for poultry and hogs. Denver now gets most of her poultry and eggs from Kansas and Nebraska, and her dairy products from Elgin and other Eastern creameries. There are thousands of acres of

alfalfa, under irrigation ditches, and thousands of stacks of alfalfa hay in the Valley of the South Platte. The land is well watered, but sparsely cultivated; the soil under irrigation extremely fertile, and will support, easily, a very large agricultural population. At present the settlers' attention is directed to alfalfa and stock raising."

Hogs

Eat alfalfa and grow fat on it. They not only graze in the meadows, but they go to the alfalfa hay stacks in the South Platte Valley, and eat hay like a cow.

Sheep

For eight or ten months during the year are kept on the free government range adjoining the South Platte Valley, and then brought to the Valley and finished for market on alfalfa.

Thousands of Lambs

Are fattened on alfalfa hay every year in this Valley and sold direct to the Eastern buyers at good prices right at the fattening pens.

Three Crops

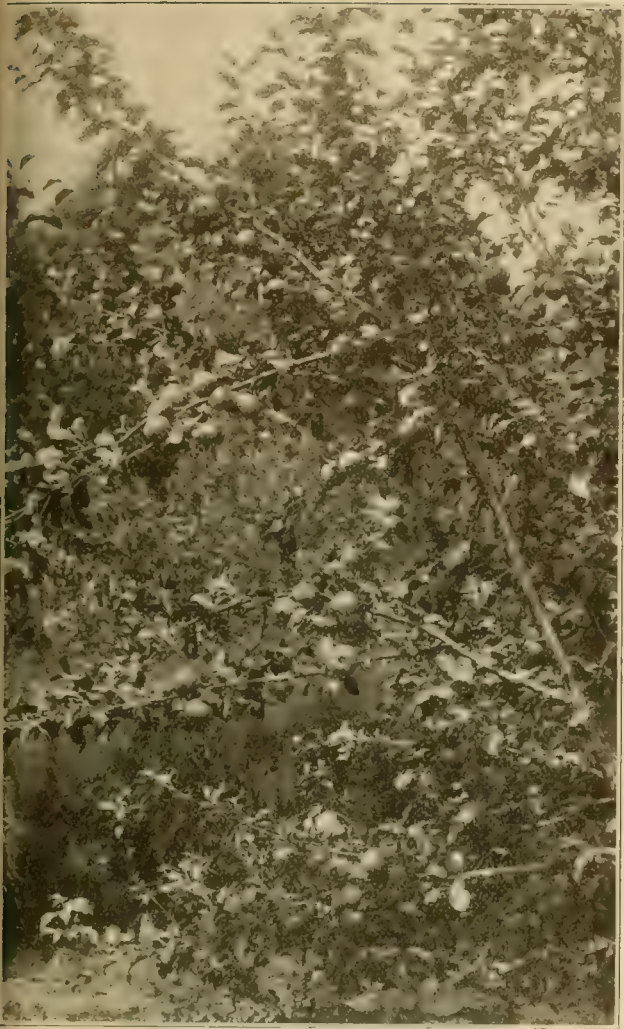
Of alfalfa hay are cut yearly, leaving three months pasture per acre every year in this locality.

Dairy Farmers

Do not have to sell their calves to the butchers, as in the East, for they can be turned out on the free government range adjoining the South Platte Valley.



Grain and Alfalfa Farm, South Platte Valley, Colorado.



Snapshot Schneider's Orchard, South Platte Valley.

Denver is in the South Platte Valley, and has always had to depend on Eastern creameries for 75 to 85 per cent of her butter and cheese.

Poultry.

A ready market for poultry is found at extremely good prices, supplying the Denver people and the miners.

Official Statistics.

Show that only 2 per cent of the poultry and eggs annually consumed by the people of Colorado are supplied by the farmers of the State of Colorado.

Sugar Beets.

Do well in the South Platte Valley. The percentage of saccharine matter is greater than in many other States. There are several sugar beet factories, and more under contract at different places in the Valley.

Honey.

Thousands of cases are sold each year to Eastern buyers who come direct to the South Platte Valley

and pay good prices for it. One man at Sterling sold \$1,200 worth in 1901 to a Kansas City buyer.

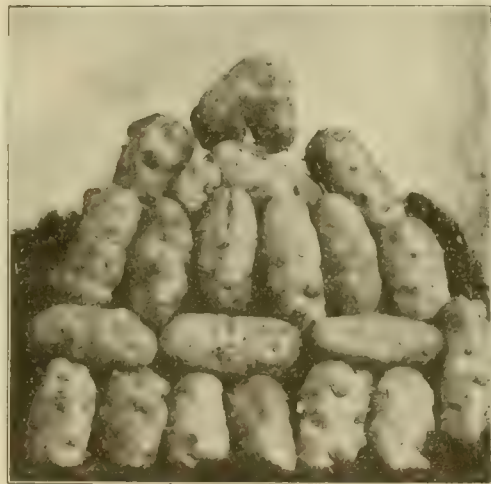
Wheat, Oats, Etc.

At the World's Fair in Chicago the farmers of Colorado exhibited 277 varieties of wheat, 50 of oats, and 125 in natural grasses. These sample crops were raised on the ordinary farms. The results in yield were amazing—oats seven and one-half feet high, yielding 112½ bushels to the acre, and weighing forty-eight pounds per bushel. The largest yield of oats was 136 bushels per acre, and the heaviest oats weighed fifty-two pounds to the bushel. The most surprising display was that of wheat. Specimens taken from a 40-acre field yielded ninety-four bushels per acre. The largest average yield was from a farm of 800 acres—fifty-two bushels to the acre, weighing sixty-two pounds per bushel. Out of 371 exhibits made by Colorado, eighty-one special premiums were awarded, covering wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, flaxseed, plants, flowers, grasses, wool, woods, and soil. Twenty-five awards were given to wheat alone, the largest number received by any State or country.

When in the Valley of the South Platte you are in the wheat-producing portion of Colorado.

Potatoes,

It is needless to say, do well. The fame of Colorado potatoes grown in the South Platte Valley has



Twenty Potatoes One Bushel—Grown at Kersey, Colo., on Union Pacific.

gone the length and breadth of the land. The yield is large and the prices always good.

Apples.

Colorado grows some of the finest apples in the country. They sell by the pound as everything else in the State does.

Bees.

In lots of places one may see where bees are kept. The hives are out in the open air, about the house, without cover, and there they stay the year around.

Fruit.

It is not generally known that all kinds of hardy fruits and berries do well in the South Platte Valley. Nearly every farmer has a nice orchard, but his time heretofore has been principally taken up raising and marketing cattle and sheep.

Vegetables.

All kinds of vegetables of delicious flavor and splendid form yield astonishing results. They grow upon all the cultivatable land. The same is true of all the small fruits, and many people in the towns and cities raise strawberries and vegetables at their doors, while the country surrounding the larger cities becomes a continuous encircling garden spot, furnishing all the luxuries and necessities of the seasons. The value of vegetable products packed in Colorado canning factories, chiefly tomatoes and peas, exceeds a million and a half dollars.

The Climate and Soil

Of the South Platte Valley easily produce the above results, and more than these results can be obtained with careful and judicious farming.



Interior Tourist Car on Union Pacific R. R.

Colonization Agent.

George L. McDonaugh, who for years has been favorably known to the Dunkers of the United States, has been appointed Colonization Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad and will be at the service of all Dunker brethren who may desire to settle along the line of this road. Write him at Omaha, Nebr.



THE unanimous sentiment among the Brethren expresses entire satisfaction with the Laguna de Tache Grant.

FROM ELGIN TO LOS ANGELES.

(J. H. Moore in Gospel Messenger.)

WE left Elgin in the midst of winter, when the weather was cold, the ground frozen solid, and now, one week later, write this article where the roses are blooming in great profusion and where the orange trees are hanging full of the golden fruit. At the North-Western depot in Chicago we entered a tourist car, fitted up especially for the long trip across the continent. In appearance these cars are just like the regular sleeper, but inside are finished a little differently. We paid six dollars for a berth, large enough for two persons, and settled down in our limited but



Table in Tourist Car on Union Pacific R. R.

pleasant quarters with the understanding that the coach would run through from Chicago to Los Angeles, Cal.

A number of others had engaged accommodations in the same car, each party having a well-filled lunch basket. At a seasonable hour we retire, fall asleep, and later the long train, known as the Union Pacific California Express, moves out. While in the land of dreams we are borne westward, through Franklin Grove, Dixon, Sterling, across the great Father of Waters and then into Iowa.

The morning dawns, the passengers come from their resting places, the accommodating porter speedily readjusts the car and we are then ready to spend the day almost as pleasantly as if we were in one of our own rooms at home. On a stove at one end of the car some make coffee while others do a small amount of cooking. Tables are furnished to the different parties and the morning meal may be served without any need of haste. The passing hours may then be devoted

ed to reading, writing, conversation or to the ever-changing scenery. Many of those who undertake a trip of this kind place a book or two in their valise to read on the way. The passengers become acquainted with each other and many a pleasant hour is spent in agreeable conversation. Such are the accommodations to be enjoyed by those who cross the mountains on the Union Pacific railroad to the Pacific slope.

We go by way of Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, Sacramento, Oakland, and then south along the coast until Los Angeles is reached. The second morning finds our train on the extensive plains of western Nebraska. We then enter Wyoming and later in the



Making Bed in Tourist Car on Union Pacific R. R.

day commence climbing the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. For hours we have been traversing a treeless region, a section of the country that was at one time marked on the map as the "Great American Desert." The eastern portion of this imaginary desert is now a fine farming country, where thousands of industrious and prosperous people now make their homes. But we pass an arid region of vast extent, where rain seldom falls, where farming is not even attempted, and yet the country is not without its merits. Here are kept large herds of cattle that are a source of profit to those engaged in the cattle business.

Night comes on while we are still climbing the mountains. At times the scenery is grand and the ever-changing condition of the country proves intensely interesting. During the afternoon our route takes us over some very extensive and even fertile plains. Here in the upheaval periods some stupendous works were wrought, not only in the forming of the mountains, but the plains as well. We have looked upon

some of the most famous mountains of earth, but never before have we seen any just like these. These great, elevated plains, walled in by lofty mountain ranges, are only the beds of extensive lakes thousands of feet above sea level. There was a period in the history of this country when scores of magnificent lakes existed among these mountains. For aught we know it may have been at a time when the western part of the continent was inhabited by a people of some intelligence and enterprise. Ere the dawn of history the Cliff Dwellers made the mountains south of here their home. They, or possibly their ancestors, seem to have come from Asia *via* Behring Strait, moved down the Pacific coast and then spread out over the mountains.

As we travel and look we cannot help thinking and picturing to ourselves the interesting condition of all this country in the remote and dim past. This was our first trip in the direction of the coast and nearly every section of the country passed proved intensely interesting.

On the third morning when we awoke our car was standing on the track in Ogden, Utah. An immense rain had fallen during the night and the streets of the city were more or less flooded, an unusual occurrence in this part of the country. Our train moves to the north and then rounds the northern end of Salt Lake, an extended body of salt water. We passed far down the west side and had a very fine view of the lake. One can easily see that the lake at one time was much larger than at the present. In size and depth it is gradually decreasing, and in time may altogether disappear, leaving only an extensive plain. On the east side of the lake, where Ogden stands, the country has a most delightful appearance. It is well irrigated and has been brought to a high state of cultivation. Beautiful farms, delightful homes and thrifty orchards may be seen on every hand. But on the west side of the lake is the most desolate region through which we have ever passed. God may have use for it, but we do not understand in what way it can prove of any value to man.

Further on, as we go towards the southwest, into Nevada, we enter a better country, and for a hundred miles the road skirts a valley that is simply charming, given over wholly to stock-raising. The scenery along this valley is fine, the valley being hemmed in by lofty mountains that at some points rise above the clouds. At daylight on the fourth morning we enter California amid the most stupendous mountain scenery that we have yet seen in America. We pass forty miles of snowsheds and tunnels at an elevation of over seven thousand feet above sea level, and then commence a rapid descent on the western side of the mountain range. As we proceed the scenery grows less in grandeur, the country becomes more level and inviting and awhile before reaching Sacramento we

were permitted to look upon landscapes that would be difficult to excel in any farming section of the United States. We were then in a land of summer. The grass was green, beautiful meadows lay out before us, evergreen trees lined the roads, and prosperity seemed to reign on every hand. West of Sacramento we passed over as fine a section of farming country as a man needs to see in this world. It reminded us of the land of Goshen; in Egypt. The country is largely owned by the rich, and the farms are very large. In the way of farming everything is done on the large scale.

From San Francisco our route led us to the south along the Pacific coast, and for more than a hundred miles we were in sight of the ocean. We will not undertake to describe this part of the trip, but may



Ladies' Toilet Room in Tourist Sleeping Car on Union Pacific R. R.

say more when giving our opinion of California. But we reached Los Angeles on Saturday at 1 P. M., and then took the train for Inglewood, twelve miles to the west. Here we have an uncle, Eld. P. A. Moore, formerly of Roanoke, Woodford Co., Ill. He came to California some years ago, and now has a delightful home. Here we are resting, writing and drinking in the charms of this genial climate. As we write we look out upon the earth, everywhere carpeted with green, the green trees, the ripe oranges and the blooming roses.

Our trip over the Union Pacific was pleasant in every way. We found the service good and the trainmen most accommodating. Those who come from Illinois to the Pacific coast in these days may look upon the journey as a luxury compared with the hardships and privations endured by the people who made the trip in covered wagons forty years ago, for it then

required four months to pass from the Mississippi river to any part of the coast. As early as 1849 John C. Fremont, in search of a practical route over the mountains, spent months on the then dangerous journey. Since then railroads have followed in his footsteps and cities have sprung up on his campfires. Later a few pioneer brethren braved the hardships and settled here and there on the coast. Around them churches



Party Leaving Belleville, Kans., Special Train via Union Pacific.

have sprung into existence, and of these things we may write as we see and learn more.

* * *

ACROSS THE CONTINENT ON A COLONIST TRAIN.

(D. L. Miller in Gospel Messenger.)

THE world is growing smaller, it is said, and when one takes into account the modern annihilation of distance, by means of rapid transit both by land and sea, one is impressed with the truth of the statement. Within the memory of the middle-aged of to-day a journey across the Continent from the "Father of Waters" to the "Golden Gate" took from five to six months, and now the limited trains on half a dozen trunk line roads are making the run across the continent in a less number of days than the months once required to make the journey across trackless plains and unknown mountain passes. Four nights out of Chicago will land you in the Golden State and make you feel that the world is not so big after all.

Those of us who have passed the half century mark remember how in our boyhood days we looked upon the returned Californian with open-eyed wonder and listened with bated breath to tales of danger from wild Indians and wild beasts met in crossing mountains and plains by the hardy pioneer. In those days a journey to California was the event of a lifetime. Now it is of such common occurrence, such an every-

day affair that one scarcely cares to read what is written by the modern tourist.

But there is something new and novel, even in these days of rapid transit, in crossing the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas on a colonist train made up almost entirely of our own people who are seeking new homes in the great San Joaquin (pronounced San-Wa-Keen) Valley of California, a valley about as large as Italy and if properly watered capable of sustaining a population of twenty million souls.

Bro. Geo. L. McDonaugh, our genial and efficient colonization agent, informed us that this was the first train of the kind that ever crossed the continent. Eighty souls, including the babe in its mother's arms,



Dunker Special Train from Belleville, Kans., to California via Union Pacific R. R.

the boys and girls, young men and maidens, fathers and mothers, and the silver-crowned elders of the church, made up the goodly company. It was a mixed train, made up of tourist sleeping car, day coach, baggage car and freight cars, carrying the household goods, live stock and other belongings of the colonists. The smoking car was conspicuous because of its absence. Our brethren do not need accommodations of this kind, and are all the better for it.

Bro. Samuel Henry and friend David Newcomer had charge of the transportation and did their work well. Among those who made up the colony were elders C. S. Holsinger and Samuel Henry, and Brother David Holsinger in the second degree of the ministry. There were more members on the train than are to be found in some organized churches. There were Sunday-school workers with children and young people enough to form a good-sized school. Then there was Bro. David Holsinger, with the Holsinger gift of song, and a band of trained singers who enlivened the journey with beautiful songs of Zion selected from our new Hymnal.

Each morning as many of the colonists as could crowd into one car assembled for song service and worship. There was also preaching service and those who did the speaking as the train crossed the continental divide at an elevation of eight thousand feet found some difficulty in breathing the attenuated mountain air. Those who dwell in the valleys must

learn to breathe the purer air of the mountain heights. So those who live in a low spiritual atmosphere cannot at once enjoy the heights of spirituality. The trainmen were constant in their attendance at the services and seemed to enjoy them all very much. The porter said, "It is very easy to see that these people are Christians." It is good to let your light shine.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, we reached Lillis on the Southern Pacific R. R. and the Laguna de Tache ranch, where our Brethren are to settle. Before reaching the place Bro. McDonaugh read a telegram from the Traffic Manager, saying that the Brethren might occupy the cars two days after arrival. This was a much-appreciated favor, especially as this is the rainy season in California and the colonists can testify to the fact that it does rain at Lillis and Laton.

Owing to the heavy rainfall, the two days spent at Laton did not afford much time for seeing the coun-



Preparing Coffee in Tourist Car on Union Pacific R. R.

try. We were favorably impressed with what we saw, and judging from what we heard of the productivity of the soil it would seem that our Brethren have made a good selection for a church and for homes. The Lord willing we hope to spend a week with the Brethren at Laton. They will then be settled in their new homes and will be able to report as to how they are pleased with the country. Others who think of coming will await with interest a report from the pioneer settlers on the Laguna ranch.

Bro. McDonaugh is to be congratulated because of his successful management of the first colonist train to California. Brother George has won an enviable reputation as a railroad man among our people. He is slow to make a promise, but swift to fulfill one when made. This quality has gained for him the confidence of all who come in contact with him. The managers of the Union and Southern Pacific railways did all they could to make the trip pleasant. The train was run from Belleville, Kans., to Lillis on fast passenger time, and without delay or loss of time the Brethren reached their new homes on the Pacific coast. The Lord was with us on our journey and to him all give praise for his providential care and protection.

* * *

THE BRETHREN IN CALIFORNIA.

(D. L. Miller in Gospel Messenger.)

ONE is surprised to see the large number of brethren and sisters from the East in California. At the Bible school were elders Calvert, Daniel Dierdorff, Edmund Forney, Geo. Hanawalt, Stephen Johnson, Isaac Gible, Peter Myers, S. Z. Sharp, Geo. A. Shamberger, William Thomas, Joseph Trostle, Stephen Yoder, Simon E. Yundt, John Smith, and others whose names I do not now recall. It was pleasant to meet so many of our Brethren, and the home feeling came at once. A number of these Brethren have located in California, and others are about settling here. The District of California is securing a strong and efficient body of elders.

It is not to be wondered at that so many people are coming to the Golden State, the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers. Here, as elsewhere in the United States, there has been a very sharp advance in land values in the last few years. Orange groves are selling at from five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre. A drive through the orange groves, now that the trees are bending under their burden of golden fruit, is a sight well worth seeing. About twenty-five thousand car loads of oranges were shipped out of the State last year.

On Christmas day the mercury stood at seventy-five degrees, and the air was as balmy as a May day in Illinois. Roses and Chinese lilies were blooming in great profusion everywhere, and the air was heavy with fragrance of the beautiful flowers. No wonder those who can, try to escape the rigors of zero weather and blizzards, in the East, to spend the winters in this genial climate.

* * *

ANNUAL MEETING IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA Dunkers are tremendously interested in the prospect of a national gathering of the sect in Los Angeles during the summer of 1904. Hundreds of

these stalwart citizens with flourishing homes in California are making personal efforts to bring their big convention here next year. If Los Angeles wins in the fight now on, it will mean no less than 10,000 delegates to entertain and delight—possibly many more, and, no doubt, a large number of them will be induced to settle in this fair section, when they view the prosperity of the Dunker settlements in California.

George L. McDonaugh of Omaha, Nebr., colonization agent in the passenger department of the Union Pacific, is in Los Angeles, and he is enthusiastic over the probability of the big convention being held in Los Angeles.

"I used to live in California myself until business took me away," said Mr. McDonaugh, as if to intimate very plainly that he knew all about the glories of the great Southwest, "and I want to see the Dunkers hold their 1904 convention here. Los Angeles is ahead in the race, and was first in the field. Editors of several of the Dunker publications have recently been all over California, and their public writings are now all ablaze with the wonders of the State. This fact, of course, will incite a strong yearning among their readers to see the State for themselves."—*Los Angeles Times*.

* * *

ALL THE FOLKS ARE WELL PLEASED.

(Copy.)

LAGUNA DE TACHE GRANT, CAL., January 10th, 1903

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Omaha, Nebr.

My Dear Brother:

I thought, perhaps, that you would enjoy reading a few lines from the Kansas people whom, one month ago, you landed in California on a through special train over the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific roads.

Well, I am glad to say that all the folks are well pleased with the country, and all have purchased land. Some have built houses and large barns. We expect to move into our new house next Monday, the 12th, if nothing happens to prevent us. We have enjoyed good health so far. Some have not been so fortunate, mostly children have had sick spells, but all are well now.

According to the reports we get from Kansas and the east, we have missed lots of cold weather. Here we have some quite frosty mornings, but a man could not freeze to death if he wanted to.

Now, Mr. McDonaugh, when you are this way again, remember that the latchstring of the Newcomer shanty hangs on the outside, and that we will be very glad to see you at any time. If convenient I would be pleased to hear from you.

Yours Fraternally,

(Signed) D. H. NEWCOMER.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

APRIL 18, 1903.

No. 16.

SPRING.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

This is the season of wooing and mating—
The heart of nature calls out for its own—
And God have pity on those who are waiting
The fair unfolding of spring alone.
For the fowls fly north in pairs together,
And two by two are the leaves unfurled—
And the whole intent of the wind and the weather
Is to waken love in the thought of the world.

Up through the soil where the grass is springing
To flaunt green flags in the golden light,
Each little sprout its mate is bringing—
Oh, one little sprout were a lonely sight.
We wake at dawn with the silver patter
Of bird notes falling like showers of rain,
And need but listen to prove their chatter
The amorous echo of love's refrain.

In the buzz of the bee and the strong steed's neighing,
In the bursting bud and the heart's unrest,
The voice of nature again is saying
In God's own language, that love is best.
For this is the season of wooing and mating—
The heart of nature calls out for its own—
And oh, the sorrow of souls that are waiting
The soft unfolding of spring alone.

* * *

WHAT THE HAGUE COURT IS.

THE misconception that the Hague court is a body of international jurists that assemble at The Hague whenever called on is so rife that it may be timely to repeat how the court is not a tribunal, but consists of a large number of men "of acknowledged skill on questions of international law, possessing the highest moral reputation and willing to accept the office of arbitrators" when called on. Each of the signatory powers has appointed four members of this court. The tribunal in any particular case, in the absence of any especial agreement to the contrary, consists of five arbitrators, chosen from among the members of the court, two being named by each party to the dispute, and the four so-named choosing the fifth. If they fail to agree on the fifth member, he is to be chosen by a power agreed upon, or if no such agreement can be reached, by two powers agreed on. Just how the tribunal to consider the Venezuelan case will be se-

lected will not be known until the terms of the protocol are made public. The Hague treaty intentionally gives a very wide latitude so far as the constitution of the tribunal is concerned. Its framers were seeking to make arbitration agreements easy, and therefore did not impose any more restrictions than were necessary.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

* * *

NUMBER OF WORDS IN A LEAD-PENCIL.

SOME one has been calculating the number of words in a lead-pencil, and he has published the result in an Orleans paper.

"Allowing for breaks and scratches," estimates this ingenious statistician, "one-quarter of an inch of lead will write two columns of matter for the ordinary newspaper, assuming that the pencil is not of the extremely soft character. There are about eighteen hundred words in a full column of a newspaper of the average size. Two columns would represent 3,600 words. So we get this number of words out of one-quarter of an inch of lead. Out of an inch of lead we would get four times 3,600, or 14,400 words. Out of seven inches we would get 100,800 words, or fifty-six columns."

* * *

THE HAIRS OF A HEAD.

THE hairs of our head have really been numbered, and the number varies, it seems, according to color. Light-haired people, for instance, have between 140,000 and 165,000 hairs, there being little difference between men and women. Dark-haired people have, on an average, about 105,000, while red-haired people have only about 30,000. Which means that red hair is much coarser than other shades, but it has the advantage of lasting much longer, for a head so covered rarely becomes bald.

* * *

TIME brings only one regret, that we had not more joy in the things that were, more belief, more patience, more love, more knowledge of the way things work out; more willingness to help toward the final result.—*Jennie June.*

OUR ART TALKS.—No. 1.

SOME time ago we broached the idea of a set of art talks, asking the NOOK family what they thought of it. The chorus of approval and affirmative comment leads us to believe that the readers want it. We therefore intend carrying out the idea and want to say something as a preliminary.

A good many people will look at the heading of this article and not read it. We want to advise all such to do the exact opposite. Let them certainly read what is written. There will be an unexplored world opened up and assuredly he who reads will be the gainer by learning something. There is something, a whole lot, in this world besides its everyday materialism. True there are people who go through life with not a single thought in them above the clods with which they work. More's the pity, if not, indeed, the shame of it. Some of them get so near to the earth that they could not be closer unless they got on all fours. They see nothing in the picture of the bluebird perched on the side of the swaying mullen, and in a painting so accurately done that one thinks he *must* hear the liquid note of the bird this man looks on the whole proceeding as an idle and wicked waste of time. We will not unduly criticise him. The good God made him what he is, for a purpose unknown to us, and we will let him go at that.

Then, thank God, there are thousands and thousands of young people and old people too, who do see the beauty of the rosy dawn stealing over the gray, and as they watch the sun fill the valley with light, the glory of it all fills their souls, though they might not be able to word it, and some might even be ashamed of the sentiment. When the evening falls and the cows come down the lane with an occasional jangle of bell, and the shadows fill the forests and the stars peep out of the overhead, and the moon lets loose her golden hair down the mountain side there come thoughts that find no words to voice them.

And then comes a man who tells the whole story in color on canvas. Hang it in the night light, see it from the proper distance, and the message it brings is as the weird music of the wind-swept harp, and we sit, and sit, and lose ourselves in the magic wonderland of art. Now what is the secret? Is it within us? Is it in the picture? What is it that sets all the blossoms nodding and all the bells a ringing? The facts are none can fully explain it. It is of the away and beyond.

Nevertheless there are some of the commoner and more tangible phases of Art that may be described. This we shall attempt only in outline. In fact the very bottom causes and effects of Art are wholly, or at best, only in part explicable. What we may say will be at best disjointed and fragmentary, just as a visitor is shown through a great gallery, seeing but a

glimpse of this room and of that. Nevertheless it will be worth the while of the reader, well worth it, for men who know, those who do the work, will have a message for the Nook reader.

The other day the Nookman was in Chicago. There is nothing new in this. He has been there many a time. But he went for a purpose—to visit the great Art Institute and learn something of what is doing in the world of higher thought translated into line and color. There are masterpieces, the paintings of the old masters, who, for some obscure reason, have never been surpassed, or even equalled. There modern skill is on all sides. There is the work that appeals only to the artist, and then there is the work that touches the very soul of those who see. What will interest many of the Nook family is the fact that in the several schools held under the auspices of the Institute there are about 2,500 young men and women learning the business. I speak advisedly, for no person may learn that which it is not in him to take. Doubtless there are many, as in the schools, with whom it is a mere fad, a passing caprice, the result of parents having money, and a girl to dabble at the business. And there are unquestionably others with whom it is a part of their lives and who live in the rare and artificial atmosphere of the place.

One may see them in the rooms, the model posed before them, while they either draw, paint or model in clay the subject before the class. Take a class in drawing. The model is a typical chef, a professional cook. The room is a small one, not larger than an ordinary family living room at home. Say a score of young men and women are grouped around in a semi-circle, busily at work on their picture of the model. He, the model, stands on a small platform, a good-looking, middle-aged man, mustached, aproned, with the cook's cap on his head and in his hands a casserole, an earthen cooking vessel. He is motionless, but occasionally his eyes seek us out. The class is oblivious and works on. We are visitors, the Nookman, his stenographer, and an artist, in where visitors do not go. In another room a class is drawing the nude. Dismiss at once from your mind the idea of naked and shameless people disrobed before a ribald crowd. Institute therefor people who are draped while others, silent, earnest, are endeavoring to portray on paper that which is a little lower than the angels.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

No sunrise, mountain-top or blossom of June is so beautiful and so inspiring by its beauty as human faces at their best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation and heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of certain faces.—*William C. Gannett.*

NEVER SAW A HORSE.

"It is hard to believe that there are persons living in the western hemisphere who never saw a horse," said Quartermaster John F. Rice at the Normandie, "but such is the case. I well recollect when with the Abercrombie expedition in 1899 we found ourselves one September night several hundred miles from nowhere. Just as the sun was sinking over the Alaskan range the camp was startled by the report of a rifle.

"We sprang to our feet, prepared for any emergency, when our native guide discovered across the narrow valley an Indian who had just brought down a caribou. By the use of signs and signals he was induced to come into camp. After we had tanked him up with strong tea and loaded him to the guards with

ly feared by the other tribes in Alaska because of their fierce disposition and warlike nature. Our guides, who were shore Indians, seemed to be afraid of the newcomer and he treated them with haughty contempt. Whenever he would shoot a fierce glance at them they would quail like whipped curs.—*Washington Star*.

* * *

OLDEST OF ENGLISH INNS.

THE village of Norton St. George in England has little to boast of in a general way, but its inhabitants are proud of their inn at which they periodically slake their thirst. This claims to be the oldest licensed village alehouse in England, the license dating from 1397. Its appearance is eminently pic-



WILL YOU GO ALONG? THERE'S ROOM FOR ANOTHER.

pork and beans his tongue limbered up and, through one of the guides, he informed us that he was a Matanuski, by the way, the fiercest tribe in Alaska, and that he was hunting caribou. At the time we discovered him he was 150 miles from the encampment of his tribe, which shows that the fellow had his nerve with him. He had never seen a horse and our pack animals excited his curiosity and wonder. He declared that no member of his tribe had ever seen a horse, all transportation in his country being conducted by dog teams hitched to sleds in winter, and by pack dogs in summer. What amused him most was to see the animals eat grass, and every time they would grab a mouthful of forage he would almost go into convulsions, he thought it so funny. In an ethnological sense the Matanuski resemble the Apache Indians of our plains. They subsist on the flesh of the caribou and brown bear, the counterpart of the Rocky mountain grizzly, and quite as ferocious, and are great-

turesque, each story overhanging that beneath, while the front is broken by bay windows, a porch and a flight of stone steps leading to a doorway in the wall, says a London paper. At the back are more quaint doors and windows, a turret built against the wall and inclosing an outside stair, while in the yard still remains a portion of the old gallery which in the middle ages was found in so many hostleries. Most of the front is timbered. Each gable is surmounted by a curious chimney. A curious feature of the interior is the upper floor, which is of plaster.

* * *

HEAVEN is where kindred souls, whose garments have been washed clean in the Savior's blood, freely meet and greet, knowing that their fellowship never shall be broken by sorrow, sin or death.

* * *

YOUR house may be fair to look upon; what of the foundation?

VATICAN-MADE MOSAICS.

LEO XIII's present of a mosaic picture to President Roosevelt recalls the controversy that waged during the last century over the artistic value of mosaics made to deceive the eye as oil paintings. It also recalls the fact that the mosaic factory of the Vatican has a practical monopoly of the best work of this kind and that attempts by other countries to rival Rome in this respect have been futile. The Vatican factory is one of the sights of Europe. In it mosaic work is brought to the very highest point of perfection.

Mosaics were made by men long before Rome and Athens had been founded. There are records of mosaic pavements in Egypt 2,300 years before Christ. From the Book of Esther we may infer that the art existed in the days of Ahasuerus. In the Egyptian collection in Turin there is the fragment of a mummy case, the pictures on which are executed in mosaic with wonderful skill. The material is enamel and the colors are of widely different hues. The subject is a group of birds.

The enamels which the Vatican workmen use are technically known as smalts. They are composed of salt, minium, potash, fluorate of lime and carbonate of soda. After the mixture has been melted down it is colored by the addition of oxide of manganese for violet, of cobalt for blue, of nickel for brown, of uranium for yellow and black, of copper for green and red, of chrome for green, of iron for yellow and brown, of platinum for gray, of iridium for black, and so on, or by the mixture of these. The composition is then rolled out and afterward baked with a slow heat and allowed to cool by degrees.

The smalts are light and very opaque. It is important that the alkaline matters be not in excessive quantities, for then, if the baking process should happen to be inadequately carried out, a certain decomposition would occur which would bring about an alteration of the primitive color. This is what has occurred to a small extent in a very famous mosaic picture. The robe of the kneeling woman in the Transfiguration was rose colored in the Raphael original when the mosaic was made in the eighteenth century. Although placed in St. Peter's, sheltered from external influences, it began less than a hundred years later to develop small green stains that can only be attributed to faulty composition of the smalts.

The smalts for a gold or silver background differ from the others. The gold or silver is not in the enamel. It is laid in very thin leaf over the smalt and then covered with a pellicle of glass, the process being exceedingly delicate.

The smalts may be replaced by marble or natural stones. In some of the mosaic pictures that date from the middle ages and from the time of the Renaissance are found precious stones, mother of pearl and even

egg shell. In the Vatican factory at the present day use is sometimes made of a flesh-colored stone found at Cotanello, near Rome.

The reproduction of a large picture in mosaic requires infinite care, as the purpose is to give the illusion of an oil painting. As has been said, the work is divided in pieces among the several artists. Care is taken that the lines of division do not fall on the delicate parts of the painting. As far as possible the picture is cut in sections on horizontal lines.

The basis of the picture may be wood, marble or metal. For the big pictures destined for St. Peter's slabs of peperino stone are used. The stone is covered with plaster and on the plaster a sketch of the picture is made. Within the lines of the sketch the plaster is partly scooped out and a section of the hollow thus formed is filled in with mastic and oil. The artist now begins to apply the smalts. He picks them out from stands, resembling printers' cases, in which they are disposed according to color and shade; he fashions them with hammer and chisel to the shape required and inserts them in the soft mass. When the entire picture has been filled in and has hardened, the work of polishing begins.

A layer of wax is first applied to prevent the edges of the smalts from cracking under the rubbing. Sand of diminishing degrees of coarseness is first used, then emery powder. The surface is then washed and rubbed with linen cloths and the final polishing is done with red earth from Naples.

Thus composed and polished the mosaic has not yet the aspect of an oil painting, for the mastic shows in its natural color through the interstices of the smalts. A long and tedious encaustic process follows. Colors melted down in wax are applied with the point of a hot iron to cover up and give the desired shade to the mastic joinings. When all the parts of the picture are completed they are fastened to the church wall by means of clamps, and the different segments of the picture are united on the spot.

At Venice a much more expeditious method is often adopted.

The sketch of the picture is drawn in reversed fashion on a cardboard and colored. Smalts corresponding to the colors on the cardboard are gummed face against it. The whole is then set in the mastic, the cardboard is adroitly removed and the mosaic picture revealed.

This method has the advantage of cheapness and rapidity, but being composed by a merely mechanical process it leaves no room for the real art of the mosaicist. The prevalence of mosaic pictures put together by this system is no doubt largely responsible for the severe criticisms that are often heard regarding the decadence of modern mosaic work. Needless to say it is never employed in the Vatican factory.

After the Fabrica Vaticana come the mosaic factories of Paris and St. Petersburg, the latter forming part of the imperial glass manufactory. But in almost all cases it is Italians who do the fine work, and the mosaic composition has for the last five hundred years remained a distinctively Italian pursuit.

One branch of the art, the decoration of rings, brooches, bracelets and other articles of jewelry with mosaics, has, in the hands of Italians, reached an amazing degree of perfection.

Leo XIII has shown a watchful interest in the Vatican factory. It was something in the nature of a revolution when he took the artists from their traditional work of reproducing religious subjects of the Renaissance period and gave them themes of modern style, such as the picture which he has sent to President Roosevelt.

* * *

LADY BIRD MAY SAVE ST. LOUIS TREES.

THE entomologists of the United States government have found a means of saving the trees of St. Louis from the ravages of the dreaded San Jose scale.

They are going to set the Chinese lady bird on him. The lady bird is a bug. It dearly loves San Jose scales. Scaly, unpalatable bark eater that he is, the San Jose scale is still the juiciest and most delectable morsel a lady bird can pick up.

Within the past two years the United States department of agriculture decided to try to find a method of natural control of the pest. In consequence it imported several thousand lady birds from China. The lady bird is a friendly little insect of the Chilocorus family, not dissimilar to the tiny, spotted beetle, to whom for many generations American children have thus addressed themselves:

Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home,
Your house is afire and your children are gone.

The lady bird of China is about an eighth of an inch long and is black, with two somewhat ovate red spots on each wing-cover. This lady bird from China has an appetite for the San Jose scale like unto that possessed by the lady bird of the chorus for post-theater lobsters.

In the course of its short but eventful life one lady bird will eat hundreds of thousands of the San Jose scale, on which it feeds, in the larval as well as adult stage. It is one of the most effective checks on that kind of plant pest, under favorable circumstances ridding individual trees completely.

When the government imported its thousand lady birds it expected that within a few months it would have a million or so of them through reproduction for experimental purposes. But the lady birds proved to be not so hardy as the men from China, and the long cold voyage of seven weeks destroyed most of them,

and a winter in Washington killed all that remained except two. As the world was repopulated with animals from the pairs that Noah took into the ark, so this pair of lady birds that survived 2000 of their beetle descendants and larvae are now enjoying life on scale-covered trees in the experimental gardens at Washington.

The department of agriculture expects to establish the scale-devouring lady bird immigrants permanently in this country and by the aid of their appetites reduce the scale nuisance to a minimum.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT WARSHIPS.

WE notice an article by Roland L. Howe, who works in the Cramp's Shipyard in the *Juniata Echo*. He tells something about the difference in battleships which will be of interest to our readers.

A first-class battleship is a fighting machine with the heaviest possible guns and the thickest possible armor. The second-class battleship is simply a smaller and lighter vessel than a first-class. An armored cruiser is a vessel in which speed and coal capacity are the prominent considerations. An armored ram is a vessel with a steel snout for the purpose of ramming the enemy. A monitor is a vessel having but little of it above water. A protected cruiser is a vessel without side armor, but which has shields to protect the crew from small arms and small cannon. An unprotected cruiser is a vessel without any armor or protection of any kind. A gun boat is a small, unprotected cruiser. A torpedo boat is a vessel intended to creep upon the enemy's ship and explode a torpedo. A torpedo destroyer is a vessel built for the purpose of destroying small torpedo boats and acting as a torpedo boat herself. Submarine torpedo boats are the same as torpedo boats, only they are built so as to operate above or below water. A transport is simply an ordinary steamship fitted up to carry soldiers and sailors.

* * *

THE HONEST OLD FIREPLACE.

GAS fires in pretended logs and open fireplaces without any fire, from year's end to year's end, are an abomination—a false idea in ornamentation. The used fireplace, with its honest, blackened brick chimney, and its shining andirons, with their burden of glowing logs or coals, gives a color and character to a room exceeding any other mode of decoration.

* * *

EVERY day that is born into the world comes like a burst of music, and rings itself all the day through; and thou shalt make of it a dance, a dirge or a life-march, as thou wilt.—*Carlyle*.

DARWINISM.

CHARLES DARWIN was an English naturalist of the present lifetime, and he was as good an all around scientific man as this generation of men has afforded. He was an original investigator and beyond all question a very able one. What brought him prominently before the general public were his works on the origin of species, and, as a cognate subject, the descent of man.

The world at large took it up and set forth, mainly in the pictorial and alleged funny papers, that Darwin said that man was descended from monkeys. The facts are that he did not say so. But set such a story afloat and nothing stops it.

Certain of the religious world took the view that everything Darwin said and did was of the bad and subversive of Christianity, as if religion that had stood, and grown continuously for nearly 2,000 years, could be overturned by a "theory." What Darwin tried to do was to explain on natural grounds the variation of species. To put it plainly, one squirrel is gray and another is red. One johnny-jump-up is blue, another yellow. We all know this to be true, and not a few, if asked how it came about, would reply that God made them that way. For all that has been proven to the contrary that is a correct answer. But Darwin sought to account for it by the operation of natural laws, environment, food, survival, adaptation and all the complex surroundings of life, animal and plant. The term used for the whole is evolution, and had he proven it, which he did not, it would not at all have affected the biblical account. Darwin frankly admitted his failure to locate man in any unbroken chain of descent. But the comic papers did the business, and many a man who gets his science from that source feels aggrieved at the very mention of Darwin.

What really constitutes the materialism of the subject is not of Darwin at all. He started out to show that the red squirrel and the gray squirrel we referred to were but variants of an original squirrel, that the blue and the yellow johnny-jump-ups were the outgrowth of a common ancestor. But a horde of writers sprung up, Huxley for instance, who undertook to show that there was no original squirrel or flower, but that the whole matter came about from an original jelly speck of protoplasm that came into being as a result of natural and unavoidable combination of mere matter.

There is a great difference between the ideas. Darwin never attempted to explain the start from which variation came. He could not explain the methods of evolution. Scientific men of to-day take no account of Darwin's "theory." But all believe in evolution though unable to explain it.

To illustrate evolution let us take chickens. There are endless kinds. Does anybody think that each kind,

bantams and all the others, are the result of a special creative act, "in the beginning?" Certainly not. The original head out of which all came about was created, but the rest happened from many causes. Turn loose every chicken in the world and let them make their own way and in a very few generations they would be merged into but one kind as wild as partridges. Every old woman who knows hens at all knows how wild the chicks are that come from a hidden nest. This is simply evolution worked backward, reversion to primal type, or, in one word, avatism. The pansy is nothing but an evolution from the johnny-jump-up and if the pansy grower will let the ground seed itself about three generations will put the finest pansies to the level of its wild progenitor.

Those who scare at the term Darwinism, should take heart. It is not proven to start with, and proves nothing against religion even were it demonstrated true. The enemies of religion are not scientific fads and isms, but the wrong lives of people who profess it and do not live it out.



WHY WATCHES, LIKE WOMEN, HAVE CAPRICES.

EVERY owner of a watch should consider that the delicate piece of mechanism belongs to the feminine gender, and, like a sweetheart or a wife, must be tenderly cared for and not subjected to sudden changes of temperature. Many a man who would not think of letting his wife go out in the evening without some kind of wrap about her shoulders will wear his watch next his warm body all day and let it lie at night on a cold mantelpiece. Then he wonders why it gains or loses time.

Cold causes contraction of the metals composing the balance wheel and its parts, and the watch consequently gains. When the parts expand under the heat of the body the pivots, bearings, etc., tighten up and the watch loses.

Getting the steel parts of one's watch magnetized is another frequent cause of trouble; while changing the position of a watch, such as putting it down horizontally, is also apt to affect its action.

It is well known that a watch will stop for some unexplained reason and go on again if it is given a slight jolt. The same trouble may not recur for years. This is due to the delicate hairspring catching either in the hairspring stud or in the regulator pins. The cause is a sudden jump or quick movement, which gives a jolt to the balance-wheel and hairspring, and thus renders the catching possible.



CHARACTER is not at bottom anything to be seen. True character goes down below all surface things to the rock.

A GIRL MILLER.

THE Lancaster, Pa., *Examiner* has the following story about a girl who operates a mill.

Miss Katie R. Spayd, daughter of Mrs. Mary Spayd, of Clay township, this county, can boast of a record that few, if any, girls in the State or nation can show. Although only sixteen years old, she has already demonstrated rare business ability, and, besides, does the work of an experienced miller.

Mrs. Spayd owns what is known as Spayd's Mill, Clay township, one of the largest mills along the famous Hammer creek. The mill was formerly operated by her husband, the late Aaron H. Spayd, who died about three years ago. The widow was left with four children, the oldest being Oscar. He assumed charge of the business after the death of his father and continued to operate the mill until about four

a favorite in social circles in the neighborhood because of her attainments.

Miss Spayd goes about her work with a cheerful spirit, and is at all times kind and courteous to her customers. She attends to the outside business and may be seen driving a pair of horses that are by no means easy to handle, but which seem to give her great pleasure. She was born at the Speedwell Mills, in Elizabeth township, and from early childhood has been about a flour mill, and has become quite familiar with milling in all the details.

ORIGIN OF A WORD.

"How do you pronounce v-a-u-d-e-v-i-l-l-e?" asked the perfect of the purist this morning.

"Vowdville," was the instant reply, followed by the question, "How do you?" "Vawdeville," frankly



SANTA ANA STATION, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING THE TROPICAL VEGETATION SURROUNDING IT, PLANTED BY THE RAILROAD PEOPLE.

months ago, when he accepted a position in another mill. The mother was then left with three children at home—Katie, aged sixteen; Sallie, aged nine, and Harry, aged six years. Sallie and Harry attend the district school, and the work of operating the mill and conducting the business then fell upon the mother and oldest daughter. The latter proved equal to the task, and at once entered into the work with a determination to succeed. This was about four months ago, and since that time she has demonstrated her ability to achieve her purpose, for she has operated the mill and conducted the business in a most satisfactory manner. She receives the grain and does the chopping, keeps the books, and conducts the business to the evident satisfaction of a large number of patrons. The latter are pleased with her work and speak in the highest terms of her ability as an expert miller.

Besides attending to her duties at the mill, Miss Spayd takes care of a few horses and cows, and finds time to assist her mother in doing the housework. She is also an accomplished musician, and has been

confessed the perfect. "But I suspected I was wrong. That is the reason I asked you. I take it the word is French?"

"Yes, and it comes from the name vau-de-vue—a river in Normandy. In that town during the fifteenth century lived Oliver Basselin, a French poet, who wrote a variety of matter in prose and verse. And now, after 600 years, every variety performer calls his act a vaudeville turn. The study of the origin of words is interesting," concluded the purist.

To be misunderstood by those one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the cruelest trial of self-devotion; it is what must oftenest have wrung the heart of the Son of Man and if God could suffer, it is the wound we should be forever inflicting on him.—*Selected.*

"EVEN if I faint by the wayside . . . it is something to be on the road that leads to the high ideals."

NATURE



STUDY.

FLOWER POISONING.

AMONG the stories which have descended to us from the middle ages, of the cunning devices resorted to by the assassins of those perilous times, none are more fascinating than those which tell of the treacherous gift of poisoning by means of scented bouquets or even single flowers. The science of to-day is demonstrating that many of these almost incredible tales may have been literally true. Statistics compiled from reports of inspectors of scent factories as well as experiments upon the lower animals, especially frogs, prove that not only the stronger scents, but even the more subtle and delicate perfumes of fragile flowers are capable of producing fatal effects upon man. The power of odorous blossoms is not only exerted through the nose and lungs when inhaling their scent, but where the air is heavily charged with perfume, as in a closed room at night, the whole skin is capable of absorbing to some extent the vapor which has a decidedly benumbing effect upon all the nerves. A vase full of Easter lilies is quite sufficient to cause extreme distress to those who are weak or especially sensitive to these mysterious influences.

* * *

ASKED FOR AID.

As a Pennsylvania farmer was passing through a patch of wood last summer a hen partridge fluttered up and ran between his feet. It was such a strange thing for such a wild bird to do that the farmer thought the partridge was blind. So he stooped over to pick her up, and then he found she wasn't blind at all, for just as he was about to grasp her she darted toward the brush heap from which he had seen her emerge, stopped at the edge of it and looked back.

Presently she ran at the man again, with her wings down, clucking constantly and appearing to be in great distress about something. The farmer walked to the edge of the copse, and the partridge flew ahead and alighted on the ground two or three rods beyond, winging her way back again when she saw he was not moving. She repeated these maneuvers until she led him to a hemlock tree, and there, in a little curve made by the roots, he saw a nest full of eggs. At the same time he saw a black snake in the act of swallowing one of the eggs, and understood the reason for the partridge's actions.

He hunted up a club and killed the snake, relates *Golden Days*. As soon as the partridge saw that the snake was motionless she ceased her noise and hid in

the bushes. The man went away, and in a half an hour crept near enough to the tree to see the partridge sitting on the nest as though nothing had happened.

* * *

WILD PARSNIPS ARE POISONOUS.

THE common garden parsnip, when it runs wild, becomes a skin poison. It is especially poisonous when the dew is on; but when dry it is said to be perfectly safe. Upon children's hands and feet, this wild parsnip will set up a rash; but a wash of salt water is said to be a speedy cure. Remembering how much error exists in determining the plants in poisonous cases, specimens were procured from a doctor, who was in attendance on a fatal poisoning case by "parsnips." There could be little doubt of the specimens of the roots being identical with those which did the poisoning, as one of them had the teeth-marks of the ill-fated child. These were planted, and grew to be the real garden parsnips. Why they should be more injurious, in a wild condition than in a cultivated one, has not yet been explained by any scientist.

* * *

FLOUR FROM MILK.

A SWEDISH doctor claims to have a process of changing milk into a fine flour, which afterward, through solution in a sufficient quantity of water, may again be transformed into milk, with all its alimentary qualities. The transformation of milk into powder, he says, requires a special apparatus, which is so simple that it can be placed in any dairy, requiring no technical knowledge to operate. The milk flour can be kept in tin cans, wooden barrels and even sacks and paper bags. It is simply concentrated milk in the form of flour. It contains all the constituent parts of milk except the water and gases. It is claimed that it does not turn sour or effervesce and is not susceptible to changes in the weather.

* * *

SOME interesting observations concerning the surgical treatment of wounds by birds were recently made by a Swiss naturalist. The most interesting example was that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He recovered it the following day, when he found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings of down from other parts of its body, fastened by congealed blood and a sort of splint of interwoven feathers to both limbs.

HOW A PHEASANT DRUMS.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

A WRITER in a recent INGLENOOK expresses a desire to know how a pheasant, or ruffed grouse, drums. As I have seen the performance distinctly several times I can readily describe it. I built my house directly in the forest where opportunities were numerous. The woods came up to the house on one side. In this woods were a number of ironwood trees from which the pheasants were in the habit of picking food. I have many times pointed a gun through the window and shot them off the trees.

It was not long after we were settled until I began to hear the drumming of the pheasants. Of course my curiosity was aroused to see how the thing was done. Getting in range of one in the act and keeping some object between myself and the bird, I crept near enough to see distinctly just how the act was performed. The bird was sitting on a log, at right angles with it. When ready to drum he stood upright and deliberately raising his wings over his back proceeded to beat the backs of his wings together, slowly at first but increasing the rapidity until it was a complete whirr.

Crystal, Mich.

COMMENT.—On receiving this article we went into correspondence with Mr. Hopkins before printing it. He is certain that he is correct, and as he says, "will stand by it." What the Nookman has to say is this. All the published accounts he has ever seen as to how a pheasant drums agree that it is done by beating the breast with the wings. The Nookman has seen it many a time, but has always accepted the breast-beating theory, though it can readily be seen how Mr. Hopkins' way would produce the result. As the pheasant is a native of the east where there are many Nookers will they kindly watch for a male in the act of drumming, and if possible, advise the NOOK how it seems to be done as they see it?

This is not to be regarded as doubting Nooker Hopkins' word but to verify it, if possible. For if it is correct it is a real addition to our knowledge of bird ways. Articles of this character are cordially welcomed in the columns of the INGLENOOK.

* * *

MOSS ON TREES.

BY WM. D. NEHER.

IN many places, and on many different trees, moss does not grow at all. In open woods, in a dry atmosphere, there is but very little moss. On the trunk of trees in a dense woods, where the sun seldom peeps through the foliage, there is moss all around the trees, if any. So moss is no safe guide to one who is lost.

This is what an old hunter and trapper who had lived in the forest all his life told me and he was then seventy-two years old. He said, "Don't depend on the moss as it is not safe. But there is a way of telling the direction that is safe, which has always been my way. As you will notice, bark on all trees is coarser or rougher on the north side. The cause is, it is protected from the hail and rain, as most storms come from other directions. Then in the rougher bark there is a settling of dust and the like which does not get washed out thoroughly, leaving it a darker color than the south side of the tree. On the south side the rains thoroughly wash and the sun bleaches, making it much lighter. Now when you wish to know the direction, get in open woods, look straight ahead, then, turning around, you will readily see which way the woods are the darker and lighter. The way it looks the darker is north, the lighter the south, and it is a sure way out."

Chenow, Ill.

* * *

TREE PRODUCES WATER.

A SPECIES of tree found in Oregon, Washington, Montana and British Columbia continually drips pure and clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. The tree is a species of fir. The "weeping" is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark. The American tree drips as copiously on bright and clear as on cloudy days. Other species in the island of Ferro form tears most abundantly when the humidity is relatively near the dew point.

* * *

HOW PLANTS PROTECT THEMSELVES.

PLANTS have developed almost as many dodges for perpetuating their existence as animals, only we don't so easily recognize them. Every seed, bulb or tuber is not merely a reservoir of material for the plant that is to grow out of it, but also a mass of fuel for supplying heat necessary to the sprouting seedlet. More than this: If you look at the early spring buds and flowers you will notice that those which are likely to be exposed to frost, such as catskins or willow and hazel, are well protected by a thick covering of soft material.

* * *

THE BEE'S FLIGHT.

A BEE, unladen, will fly forty miles an hour, but one coming home laden with honey does not travel faster than twelve miles an hour.

* * *

IN order that a rainbow may be produced the sun must not be more than forty-two degrees above the horizon.

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Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed 'round our incompleteness—
'Round our restlessness—his rest.

—Elizabeth Browning.

* * *

THE FOOLISH BOY.

THAT boy thinks he knows it all. He will take no advice, heed no instructions, but goes ahead with all the indiscretion of youth. He is often a terror to the neighbors and a continual worry to his parents. Everybody knows him, and if half the predictions about his future came to pass he would have been in jail long ago, and he is likely to be hung yet.

Now what ails the boy? Nothing on earth but the foolishness of youth. He is precisely in the same habit and experience as the frisky calf in the barnyard, running and kicking without either rhyme or reason. No talk does him any good. He simply has to bray and bellow it out of him, cut his fingers, get badly burned, fall off the tree, and all the rest of it that goes along with the experiences of the pinfeather stage. Give him time and he will get over it in all probability, no matter how thoroughly he may vex everybody about him in his callow and green corn silk stage.

There is a mighty help for just such a boy. Here it is. Nearly every boy, all boys we may say, has a boy's admiration for certain men. He imitates them as far as he can and secretly looks up to them. If they are bad men all the worse for him, but if they are all right the matter may be turned to his decided advantage. Let the best man take him in hand and all unconsciously direct him in the right way. It may be in the form of putting him out to work that this is best done, but the point is to get him where, by his hero worship, he will take advice and follow it. Of

course he may be so bad that he will never amount to anything when, instead of doing so much worrying remember your youth and recall something about a chip and a block. But give him a chance. No boy is hopeless short of eighteen or nineteen and not then. The unfortunate part of it is that such an oats crop never blights, and in the end he will get all that is coming to him. Meantime, live in hope.

* * *

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

CRUELTY to animals is something that is not often enough preached about or even taught in ordinary methods. There is every reason why a man, woman or child should be kind to all inferior animals and not a single reason for cruelty. A lady or a gentleman will not be cruel to animals, and a Christian cannot be. There may be occasions when the wholesale destruction of lower life may be necessary. For illustration a man plants a crop of potatoes. The bugs are destroying the crop and the only way to meet the emergency is to at once, in the quickest and most summary way, destroy the bugs. The reason is a clear one. The higher order, a little lower than the angels, must not suffer from the depredations of the unreasoning and irresponsible. It is not only right but a duty to save the crop.

But that is not what is meant by cruelty to animals. It is the thoughtless and useless hurting of the inoffensive so-called lower orders of creation. For illustration on a bright Sunday morning a bird is singing sweetly on a fence post. It is a bluebird, if you please, one with a nest full of little ones. Coming down the road are a boy and girl, going to Sunday school, and one of them throws a stone, intentionally, hits and kills the bird. The young folks go on, and the helpless brood die of hunger and thirst. Is it right?

Or if an animal is in our path, a squirrel, a caterpillar, or a butterfly. Shall we kill, cripple or maim it? No answer is needed to a good Nooker. Therefore let us be careful how we treat animals. The nearer God we are the better we will be to them.

* * *

WHEN OLD.

WHEN does a person begin to get old and when is he old? A good many people will undertake to answer this off hand, especially the very young. The fact is that there is no answer to it at all. Years count for but very little in the determination of the matter. Some people are born old, they look old, act old, and think old. Others are as bright at sixty as ever they were.

If it is not years or gray hairs that make the age that tells, what is it? It seems to the Nookman that it

is mental failure that makes the difference. When the mind gets out of tune with natural surroundings the distorted and unsympathetic view takes form and color in complaint and railing, the querulous and quavering adverse comment that says all things are going to the dogs, and are not what they used to be. It is a pretty good sign of age when talk runs on old times. Sooner or later we all will come to it, and it is only a question of time till we sit around and lament the degeneracy of the times: "Things ain't like they used to be in my day, etc." Yes, it is only a question of time, and the misery or the good fortune of it, as may be, none of us know when we get there.

❖ ❖ ❖

DON'T WORRY.

ONE of the most undesirable conditions of mind that can overtake us is the worry habit. While it is, perhaps, not always possible to entirely rid ourselves of thinking of the past, the present or the possible future, yet it is an eminently desirable thing to lay aside all care about the uncontrollable and unavoidable. The mind gets into a turn and manner, like the continually strung bow, and just the same it loses its elasticity and its practical usefulness.

It is a well-established fact that worry has caused as much sickness as disease direct. In fact it is a potent cause of disease. How often have we heard the expression, "He worried himself sick." Moreover, he will not likely get well till he has ceased to worry. The thing to do is to meet all phases of duty as they arise, with a view to the future, as well as the present, and then, after we have done the best we know how, to turn the whole matter out of doors, neck and crop. Nothing that we can do about it is going to help a particle, and we might as well go a-fishing as far as results are concerned. The thin-skinned and the nervous have a much harder time in this life than the phlegmatic.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

THE boy and the girl look forward and the years are leaden-footed. The old man and the old woman look forward, too, but to a coming life. The years to the old are as the idle flippings of the pages of a book. In fact they might be compared to the leaves of a book that turn so slow in early youth, and so fast in later life. The real reason seems to be in the fact that the older have so much more to think about that they do not note the passing of time. They are as one in a deep study, oblivious of what is going on around him. There is no moral to it. There is no lesson. It is the natural, and consequently the right. Right or wrong, so it is, and as it is so we must take it.

THE NOOKMAN THINKS THAT,

Love is a fixed star.

❖

Love is never afraid.

❖

Unrequited love is hell.

❖

If you love me, tell me so.

❖

God so loved the world, etc.

❖

Love needs no spoken language.

❖

Love will make an ugly face handsome.

❖

All that makes life worth living is love.

❖

Love is blind, but the onlookers are not.

❖

Love is the only gold that will buy love.

❖

There's a word for love in all languages.

❖

The line between love and madness is a thin one.

❖

The glow of a mother's love can not be put out.

❖

Love is a dream of which marriage is the awakening.

❖

Love, like whooping cough, sets hard on old people.

❖

It is better to have fallen in love than to have avoided it.

❖

Love is all that makes this hard old world worth living in.

❖

Love knows no metes and no bounds, for it never calculates.

❖

It's the love-dust that blinds the mother's eyes to the black sheep.

❖

In a good many marriages love is like the icing on gingerbread.

❖

Was there ever a person too ugly for some other person to love?

❖

An old man in love with sweet sixteen is living his second calfhood.

❖

Come whack on the head, come bump on the nose, come stump on the toes, there's nothing like mother's love.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

IT will astonish many NOOK readers to know that there are women who work at blacksmithing, yet such is the case in England, in the neighborhood where chains are made. A writer in the *London Leader* tells the story of these people, and it will undoubtedly interest the Nook family.

Topsy-turveydom prevails in the Black country, not only in the reeling houses, but in the domestic arrangements, for there the poetical ideal, "Women of the hearth," has an interpretation not contemplated by the poet.

The "hearth" is the tiny, often dilapidated, home smithy in which daughters, wives, mothers, and even grandmothers, toil from morn to eve, heating, hammering, shaping and welding chain links. Practically all the small chains below three-eighths inches in thickness are made by women, less than fifty men being employed on small sizes, whereas the women smiths number in Cradley district alone at least a thousand. It is a queer industry, for the most part hidden in out-of-the-way corners, the shops mixed up with primitive and neglected outhouses. Unless the constant ring of the anvil aroused his curiosity the unobservant visitor might traverse the place all day without suspecting the existence of this really enormous industry. Yet he could hardly enter a court or alley in any direction without stumbling upon a chain shop. In many of these six to eight women and girls are employed—four or five is a common number. In one yard alone, appropriately named "Anvil Yard," there must be forty or fifty people at work when the place is in full swing. In one shop a youth and a girl of fourteen to sixteen will be found bending over separate anvils and hammering away at heated chain links, while a few yards away grandfather and grandmother are performing exactly similar operations, as they have been at almost any time during the past half century.

One couple, Joseph Parsons and his wife, are both over seventy. The husband has made chains continuously for sixty years. His chief trouble is that the prolonged use of the hammer has so cramped and distorted his right hand that he can no longer wield it as of old. It is a pathetic sight to see the old lady, silvery-haired, and her tall figure already bowed with age, stooping over the anvil. The old man explains that if he works a full week at nine hours a day he may possibly clear three dollars. "Gleeds," the small cinders used for heating, as he explains, are dear, and half a crown a week has to be deducted under this head. Mr. Parsons has several children and grandchildren in the trade. The old couple have now only themselves to maintain, and out of their combined earnings can just pay the rent of their little cottage facing the smithy, and buy enough food.

In the matter of skill nobody dreams of comparing the women unfavorably with the men. In fact, the merchants say that for small work the women, as a rule, may be depended on to turn out a better article than the men, and a careful examination of the chains shows that for finish they leave nothing to be desired. At the same time there are exceptions, and Mrs. Edmunds was very indignant at what she calls "slapdash" work turned out—a term, as she explains, unknown in her young days, when work was of a distinctly better quality.

Yet even now the amount of work done for the money earned is simply appalling. For a small chain rather over one-eighth inch in thickness two dollars and thirty-seven cents per hundred weight is paid. A hundred weight of iron contains about 600 feet of chain rod, and each foot produces sixteen links and for two dollars and thirty-seven cents the toiler has to cut, shape, weld and finish 9,600 links of chain. Every link has to be twice heated, and the woman worker has to blow the bellows with the left hand while she manipulates her three rods in the fire with her right. Unless two or three irons were kept simultaneously heating a living could not possibly be made. The toil is constant, and the exhaustion after a prolonged day's labor extreme. Formerly the women worked far into the night, and the sound of the hammer scarcely ever ceased. But more than twelve hours a day is now illegal, though in many busy times it is said the law is sometimes evaded.

The great majority of the women have households to attend to, and a delicate inquiry as to the housework elicited the response from one of them, "Oh, that has to go undone until we have time. We do that at dinner time and after tea." Most of the women leave the shops about noon to prepare the midday meal for their husbands, returning to the chain shop immediately it is over. Ability at the anvil is a valuable asset to a marriageable maiden.

The younger women are for the most part cheerful at their work, and the merry chorus will combine with the ring of the hammer. At the same time it is not surprising to hear that infantile mortality is prevalent, the whole district having rather a poor reputation in this respect, and as home comforts and sanitation are both at a discount, houses being taken not on their merits, but because they have attached the money-earning smithy, the social life leaves a good deal to be desired.

The physical development of some of the young women is extraordinary. One of them was pounding away at links thirteen-thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness, about the diameter of a moderate sized poker. The mastery of the hammer displayed by this young Amazon was something to admire. Her mother was proud of her, though she herself was still

stronger and bigger. "I bayn't 'appy arrout (with-out) I'n got the 'ommer in me 'ond," she declared.

As foreign competition can do nothing against local prices, and the conditions of the trade tend to improve, the industry is growing, and seems likely to be so for generations to come. The chief danger to the workers arises from the keen competition among themselves, as in dull times they recklessly underquote each other, fighting for work at prices which cannot possibly yield a livelihood.

* * *

GANISTER QUARRY.

BY SIMON SELL.

No doubt it will be interesting for the western Nookers who never saw a mountain to know how the Ganister Stone is got down the mountain. In the first place you want to know what Ganister Stone is. It is a white, grainy stone, not sandy, that is found on the top of our mountains. It is used in the steel works for making glass. In McKees Gap, Blair County, Pa., there is a plane fifteen hundred feet long. The bottom is called the tippie, the top is called the landing. Above the landing is what is called the drum. The drum works in the nature of a cylinder of a threshing machine and is about six feet through. On this is put a large wire rope. There are three tracks laid up the mountain, till half way is reached, and then there are four tracks, for the cars to meet and pass going up and coming down.

This mountain is as steep as an ordinary house roof in places. Now we have a car at the landing and one at the tippie. At each end of the wire rope is a large iron hook which is hooked to the car. At the landing is a small level place, and there is a turn-table, the car being turned on this, and run out on a track along the mountain, is loaded. The track is made so that it is down grade to the landing. There is a brake on each car and when it is loaded there is a man put on it and it is run to the landing. On the turn-table it is hooked to the end of the car.

On the drum there is a large brake with a long iron rod reaching down to the landing, with a large pole for a lever. There is a man tending this and he can put his weight to it if it is needed.

These cars hold about two tons. Now, then, the car at the tippie is hooked to the rope, the signal is given, the table is turned at the landing to suit the down track, it is given a push and starts down the mountain with its load, bringing the empty car up the mountain, till they come half way, where the fourth track is laid, there they turn out and pass. It takes three minutes to make the trip. When it gets to the tippie the man that is working there unhooks it, runs it a little further, knocks open the end, dumps it on

the big railroad car, shuts the end of the car, and it is ready to climb the mountain. At the landing, where the track is laid along the mountain, they have mules to haul the empty cars out where they are loaded. Then the men have to roll the stone down to the track and load the cars.

Now you may want to know how the men get up there to work. Do they ride up on the cars? Some do, but it is dangerous, for if there should any stone fall off the car coming down there is no telling where they will stop. They mostly walk up.

Newry, Pa.

* * *

THE HEAT IN A BAKER'S OVEN.

"BAKERS have a curious way of telling just what the temperature of the oven is," said a downtown baker who has been in the business for more than a quarter of a century, "and they can tell, too, with almost marvelous accuracy. You take a man who is an expert in the business, and he can tell what the temperature of the oven is by simply touching the handle of the oven door. In nine cases out of ten he will not miss it the fraction of a degree. Bakers have other ways, of course, of testing the heat of the oven. For instance, when baking bread they sometimes throw a piece of white paper into the oven, and if it turns brown the oven is at the proper temperature; or, when baking other things they will throw a little cornmeal or flour into the oven in order to test the heat. But the baker's fingers are the best gauge, and when you come to think of the different temperatures required in baking different things, it is no small achievement to even approximate the heat of the oven by touching the handle of the oven door."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

* * *

EFFECT OF TONE.

MANY of our domestic animals are very sensitive to tone, responding gratefully to words addressed to them in a gentle voice and shrinking in fear from words harshly spoken. And children are still more sensitive in this matter; a cheerful voice, or its opposite, has a great influence on them. Mark how, at every sound, the young child starts, and turns and listens. And thus, with equal sensitiveness, does it catch the tone of human voices. How were it possible that the sharp and hasty words, the fretful and complaining tone, should not startle and pain, even depress, the little being whose life experiences have just begun? Let it then, if possible, hear nothing but the harmony of cheerful and love-attuned voices.

* * *

THERE is in Alaska a so-called blue, or glacier, bear, an animal so rare that only one has been killed and none have been captured.

THE BUSY BEE.

THE bee, essentially so pacific, so long-suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her) when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monuments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor. Here again, as often happens when we study the manners of this spirited and mysterious little people, the provisions of human logic are utterly at fault. It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed, a city such as we find in good apiaries, where the nectar, overflowing the numberless cells that represent thousands of casks piled from cellar to garret, streams in golden stalactites along the rustling walls and sends far afield, in glad response to the ephemeral perfumes of calyces that are opening, the more lasting perfume of the honey that keeps alive the memory of calyces that time has closed. Now this is not the case.

The richer their abode the less eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive; if you take care to drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for the liquid booty conquered from the smiles, from all the charms of the beautiful azure months. Try the experiment; I promise you impunity, if you touch only the heaviest hives. You can turn them over and handle them; those throbbing flagons are perfectly harmless. What does it mean? Have the fierce Amazons lost courage? Has abundance unnerved them and have they, after the manner of the too fortunate inhabitants of luxurious towns, delegated the dangerous duties to the unhappy mercenaries that keep watch at the gates? No; it has never been observed that the greatest good fortune relaxes the valor of the bee. On the contrary, the more the republic prospers the more harshly and severely are its laws applied and the worker in a hive where superfluity accumulates labors much more zealously and much more pitilessly than her sister in an indigent hive.

There are other reasons which we cannot wholly fathom, but which are likely reasons, if only we take into account the wild interpretation that the poor bee must place on our inordinate doings. Seeing suddenly her huge dwelling-place upheaved, overturned, half-opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring, against which it were madness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee. Admitting the ruin, it looks as though already, in her instinct, she saw the future dwelling that she hopes to build with the materials of the gutted town. She leaves the present defenseless to save the hereafter. Or else, perhaps, does she,

like the dog in the fable—"the dog that carried his master's dinner round his neck"—knowing that all is irreparably lost, prefer to die taking her share of the pillage and to pass from life to death in one prodigious orgy? We do not know for certain. How should we penetrate the motives of the bee, when those of the simplest actions of our brothers are beyond our ken?—*Harper's Magazine*.

* * *

EMBALMED FLOWERS.

No doubt many of our readers would like to know how to preserve flowers. They must be freshly plucked and those having a firm texture of pure, or of very delicate tints, are far best.

If the collection is to be preserved without separating the parts, it will be necessary to remove the green leaves, as they require a different treatment. This done, pour some of the best paraffin into a vessel, which stands in another vessel of boiling water, and keep it constantly stirred, so that the paraffin is in the liquid state. Into this dip each blossom, or if found more convenient, brush each one over quickly with a soft camel's-hair brush, taking care to give every part a smooth, thin coat, which really forms a casing to the flowers, excluding all air, and so prevents their withering. The perfect transparency of the material renders the coating entirely invisible, which allows the flowers to assume their own natural appearance, which lends a peculiar charm to the preserved flowers.

Green leaves require coating over with green wax, or with paraffin colored with green paint, which tie in a thin muslin bag and melt in it.

Chrome green is preferable, which can be lightened to the required shade by adding chrome yellow, or where a blue green is required a little permanent blue may be added.

Again, by coloring paraffin with other colors, such as pink, mauve, red, etc., you may be very successful with colored blossoms, and those fond of experimenting will find this an interesting pastime, as flowers thus preserved are really equal to nature's own freshly gathered.

The greatest care possible is necessary in having the paraffin quite liquefied, yet not too hot, or you will boil the flowers and turn them brown, so that experience will best teach one the proper heat to attain.

* * *

A DISH OF HAPPINESS.

TAKE one large spoon of usefulness, one cup of love for mother, another cup of love for your little brothers and sisters, a pound of wishes to make others happy, a saltspoon of wishing to be happy yourself; mix well together and see if it doesn't make the nicest kind of an afternoon for anybody.

VOLCANIC PRODUCTS THAT KILL.

It is more than likely that thousands of the unfortunate victims of St. Pierre were killed by the gases before the fiery torrent actually reached them. This will account for the stories of dead bodies strewn around which showed no signs of blackening from smoke or fire. According to seismologists, the most prolific of chemical gases released from the subterranean bowels of the earth by such an eruption are sulphureted hydrogen and sulphuric acid gas. In the Vesuvius eruption hydrochloric acid gas was abundant. Carbonic acid gas naturally escapes in great quantities in all eruptions and explosions.

The effect of these volumes of poisonous gases escaping from the volcano is to destroy all life around,

Weekly, was in 1835, in the eruption of the volcano Coseguina, in Nicaragua. So violent was this explosion and so great was the storm of dust and ashes, that absolute darkness prevailed for thirty-five miles in every direction, while the rain of dust and ashes actually fell over a radius some two hundred and seventy miles, in diameter. Nearly twenty-five miles from the volcano the ground was covered with ten feet of ashes and fine dust. Seven hundred miles away, in the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, the explosive materials fell four days after the explosion.

* * *

SQUIRREL HUNTERS.

OUT in California they have an organization for the purpose of killing squirrels, and, strange to say, it



STREET VIEW IN SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

so that, without being touched by fire or lava, everything of animal or vegetable origin would be suffocated in an instant. It may be that the fiery flood of rain and lava which poured down on St. Pierre found only a city of the dead. The poisonous gases and vapors had suffocated them as they stood or rested in their natural positions.

The smaller stones and ashes, or dust, which the volcanoes throw up in eruptions travel such enormous distances that the mind is fairly bewildered. In comparison, man's achievements with high-pressure field guns is insignificant indeed. The dust clouds frequently obscure the heavens for weeks and it requires months for them to disappear. During the great explosion of Krakatoa, in 1883, the dust was blown some ten miles into the air, and it actually floated around the whole earth before it finally settled and disappeared. The wind-wave started by this explosion is said to have made the circuit of the earth three and one-half times before it subsided.

One of the greatest outpourings of volcanic ashes in this hemisphere, says Geo. E. Walsh in *Leslie's*

is made up entirely of women. They call it the Manteca Squirrel Association. The ranches and farms around Manteca are so full of squirrel holes that the ground resembles a colander. The squirrel takes the first chance at the crops and the situation has become a little short of desperate, so the women got together and organized an association for squirrel killing. They raised \$28.10 by a basket supper and the money is given as prizes for the ones who kill the most squirrels. On February 21 four hundred and twenty-nine squirrel tails were brought in. This was the first effort. The Association is giving entertainments, suppers and that sort of thing, for the purpose of raising money which is to be used in paying a bounty on squirrel tails. One small boy has a pet cat with which he does his hunting and at the final round-up his bunch of tails was one of the largest. If they are able to keep it up long enough they will make a decided dent in the squirrel population.

* * *

DON'T be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

THE MANNERS OF NATIONS.

PERSONS of different nationalities find the systems of social manners and politeness the subject of prolific and more or less narrow-minded controversy. In adapting themselves to differences in business customs, representatives of several countries can combine and adjust in a manner mutually satisfactory. In literature, language is practically the only bar to agreement on the merits of foreign authors. Even in the matter of government, republican and monarchical, men can talk sensibly and amiably and agree that the two forms are gradually approaching each other.

Attack another man's national heroes or traditions, but beware of assailing his ideas of politeness. A Frenchman would rather be called immoral than impolite. A German prefers to be believed stupid rather than unmannerly. A Spaniard will allow a foreigner to steal from him, but outrage one of his traditional forms of courtly politeness and, carramba, the incident augments itself to a question of "honor." Rob a Turk of a province and he will console himself with the doctrine of predestination; but shake hands with his wife and then dodge the yataghan. A stranger may call "Bobby" Burns a "feckless wraith," or revile "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," but let him forget to drink a noggin of auld mountain dew with the mourners at a "Hielan beerial," and he incurs the contempt of the parish for the rest of his natural life.

A nation's social manners are indicative of more than a mere expression of their ideas of politeness. They are indications of temperament and character and are the cream of a people's history. Manners are seldom arbitrary; they are evolutionary. When a Spaniard pretends not to see a young woman of his acquaintance, if she happens to be alone in a public place, he is unconsciously reflecting the influence of the conquest of Southern Europe by the Moors a thousand years ago. He may never have heard of the turn of the Mohammedan tide at Tour, or the surrender of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish rulers of Granada, to Ferdinand and Isabella, but in ignoring his friend he is perpetuating the Oriental seclusion of a race which has disappeared entirely from the continent of Europe. Such a recognition, which an American woman would consider a mere civility, would bring an instant demand from a Spanish woman's relatives for an explanation or satisfaction. An American woman would be insulted if neglected thus by a friend. To the American, the Spanish custom indicates virtue scarce worth guarding; to the Spaniard, the American woman's virtue is past the necessity of guarding. To each, the other is frivolous, weak and immoral. The relative merits of each system cannot be appreciated by either nationality, and a discussion brings irritability and unreason too near the surface.

In the United States the custom of offering a woman the left arm probably is traceable to the English custom of leaving the right arm free for the use of the sword to defend her. In France a woman is placed on the right because at the courts of the kings of France the right side of the sovereign was the place of honor, and romantic and imitative courtiers expanded this into a new interpretation of "place aux dames." Both systems sound reasonable enough, but don't place a Parisienne on the left side unless, *Mon Dieu*, you care to brave an explosion of Gallic wrath.

Talleyrand is credited with saying that an ambassador might oppose the policy of the government to which he was accredited, but to oppose the conceptions of politeness held by the reigning sovereign's favorite was a preliminary to withdrawal.

An American statesman of ability and integrity was selected some years ago to be United States Ambassador to the court of Austria. Franz Josef took the trouble to indicate to the President, through the most formal channels of the State departments of both countries, that the Ambassador would not be useful at Vienna because his wife was a Jewess, and according to the etiquette of Viennese society, could not be received. The Ambassador was appointed, nevertheless, and was compelled to withdraw soon afterward in spite of his eminence and ability. He was recognized as one of the most capable diplomats at the Austrian capital, but he had outraged Austrian manners in attempting to introduce his wife into society, and was forced to return to the United States. With the increase in the ease of travel and communication between different countries, a better knowledge of the peculiarities in the manners of nations may evolve an international code of essentials of politeness, but such a breaking down of individual custom is far off, because it involves a change in the entire national life and evolutionary development of nations.

* * *

CONVERSATION AT HOME.

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training is lively, social argument!

* * *

A GENUINE revival means a trimming of personal lamps.—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

ALL SHOULD READ ALOUD.

READING aloud well is an accomplishment ranking next to music as a means of entertainment at home and in the family circle. In a past generation the long winter evenings were looked forward to with pleasing anticipations which were realized when they were chiefly spent at home and going to parties was the exception. The father, mother and children all gathered in the common living-room and one read aloud while others busied themselves with some handwork, and all, save some very small ones, who had an early bedtime, listened with attention and interest.

There is much talk just now about the study of child nature. It would astonish some of these students could they know how much of good literature intended for mature minds was comprehended and appreciated by children when they were given a chance to become acquainted with it. Scott's novels, "Paradise Lost," Scott's poems and other similar reading have been a strong factor in forming a good taste in literature when heard by children from seven to ten years of age. Such children have of their own volition learned large parts of "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and many small poems of great merit. One lady, recently dead, took pleasure when long past her eightieth year in repeating gems of poetry learned in her early girlhood.

There is too much light and trashy reading for children. They are left too much to themselves in choice of books. Parents are too apt to be engrossed in their own pursuits to give their children the proper training in reading aloud at home. Too much dependence is placed on their being taught at school. At school there is not sufficient time to give each child all the exercise in this that is needed. Reading aloud should be a home habit. One principal of a school has recognized this and is making an effort to encourage children in the habit. He gives a credit to children for home reading aloud and asks a report from the parents and also gives the pupil an opportunity to tell to his class the things he has read. The responsibility of a child's education is not wholly the teacher's. The teacher is simply to supplement the efforts of the parent to supply what it is inconvenient or impossible for the parent to give. Schools are not intended to take a parent's place.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

* * *

ONE PAIR OF BOOTS.

IN the course of an article that was sent to the INGLENOOK reference was made to a pair of boots owned by a Nooker in Kansas. It seemed almost incredible, so we addressed a letter to the owner of the boots, Nooker Jacob Miller, of Washington, Kansas. In a reply from him we learn that in 1858 Jacob Miller had John Millhouse, of Pennsylvania, make him a pair

of boots which he has worn more or less ever since, and they are still in good condition. They have never required half-soling or a patch. They were made of the best morocco leather.

These boots have been worn every Sunday since they were made and during the week days a great deal. When the owner of the boots was drafted he walked to Harrisburg, Pa., a distance of more than seventy-five miles, and back again. Whenever he goes away from home he wears these boots. They have been wet and dried frequently. He wore the boots in 1893 at Elkhart, Indiana, every day for a month.

These boots weigh, the owner says, a scant two pounds. He also says that when he takes his boots off he brushes the dust from them before he puts them away, and if they have been wet or muddy he cleanses them and rubs soft grease into them. The boots are still good for many years of service, but the marvel of it is that a pair of boots would last for forty-five years, never require any mending or patching, and still be in good condition. The INGLENOOK ventures the suggestion that it is not wholly in the material or make-up of the boots so much as Mr. Miller's way of walking, which is so evenly distributed as not to cause his footwear to wear out in any one place. This, added to the care he says he gives them, will justly account for the lifetime of service they have rendered.

Mr. Miller says that anybody can see his boots at his home in Washington, Kansas, and if they are not there it is because he is away somewhere and has them on. He says that they are as comfortable now as they ever were. A good many of the NOOK family would like to have boots and shoes of just that kind, but the chances are that on the feet of any other person they would have gone long ago, as each individual always wears out his boots or shoes at some given place, where they first go to pieces.

* * *

EGGS AS CURRENCY.

IN some parts of Peru—for example, in the province of Jauja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins, forty to fifty being counted for one dollar. In the market-places and in the shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle kind of money. One will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes and sent to Lima. From Jauja alone several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.

* * *

WHATEVER of success I have attained is due to my unflinching custom of reading my Bible and of praying every morning before I leave my room. No difficulties nor stress of business keep me from thus preparing myself for the day.—*Booker T. Washington*.

STORY THAT IS TOLD AROUND THE WORLD.

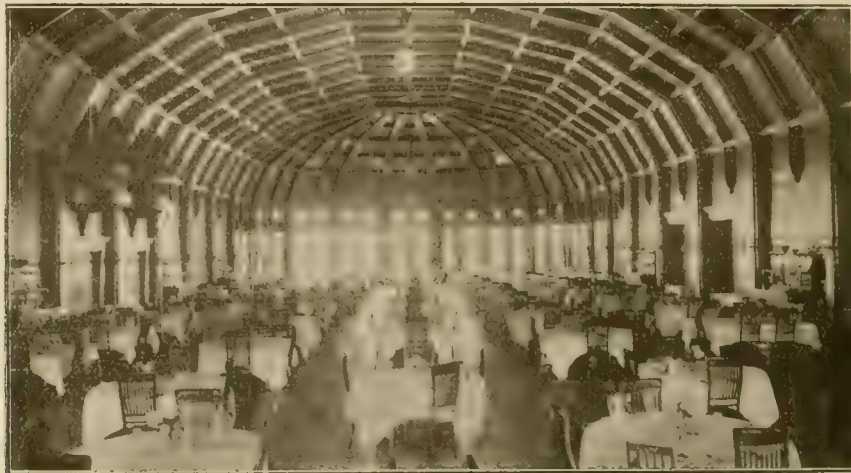
THE story of the man with seven sons who gave to each of them in turn a bunch of seven sticks with instructions to break them, and each son failing to break them as a whole, succeeded in breaking each stick individually, is one of the oldest stories in the world, and its lesson, "United we are strong; divided we are weak," is as old as the story. An illustration of the general acceptance of the story was given at the public evening school in the Morgan Street Chapel a few evenings since.

Miss Clark, the teacher, told the story in English to the class of some fifty foreigners, who are learning to speak and to read the English language, when sever-

GREAT HEAT OF METEORS.

ORDINARILY the meteors that flash across the sky at stated periods of time burn themselves out in the upper air, but occasionally a meteoric mass lasts long enough to reach the earth. One fell on May 15, 1900, at Felix, Ala. Meteors were seen on the occasion referred to and sundry explosions were heard, while later on a mass of meteoric substance weighing seven pounds was discovered imbedded in soft soil. This meteorite was analyzed and found to be built up of such minerals as olivine, augite, triolite, nickel iron and graphite carbon.

The dark color of the Felix stone is stated to be due to the presence in fair amount of the last-named



DINING ROOM AT A PACIFIC COAST RESORT. SEATS NEARLY ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE, AND OFTEN FULL.

al of the pupils said they were familiar with it in their own tongue and the lands from which they came. Thereupon the story was told by one pupil who had been in this country from Palestine but a few weeks, in pure Hebrew; another young man told it in Yiddish, which is the Hebrew language as it is spoken by most of the people of that race from Eastern Europe. A young woman told it in Roumanian, another young woman told it in Polish, and a young man told it in Russian. It was only a day or two before Christmas, and many of the members of the class were working in the stores during the shopping season, or it might have been told in half a dozen more dialects, the evening schools having at least twenty different nationalities and languages represented in their various classes. —*Hartford Courant*.

A MAN is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—*Emerson*.

substance. The interest attaching to meteorites, of course, centers around the fact that they enable us to obtain glimpses of the composition of other worlds than ours. Astronomy is well agreed on the unity of chemical composition which marks the orbs, and even the simple fact that it is hydrogen gas which blazes in the sun and gives us our light and heat is a testimony to this fact. Meteoric iron and carbon similarly display links between these erratic bodies and our own earth.

"No one ever reached heaven by living a careless, listless life. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: 'To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor.'"

NEVER to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—this is duty!—*Amiel's Journal*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

CHILD LOVE.

When weary and worn with the struggle in seeking life's
coveted prize,
When clouds of despair hover 'round me and shut out the
blue of the skies;
At times when I feel so discouraged and burdened from
bearing the load
That seems to completely o'erwhelm me while struggling
along the rough road,
'Tis then, for relief, that I turn me away from the world
and entwine
My arms round the one who still loves me—this golden-
haired baby of mine.
What temptations can I not conquer? What battles not
win, if the prize
Is the love and the mute adoration that beam in my little
one's eyes?
With her dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby
voice in my ear,
There's sunshine forever about me, and all of my doubts
disappear.
The beacons of hope that inspire me are the love lights
that trustfully shine
In the brown eyes of one who adores me—this golden-
haired baby of mine.
The blossoms of spring may all wither and the birds lose
their power of song,
Yet life has a sweeter attraction than these to entice me
along;
Her smile, like the sunbeams of noonday, brings gladness
and warmth and good cheer,
And drives off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are
hovering near—
God take away from me forever the riches of earth, but
enshrine
The wealth of the love of my treasure—this golden-haired
baby of mine!

—Buffalo News.

BABY ARTISTS.

Most babies are fond of amusing themselves with
pencils and papers, and their designs or sketches, al-
though they look like the most puzzling scrawl to
others, appear to cause the little artists unbounded sat-
isfaction. One caution should be observed in giving
babies papers of any sort to play with. They should
never be allowed to tear them out of pure mischief,
and should be gently reprov'd if they do it acciden-
tally. The crisp sound of the tearing paper is delight-
ful to a child, and one can hardly wonder that once
having known the pleasure he is tempted to repeat it.
Vetoing it altogether is the only means to prevent his
extending his ravages to letters, pictures and leaves
of books. He is too young to discriminate between

what is of value and what is not, nor can he realize
that tearing a book will injure it. Paper is paper to
him, whether it is an old newspaper, part of an old
journal or contained between the covers of a book.

FRITZ, a German lad, and little Tom were fond of
each other, although neither could understand what the
other said.

"Why, Tommy," said his father, "your playmate
does not speak English, does he?"

"No," said Tommy; "but when a bumblebee stung
him yesterday he cried in English and I understood
him."

"SAILORS are awful forgetful, ain't they?" asked
little Elsie.

"Why, what makes you think that?" inquired her
papa.

"Because every time they leave a place they have
to weigh their anchor. If they weren't forgetful,
they'd remember the weight."

LITTLE Bertha asked for a pickle at dinner. Al-
though warned that it was very sour, she ate it hastily.
The result was that she puckered up her mouth and
exclaimed:

"Doodness! 'At pickle made my mouth feel offul
small! Can you hear me talkin'?"—*The Child's*
Hour.

A TEACHER asked her class to name five different
members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till
at last one little girl raised her hand.

"Well?" said the teacher, encouragingly.

"Father cat, mother cat and three little kittens!"

"Yes, you did, too!"

"I did not!"

Thus the little quarrel started,
Thus, by unkind little words,
Two fond friends were parted.

"I am sorry."

"So am I."

Thus the little quarrel ended,
Thus, by loving little words,
Two fond hearts were mended.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care."

The Q. & A. Department.

QUESTIONS IN LITERATURE.

- | | |
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| <p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>In whose writings may Little Nell be found?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Who and what was Weelum McLure?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>Who vividly describes a chariot race?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Who was Leather Stocking?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>Who wrote Paul and Virginia?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>"On Linden when the sun was low?" Who wrote it?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p>Who wrote about his man Friday?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">8</p> <p>Who wrote Tristram Shandy?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">9</p> <p>"God bless the man who invented sleep." Who said so?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>Sindbad the Sailor. In what?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">11</p> <p>"Kind hearts are more than coronets." Who said that?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">12</p> <p>What writer was killed by a criticism?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">13</p> <p>What great writer had a deformed foot?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">14</p> <p>Who were Budge and Toddy?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15</p> <p>What blind man wrote great poems?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">16</p> <p>What did Oliver Twist want?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">17</p> <p>"And leaves the world to darkness and to me." From what poem?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">18</p> <p>Who, of the world's very greatest, never wrote a line for posterity?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">19</p> <p>Who was Major Pendennis?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">20</p> <p>Who was Camoens?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">21</p> <p>Who wrote the Canterbury Tales?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">22</p> <p>Who owned Rosinante?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">23</p> <p>In what language was Quo Vadis first written?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">24</p> <p>Who was Puddenhead Wilson?</p> | <p style="text-align: right;">25</p> <p>Who wrote the Arabian Nights?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">26</p> <p>"As for me, give me liberty or give me death." Who said that?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">27</p> <p>Who wrote a commentary of a war that has tripped up many a boy and girl?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">28</p> <p>Who wrote Little Boy Blue?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">29</p> <p>Who was Sappho?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">30</p> <p>Who married Anne Hathaway?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">31</p> <p>Who was in love with Marget Howe?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">32</p> <p>What great writer of plays was a comparatively poor player himself?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">33</p> <p>Who caught his death sickness messing with a chicken in the snow?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">34</p> <p>What is the Beowulf?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">35</p> <p>What do the earliest phases of literature deal with?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">36</p> <p>What makes a classic?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">37</p> <p>Who wanted his pound of flesh?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">38</p> <p>What poet comes down to us with the thinnest book under his arm?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">39</p> <p>What is thought to be the finest poem in the English language?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">40</p> <p>Who wrote "The Spectator?"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">41</p> <p>What great writer was a deformed slave?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">42</p> <p>Who was Garrick?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">43</p> <p>What book did a whole lot to precipitate the Civil War?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">44</p> <p>Who wrote the Mother Goose stories?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">45</p> <p>What writer of comparatively recent years was very intemperate?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">46</p> <p>What recent poet is a banker?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">47</p> <p>Who is the greatest living humorist?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">48</p> <p>Where does Mulvaney belong?</p> |
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The Home



Department

SOMETHING ABOUT CANDY MAKING.

THE only real difficulty in candy-making is in understanding how to boil the sugar.

The proportion of water to sugar, for clear candy, is about half a pint of water to a pound of white sugar. Granulated sugar may be used, or confectioner's "A" sugar, if it is to be had. Dissolve the sugar and water and stir well; place in a porcelain-lined or marbled saucepan, or a thick, smooth iron kettle, and let it stand over a slow fire for half an hour, and skim off all the impurities which rise to the surface. Then add the white of an egg, or a small quantity of gelatine and gum arabic dissolved together, to clarify it. Straining through a flannel will make the clarifying still more complete.

After the syrup is thus prepared, do not stir it any more, but let it come to a boil. For rock-candy, boil the syrup a few minutes, allow it to cool in the kettle, and the candy will crystallize. For other candies let the syrup come to a boil slowly, and when fine bubbles appear in it, begin to try it in cold water; drop a little into the water, and if it hardens till it is brittle and snaps like glass, without sticking to the teeth, the candy is boiled to the "crack," as confectioners say, and is ready to make various kinds of candy. A teaspoonful of vinegar or cream of tartar is then to be added to prevent "graining," and the candy may be poured into pans, as directed in the recipes given below. The pans should be greased with washed butter, and sprinkled lightly with flour.

For French cream candies, the sugar should only be boiled until it reaches the "ball" stage, that is, when a small quantity is cooled in water and rolled between the thumb and finger, it will make a soft ball.

If the boiling is continued beyond the "crack" stage, the candy will take on a yellow color, and becomes "caramel" candy. It should then be poured off at once on a greased pan, and the candy marked off into squares with a dull knife. In pouring off candy never scrape out the saucepan or put any of the saucepan scrapings into the poured-out candy.

Candy may be "pulled" as soon as it will harden when dropped into cold water. Grease the hands with butter, or keep them wet with cold water, when pulling

molasses candy, and flour them well for pulling sugar candy.

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

By common consent the whole world over Sunday is regarded as a day in which those who are so situated that they can have a dinner at all always have a better one than ordinary. There is perhaps not a home among any of the Nook readers where it is not more or less true. It is recognized in all of the larger cities and serving a Sunday dinner in some of the eastern metropolitan cities is quite a business in and of itself. Every good Nooker has a right to a good Sunday dinner, but it is not right to devote the most of a holy day to cooking and preparing for a dinner.

Now the INGLENOOK would like to have for the Home Department a menu for a good Sunday dinner signed by the contributor. We want these facts borne in mind. First, to consider that the whole family, practically, goes to church on Sunday morning, arriving at home about noon or a little thereafter, and in a few minutes, comparatively speaking, a first-class dinner is on the table, which had been arranged beforehand, or even in the process of cooking, so there need be no unnecessary work.

In a very short time we purpose to give in this department a signed Sunday dinner, and we would be glad to hear from our readers everywhere as to what they regard as a good lay-out for the day, considering all things. With a little care and forethought it is entirely possible to serve a first-class dinner that need involve no great work in its immediate preparation.

Now let us hear from the best cooks in the world, namely, the INGLENOOK family. The object is to have the best that may be, with the least work and interference with the duties of the Sabbath.

"Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God."

EVERY lot is happy to a person who bears it with tranquillity.—*Boetius*.

LITERARY.

THE *World's Work* for April is a more than passing interesting issue. It is one of those reviews that deals with living questions and living people. There is nothing of the dry-as-dust about it, and the usual idea of a review being something heavy and statistical has no foundation in *The World's Work*.

There is entirely too much of it to give even the table of contents, but we may mention an article about growing lemons that will interest our Pacific Coast people, and another about those who live in flats in the cities will entertain and instruct the rural Nooker, who is not hampered as to space. Taken all around there is no better publication comes to the Nook office than *World's Work*. It will cost you twenty-five cents at a news stand, and it is well worth it.

✱

Country Life in America for April maintains its high standard of literary and pictorial excellence. There is an article on photography from tree-tops, illustrated by pictures taken by the photographer himself. There is a splendid article on "The Salvation Army's Farm Colonies," and taking it all through every article in it has a practical bearing on country life in its highest and best phases. The pictures are the finest that can be made and the subjects chosen are those that stick closest to Nature, and are therefore, of permanent interest. If you want to get a seasonable magazine, which will leave you all the better for having read it, we recommend that you buy *Country Life*. There is nothing better made in its peculiar field, that of beautifying country homes.

✱

The Arena for April is before us and contains its usual contributions to human knowledge. The peculiar field of the *Arena* makes it a publication in which one finds matters discussed that are not usually exploited elsewhere. There is an excellent article entitled "A Plea for Simpler Living," which contains some excellent suggestions. For the scholar the article by Dr. Berdan on "American Literature and the High School" presents a very interesting line of thought. And taken all through the *Arena* is a magazine for the thoughtful and the scholarly.

It has a very wide circulation and deservedly so, as it gives the best there is to give in its particular literary field of adventure.

✱

Lippincott's. The April *Lippincott's* complete novel is called "The Trifler," by Archibald Eyre. There are five select stories, by writers of more or less prominence, while the papers of permanent value are "Lafayette's Last Visit to America," and Eben Rexford's "Next Summer's Garden." *Lippincott's* is essentially a publication mainly devoted to fiction of the higher class and it is good of its kind. There are no pictures

in *Lippincott's*, the space being taken by reading. The next time you pass a news stand it might be well to investigate this magazine as it may be just what you want.

✱ ✱ ✱

WHAT THEY SAY.

"LET me have time for a word of appreciation for the NOOK in general. It is exerting a most wholesale educational influence over the church, and that in ways not perceived by many who are thus touched by it. It is a pity we have so long been without such an educational force."—*Edward Frantz, Kansas.*

✱

"It seems to me that the Nook ought to be sort of a treasure house for the productions of our young people."—*W. K. Conner, Virginia.*

✱

"I READ the NOOK in preference to other papers that come to this institution."—*John W. Miller, Bridgewater College, Virginia.*

✱

"WHILE it is hard to get the dollar, yet my wife said she could not do without the NOOK."—*W. D. Byer, North Dakota.*

✱

"I CAN scarcely wait for the INGLENOOK. I think every number gets better."—*Mrs. Sarah Stauffer, Maryland.*

✱

"I VERY much admire the special issues."—*John F. Shoemaker, Indiana.*

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—I am a brother, forty-seven years old, somewhat crippled, want a home where I can do chores for board and clothing. Can milk, tend garden, handle a team.—*J. C. Herner, Waverly, Kans. R. R. No. v.*

✱

WANTED.—Man and wife, without children preferred, or others may write, to run a sixty-acre farm for a widow.—*J. B. Light, Greenspring, Ohio.*

✱

WANTED.—I want a place among members for two little girls—one six and the other eight years old.—*N. Wagoner, Nora Springs, Iowa.*

✱

WANTED.—A single young man to work on level farm by month or year.—*Jos. K. Heddings, Catlets, Ia.*

✱

I WANT to make your cap or bonnet. Write me.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

I MAKE bonnets and caps.—*Maggie Myers, Mexico, Indiana.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 17.

OUR MOTHER—THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

BY EFFIE LAWSON ANDERSON.

Sitting alone in the twilight
Waiting for night to appear
Our mother is ever found watching
For those who to her are so dear.
Our mother—the name so beloved—
The one in the midst of the strife
To whom we can go for comfort,
For she is the sunshine of life.

Chorus.

For she is the sunshine of life,
The name ever dear to us all.
When trials arise and dark seem the skies
Her blessing upon us will fall.

When far from home we have wandered
To serve that we thought more bright
And friends that we thought so faithful
How often we find—only night.
The smile that we meet often hiding
A sting more sharp than a knife
Then how gladly we turn to the mother
Who is ever the sunshine of life.

Then back to the dear old homestead
And back to the mother we love,
The mother who we find still watching
Ere her journey to the land above.
'Tis true the roses are faded
'Mid the cares and the daily strife,
But she's ever our faithful mother
And ever the sunshine of life.

Elgin, Illinois.

FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE first public school in America to be supported by direct taxation "upon the inhabitants of a town" was established at Dorchester, Mass., in May, 1639.

In 1636 David Thompson had settled upon Thompson's island, off the coast of the colony town, and in 1638 he gave the island to the town on the payment of twelve pence yearly rental. Having transferred the island to the town, the town council met May 20, 1639, and adopted the following order:

"It is ordered the twentieth day of May, 1639, that there shall be a rent of £20 a year imposed forever on Thompson's island, to be paid by every person that hath propriety in said island, according to the pro-

portion that any such person shall from time to time enjoy and possess there, and this toward the maintenance of a school in Dorchester. This rent of £20 a year to be paid to such schoolmaster as shall undertake to teach English, Latin, and other tongues, also writing. The said schoolmaster to be chosen from time to time by the freemen, and it is left to the discretion of the elders and the seven men for the time being whether maids shall be taught with the boys or not. For the levying of this £20 yearly from the particular persons who ought to pay it according to this order, it is further ordered that some man shall be appointed by the seven men for the time being to receive this, and on refusal to levy it by distress, and not finding distress, such person as so refuseth payment shall forfeit the land he hath in propriety in said island."

Here, the first teacher was the Rev. Thomas Waterhouse.

STRAW ROADS.

THE farmers of Walla Walla County in Washington are using straw in the making of roads, and will soon have their second annual "straw day." Each fall the roads become deep with dust, so that something had to be done to make traveling tolerable for man and beast. Somebody suggested that if all the farmers would contribute straw, and all hands assist in laying it on the roads most traveled, there would be a great change for the better. The experiment was a decided success. The farmers turned out in force, plenty of straw was offered, ready hands laid it to the depth of a foot or more on the main thoroughfares of the county, and traveling became easy. Three hundred miles of road will be covered with straw.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

HE TIES CRAVATS.

AN enterprising draper in New York employs an assistant who is particularly expert in arranging cravats in the most fashionable shapes. The assistant attends weddings and helps the bridegroom and best man to properly adjust their ties for so auspicious an occasion.

OUR ART TALKS.—No. 2.

THERE is one thing to which the INGLENOOK desires to call the attention of the NOOK family, and which is not usual in talks of this character. But the INGLENOOK is the INGLENOOK and has ways and means of its own altogether independent of the rules which are supposed to hedge about time-honored subjects. What we want to get at is this.

Every normally constituted human being likes pictures. It begins as soon as the child is able to notice things and it lasts throughout life until the old man sits in the quiet and studies the pictures in the open Bible before him. This love of pictures, or of art, and they mean the same thing, begins with the child on the floor with its penny linen-paged book and lasts throughout life in various phases to the family Bible pictures by Doré. But as individuals differ in mentality and make-up generally, so will their tastes find expression along different lines. This is not only perfectly natural but it is strictly human and therefore desirable. One man loves to see the flaunting sunflower in the corner of the garden, his wife may prefer the flaring hollyhock, while another parts the leaves to find the trailing arbutus. These three are equally correct in what they are doing. Each one to his taste, and he is the most honest who frankly and freely admits his likes and dislikes, though he may not be able to give a reason for them. It is intellectual cruelty to attempt forcing a man or woman above their level. One sits down and reads Shakespeare with infinite zest, another cares nothing whatever for the myriad-minded, but will take to a profusely illustrated magazine article in preference. Now it is not that one man finds mental pleasure in the bard of Avon and another in the ten-cent magazine, for both, in a sense, are literature, but let both be honest about it. If the magazine man sees nothing in Shakespeare let him quietly and courteously say so, but let him be warned that beauty is in Shakespeare. The truth is there and a beauty of diction and expression, the indefinable something that makes literary excellence, and the magazine reader may honestly be enjoined to work himself up to it. It is precisely so in art, and that is the matter we want to bring out in this talk.

In every considerable art gallery there are pictures of the so-called old masters. These men had a touch, a sense of color, and composition, and requisites of the higher realm of art, that, for some unknown reason, have never been equalled, and possibly never will be in this world. Let us take for illustration one of the Madonnas. No nobler theme could engross the attention of the artist, but it may fall upon the average on-looker as absolutely flat and without interest.

Hanging in another room of the gallery is a picture entitled, "Breaking Home Ties." Nearly everybody has seen it and it represents a green boy on the eve of

his departure from home. The tender solicitude of the mother, the sorrow of the sister, the dumb thought of the dog stand out in glaring contrast with the thoughtless boy, only anxious to be off in the great world. The indifferent coachman stands by noting nothing and seeing nothing. The most unconcerned party in the entire group is the boy himself. Now this picture appeals to everybody. It has not the spiritual side that the representation of the Christ mother has, but it has the one touch of human nature which make us all brothers and sisters. And, honestly, perhaps nine-tenths of the world prefer the pleasant home scene to the costly Madonna.

Now what we want to say is this. These people who take in the picture of common life are right. There is nothing about their attitude of which they need be ashamed. They see a picture in the home scene that effectually stirs them to the very bottom of their being. And this is art. The Madonna is the Shakespeare part, and "Breaking Home Ties" may be the popular magazine of literature, but that you prefer one to the other is nothing to your credit or discredit. There simply remains this fact, that in the Madonna there is a level of beauty and suggestion that is divine, but if it does not appeal to you and you find yourself more pleased or deeper stirred in the presence of a home scene it is not your fault, nor is it the fault of art. It is simply in the fact that in the disbursing of gifts the good God did not give us each alike.

Nevertheless there is that beauty in the Madonna and in the sculpture that fill the hall, to which we should aspire. We should not try to make ourselves believe that we like that which we do not like, but if we endeavor to understand it, just as we do understand it, so will we come to like it. And in our future talks along these lines we will endeavor to point out the excellencies of the best and we trust it will be the pleasure of the reader to follow and understand, and even more than that, any thought or comment from any quarter, whether from the professional artist or the girl on the mountain-side who reads, all will be equally welcome, for art, like literature, has many expressions and no person may say here it is and here it is not.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

CITIES ONLY IN NAME.

THE recently completed census of the United States reveals some singular facts relative to the towns and cities that compose the nation at large. There are quite a number of so-called "cities" which are so ridiculously small in population as to make it a matter of wonder and amazement that they are really cities. The populations of a few such cities may be given as illustrations. The city of Johnson, Kans., has a population of only fifteen and the population of the city

of Coronado, in the same State, is even less, being only ten.

There are several cities in Kansas which have very diminutive populations, as follows: Bird, eighty-eight; Brainerd, seventy; Ford, eighty-two; Freeport, eighty-three; Horace, ninety; Hugoton, fifty-four; Richfield, sixty-one; Tribune, sixty-two; Ulysses, forty. The city of Siloam Springs, Mo., has a population of ninety-eight. The city of Brigantine, N. J., has a population of ninety-nine, but, small as is the population of that city, it is nearly five times as large as that of the city of Lavellette, in the same State, which has a population of only twenty-one. The city which exceeds all the others in the diminutiveness of its population is the city of Rainy Lake, Minn., which has a population of only seven.

* * *

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN.

THE following new story of Lincoln's last official act appears in the April number of *Success*:

Abraham Lincoln's last official act was to pardon a man under sentence of death, charged with being a Confederate spy. Before the civil war Allmon and George Vaughan were residents of Canton, Mo. Allmon entered the Union army. His brother espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and in due time he became a member of the staff of Gen. Mark E. Green, an old friend and neighbor. George Vaughan, after the battle of Shiloh, undertook a secret visit to his home at Canton. He wished to see his own family and to carry messages to the wife of Gen. Green. He passed undiscovered through the Union lines, spent some days in Canton, and was returning to his command when he was captured and jailed at Palmyra, Mo., but was soon transferred to St. Louis. There he was tried by court-martial, and, though he stoutly denied that he entered the Union lines for other than the purposes named, was sentenced to be shot as a spy.

Allmon Vaughan, who was then a captain in the Union army, appealed to Senator John B. Henderson to save his brother. Henderson laid the case before Edwin M. Stanton, who, after investigation, decided that George Vaughan was guilty and that there could be no change of the sentence that had been passed upon him. Then Henderson appealed to Mr. Lincoln, at whose instance an order was issued for a new trial. This resulted in a second verdict of guilty. Again appeal was made to the President, who ordered still another trial, but a third time a court-martial pronounced against the accused man's innocence.

Henderson, however, continued the fight for the young man's life. It was in the spring of 1865, and, in urging the President to exercise clemency, the senator insisted that, the war being practically over, Vaughan's pardon would be in the interest of peace and con-

ciliation. "See Stanton, and tell him this man must be released," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have seen Stanton, and he will do nothing," protested Mr. Henderson. "See him again," was the reply; "and if he will do nothing come back to me." Stanton would do nothing, and, early in the evening of April 14, Henderson again sought the President whom he found dressed for the theater. Mr. Lincoln shook his head, when the sena-



PECOS RIVER IRRIGATION SCENE.

tor reported the outcome of his interview with Stanton; then, without a word, he seated himself at the desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, and handed it to Henderson. It was an order for Vaughan's unconditional release and pardon and it was the last official act of the President's life.

* * *

MAKE a note of answered prayers. It will help you now and at some future time. There will come a time of doubt. You will be able then to fall back not only upon promises given, but upon promises fulfilled.—*Methodist Recorder*.

SOMETHING ABOUT FAST TRAINS.

You may buy a locomotive for \$3,000; that is, one that is popularly termed a "dinkey," or should you wish one of the fastest, largest, latest passenger engines in the world, \$20,000 is the price.

While there are, now and then, stories cabled from the other side of the ocean as to the wonderful rate of speed attained by this, that, or the other foreign railroad, yet the recent record in New York—107 miles an hour—will most likely hold the Europeans for a time at least.

Many experienced railroad men are of the opinion that the maximum rate of speed in the passenger service has about been reached, while an opposite view is held by extreme progressivists. It is, however, generally admitted that it is more than possible to build engines which will make better time than that now made, but the fear obtains that it will be impossible to secure men to drive them, for the reason that there is a limit to human endurance. In this connection one of the most prominent locomotive engineers in the country said:

"It matters not in the least how high a rate of speed engine builders develop, it will, not, in my opinion, be a hard task to employ men to drive them. With the assurance of a clear track, it is just as easy for an engineer to run his train at a rate of one hundred miles an hour, as it would be to cover half that distance in the same period of time. All that is necessary to improve the present system is to keep the track as absolutely clear as it is possible to do so. This state of affairs does not exist at the present time. Granting that every reasonable improvement is made in the manner I have indicated, I see no reason to fear a scarcity of men to run one hundred mile an hour trains.

"Locomotive engineers are gradually developed to that high point of efficiency wherein they safely drive topnotch speed trains. From fireman on a 'shifter' they are gradually promoted as they become experienced and demonstrate their qualities and reliability. From the position of fireman the first promotion is to be engineer of the 'shifter,' and from the latter to engineer of local freight, then to local passenger, then an express train, and finally, after they have thus been tried out and found to be all there, they assume the responsibility of driving the fastest trains on the road. Thus it will be seen that an engineer of a 'limited' or 'special' has naturally grown into the position, and, if assured of a clear track, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will safely roll his train into the station on time."

In taking off its twenty-four hour train from Chicago to New York, the other day, in favor of the increased freighting of coal and other commodities, the management of the Pennsylvania company suggested to the traveling public at what cost to general traffic

the traveler was enabled to make that distance in that time. For with a train averaging fifty miles an hour over the mixed and single double tracks of the line it has been estimated that the movement of this train kept out of service fully fifty miles of tracks for the full twenty hours of the run.

This means that for perhaps eight miles behind the train and forty-two miles ahead of it in every minute of its run all other trains operating on this main line are slowing down, stopping, sidetracking, or moving out again upon the line to gain momentum and pursue their several courses.

Fifty miles an hour, including stops, is notable speed to be maintained for a thousand miles. To get such a train through on time would be a company pride. In any case the passenger train with the mails has the right of the track, and all freight trains are secondary to it in the matter of taking the sidings, but in the special case of such a train as this trainmen on the line have a disposition to take it more seriously than its great speed would seem to demand.

According to the operating rules of the road every train of a second class coming upon the time of a train of the first class must have taken a siding and cleared the switch entrance five minutes before the train approaching is due. To the uninitiated this would seem to figure a five minute loss to the train of the second class. In reality, even if the train has run so close that the switch is just at hand, probably a grade or a heavy load or slippery rails, or one of a dozen possibilities, may lose the freight train fifteen or twenty minutes before it has got under headway again.

But just five minutes before a flyer is due in each case the freight train cannot be at a siding. It may be at a siding with just twenty-five minutes' run to the next station, and with only twenty-three minutes in which to get there and clear the track. Manifestly this cannot be done, and the freight takes the siding where it is and waits the probable ten minutes which the flyer will need to consume the distance. Such a freight train may be making twenty-five miles an hour; because it cannot get to the next station two minutes earlier than is possible, it loses the ten minutes it has to wait, it loses the twenty-three minutes which it ought to have run and could have run, and when it gets to the next station it is still twenty-three minutes behind—a total of fifty-six minutes lost off its schedule, leaving it nearly twenty-five miles behind its anticipated position on the line.

Such a loss as this might be induced by any passenger train having the right of way over a freight train. In the case of such a train as has just been taken out of service, however, its great speed has its influences upon trainmen in the matter of making these sidings. If five minutes clearance is enough for a passenger train making only twenty-five miles an hour, the in-

fluence of a train running fifty miles an hour is to make the conductor of the freight train consider a ten minute clearance of his own rather than the five minutes' clearance of the regulations. So that frequently when the conductor of the freight train may make the next siding with the necessary clearance, he waits where he is because he cannot make it the ten minutes clearance that he would like to have.

The complications of these situations are with reference to only two sidings that are ten miles apart. In many sections of the country sidings are two or three miles apart and in the run of one hour a train making actual speed of a mile a minute may pass ten of these sidings and perhaps six or seven trains, all of which are influenced in more or less degree by the same conditions affecting the first example.

Is it a wonder that when it comes to the question of diminishing passenger traffic in favor of freight a railroad turns to its fastest flyers?

The removal of just one passenger train in twenty-four hours, this train starting from the termini of a road in each direction, makes the possibility of moving freight trains out of all seeming proportion to the clearance. As indicating this, the *Railway and Engineering Review* printed a symposium of expert opinions on the economical proportion of passenger trains to be run with the freight trains of a given line.

According to these experts a certain New York line, which has as many miles of sidetracks as it has of single main line, moves forty trains every twenty-four hours over its whole line, twenty-three to the east and twenty-seven to the west. In these freight movements there is an average of 947 cars a day, and between the trains hauling the freight cars only seven passenger trains are moved, four to the east and three to the west. To take off only one of these passenger trains would mean the possibility of perhaps five more trains hauling freight.

To travel over a railroad at fifty miles an hour is a distinct privilege. The train that carries the passenger at that rate is not likely to be more than a good advertisement of the road running it. For it is through the freight offices of the roads that the dividends come, after all.

THE HUMMING OF THE WIRES.

BY J. M. JARVIS.

APROPOS to what has been said in the INGLENOOK with reference to the humming of wires, I will add what I believe about it, which is all any one has done, for none have yet actually proven what produces the sound. I believe the wind produces the sound in that it causes the wires to vibrate, which in turn is the cause

of the humming which is heard. Now as to why I believe this.

When I was a child my father used to fasten each end of a sewing thread to a little wedge and stretch it in the window by forcing the wedges between the rails of the upper and lower sash. When the door was closed the thread would hum because the old open fireplace drew the air in through the space between the sash. The moment the door was opened the humming would cease because there was no suction through the window. When I got older I was putting up a line of picket fence and had a cord stretched taut to enable me to keep top of pickets even. When the wind blew the cord would hum.

Suppose wires were enclosed in a trunk or large tube placed on top of poles, the wires being fastened to pins and insulators inside so the wind could not strike them. Think you they would hum? I don't believe they would. There are two reasons why the humming is heard when near the poles. First, there is where most of the humming takes place, because in the center, between the poles, the motion of the wire is more a swing than a vibration and no sound is produced; but as we near the pole the vibrations become shorter and shorter, hence the humming.

Then the pole acts as a sounding board or bridge to a stringed instrument, through which the sound is transmitted to the ground. If you doubt this place your ear to a pole and note how plainly the humming can be heard.

I drive along and under wires for several miles every time I go to town. In summer, when weather is warm the humming sound is never noticed, except in early morning, because, when the weather is warm the wires become too slack from expansion to produce the vibrations necessary to the sound. When weather is cold the humming is heard at all hours in the day or night because the wires are taut from contraction. The atmosphere is never so calm that there is not sufficient breeze up where wires are stretched to produce the vibrations necessary to produce the humming sound if the wires are of the proper tension.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

WE shall be glad—really glad—of everything that has come to us, no matter if it is sorrow or pain, when we find that our experience fits some one's else need—that some one else can build on our lives.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D.*

THE glory of a life is in the quantity of devotedness to God, in the fidelity with which the simplest things are done, in the quantity of the higher life that can be thrown into the lowliest duty or the humblest position.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

RECORD-BREAKING sales of stamps at the Chicago post office recently have attracted attention to the immense volume of the mail order business transacted through the government post office service by the large mercantile houses of this city. It is demonstrated by the statistics in Postmaster Coyne's office that of the stamp sales for the past year fully one-fourth represents the money paid for stamps for the strictly commercial business of the mail order kind—packages, catalogues, circulars or advertising matter apart from private letters and newspaper publications.

The sale of \$30,000 worth of postage stamps to one buyer, setting a new mark for the record of large sales in the Chicago post office, was made to a large mail order house. Several men with a wagon were sent to carry off the bundles of stamps from Cashier Bean's department. In the lot were 700,000 precanceled three-cent stamps and \$9,000 worth of stamps of other denominations. This one transaction raised the cash receipts of the finance division of the post office to \$66,772 for the day, a gain of more than \$10,000 over the receipts for any other single day's business in the history of the Chicago branch of the government service.

It was ascertained by inquiry at the post office that two large houses, doing an exclusively mail order business had just finished sending out 2,600,000 catalogues and circulars and that each house was now preparing to send out 2,000,000 more. They are to some extent rival houses for the so-called "country trade." Out of the entire mass of 6,600,000 pieces of mail a three-cent postage rate was paid on 2,000,000 and a 1-cent rate on the rest.

Still this sum, vast as it is, represents only \$106,000 for the postage of the two houses in their combined business for the season and that amount is but a small fraction of the tremendous total of the mail order business of Chicago. Many of the big retail stores on State street use up more than the whole \$106,000 worth of postage stamps in a month. It is estimated by the government statisticians that about \$4,500,000 worth of postage stamps are sold annually in this city for trade purposes like the sending of packages, catalogues, circulars and so forth. This means that the stamps used in trade more than equal the value of the stamps used in private correspondence, for the total receipts of the post office are placed at \$9,000,000 for the year just past. From these figures it will be realized to what stupendous proportion the mail order branch of the post office service has grown in recent years. The postal service has been commercialized with a vengeance.

When the post office was instituted no one would have thought such a development of its commercial utility possible. As the most useful branch of public

service it has been a tremendous success. Socialists have used its success as an argument for governmental operation of all "public utilities." It is claimed that governmental operation is unrivalled in its excellence and the post office service is pointed to in support of the argument.

But the post office service is not without a rival in the cheapness of dispatch with which commercial mail matter is handled. Said Superintendent McGrath of the mailing department of the post office, "Firms doing a large mail order business have found that the express companies, managed as they are by private individuals or corporations, can give better service for less money than Uncle Sam can do. At least that is the conclusion that has been forced upon my mind, as many of the biggest mercantile concerns of the city have within the last few years canceled their arrangements with the Chicago post office and entered into contracts with the express companies."

For this admitted breakdown of the government service as an agent of commercialism, pure and simple, many good explanations are offered. One of the best is that the volume of the mail order business has so expanded in recent years that it has simply swamped the post office machinery that was never designed for such traffic anyway. Another explanation is that when the needs of a community become diversified more effective service can be obtained from private concerns specially organized to handle a special line of business than from agencies organized and operated as branches of the government, national, state or municipal.

Thus when the problem is how to handle most expeditiously and economically seventy tons of mail matter daily for distribution to patrons in all parts of the country, the big retail stores on State street and the other concerns doing a mail order business have found, according to the statement of Superintendent McGrath, that the post office service is a failure as compared with the service to be obtained from express companies operating as "common carriers."

"We handle every day one hundred and thirty tons of mail matter not ranked as first-class or of the class of private correspondence," said one of the post office officials. "On the other hand, we handle less than twenty tons of first-class matter daily. Perhaps the truth is that only the private correspondence was intended at first to be handled in post offices, but it seems that aspect of the matter has been altogether forgotten. At any rate the post office service has been commercialized to the extent where it is topheavy and threatens to break down. Doubtless some people will always consider it an advantage that the post office is a rival of the express companies and in that way creates competition and renders a package-carrying trust impossible. Still, it seems that the government is left behind in the race wherever, as in the larger cities and

towns, the volume of business is sufficient to be an inducement to the express companies to become competitors of the government service.

"Great as is the volume of the post office package-carrying trade, it is dwarfed into utter insignificance by the business done in the same line by the express companies. It appears that the business houses find it cheaper to use the express companies even for the carrying of advertising matter wherever the package rate would be higher than three cents a package."

* * *

THEY ARE KNOWING BIRDS.

"THE sparrow is certainly a knowing bird," said a man who is employed at the Girard Point grain eleva-

into meal and the sparrows ate it. Don't tell me a sparrow hasn't any brains."

* * *

YOUTHFUL CENSURE.

It is well known that Queen Victoria was exceedingly fond of young folks, and not infrequently invited the children of the nobility to partake of a private lunch with her at Windsor. Of course, these little ones were thoroughly instructed beforehand as to how they should behave, not only in the matter of speech, but also in manner.

Upon one occasion the queen, as was often her custom, happened to take a chicken bone in her fingers, just as many of her democratic subjects are wont to do.



HOTEL CASA LOMA, REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING
A TYPE OF THE TOURIST WINTER HOTELS.

tors. "He can figure out a thing for himself in a way that is astonishing. Down around the elevators there are thousands of them who feed on the grains of wheat that fell to the ground, but recently we haven't been getting any wheat. In fact, for some time past we haven't been handling anything but corn.

"Now, a kernel of corn is rather too large for a sparrow to swallow, but just the same I watched a lot of them picking up the kernels the other day and what do you suppose they did with them? You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but it's gospel truth. Each sparrow flew over to the railroad and carefully deposited his kernel of corn on the rail. Then they all hopped around and chattered until a shifting engine came along. After it had passed, the corn was ground

Thereupon one little girl, who had taken particularly to heart her instructions regarding table manners, stared at her in open-mouthed amazement and finally exclaimed:

"Oh! piggy! piggy!"—*Youth.*

* * *

As we must spend time in cultivating our earthly friendships if we are to have their blessings, so we must spend time in cultivating the companionship of Christ.—*Henry Drummond.*

* * *

WHEN everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold out a minute longer, never give up then—that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE SEEDS YOUR CONGRESSMAN SENDS YOU.

Two hundred and seventy thousand dollars is being expended from the national treasury for the free distribution among the people of forty million packages of flower and vegetable seeds before May. Each member of Congress—senator or representative—will have received 12,500 packages by the end of the season. Whether or not you receive your share is a matter between you and those guardians of your rights at the national capital. In any event, do not write directly to the Department of Agriculture for them. Such efforts will be futile, for the diffusion of these germs of vegetable life is one of the sacred and exclusive privileges of the federal legislature.

Quite wonderful, indeed, is the labor saving machinery which Uncle Sam is employing to fill this year's tremendous order. The big seed warehouse which the government leases here is now filling as many as 400,000 of the much desired grains per day. A hundred girls do this work under the eyes of government inspectors, the output, at this rate, being 4,000 envelopes per girl per day. So great is the economy of the improved equipment of this establishment that each girl does the work which ten performed a decade ago. In other words, it would require a thousand of these fair operatives to fill this year's order if the old-style equipment of 1893 were in vogue. Sixteen varieties of garden vegetable seed and about fifty of flower seeds are being distributed among the people this season. The preparation of the packages is one of the great sights of Washington.

In the first place the seeds come into the big brick warehouse in huge bags, after having been purchased in the open market by agents of the Department of Agriculture. This year Uncle Sam is his own seed broker, whereas last season a contract for furnishing the millions of packages was let to one firm at a flat rate per thousand.

A government inspector opens the bags when they reach the warehouse. He marks each bag with a big blue number, denoting the variety, and takes out samples which are sent to the seed laboratory, in the Department of Agriculture, nearby. Here the sample seeds are counted, labeled and planted. In a short while they are dug up, and if a proper percentage have germinated according to the strict specification, all of the bags bearing the corresponding variety number are passed. If they are condemned the seed dealer must pay the freight if he desires them returned. All accepted bags bearing the same number are piled up in a separate stack ready for the interesting processes now to be described.

Seventeen machines which almost think are lined up in a large hall extending the length of the third floor of the building. Each is operated by a young girl who has little manual labor to perform, although

considerable intelligence is required of her. Above each machine is a large funnel, constantly fed by big bags of the accepted seed. The neck of the funnel has the diameter of a stove pipe and in its center is a small glass window through which the descending grains may be seen. The variety number upon each bag fed to this funnel is noted. Inside the bag is a label which doubly insures the identity of the particular variety.

To the right of the machine is a clasp holding hundreds of little envelopes each containing the name of the seed placed in the funnel and each containing full directions as to its planting. As the big funnel feeds the machine a series of little scoops gather the grains, pass them under a rubber scraper, which smooths them off at the top to secure exact measure, and place them in a small funnel. The envelopes pass under this funnel and are grasped singly by a set of steel fingers which nimbly hold them open while the funnel, rapidly descending, fills each in turn. These fingers hand each package over to a contrivance which daubs each flap with four drops of glue, kept hot by a small bunsen burner. Then they are passed to a roller, which seals the flaps snugly and spreads the glue. The little scoops which measure out the seed for each envelope vary in size, holding anywhere from a fraction of a grain of pansy seed to a quarter of a pound of beans.

A government inspector goes about, from one machine to another, draws out an envelope now and then, and weighs it. If it be too light, a regulator on each little scoop is turned until it is enlarged to give the required weight. An automatic counter upon each machine is always ready to state the number of envelopes filled. In less than a second each envelope is grasped by the mechanical fingers, filled by the descending funnel, gummed, sealed, pressed and shot down a trough which conducts it to a bin on the floor below. All the machines working together can fill eighteen bags per second.

On the floor below are seen long rows of bulging bins, filled with these little envelopes. Each bin contains one and only one variety of seed. But instead of issuing these little packages singly, Uncle Sam places five of as many different varieties in one larger envelope, which contains in the lower corner a list of the flowers or vegetables which can be grown from the seed inside. The big envelopes go through the mails directly. Each bears the address of the citizen who is to receive it at his home post office. Every congressman supplies his quota of franks—little white slips of paper bearing the facsimile of his signature in the corner. These franks when attached to mail matter enable it to go free, and there is room on each for the address of the honored constituent. Senators and representatives furnish their franks already addressed by their own clerks. If they desire they may address all of their packages to one constituent, instead of di-

viding them among the 12,000 provided for. Some even have their quotas sent, wholly or in part, to themselves, and state that they prefer to personally attend to the distribution through the mails. Some have been known to sell their seeds. In fact, Mr. Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under Mr. Cleveland, discovered that several members of Congress were selfishly making money out of their quotas.

At a big table five girls receive bundles of the addressed franks selected for forthcoming orders and paste them upon large yellow envelopes, which are to carry the smaller ones through the mail. Ten other girls at an adjacent table look over the newly franked envelopes, separating them, if stuck together, and place them in drying racks. A large stock of envelopes to contain the same combination of seeds is placed in a basket for filling.

Beneath the rows of bulging bins, constantly filled by the machines on the floor above, endless belts of broad strapping continually move over the bottoms of long troughs. When a new series of large outer envelopes is to be filled, the five varieties of inside envelopes printed upon the corner are noted and five large red cards are hung upon the five bins containing these varieties. Under each red card a girl takes her place, the endless belt running in the trough before her. Three other girls have meanwhile taken their places at the upper end of the trough. When the work begins the end girls feed the belt with the newly franked envelopes which, one after the other, in close procession, hasten to the first of the five girls sitting under the red cards. From an opening in the bottom of the bin she rapidly takes out the little envelopes and inserts one in each of the rapidly arriving large ones. The moving belt carries the open envelopes on and on past the other four "fillers," each of whom places a little package from her bin into the big one. An eagle-eyed inspector watches the belt and makes sure that the prescribed number is placed in each. Seventeen girls at this work filled 3,000 packages per hour.

Nine big sewing machines grouped at the ends of the belts receive the large packages after they have passed the hands of eighteen girls who fold down the flaps. The "stitcher" at each machine places the envelopes, in rapid succession, into a pair of steel jaws which bite three wire stitches into the flaps, thus sealing them securely. Until this year the outer envelopes of these free seed packages were gummed, in consequence of which many stuck together and gave the mail clerks no end of annoyance.

Leaving the stitchers, the envelopes are carried upon another moving belt, which dumps them, one by one, into baskets. They are immediately taken up by men, who count them carefully and turn them over to others, who distribute them among large, yawning

mail sacks arranged upon a rack. Each mail sack is then sealed and "routed" with a metal tag which designates the district in which it is to be opened for distribution by the railway mail clerks. The sealed mail bags are then placed upon a chute which dumps them upon a two-horse mail wagon. One congressman's quota of seeds fills more than half of this big vehicle.

Constituents who apply to their congressman for the packages will be disappointed if they make requests for particular kinds of seeds. Uncle Sam endeavors to supply his legislators with the best staple seeds which the market affords and to distribute these in varieties best suited to the respective geographical sections in which the congressmen live.

* * *

RIFLE USED BY DAVY CROCKETT.

EVERYBODY knows about Davy Crockett, the famous frontiersman whose feats of marksmanship were the marvel of his time. His skill with this weapon was well illustrated by the story of the coon that came down out of a tree when Davy pointed his rifle toward him, knowing he would have to come down anyway when the hunter pulled the trigger. The gun the old scout carried for many years is now on exhibition at the office of a descendant, the present secretary of the state of Tennessee. This weapon was presented the hero of the Alamo and author of the equally immortal phrase: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." This gun was carried by the grandson of the first owner, the late General Bob Crockett, who brought down much game with it, but now it has been retired with honor and full pay to pass the remainder of its days, or centuries, as a relic of one of the greatest characters this country has ever produced. It is a formidable looking weapon, originally of the flintlock type, with a 400-caliber bore. The barrel was originally forty-six inches long, but some of it has been cut off, and it is now only forty and one-half inches. It was presented to David Crockett soon after his second election to congress in 1829 by some of his admiring young whig friends of Philadelphia. It cost \$250 and was made especially for him, the donors raising the money by contributing fifty cents each to the fund. The stock is trimmed in sterling silver, appropriately designed, with figures of the goddess of liberty, a raccoon, a deer's head and other figures. Along the upper part of the barrel are the letters, set into the metal in gold, some of which has worn out: "Presented by the young men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett of Tennessee." In similar letters near the muzzle are the words: "Go ahead."

* * *

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself.

NATURE



STUDY.

STONES THAT ARE ALIVE.

IT is generally known that stones possess a species of life in at least that they grow from small beginnings frequently to enormous size. There is one stone in particular, however, that seems endowed with a greater degree of life than others. It is called "the living stone" and is found in the Falkland islands. Those islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind.

In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees scattered here and there singular shaped blocks of what appear to be weatherbeaten and moss covered boulders in various sizes.

Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength; in fact, you will find that you are fooling with one of the native trees.

No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd-shaped blocks into fuel, because the wood is perfectly devoid of "grain" and appears to be a twisted mass of woody fibres.

HOW ANIMALS ACT AT FIRES.

Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame and they will walk into it even though tortured by the heat. Some firemen were talking the other day about the conduct of animals during a fire. A horse in a burning stable, they agreed, was wild with fear, but a dog was as cool in a fire as at any other time. A dog, they said, keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are as a rule quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out of themselves. Rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires. The men said that in all their experience

they had never come upon the burned skeleton of a rat or a mouse.

LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES SEA.

PROFESSOR JOHN TROWBRIDGE, of Harvard, has lately made a series of experiments with electric sparks six feet in length which he thinks show that lightning never strikes the surface of the ocean. His experiments were undertaken with a view of volatilizing water for the purpose of obtaining a strong spectrum of water vapor. But he found that his sparks, of high electro-motive force, and as far as possible resembling lightning, always refused to strike the surface of the water and passed instead to the edges of the vessel containing it. He also found it extremely difficult to pass powerful sparks from one stream of water to another. An interesting conclusion which he draws is that "it does not seem probable that lightning discharges pass through regions in the air of heavy rainfall."

COLLECTED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND BUTTERFLIES.

THE most valuable collection of butterflies in the world was made by Herman Strecker, who recently died in Reading, Pa., at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Strecker was a butterfly enthusiast, and devoted all his spare time to capturing specimens from field and wood. He also employed butterfly hunters, and made purchases in all parts of the world. His collection numbers nearly 25,000 specimens, for some of which he paid from five to one hundred and fifty dollars. Missionaries, travelers and natives of all sorts of countries were in his service, and even the government of Russia gave him valuable aid.

MORE ABOUT MOSS.

BY S. M. WAMPLER.

My observation is that when a tree stands alone, unprotected from sun and wind, it has most of its moss on the north and northwest sides, or the principal part of it is there. Moss is most abundant on the side which the sun strikes the least. Moisture is necessary for the growth of moss on trees and is likely to grow on that side from which moisture comes.

Dayton, Va.

FOES OF THE OCTOPUS.

THE octopus of the sea has a harder time than his land prototype, the trout. The octopus has to keep a sharp lookout and do his best to guard against the too pressing attentions of certain species of whales, monster congers, and sharks.

A close inspection of an octopus reveals how wonderfully the animal is adapted for its mode of life. There is no doubt about those two great unwinking eyes being "all the better to see with" in the dim, aqueous world where the creature makes its home. Then each of its eight long, snaky arms is crowded with one hundred and twenty pairs of powerful suckers.

So powerful are these suckers that when once they have fastened upon an object it is easier to tear away the arm of the octopus than make them release their hold.

Like the professional beauty, the octopus has the power of blushing to order—and how many poor innocents, alas! fall victims to the deceit. But the octopus can put the most skillful human blusher in the shade with ease, for it practically knows how to blush in all the colors of the rainbow! Thus, should the octopus lie in wait among ruddy-colored rocks, a crimson blush will suffuse its sinister form and countenance; or should the rocks be covered with green weed, then the blush will become green; or it may change to blue, gray, yellow, or brown, according to the color of the surrounding objects.

The different methods of locomotion which the creature adopts are quite in keeping with its uncanny shape. At times it will prowl about the floor of the sea in a most grotesque and ungainly fashion, head downwards, on its outspread arms; or it will swim by means of a rhythmic expansion and contraction of its webbed arms. But when it is in a hurry the octopus darts along tail foremost by expelling with great force a jet of water from the curious funnel attached to the underside of its body.

* * *

BLOOD POISONING.

BLOOD poisoning is now recognized as poisoning by a living organism, while ordinary poisoning is by some chemical substance devoid of life. Blood poisoning took its name before its nature was properly understood, and it was thought to be a form of ordinary poisoning, but that the blood rather than the "vital principles" was chiefly attacked.

As the stomach can, as a rule, destroy the life of most organisms, while it can only to a limited extent alter the constitution of chemical poisons, poisoning by living organisms, or blood poisoning, is far more common through wounds than by things eaten, and

thus the idea of its being a poisoning of the blood was strengthened. As a "blood poison" is alive, it can, and often does, go on increasing after its first ingestion, and the most obvious difference between the two is that blood poisoning generally begins with slight symptoms, and increases indefinitely, while ordinary poisoning reaches its height almost at once.

* * *

BIRDS PLANT MANY TREES.

How many boys and girls know that the spread of our forest areas is largely due to the tree-planting habits of the birds. Yet such is the fact. An old-time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent piñon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an eastern gentleman a short time ago when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened the eastern man was skeptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that Nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.

* * *

FISH FAR FROM HOME.

REDDING, Cal., reports that the top of a hill two miles from that town was recently covered with small but perfectly developed salt-water fish. The hill is 150 feet above high water level and ninety miles from the sea. The night before the fish were found there had been an unusually heavy storm and Redding scientists surmise that they came with the rain. To prove the truth of the tale some of the visitors have been preserved in alcohol.

* * *

FISHES THROWN UP BY VOLCANOES.

THE vomiting of fishes from volcanoes is no new experience and it seems more startling than mysterious. M. J. Girardin explains that in the interval between two eruptions—often a century or more—the craters become filled with fish-stocked lakes, and the next eruption blows out the water and its contents.

* * *

A GREAT ROSE TREE.

Six thousand is the record number of roses produced by one tree at a time. This was in Holland on Mme. Regnew's land. A Marechal Niel at Whitby, England, has had 3,500 blooms on it at the same time.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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"I may not tread the paths he trod,
In famed Judea's land,
But I can walk as near to God
As those who touched his hand;
I may not climb the vine-clad hills,
Nor stand on Olive's height,
But when his truth my vision fills,
I see a grander sight."

* * *

IS THE WORLD BETTER OR WORSE?

WHETHER the world seems to be growing better or getting worse depends very much upon the angle of observation of him who asserts what appears to be a fact. The Nook holds to the view that the world is growing better, day by day, and year by year, and there are good reasons for so thinking. The pessimist who thinks of things as going to the bad quotes the publications of the day and says that you cannot pick up a paper without reading of murders, robberies, fights, and killing. He generally adds to this statement, that things did not use to be as they now are. He is exactly right about the latter part of his statement, for there were no bank robberies in the prairie villages fifty years ago for there was no village there and no bank for a hundred miles. Nor were there at that time newspapers with the admirable system of collecting news from the four quarters in which these things of general interest are now chronicled.

On the other hand the world is growing better than it was because it has advanced along moral lines to a very marked degree. Within the past lifetime human slavery has been abolished, the world has taken more correct views of the temperance question, and there is a tendency in every direction to purify politics and have clean-handed administration of public affairs. The church has spread over a vast territory and the schoolhouse is everywhere. All of these things have

their effect for good, and the growth is so steady, and so harmonious as a whole, that we are not apt to see it in its true light. It would be a pity indeed if the mission of the church proved a failure and that the world is steadily growing worse. In fact the contrary is the truth, and there is a continued betterment of moral conditions and the world is improving right along in every way. It is much better to take an optimistic view of everything than to regard everything as being on the way to the bad.

* * *

THE CHOICE OF A CALLING.

A GOOD many people, especially younger ones, are continually confronted with this problem.

It is a strange thing when one considers all the features of the case that the vast majority of young people desire a profession. It is not to be denied that there are now, and always will be, openings in professional life, but to one who knows the overcrowded condition of all the learned professions the prospect is not alluring. The Nook believes that if more boys, and girls, too, became skilled artisans they would be better fitted for a life struggle. The blacksmith in the village, the shoemaker in the country, and the carpenter everywhere, have a sure thing of it as long as they have health and are industrious. A good carpenter's lot is preferable any day to that of a poor doctor or lawyer, no matter what the boy himself may think of it.

It used to be the case that a boy, to learn a trade, was required to go into an indenture, often living with his teacher during his apprentice days. It had its objections on both sides, but the plan turned out the best workmen. Nowadays one may have almost any trade at a technical school, and learn it well. It is a good thing to give one of these schools earnest consideration along preferred lines.

* * *

THE BICYCLE BUSINESS.

FOR many years the bicycle was more of a fad than a reality. It took a good many years to introduce it to the public thoroughly and when once they became cheap nearly everybody rode a wheel. The fashion seems to have died out very largely, and those who ride wheels now do so more as a matter of actual utility than as a fashion. The clerk, the typewriter, and the business man, etc., seem to use bicycles as a man would use a horse and carriage, that is more as a matter of real use than as a fashionable fad. Of course there are always those who will ride as a matter of real pleasure, but in the vicinity of Chicago and the towns round about, the bicycle does not seem to be so much of a fashion and fad as a thing of use.

OUR ART TALKS.

Nook readers cannot fail to notice the Art Talks that are in course of presentation in the INGLENOOK. It is to be hoped that everybody will read these articles, as a good many of them will contain valuable information. For illustration everybody has seen the picture entitled "Rock of Ages," showing a woman clinging to a cross. The history of this picture will be given in a future issue and it will be a matter of intense interest. In fact, all of these articles are believed to be good things, and before we get through, we think, he who follows will know more about real art than he did before.

* * *

RENAMING INDIANS.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has appointed Hamlin Garland, the novelist, to supervise the work of renaming the Indians of the United States. Mr. Garland is, perhaps, better fitted for the work than any other person in the country unless it may be that Charles Lummis has qualifications equally as good. Both of these interesting literary men have lived among western Indians and have learned the significance of the nomenclature which so amuses the country in such forms as Rain-in-the-Face, Stomach-Full-of-Hail-Stones, etc.

* * *

DANKE SCHÖN.

NUMEROUS reminders of the kindly feeling of members of the Nook family have reached the desk of the Editor and he desires to acknowledge all such and to thank the donors for their courtesy. One day last week every woman in the House was wearing a spray of the trailing arbutus from the mountains of the East that found its way to the Editor's rooms in the mails. These things cost us so little and result in good so out of proportion to the trouble and expense that it is a wonder all of us do not do more of it.

* * *

OUR ANNUAL REUNION.

WE expected to have a reunion of the Nook family at the Bellefontaine meeting, and we sent a letter to the management asking that a time be set apart for the purpose. In reply we learn that the Committee in charge, at their last meeting, agreed to reserve no time on the programme for reunions. No reasons are given. The Nookman expects to be on the grounds, and it is possible that we may devise some means of expressing our kindness of feeling for another, outside of the regular programme.

* * *

THE sale of liquor has been prohibited by the Government in the Samoan Islands in the possession of the United States.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT HOME.

Where mother is.

*

Home is Love's bank.

*

A real home is never a rented one.

*

A place of supreme quiet and peace.

*

Home is a place where destiny is shaped.

*

Home is a trust with children for stock.

*

A good home is Heaven's kindergarten.

*

Where we are at our best and at our worst.

*

Where none are scrappy and all are happy.

*

Home is what we make it,—heaven or hell.

*

Something that money cannot buy outright.

●

The center of gravity of our souls in this life.

*

How people act at home is what they really are.

*

A little woman, a blue-eyed baby and love always.

*

Home is where the heart finds its greatest content.

*

Where we are treated best and complain the most.

*

A man's rest, a woman's joy, and a child's paradise.

*

The place we can go to when everything else is shut up.

*

A place where Love is landlord and Contentment is our guest.

*

Father, mother, brothers, sisters, plenty to eat, wear and share.

●

The best and only real shelter from the cradle to the grave.

*

Wife and child, peace and plenty and the Inglenook: that's home.

*

God's thought, the child's refuge, maidenhood's dream, woman's heaven and man's inspiration.

*

A woman at the head of the table, a man at the other end, a guest on one side, a child on the other and the Inglenook on top of the bureau.

SNAPSHOTS AS THE CROWDS PASS BY.

BY A NOOKER.

WE see them rushing by—the busy toilers, anxious to earn at least a living. “Success, success” is the cry everywhere. People dream of it, they talk about it,—nevertheless it is true that the money-grabbing man of to-day has but two models,—the *hog* and the *fox*.

This is a wide-awake age. Alertness in business, law, medicine and the mechanical world is the rule, plodding is the exception. The days of the stocking economy have vanished. Few get rich by saving. The “hustler” leaves them nothing to save. Grabbing displaces grubbing. I don’t know whether a man will live longer by rusting than by friction, but I am sure that he who is always braced up to do his level best gets most out of life, whether longer or shorter.

If we see a man going to the dogs we let him go. If he tries to do better, we let him try. If he gets the better of the devil, fighting manfully alone, humanity tightens the thumbscrews, and if he falls again the verdict is, “I told you so.” *Sweet humanity!*

Has man improved much in the march of centuries? Has one selfish, savage, brutal instinct been eradicated? Has the human race at any period been guilty of more revolting, inhuman crimes than are daily chronicled in our newspapers? Has human ingenuity at any period produced crimes more cruel or vileness more revolting?

Who would care to search through a mass of foul-smelling, filth-laden rags on the chance of finding a jewel? Yet this is what humanity expects of the Almighty.

Humanity moves in bunches. “One-man power” is usually the result of powerful support and thorough organization. The one leads the many.

A crowd will sit for hours in patient misery, listening to a dull sermon or a prosy lecture, in all of which it doesn’t feel the slightest interest. Humanity is a dunce.

A crowd will wildly applaud the popular singer, or a wonderful instrumentalist, without having the faintest conception of what it is all about. Humanity is a hypocrite.

A crowd will cheer a political trickster in his wild harangues for the “dear people,” and go to sleep under a profound and instructive discourse. Humanity is very foolish.

A crowd will go into a mad frenzy of joy over the election news, while the welfare of the nation in other respects is little thought of. Humanity is inconsistent.

A crowd will fall down and almost worship the great party mogul, and yet fail to appreciate the true benefactors of the human race. Humanity is blind.

Crowd will meet crowd, and, amid the clash of arms, and, under the sacred protection of government and a natural love for killing, will slaughter its fellows by wholesale. Humanity is a savage brute.

A crowd will charge pell-mell to almost certain death to save comrades from destruction, and its cause from defeat. Humanity is a hero.

A crowd will dig, dig, dig, with patient, dogged toil, while hope faints at every stroke of the spade and pick, to save its buried brothers in a sunken mine. Humanity is deliberately good.

A crowd will come together, a mighty host, and sing hosannas to the Lord. The voice of a thousand children swell the mighty chorus, till the very heavens resound and God smiles forgivingly on a multitude rejoicing in his praise. Humanity is almost angelic.

A crowd—a small crowd, to be sure,—“where two or three are gathered together”—will talk and commune with him, the gracious Father, as they are resting in “the green pastures,” “besides the still waters.” Truly, humanity is, after all, something of a saint.

* * *

THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH.

THE truth in regard to the first white man’s sight of the Great Salt Lake will probably never be known. Many people have claimed the honor of having been its discoverers, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide which of them deserve the credit of having first seen it. Indeed it is immaterial as to who first saw it.

It is the largest inland body of water within the United States west of the Mississippi Valley. It is about seventy-five miles long, fifty miles wide, with an extent of surface of 2,125 square miles. Arising from the water are a number of islands, and one of them known as Hat Island, or Egg Island, is the principal rookery of the feathered creatures of the lake. On this island, and on some of the others, the birds have had their nesting places for ages and much guano has accumulated.

There are rivers which feed the lake and they all enter on the eastern side. The time to see the Great Salt Lake at its best is at sunrise or sunset. The hills are mirrored in the dense waters and as the sun sinks behind the far-off mountain ranges the color shades from purple to violet, and the lingering twilight brings softer and more mysterious beauties. When one looks across the lake in the glaring sunlight he does not catch the beauty of the place, but if he will wait until evening and watch the sunlight go down behind the hills he will be amply repaid for his stay.

The peculiarity of the water of Salt Lake is that it is the most concentrated and densest of natural waters, and is surpassed in density only by the Dead Sea. It is a physical impossibility for the human body to sink.

A bather may stretch out at full length upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knees, and both arms to the elbows entirely out of the water. It is very difficult to swim in the lake and to the one unaccustomed to it it would probably be his death to venture into it without knowing what would happen. To take in several mouthfuls of the water results in violent strangling and vomiting, and unless help is at hand he is likely to be drowned.

Another peculiarity is that the boats made for service on Salt Lake must be specially constructed. A craft that would sink to the water line at sea would be top-heavy and unsafe on Salt Lake.

The lake is steadily decreasing in volume. One rea-

The time was when the Great Salt Lake was a large body of water filling the entire valley and extending beyond it to the North, South and West. At present it is drying up, although its depth varies from year to year, sometimes higher and sometimes lower, yet, taking it as a whole, the time is in sight when the Great Salt Lake will no longer exist as such.

FRESNO county supplies 85 per cent of all the raisins in the State of California. The climate in this part of the valley is specially adapted to curing of raisins, and the business has reached large proportions. From 3500 to 4500 cars of raisins are shipped out of the



READY FOR A TRIP ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL.

son for this is that irrigation has cut off its fresh water supply and another is the evaporation by the sun.

A great deal of salt is made at Salt Lake. This is done by evaporation of the water, and the precipitation of the salt. The expense of manufacturing salt is about seventy-five cents per ton, and the coarser salt is sold at the works for one dollar a ton.

There is a popular supposition that nothing will live in the waters of Salt Lake. The INGLENOOK desires to correct this error. While the conditions are not favorable to the ordinary forms of aquatic life a few species have been found in the lake. Two of them are represented by swarming millions. The brine shrimp exists in greatest numbers. They are about one-third of an inch in length, and can be taken out any time, summer or winter, for be it remembered that the Great Salt Lake never freezes. Instead of there being no life whatever in the lake there are so many of these shrimp that at times they congregate in such numbers as to tint the waters over large areas.

county annually. Farmers cure their own grapes, but the raisins are generally packed or seeded at the large packing and seeding establishment in Fresno. While the raisin industry has reached vast proportions, the small farmer has an equal chance in marketing his crop with the largest grower. It is a question of quality rather than quantity which the small producer has to consider.

To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self-destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

AN author who was eulogizing his own works as containing much "food for thought" was taken aback by the remark of a friend, "They may contain food for thought, but it is wretchedly cooked."

DETACHED bits of human skin live two to ten days.

DESERTED TOWNS.

FROM the New York *Advertiser* we learn there is a romance about deserted cities and villages that always charms us. There is something in the feeling that here a people lived and struggled and died or in defeat went away that awakens at once a keen human interest. So we are aroused to a high pitch at the story of a lost city discovered in the wilds of Thibet or Yucatan, and picture to ourselves a life that is gone and try to imagine the romance and mystery of it all. It is not hard to understand, therefore, the interest that one who loves a mild form of exploration feels when he stumbles all unawares upon a ruined village of our own country and our own civilization. New York is full of such villages, so is New England, so are the mountainous districts the whole length of the Appalachian system.

The mountain regions of the empire state are fertile in such ruins. If one will take a train on some one of the roads running into the mountains of Sullivan county he may step from the cars within four hours into the midst of as pretty a valley as one would care to see, the valley that separates the two ridges of the Shawangunk mountains. It matters not what his station may be—Ellenville, Wurtsboro or any one of half a dozen others. He climbs into a lonely looking stage and drives down toward the village. Deserted houses stand on every corner—cottages, most of them, suggesting that workingmen might have been their occupants. Now there is a deserted frame building. Its paint has worn away, the shingles are loose, window panes are gone and one can see that it has been deserted for years. Yonder are the remains of a fire; over there is a deserted hotel.

Ask the rates of house rent and you will have your breath taken away to find that a pretty cottage of six rooms with a well of the finest water and land for a garden may be rented for four dollars a month. Express your surprise and you are told that it is better to rent for four dollars than to have the house stand idle. Walk down or up the valley between the two towns mentioned above and the same pathetic evidence of a prosperous past is ever at hand. On the eastern side of the canal stands a large stone ruin where once was a woolen mill. Back of this upon the mountain top you see a patch of brown earth set in among the green undergrowth. Climb to it and you are at the "dump" of an old lead mine. Once work went with a rush, but now only the old shaft running into the mountain and the fire-charred ruins of a shed remain.

Go down into the village and ask the oldest inhabitant what all this desolation means. He will tell you that once the canal, which now lies idle, a swimming place for boys, was a great waterway connecting the east and west. The villages on its sides were the stations through which all the travel ran. Factories sprang up, tempted by easy transportation. Cottages

were built for the workingmen. Great stores flourished and hotels thrived. But the day of railroads came. Freight went as cheaply and in a fraction of the old time by the new way. Other factories sprang up on the new lines of travel and then declined; poverty followed for the workingmen. One by one they moved to new regions. The stores had no patronage and gradually closed their doors. There were not enough travelers for the hotels and they went their way. The roads lost the incessant travel of earlier days. Quiet settled over the village and one felt that it was the quiet of death.

The Adirondacks are full of remnants of old-time life that lack even small villages to perpetuate their memory. One who travels northward toward Mount Marcy hears of the Upper Iron works, and on his arrival there sees the remains of a great stone furnace and the framework where once a giant trip hammer played. A roadway, now grown to underbrush, runs to the deserted mine in a mountain of iron ore. The Hudson dashes past as a narrow trout stream and one feels that the river could tell good stories of these old ruins if it would. And so it could. Here, in the century's early days, was a great iron mine. Five hundred men were employed. There were homes, a hotel, stores, a bank. A well-kept road ran eastward and south, and over this went a never-ending line of wagons, hauling iron to Lake Champlain and bringing in supplies. Then came a shooting, the death of the superintendent, a change of hands and an awakening when the new management found other mines with better methods of transportation underselling them in the markets. So the mine closed, the village disappeared, and, save for the members of a sportsman's club who come here to summer, not one soul remains on the spot.

Similar evidences of a bright past one finds in many a part of the great north woods. Half a dozen kinds of mines have closed and left their decaying buildings to tell the story. Almost every stream of any size has its deserted villages built up in the days when tanneries thrived and left without an occupant when improved methods of transportation elsewhere rendered it impossible for the mountain region, with no railroad, to compete. Similar are the towns of the lumber regions from Maine to Minnesota. Similar, too, is the history of many an old route across the mountains farther south. Every mountain gap by which men went from the seaboard states to those of the Mississippi valley has its tales of a day when travel made its inns places of life and enterprise. And on many a "bend" and in many a mountain valley one finds the record of those thriving pre-railroad days written only on the remnants of a few old houses and in the tales of simple mountaineers.

I scarcely know which is the more pathetic—the vil-

lage which has entirely disappeared or the one which still has inhabitants. But I think the latter. For the village has no future and its people are living in the past. Surely there is nothing so pathetic as a people whose life is all in the past. Go to one of the half-deserted hamlets in Sullivan county and talk with the men who live there. Their stories are of the glorious canal-boat days when business thrived and men were all prosperous. There are no bright dreams of the future and none of the hopefulness that enlivens the growing town. The old inhabitant tells you of the tragedies of the old time, of the feuds and rivalries, of the victories of this side and the defeats of that. Then his conversation drops to a later date. He tells you how Brown thought it useless to rebuild his store when it burned for the reason that there was no trade, and how starvation ran abroad when the last factory closed.

In one little village of this region there stands on the corner a large white building, at whose front is a hotel sign. Once upon a time this was the most thriving inn of the valley. The proprietor made money and, dying, left to his son and daughter many thousands. But the decline of the valley had begun and hotel business fell off. It requires a wise man to meet new conditions when all his habits are rooted in those that are old. The son and daughter lacked the peculiar faculty that helps men adjust themselves to altered circumstances. So the inn was run as it had been in the days of the father. There was one change and one only—the seat that had been the father's was always kept ready as though its old occupant were expected to drop in. The knife and fork were tied with bows of black silk. The chair was covered with crape.

* * *

GOTHAM'S BIG BANANA TRADE.

SIXTY thousand bunches of bananas are brought into New York harbor every day by one company alone. That number of bunches means about 5,000,000 bananas, and many more millions are brought by boats other than those of this one company.

No other fruit sells so well in America as the banana, and the captain of one of the numerous steamships plying between here and the West Indies is the authority for the statement that no other people in the world are as fond of the fruit as New Yorkers.

"I've carried all kinds of fruit to all kinds of places," he remarked with emphasis the other day, "but I never saw people such fools over anything as these New Yorkers are over bananas. The more they eat the more they want.

"In the few months of the season," he continued, "oranges enough can be brought in to last the whole year, but no matter how many shiploads of bananas come in every week there are crowds of buyers wait-

ing at the pier to haul them off as fast as they can be loaded on the trucks. There is a line of trucks, seemingly without end, waiting to take the places of those at the ship's side."

To one who witnesses it for the first time it is an interesting sight to watch the arrival and unloading of a banana boat. The first thing that attracts attention is the total absence of ripe fruit. Thousands and thousands of bunches are lifted out of the hold and piled on the vehicles but all are green bananas.

Over in one corner of the pier are dumped several hundred bunches that are condemned as worthless. There you can see some yellow ones occasionally, because the buyers refuse to take them away.

As soon as the boat is fast to the pier the buyers all rush on board to examine the fruit. They "size up" in a glance the value of the green bananas, and then buy whatever quantity they want. The demand is often so great that dozens of buyers go away unsatisfied, the preference always being given to those who purchase large quantities. The price on the wholesale varies anywhere from fifty cents to two dollars a bunch, according to the quality.

The men high up in the banana industry, as well as the venders who push carts through the streets, usually hail from sunny Italy. Indeed, it is not an unusual thing for a peddler, through the display of good business sense, to rise from his humble position to one of considerable wealth as a fruit merchant.

To these wholesale houses near the water front the banana peddlers go for their loads. They wander from one to another until they find somebody who has been unlucky enough to have a great quantity left on his hands, and who is willing to let it go at a great reduction for fear it will spoil while in his possession.

In this way the venders manage to get very good fruit sometimes at fifty cents a bunch. They often buy thirty bunches at a time, and nobody knows where the fruit is kept before it is put on the market.

* * *

WHO WAS DEMOSTHENES?

IT was in Athens that the great orator Demosthenes was born. Although he had many impediments to overcome, he worked on untiringly, and finally became not only the first orator of Greece but of all antiquity. He remedied a stammer in his speech by practicing with pebbles in his mouth. On the death of Alexander he gave his services as an orator to the confederated Greeks, and in the end made way with himself by using poison to avoid falling into the hands of Antipater.

* * *

THE longest day of the year at New York is fifteen hours; at London, sixteen and a half; at St. Petersburg, nineteen; at Tornea, Finland, twenty-two; and at Spitzbergen, three months and a half.

SOME ANCIENT JEWISH CUSTOMS.

THERE are many ancient ceremonies still observed in celebrating the Passover festival. The occurrences mentioned in connection with the bondage of the Israelites and their departure from Egypt, as narrated in the Bible, are perpetuated by ancient rites, which date back to the dispersion of the Jews and to the time when they ceased to have a national existence.

The observance of the Passover festival entails many obligations upon the pious Israelites. Attendance at the synagogue service and the prayers said in the family circle are not the only acts of devotion required by the religious authorities. The worshiper is expected to follow many biblical and rabbinical commands even in his preparation for the festival. Many of the most interesting of these ceremonies are not in the synagogue service, but are observed by the members of the household only in the privacy of their homes. Each of them bears a greater or lesser significance in keeping alive every detail concerning the history of the Passover.

On the evening preceding the eve of Passover an interesting ceremony is observed by the very pious, which is highly characteristic of the conscientious endeavor of the strict Hebrew to observe literally the commandment that there shall not be any bread or "hametz" in his house. A search is made by the master of the house for any leaven that may have been overlooked in the general cleaning. He examines every closet and every nook and corner thereof, gathering anything that he finds suspicious or decidedly leaven. This he burns the next morning and before the noon hour.

This ceremony is not as generally observed as the Hagadan or "Seder," which is the principal and all important domestic service. It is an exceedingly interesting ceremony, full of pathetic and historical reminiscences, and is held on the first two nights of the Passover, and is a family and social prayer meeting.

When the family and guests have been seated around the festive table, which is profusely decorated with fruits, flowers and ornaments, the master of the house recites an introductory prayer in Hebrew and a welcome to the guests, but before he commences the recital of the narrative of the departure from Egypt the youngest child at the table asks of the assembly:

"Why is this night observed differently from any other? On this evening only unleavened bread is eaten, only bitter herbs are now spread before us, and we are all sitting differently from our usual custom, and are in reclining positions."

These questions are asked to introduce the narrative and are answered by the master of the house in the service which follows: He proclaims "that it is incumbent upon him so to do because the Bible declares that every person in every generation shall look upon

himself as if he himself had actually gone forth from Egypt," and it directs that each father shall tell his son thereof and say: "This is done because of that which the Lord did for me when I went forth from Egypt."

With each portion of the narrative recited by the master of the house object lessons are exhibited. The bone of a lamb which had previously been roasted over the fire and is among the paraphernalia is shown to all present, to recall to the audience that the first born of the Hebrews were spared when those of the Egyptians were killed, for it will be remembered that among the most dramatic episodes mentioned in the Bible was the killing of the lamb at the exodus of the Israelites and the sprinkling of its blood upon the door posts of their houses, and this ceremony is a reminder thereof.

Another dish at the table of which all partake is the "Harozet," a mixture of fruit, herbs and almonds made into a paste resembling and of the consistency of mortar. This is eaten in commemoration of the severity of the life in Egypt. The quotation from Exodus is recited, "That the Egyptians embittered their lives with cruel bondage and in mortar and brick, for all labor was inflicted upon them with rigor."

The reason for eating unleavened bread is explained to be in commemoration of the rapid departure from Egypt, when there was not sufficient time given for the dough to leaven, for it is narrated in Exodus that "they baked unleavened cakes of dough because they were thrust out of Egypt and were not allowed to tarry."

It is well known that the Israelite never wearies in his expectation of the coming of the Messiah to lead his people back to Jerusalem. An ancient legend teaches him to expect His return on Passover night. At one period of the service the door is opened with great ceremony, and with the hope that at that moment, He may enter therein. Throughout the service a wine glass has been filled for His welcome, and His spiritual presence is supposed to be with the worshipers.

The inquiry of the youngest person at the table concerning the reclining posture there taken is demanded because many are seated in reclining or comfortable easy chairs and because those who observe the custom with great precision lounge on pillows as a mark of grandeur and freedom. This Oriental mode of sitting while eating and drinking is true to the custom of Eastern nations, who always recline while at repast and take their meals lazily and with great languor.

Those of the synagogues who call themselves reformed Jews have gradually discarded the ceremonial observances, but the orthodox Jew believes in following the strict text of the commandments, and that punishment will be allotted to those who fail to observe them. The reformers claim that the observance of Passover is limited to the synagogue service and the eating of a

few "matzoth." They do not, however, abstain from eating bread during the week and assert that the prohibition thereof does not apply to the present time.

* * *

MAXIMS.

GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT from time to time declared that there were certain maxims which no man could follow and be unsuccessful. These are not all new. The following are some of them.

No man, however rich, has enough money to waste in putting on style.

The richer a man gets the more careful he should be to keep his head level.

The man that doesn't know his business from the top clear down to the bottom isn't any kind of a business man.

Business, religion and pleasure of the right kind should be the only things in life for any man.

A big head and a big bank account were never found together to the credit of anyone, and never will be.

Every time a man loses his temper he loses his head, and when he loses his head he loses several chances.

Next to knowing your own business it's a mighty good thing to know as much about your neighbor's as possible, especially if he's in the same line.

The man with the biggest title and salary should be the biggest man in the firm.

It's a good plan to know just what your men think of the business and then to be able to recognize whether they're right or not.

The best a man ever did shouldn't be his standard for the rest of his life.

It never hurts a business man to know all he can about the men he employs. It never ought to hurt the man to have his employer know all about him.

The successful men of to-day worked mighty hard for what they've got; the men of to-morrow will have to work harder to get it away.

It isn't always the man who is in front of his employer's eye who gets the first advance. You don't need to have him see you to let him know you're there.

You can never make a big success working for anybody else.

People don't play out from work of the right kind. The man who gets up early in the morning and walks to work instead of riding, and walks home again, does better work, gets better results and feels better than the fellow who rides.

* * *

ANTS MAKE THEIR TOILET.

NATURALISTS who have been studying the habits of certain ants have discovered that each insect goes through a most careful operation of cleaning itself. Each ant performs this operation not for herself but for another. She acts for the time as lady's maid.

She stands by washing the face of her companion and then goes over the whole body. The actions of the ant who is being washed betoken the utmost satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out, she rolls over on her side, even on her back, a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect shows in being thus combed and washed is really an object lesson to many higher animals.

* * *

RINGWORM.

ALTHOUGH the ringworm of the skin is one of the easiest diseases to cure, rapidly disappearing under the action of almost any parasiticide, ringworm of the scalp or beard frequently taxes the ability of even the clever specialist for many months. Dr. G. T. Jackson has been using a very simple but most effective remedy



A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AN INDIAN TOWN.

in these cases for two years, and is highly enthusiastic over the result. A drachm of the crystals of iodine is added to an ounce of goose grease, and this preparation is applied to the affected areas twice a day till some redness and swelling appear. It is then applied once a day until a cure results. Goose grease seems to be an excellent penetrating excipient, but it is necessary to make sure that it is the genuine article. The hair falls out of the patch and epilation is not necessary. The first applications are apt to be a little painful for a few moments, but after that even little children do not complain of the pain. If much reaction with swelling is caused, the use of the remedy can be suspended for a few days, and a salicylated oil of three per cent strength can be used. As soon as the reaction subsides the iodine remedy should be resumed. Three weeks are usually sufficient to secure a cure of barber's itch, and about the same time for a ringworm of the scalp.—"Medical Record."

* * *

"THE worldling's house seems as solid as the Christian's—until the storms come."

* * *

"FOUNDATION stone is more important than decoration stone."

SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

A GREAT many people are under the impression that if they take anything from the post office they will be required to pay for it whether they want it or not, and it is often the case that certain publications, especially those of the sensational order, continue sending their paper sometimes for years after the expiration of the term of subscription. They then attempt to collect for the full term for which the paper has been sent. A recent editorial in the *Chicago Chronicle*, entitled "Alleged Blackmailing Magazines" may be read with interest by everybody. The fact that the paper is addressed to a name, giving the street number, and the postman leaves an expensive magazine, the publisher can no more collect pay for it than the drygoods merchant could for sending a piece of unordered silk. People who have had publications sent them from time to time can use their pleasure about paying therefor if they have not ordered them. The article goes on to say that according to a dispatch from Washington some of the leading magazines of the country are resorting to very objectionable methods of making sales. It is charged that they continue sending copies of their magazines for a year or more after the expiration of subscriptions and then resort to methods amounting to blackmail to collect for the extra time. They are said to go to the length of threatening lawsuits to collect the money not due them.

It must be pretty generally known by this time that under the decisions of the courts publishers have no just claims in such cases and cannot collect at law if the persons from whom they attempt to collect choose to keep up the fight.

The subscriber is under no sort of obligation even to give notice of discontinuance. It is the business of the publisher to keep his own books and know when a subscription expires and discontinue when it expires unless he chooses to keep on sending his publication at his own risk.

This, it may be presumed, is generally known, but publishers, it is charged, presume upon their ability to get money out of people by threatening them with suits, thinking that the victims will pay rather than go to the trouble and expense of defending suits in the courts.

This is a pretty small business for a publisher of a magazine that makes any pretensions of respectability. It would not pay generally to sue for the subscription price alone. The plan is evidently one of bluffing, with the object of keeping up a big subscription list as an attraction to advertisers, but there would seem to be considerable danger of exposure, which ought to be fatal to both the big subscription list and the advertising patronage.

Victims are appealing to the post office department for relief and the department is said to be taking action.

But what can it legitimately do more than to refrain from delivering the refused publications?

SCIENCE IN FARMING PAYS.

THE secretary of agriculture, Mr. Wilson, hails from a farming State and is himself a successful conductor of a farm. He believes that not enough attention is paid to scientific agriculture by the colleges of to-day and he has taken up the agitation of this matter as a hobby. Wherever he makes a speech he tells his hearers that his department utilizes the services of every young man it can find who has had a thorough training in some branch of scientific agriculture. There is a great demand for this kind of service, and the department has the utmost difficulty in holding on to its experts because of the growing outside calls that are being made on them.

There are about two thousand people in the department of agriculture who are engaged on scientific agricultural work, yet hardly one of them came into the government service fully equipped. Secretary Wilson calls attention to this fact to emphasize his statement that the colleges should give more thought and attention to the development of agricultural sciences. There are some fifty agricultural colleges in the country calling for competent teachers and sixty or seventy agricultural experiment stations where there is always an opening for a trained scientist. There is money in becoming an agricultural expert and Secretary Wilson thinks that our young men would do well to choose such a profession rather than the overcrowded fields of law and medicine.

SALT MINES OF RUSSIA.

THE salt mines of Russia are noted as among the richest in the world. The principal deposits of this important household article are in the Khirgiz steppes of southern Russia, where there is a strange settlement named Iletzk, from which 24,839 tons of salt come every year. This salt, it has been shown by recent borings, extends to a depth of 630 feet below the surface of the earth.

At present the workers have dug down to a depth of 399 feet, where they are taking the salt out of an immense and beautiful chamber that is 784 feet long and 175 feet high. When seen in the radiance of the electric lights this underground cavern shines like a fairy palace, for walls and roof and pillars are snowy white and beset with myriads of crystals.

The great pieces of salt are blasted out with powder just as if the mine were a stone quarry.

It is very hard to use metal in the mines, for the salt eats it away quickly. On the contrary, wood is hardened and preserved beautifully by it.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE REASON.

Happy little Smiling Face,
 When walking on the streets,
 Gets a pleasant nod and word
 From everyone he meets.
 "Precious dear!" says Mrs. Love,
 "Halloo, boy!" calls Joe—
 Joe's a ragged newsboy;
 But others do just so.
 Tim, the big policeman,
 Doctor, lawyer, clerk,
 Stop to smile "Good morning,"
 However hard their work.

Sulky little Sour Face,
 Though he walks a mile,
 Passing hundreds on the way,
 Never gets a smile.
 Every one has on a frown
 As he hurries by—
 Not one stops to say "Halloo!"
 None to say "Good-bye!"
 "Folks are always cross and glum,"
 I heard Sour Face sigh.
 If you meet him, tell him, children,
 Just the reason why.

* * *

JAPANESE CHILDREN DUTIFUL.

ONE of the features that most strike the visitors to Japan, the land of the chrysanthemum, is the dutiful conduct of the children. Wherever one goes it is noticed that the youth, almost without exception, are obedient and deferential to their elders, sweet and obliging among their equals and patient to a degree that is philosophical, yet no more genuine children are anywhere to be found. No child is without its responsibilities and in most cases these are strapped to its back and it bears them cheerfully. There is a beautiful spirit of helpfulness between brothers and sisters.

"I think the children have more real affection for each other than they do for their parents," said a gentleman who had spent many years in Japan, "for whom their respect is unbounded. Although the Japanese take great pride in their babies and their growing sons and daughters, they strenuously endeavor not to reveal it and if you had naught but their word for it, you would think they were quite harassed and disgusted with their offspring.

"I suppose," said a friend, before I left for Japan, "you will have to refer to your baby as 'my dirty, insignificant and troublesome little son.'"

Still, after all, no one can withstand the blandishments of an infant, and many a Japanese mother have

I entrapped into glowing details of the accomplishments of her small children. The mother does not often give them all the attention which mothers should. She is ever at the beck and call of the head of the family, to the exclusion of all other requests. At such times if the babies protest they are stuffed with sweets or turned over to the servants, and such times are nearly all the time. The servants are not refined, but they are kind-hearted women and they are closer members of the household than our servants are or would



IN JAPAN.

like to be and for that reason they mother the children and naturally get the greater half of their love. Much of the discipline of the family is turned over to the elder brother. It is summary and sound. Occasionally the father devotes himself to the children on a picnic or a walk in the evening, telling them stories or playing games, but never under any circumstances will he lay aside his pipe and his dignity to crawl about on his hands and knees in the similitude of a lion.

* * *

"READ about the fairies, mamma," said little 3-year-old Margie.

"Not to-night, dear," replied the mother. "My eyes ache."

"But," pleaded Margie, "you needn't read with your eyes; read with your mouth."

The Q. & A. Department.

Is there such a thing as a cheap magic lantern that works well?

Yes, you can buy a cheap one that will please children, even of larger growth, and if you can paint the slides the field is endless. But the best go into money rapidly. If you want a cheap kind they are easily had. Do not expect a really good stereopticon for a few dollars. But for the family and, say, a country school, they are very inexpensive, comparatively speaking. More depends on the man behind, or in front of the instrument, than in the thing itself.

I saw from a car window a man in a boat in an eastern river apparently fishing for something with a scoop net. He was not fishing. What was he doing?

In all probability the man was gathering coal that had washed down from the mines, judging from the locality you name; the Susquehanna river. It is a regular business and pays the worker. The coal he gets is rounded like marbles, and is from a walnut to a larger size.

How is a dining car guarded from fraud by dishonest servants?

Generally the guest writes his order, which is duly signed and checked up. It is known exactly what the car starts with in the way of food, etc., and at the end of the run the orders and the money must tally with the missing amount of food. There is little chance for much swindling.

Can I raise beets and make sugar from them for home consumption?

Don't trouble with it at all. You *might* make a little sugar, but it would not be worth while. The regular machinery would cost nearly \$100,000. It is not worth your while, only as a profitless experiment.

What is a lumber flume?

A V shaped trough wide enough to hold a log. This is built down a mountain side and has water running in it. It is arranged so that water flows in it. A log put in the flume at the top shoots down the trough at lightning speed. Some flumes are over fifty miles long.

How are the "demonstrators" of food in the grocery stores paid?

By the manufacturers of the food. They get about \$10 to \$12 per week and their traveling expenses, paying their own board out of their salary. Looks, expertness and being a good salesman all count in the appointment originally.

Why doesn't it thunder in winter time?

In the first place it does thunder in winter time, and secondly it does not thunder so much because conditions of cold do not beget the electrical demonstration to the same extent that hot weather does.

Can I grow cotton, tea, coffee and similar plants in pots as curiosities?

Yes, readily enough. Better buy the tea and coffee plants. Cotton will grow from the seed as readily as pumpkins.

Is a good musician in the country likely to get a paying job in the city?

It all depends. Being a "good" anything is largely relative. If the party is really good he will win anywhere.

Do any publications pay for poetry?

Some do. But there is not enough in it to justify any attention on the part of any ordinary writer of poetry, so-called.

Are the grocery table syrups pure?

Yes, in a way. It is not claimed that they are cane sugar syrups. Lots of young Nookers have never seen or tasted real molasses.

Are the places where the United States makes money open to the public?

Yes, subject to restrictions of certain hours, etc. Any reputable looking person can see it all.

Is there a way by means of which a personally valuable mirror can be resilvered?

Yes, but it would not pay to do it, unless there was some reason for the expenditure.

Who invented the revolving turret of the monitor war ships?

Theodore R. Timbey, only nineteen years of age. He never got public credit for it.

In the tropics do birds have a regular nesting time?

Yes. More or less all animals and plants, everywhere, have active seasons and periods of rest.

What is a remedy for a lack of acid in the blood?
Eat acid fruits.

Is the flight of birds understood?
No, not fully.

The Home



Department

THREE MORAVIAN RECIPES.

BUTTER SEMMELS.—Set to rise at 6 P. M. $\frac{1}{2}$ large cup of mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of yeast, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yeast cake dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of warm water. Add at 10 P. M. 1 pint of milk, 1 or 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter and lard mixed, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt, and about three pints of flour sifted twice. Knead until the dough blisters and drops clean from the palm of the hand. Set in a warm place to rise until morning. Roll out a quarter of an inch thick, brush the sheet with butter, cut in 2-inch squares, lap the four corners, set two inches apart in pans, and let them rise until very light. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven, brush with melted butter and throw over them powdered sugar. This quantity makes five dozen.

SUGAR CAKE.—Beat well and put in a warm place until very light, 1 pint of milk, 1 cup of mashed potatoes, 1 cup of yeast (or one yeast cake dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lukewarm water), 1 tablespoonful of salt, and flour to make a stiff sponge. Then add two eggs well beaten, 1 cup of white sugar, 1 cup of butter and lard mixed. Add a little more flour till blister forms and dough drops clean from the hand. Take some of the dough and put into shallow greased pans, spread out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness and set away to rise. When the cake is light, make holes at equal distances, filling each with a lump of butter and brown sugar. Dust over the entire cake with cinnamon and plenty of brown sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

BETHLEHEM STRIETZ.—Take $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 dozen almonds, blanched and cut fine; $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 pounds flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of raisins, 3 ounces citron, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of currants, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cake of compressed yeast. Set a sponge over night with 1 pint of milk, about 1 pint of flour, and the yeast dissolved in water. In the morning add the butter and the sugar rubbed in flour, the salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm milk. Knead until the dough no longer sticks to the hand, adding the flour slowly. Lastly, put in the fruit mixed with a little flour. The dough should not be as stiff as bread dough. Let it rise again, and when light divide into small loaves. Roll these out till about 1 inch thick, lap over, and put

into flat pans to rise again. When light bake in a well-heated oven one-half hour.

SUNDAY DINNER.

BY ANNA M. MILLER.

Bean soup,	
Roast leg of mutton,	
Baked parsnips,	Tomatoes,
Peach pie,	Cakes,
Coffee.	Black Walnuts.
Potatoes with Cheese,	

The bean soup should be made on Saturday, completely seasoned and prepared so that all that is required is the heating, which should be thorough.

The parsnips should be parboiled until nearly done. The leg of mutton should be roasted during the morning or forenoon until almost done. If the stove is likely not to be manageable open the door of the oven and leave it thus until the return from church. Then make a good fire, baste the mutton thoroughly and fork the parsnips into the pan with the gravy.

For the potatoes have cold boiled potatoes cut into cubes about one-half inch square. Mix these thoroughly with grated or scraped cheese by rolling them on a newspaper three or four times. Put them into a pan with enough cream to simply cover them, and set them in the oven of the stove at the time the leg of mutton is being finally roasted. The potatoes with cheese may be prepared before going to church, requiring only to be set in the oven of the stove upon returning.

The tomatoes take care of themselves and, of course the pies and cakes have been made the day before.

From the time of arrival at home until this dinner is ready to serve need not take more than a half hour, as everything can be immediately set going upon the arrival at home.

LEARN to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

LEARN the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

LITERARY.

The Review of Reviews.—This sterling publication for April is full of interesting matter. "The Coal Strike Commission and its Award," and "Pushing Back the Arid Line," are two articles that will interest the majority of our Nook readers. The first is descriptive of the findings of the commission and the second tells how a particular handling of the soil in arid regions is productive of wonderful results in a crop way. Every Nooker who lives in Kansas, or Nebraska, or anywhere in the semi-arid country, would be benefited by reading how this is done. Of all the reviews that come to the INGLENOOK it is difficult to decide which is the best. In some respects the *Review of Reviews* takes the lead, and it is essentially the scholarly man's magazine for it deals with living questions and covers the ground of recent publications in a way peculiarly its own. One can not go wrong in reading *Review of Reviews* if he would keep abreast of the doings of the world at large. Those who want a magazine devoted to solid information on living topics will find in this monthly the thing they are looking for. It is very ably managed and cannot fail to be of more than passing interest to those who read it. If you are looking for something to keep you busy on a long railroad journey, or substantial reading for the home, get the *Review of Reviews*.

* * *

TWO PERFECT GENTLEMEN.

THEY were of foreign birth and newly acquired riches. They entered the restaurant with much aplomb and mutual deference. When Jacob called for trout, his friend Isaac was too polite to ask for anything else.

The waiter brought in the double order. And one fish upon the plate was large, while the other, by contrast, was pitifully small. It was an emergency foreseen by neither Jacob nor his friend. But the courtesy of both would have equalled any crisis.

Jacob flung himself back in his chair with a generous indifference.

"Isaac, hellup yourselves."

"Jacob, id iss you who der honorableness shall haf!"

"Isaac, I insistings ubon id!"

"Jacob, vill you me to shtarve allow?"

With a deep sigh of content, Jacob helped himself to the larger fish.

An awful silence fell. It lasted until the third forkful found capacious immolation behind the shrubbery of Jacob's beard.

"Do you," inquired Isaac, with bitterness, "id iss boliteness imachine, der piggest feesh to take?"

"Didn't you," with elaborate suavity, "me to hellup meinselfs reekvest?"

"But to der piggest feesh——"

"Vell, if you yourselfs hat first helluped, vich would you took?"

"Me!" with unction of proud virtue. "I would haf took der liddlest feesh."

"Vell, you got id, ain't id?"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I HAVE learned more out of the INGLENOOK than I ever learned at the State Normal."—*K. Scroggs, Missouri*.

+

"My husband says the INGLENOOK is the best paper of its kind he ever read."—*Lovina Taylor, Indiana*.

+

"We are highly pleased with the paper and would not do without it."—*I. B. Overholtzer, Kansas*.

+

"I THINK the INGLENOOK is always inspiring, to say the least."—*Catherine Lindberg, Illinois*.

+

"NOT alone that it is good, but that it is always better."—*Martha Hilary Keller, Iowa*.

+

"I ASK for the INGLENOOK before I do for my supper."—*Calvin Beam, Pennsylvania*.

+

"We are very well pleased with the Nook."—*Hannah Dunning, North Dakota*.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—I am a brother, forty-seven years old, somewhat crippled, want a home where I can do chores for board and clothing. Can milk, tend garden, handle a team.—*J. C. Herner, Waverly, Kans. R. R. No. v.*

+

WANTED.—Man and wife, without children preferred, or others may write, to run a sixty-acre farm for a widow.—*J. B. Light, Greenspring, Ohio*.

+

WANTED.—I want a place among members for two little girls—one six and the other eight years old.—*N. Wagoner, Nora Springs, Iowa*.¹⁷

+

WANTED.—A single young man to work on level farm by month or year.—*Jos. K. Heddings, Catlets, Ia.*

+

I WANT to make your cap or bonnet. Write me.—*Barbara Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

+

I MAKE bonnets and caps.—*Maggie Myers, Mexico, Indiana*.

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No. 18.

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near.
The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.
The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

—Samuel Rogers.



GRANT'S COOLNESS.

SOME people are cool when everything and everybody is calm about them—some are cool when everything but they is in a disturbance; some are cooler upon small occasions, and some upon greater; but General Grant seems to have been able to retain an unruffled demeanor under all kinds of circumstances—a peculiarity that was of much service to his country in her great need.

Once while Grant was in command of the army, a teamster who was beating his horses in a terrifically cruel manner, was surprised and, if possible, additionally enraged, by the sudden appearance of a small, unassuming man in a military overcoat, with no badges upon him to indicate his rank. The small, unassuming man had appeared for the purpose of telling the brutal driver that he was an unmitigated scoundrel and ought to be ashamed of himself.

The driver immediately turned upon the intruder, asked him with an oath what business it was of his and went on beating his horses. It was not many minutes before the hands with which he had performed the cruel action were hung up by the thumbs and he was promising to be more careful in the future.

On the notable occasion between Long Branch and New York, when the car in which he was riding jumped the track and was finally dumped into the

ditch, a passenger noticed one of the occupants of the coach rise quietly, place a hand on each of two car seats on opposite sides from each other and stand on tiptoe till the final crash came. "That man knows what he is doing," thought the passenger and imitated the cool stranger, who proved to be Grant. Neither of them was hurt, though several, who clung to their seats, were "badly shaken up" and some killed.

When under fire, he is said to have been one of the coolest of all soldiers. Like Napoleon, he seems to have believed that the bullet to kill him had not yet been cast and conducted himself accordingly. "Almost everybody else I saw," said Gen. Porter, who, for a long time was with him almost constantly, "would 'dodge' a little, when amid a storm of bullets; but Grant never flinched either to the right or the left."—*Everywhere*.



WORTH MORE THAN ITS COST.

WHEN Secretary of State Seward negotiated the purchase of Alaska from the Russian government many Americans regarded it as a shameful waste of money, and some newspapers referred to it as an investment of \$7,500,000 in icebergs. That the transaction has been a profitable one is shown by a monograph prepared by the treasury bureau of statistics for publication in the forthcoming issue of the monthly summary. In general terms it may be said that Alaska, for which the United States paid Russia \$7,200,000 in 1867, has supplied furs, fish and gold amounting to about \$150,000,000 in value, about equally divided between these three items; that the investments of capital from the United States in Alaska are probably \$25,000,000, with a large additional sum invested in transportation to that territory; and that the annual shipments of merchandise to Alaska now aggregate more than \$12,000,000 and have aggregated since the purchase nearly or quite \$100,000,000. Meantime the population has grown from an estimated 30,000 at the date of purchase to 32,052 in 1890, 63,592 in 1900 and an estimated 75,000 at the present time.



IN love and friendship, small steady payments on a gold basis are better than immense promissory notes.
—H. Tandyke.

OUR FRIENDS IN MEXICO.

BY RUBY.

Nook readers will remember that our Quinter wrote how we got here to this mining hacienda, and now I am going to write a letter for the Nook, and if the Editor prints it perhaps I will try again. The longer I am here the surer I am that there is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. You see it is a long journey from here to the railroad, and it takes weeks for us to get a letter out to the world, and to hear from it in reply. These people change very slowly, and when one is so far in the interior there is practically no change at all. As the people are now, so they were two hundred years ago, and father says that they may not be much different a hundred years to come.

A mining hacienda is simply a town about a mining property, a place where the Superintendent and the miners live. The Superintendent in this case is a man sent down by the American owners to look after their interests, and as our father, Quinter's father and mine, is the man in charge, it gives us lots of chances to see things as they are in old Mexico. And I want to tell you something of the way the people here live, the common everyday people, I mean.

The really real native Mexican is an Indian, and after him comes the peon, and a peon is nothing but a cross with the original Spaniards, the great mass of the people who work at one thing and another. The only white man about a hacienda may be the Spanish priest, the man who looks after the religious interests of the people. The peon is a happy-go-lucky person. He wants about two suits of clothes each year, and he lives mainly on chile and tortillas. Chile is the Mexican name for peppers, and tortillas are thin corn cakes, baked as he needs them. If, added to this, he has frijoles, he is happy. Frijoles you want to pronounce free-holes, which is a rather odd name for nothing but black beans. Both Quinter and myself learned to like the fare of the country, and if home folks knew more about this Mexican fare they would soon take to it.

The beans in Mexico are never anything else but the black beans of the country, while the peppers are those that have been dried, and they are sold by the pound. There are thousands and thousands of acres in old Mexico devoted to raising chile, or peppers. Then the corn that they raise is slightly different from ours at home. In times of scarcity, when American corn was sent in, the natives did not like it as well as their own, as it lacked some quality of their native corn out of which tortillas are made.

The funniest thing in all Mexico is the burro or donkey. Nearly every family that can keep one has it. They are taken into the house when they are ba-

bies and are raised as one of the family, and they get so used to being handled that when they are big enough to ride there is no breaking required. When the railroads were first introduced a good many burros were killed, and some of their owners with them. The peons could not read, so the railroad people had a telling sign painted for the rare crossings. It was in the picture language and represented a train of cars striking a burro with a peon riding him. The cars were going straight ahead and the burro was up in the air in one direction, and the peon was in the other, and the foreground of the picture was full of arms and legs, and the vegetables with which the animal was supposed to have been loaded. This told its own story and the peon understood it. There are only a few of these signs now in existence. The railroad made it to the interest of the peon to travel by



A TYPICAL MEXICAN FAMILY.

providing a car into which the burro with his load was driven, and there tied while its owner rode in the adjoining car. After the market the railroad brought the burro and the man back again.

When a peon is riding a burro and stops anywhere he ties the forelegs of the animal together with a strap, or even with his handkerchief, and he is very sure of finding his animal there when he returns. If there is any doubt about it he blindfolds the animal, and it is said that the burro would stand forever right there, as long as the blind was over his eyes. Poncha, our servant, taught Quinter and me to ride a burro, and he told us what to say to make the animal go faster, and we learned afterward when we got deeper into Spanish that we had been saying things our home Sunday-school would never tolerate. It is the first time in my life I ever said such things and I do not know whether or not I am responsible. But if you will imagine a girl like me who goes to Brethren Sunday school every Sabbath at home, riding up and down the main street of the town cursing and swearing at my animal you will understand the situation.

A lot of strangers come here at rare intervals and always take a burro ride, and if Poncha is told off to

look after them it is just shameful the language they use when they come back from their ride. One of our pictures shows a typical Mexican family while another shows the adobe house in which the people live. The four burros in front of father's office door are waiting until their driver comes out. The empty sacks on their backs will contain ore from the mine.

The burros have a very dejected look and I used to be sorry for them until I learned that they were never quite so happy as when they were in that frame of mind, and if they were chewing a red label off a tomato can they are supremely happy.

It is Quinter's turn to write the next letter and he may tell you something about how our Mexican workmen enjoy themselves when they have a fandango.

* * *

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

FROM an exchange we learn that the manufacture of artificial flowers is quite an industry and, while common enough in some of the eastern cities, is hardly known in the west. As an appeal to vanity it perhaps has hardly its equal. Still it is a very interesting study and is reproduced here for the purpose of acquainting the Nook readers with a little known industry.

"I was common clay till roses were planted in me," says the earth in an eastern fable. If this be true, there may be hopes of the lower part of Wabash avenue taking on some lines of beauty, for here roses are to be found not only by the dozens but by the hundreds—even by the thousands.

There are three hundred and fifty rose factories in New York, but only one in Chicago, and it has just come to town. The owners say that they intend to manufacture twenty-five thousand roses this year.

The factory is situated near the corner of Congress and Wabash. Here roses are to be found at all seasons of the year, regardless of the fact whether the thermometer registers zero or ninety in the shade.

It is a pretty sight to walk into the office of this factory and see the samples scattered about—here a cluster of Jacques and there a spray of bluish roses looking as if they had just been gathered; but if Romeo were here he could not claim that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, for these roses have no odor.

The roses are made in a long, light apartment back of the office. Here about twenty-five girls are employed, who are paid from five to seven dollars a week, according to the skill and rapidity with which they work. The hours are from 8:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., and the season lasts all the year.

The girls sit at a long table facing the light; some cut out the petals, others make the green leaves, while the more skillful workers finish the spray by adjusting

the completed rose and twisting all on a wire stem. As each one finishes her work she hangs it on a rope passing over the center of the table. The effect is pretty, giving the room the appearance of being decorated with garlands of roses.

The first process in flower making is the cutting of the leaves and petals, the operator being a man of some degree of huskiness, cutting through half a dozen thicknesses of the material with any one of the two hundred stamps used for the purpose. These stamps, or dies, are used against a block of lead, and save where the material is for mourning wear the cloth is snow white.

Velvet, muslin, silk and plush are the standard materials for petals and leaves, the leaves for the most part being plain muslin stiffly starched. When the dies have cut the leaves and petals in white they are taken to the dyeing vats, where the aniline colors are mixed in nearly seventy shades and tints and hues. More expert work is required here than in any other department of flower making. Brilliancy in coloring is a necessity in almost every flower that is produced, and with this end in view the mixing of the dyes becomes a fine art. Any flower in the most extensive of florists' catalogues is produced second only to nature in its colorings.

But as to the flower most difficult of production to the worker's satisfaction, the American beauty rose is preeminent. This is not so much from the requirements of petal coloring as from the necessity of turning out the flower in the fullness of its blossoming. The petals in this royal rose are larger and of coarser texture and perfection of arrangement in leaves and petals becomes doubly important.

Wires of all sizes, wrapped in green and black, are the uniform bases for these floral decorations. These wires come looped into bundles, the wires being of the uniform length of six feet.

As most of this work in the shop is for the millinery trade the materials are designed to be of the life of the average bonnet. No woman needs to be told to keep her hat dry, no matter how expensive it may have been. To water artificial flowers is distinctly against the experience of the artificial florist, and to the eye of the layman it is by no means a necessary process anyhow.

As it is comparatively a new industry for Chicago, there is a scarcity of experienced rosemakers. As a rule, it takes about a month to become a good rose-maker.

* * *

HUMAN help is our need, human forgiveness of our wrong doing, human love in our loneliness—these are the sacraments through which, at their sweetest and purest, we feel a divine help and forgiveness and love flowing into our souls.—*G. S. Merriam.*

HOW A BALLOON IS BUILT.

PROBABLY the public knows as little about balloon building as any other industry in the country. And this is not surprising, when one considers that few persons ever stop to think of it as an industry. So vague an idea have persons on the value of a balloon that no doubt the man who found himself with a second-hand balloon in his possession would anathematize his luck, and give the first offer five dollars to cart it away.

And yet, if the balloon were of silk, and in good condition, you could get from four thousand to five thousand dollars for it, and if it were cotton, about five hundred dollars. The same balloons, new, would cost only three thousand and five hundred dollars and three hundred and seventy-five dollars, respectively, but the balloon, unlike any other commodity in the universe, improves under use, and gains steadily in value until "old age" sets in.

"Old age" comes in about four years, and no aeronaut has yet found out what causes it. Little holes no larger than pin pricks appear, and grow and grow until the big bulb assumes the appearance of a sponge. The decomposition supposedly comes from the action of the fibres of silk, or cotton, or the chemicals used in coating them to an air-proof condition.

These coatings, as a rule, are linseed oil, but there are many things mixed with this, and every balloon-maker has his secret combination which he seldom reveals. Then, too, each has his own way of cutting out his balloons, for in balloon building there are no such things as patterns. All the delicate cutting and absolutely perfect stitching is done by rule of thumb, and a two-foot stick marked with one thousand even subdivisions is the rule generally used.

To make a balloon silk is the first thing to be considered. Only one firm imports from China the required brand, and a bolt of it containing forty yards, weighs only four pounds and one ounce, but costs one hundred and twenty dollars. This silk is as delicate in appearance as the flimsiest handkerchief, and it is also so strong that few men can, with their fingers, tear a piece in two. Besides this, it is waterproof. After the silk, the "barn" or building loft is the next to be considered. The "barn" must be at least sixty feet high with no floors in it. The silk is hung over the roof poles and painted very lightly with the aeronaut's own composition, which, incidentally, usually contains a lot of arsenic. After the first coat the silk is allowed to dry four days, and then is cut into half segments of the size demanded. This is where the rule of thumb comes in. Unless the hole left at the top for the valve fits to the one-thousandth part of an inch, and unless every segment matches every other to a hair's-breadth, a few thousand dollars' worth of

material and energy have been thrown away, for the balloon as an airship is worthless.

The stitching is done on an ordinary sewing-machine, and the best quality of silk thread is used. Three rows of stitching go to each seam, and the seams are flat and inlaid. After the sewing is all done, the balloon is turned inside out, so that there can be no possible ridge for the ropes of the net that supports the car to chafe.

Then the great bag is placed over a "blower," a bellows operated by a wheel, and inflated with ordinary air. As it leaves the ground a gang of "coaters" stand around it and give it a coat of sizing, transforming the original dainty whiteness of the China silk to a dingy yellow-brown. This should make the balloon "hold itself," that is, keep its full shape and keep off the floor, and then for eight to ten days it is watched every minute of the twenty-four hours so that any sign of collapsing may be taken in hand at once. If it should collapse and the sticky folds get together it's just a question of starting another balloon. Then if the balloon is to be used at once, it is allowed to leave the shop, and after two or three ascensions is given another coating, but a very thin one.

If the balloon is not to be used immediately it gets its last coating in the shop and is laid away. Every month or so it must be taken out, inflated, given a long bath of sun and air and sprayed with kerosene. If this is not done it will "die" in less than six months.

The average balloon holds about fourteen thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas, is about twenty-six feet in diameter, contains twenty-eight to thirty segments, and can carry two men. There are not many of these silk gas balloons in proportion to the cotton, hot-air contrivances that are used for the ordinary parachute work at the county fairs.

The hot-air balloons are made of specially prepared muslin that costs about thirty cents a yard. They are coated only with alum water and a little glue for the first ascension. After that the smoke from the barrel stove and gasoline fires needed to start them skywards coats the interior so beautifully that no further "filling" is needed.

"Prof." Leo Stevens, who is completing an airship in which he will race with Santos-Dumont, is said to be one of the leading balloon builders in this country, and gave these facts about it in his "balloony" at Manhattan Beach.

He was one of the first to make a parachute jump, and did it for five dollars in Cleveland in 1884. He landed safely, but in Lake Erie, and has been studying aeronautics ever since. He now pays the young gymnasts in his employ twenty-five dollars for every jump they make, but he will never trust anyone but himself to send up the balloons.

"It all depends," said he, "on getting your balloon filled quickly with good hot air and releasing it the

instant it is full. If you don't start the balloon right off, it won't go up far enough to give the parachute a good chance to fill, and if the parachute does not fill, there is another story entitled 'Horrible Death of a Young Aeronaut.'

"If one knows how and takes a little care, ballooning is the safest sport I know. Such veterans as Allen, King and Wise went through forty years of it without a scratch, and every accident I've known has been due to carelessness. I won't have such a man work for me. I want to live a long while, and I want my men to work with the same view in mind."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A CHOICE OF IRONS.

It has been ascertained by a patient investigator that there are now on the market twenty-two different kinds of irons, suitable for pressing all sorts of goods, from a schooner's sail to a lace collar. Many of these are odd shaped and of strangely bright, pretty exterior compared with the homely, dingy irons of the old time.

There are irons provided with special forethought for the traveler's needs and limitations. There are other irons with narrow little points like the bow of a ship, meant to run up into the gathers of flounces. Infants' cap irons and polishing irons of diverse size and pattern are among a dozen other special types.

The primitive flatiron has been developed to a wonderful extent. Many of its progeny are to be reckoned more as machines than as mere implements.

A traveler's iron of small size has a little furnace in its ribs to be operated by prepared coal. A single lump of the fuel will provide heat sufficient for the proper pressing out of a necktie, a ribbon streamer or the bit of sleeve drapery which has got crumpled from the packing. This fuel is easily carried and not troublesome to manage.

The hotel guest's iron is prettily nicked and ornamented and designed to be run by a little alcohol lamp in its center. It is not dependent entirely on one source of fuel. Failing the alcohol, it may be fitted edgewise over an ordinary gas burner and heated expeditiously. A scooped-out aperture beneath the handle is provided for this purpose.

Neither of these ingenious irons costs more than two dollars. A smaller iron of highly polished exterior, to be fitted over the gas burner by means of the hollow through the middle, is sold for sixty-three cents. This iron is two inches long and suggests the ornamental in the useful.

Complete little ironing outfits come put up in cases. The set includes a small felt-covered board, thenicked iron and little wrought metal stand, a stick of beeswax for bettering the iron's service, and a durable iron-holder.

A new invention is an ironing board which can be changed into a settee when so desired. Folding lap-boards and folding tables are brought out for the amateur ironer's convenience. The effective cleaning stuffs for silk, cloth or flannel enable many women to be their own cleaners, but proper pressing after the rubbing off of spots is indispensable. Hence the great demand for small, handy irons which can be heated in ordinary living and dressing rooms.

PERFUMES.

PERFUMES were originally entirely reserved for religious purposes. Moses forbade the Jews the use of scent, which was to be kept for the holy sanctuary. Later on, however, aromatic distillations were employed in the preparation of dead bodies for their last



A MEXICAN ADOBE HOME.

resting place. The body of Jesus Christ was perfumed in this fashion by the reverent hands of Joseph of Arimathæa.

The ancient Greeks, who loved all fragrant odors and used them freely, attributed their discovery in the form of scent to the gods. The indiscreet conversation of Cœnone, a nymph of Venus, is said to have betrayed the formula to men. There was also a current superstition that whenever the gods descended from Olympia to interfere in the affairs of mortals the air became scented with ambrosia, the favorite perfume of the immortals.

In Athens the use of scent was so common that there existed regular perfumery establishments, and the expression, "Let us go and be perfumed," was common. It is not surprising, however, to read that the Spartans absolutely prohibited this indulgence and despised it as effeminate and degrading.

THE average passenger haul on steam railways has increased from twenty-three to twenty-seven miles since electrical lines have been competing for suburban business.

ABDIEL, THE BLIND BEGGAR.

ABDIEL, the blind man, sat at the street corner in far Jerusalem. In the narrow street in front of him were camels from Jaffa, which jostled the people that came from Bethlehem that day. On the sidewalk, or what passed for the sidewalk, in the narrow street, a stream of people going and coming passed Abdiel, who, with outstretched hand, implored alms from those who passed. The morning was far spent, and the bright Syrian sun looked down upon the scene.

Abdiel, being blind from his birth, had an abnormally developed sense of hearing, and it was this, together with his acute sense of touch that rendered it possible for him to find his way from his home on one of the side streets to his favorite place where he begged. All the neighbors knew him and now and then one gave him of his store, thus helping him along.

In the distance a group of men were walking slowly toward the temple. Abdiel quickly recognized the fact that they were talking about him. There seemed to be four or five in the party and the voice of one he recognized as speaking of his infirmity. All knew him but this particular one seemed to speak with authority in the discussion as to the cause of his blindness. As they neared him the group stopped and gathered about him. One of the group said, "Look up, Abdiel, and see the glory of the Most High." And as Abdiel turned his sightless face skyward the stranger stooped and with moistened clay and tender touch touched his sightless orbs and told him to go wash his eyes in the Pool of Siloam. And then they passed on.

Abdiel gathered his fluttering rags about him, took his stick and started for the pool. He knew not why other than that he was so ordered to do, and in the hope that he might again meet the stranger who would ask if he had gone as directed. So Abdiel felt his way, clinging close to the walls, turning corners here and there, flattening himself against low stone houses while a caravan from Damascus passed, being cursed here by a Roman soldier, and then spoken to kindly by a maid on her way from the pool with a jar of water on her head. Finally he came to the edge of the deep excavation in the limestone rock. Slowly he crept down the slippery stairs, aided by his stick, until he came to the water's edge. Stooping forward with one hand he dipped up the mountain water and washed his clay-stained eyes. Thrice he did this, when there burst upon him a miracle that none can appreciate save those who have had the experience, and those are few indeed. On the surface of the pool he saw a distorted reflection of himself and knew it not. By his side were men like himself and women. Around were the walls of the rock-hewn pool, and overhead a blue sky. For a moment he fell back upon the steps

and would have fallen into the water had not a friendly hand caught him by his garment and saved him.

Presently he took his stick and instinctively felt his way up to the top, walking step by step with an emotion impossible to describe. Imagine a man twenty-five years of age, blind from his birth and who had never seen the light of day, have it all broken in upon him at once! The effect is bewildering and incomprehensible. As Abdiel walked down the street he recognized where he was more by touch and sense of direction than by his newly-acquired sight. A camel was standing at the street corner and knowing nothing of height or depth or distance, save as measured by his stick, he attempted to step over the animal, fell down and was kicked for his blunder. Scrambling to his feet he passed on. He met a caravan with a string of ungainly camels lying in a long line on the street. He threaded his way through them with care, and as he passed a man looked sharply at him and Abdiel returned his look with staring eyes, and not until the man spoke did he recognize him as one of the neighbors. As he remarked, "See blind Abdiel finding his way on the streets! More could we not do." And Abdiel answered, "I see, I see," and the man laughed and passed on.

Finally he reached the street corner where he had so often begged. His place had been taken by another blind person, the light of whose eyes had gone out by an indiscreet exposure to the hot sun in infancy. Abdiel had known this man and often met him, and when he spoke the blind man scrambled to his feet. As they spoke to each other they recognized one another and Abdiel reached into the fold of his garment and took therefrom the mites he had gathered that day and emptied them all into the palm of the blind man, and told him to take them in God's name, for he had that hour seen the glory of the Lord. The blind man hid the coins while Abdiel told his story and there paused around him a group of priests and scornful Pharisees on their way from the temple, for it was the Sabbath Day.

"Is this not Abdiel, the blind beggar, who sat and begged?" said one of the neighbors. And in the talk that followed some said, "This is he," and others said, "He is like him." But Abdiel said boldly, "I am he." Then one of the crowd said, "How *did* you receive your sight?"

And Abdiel said, "A man called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes and said unto me, 'Go to the pool of Siloam and wash,' and I went and washed and received my sight."

"Where is he?" said one of them. Abdiel said, "I know not where he is." And so the questions and answers passed from one to the other until they suggested that they take him to the Pharisees. And when they did this the Pharisees asked him how he had re-

ceived his sight, and Abdiel told them again the story of the clay being placed upon his eyes and his washing in the Pool of Siloam. Immediately there began a discussion among the Pharisees as to how the miracle was brought about. And they asked Abdiel what he thought of it. Abdiel replied that he thought the man must be a prophet. But many of the Jews that had assembled in the crowd did not believe that he had ever been blind and asked his parents if Abdiel was their son, and whether he was born blind. His parents told them he was their son, and when they wanted to know any more they were afraid of the crowd, and said, "Ask him. He is of age. Let him tell himself." And so Abdiel again told his story, giving credit to the man Jesus, while the Pharisees said that he was a sinner, that since the world began it was not heard that any man born blind had ever received his sight. Then began an argument with the Pharisees and so angered were they that they bodily threw him out of the synagogue.

And so Abdiel wandered about the streets of Jerusalem, being the common talk of the public who had known him from his infancy, and so it reached the ears of the Prophet and King. And the Galilean sought out Abdiel and said to him, "Do you believe on the Son of God?" Abdiel answered, "Who is he that I may believe on him?" And Jesus said, "Thou hast both seen him and known him. Do you not recognize my voice, Abdiel, as the one that anointed thine eyes with clay? Verily, it is he who now talks with thee."

Then Abdiel recognized the tone of voice, and the truth flashed across his mind, and he fell upon his knees and clutched the garments of Jesus, saying, "Lord, I believe. With mine own eyes I have seen the glory of the Lord." And Christ blessed him, doubly so, once when he healed his infirmity and then again for his faith in his benefactor.

And when Abdiel, thereafter, looked upon death coming to him in his old age, he smiled faintly and said within the hearing of all, "Even as I have seen the Lord with mine own eyes so shall I soon see him again in his glory."

* * *

MONSTER GRAPEVINES.

WHEN a grapevine produces ten tons of fruit in a season it is proper that the vines of that section should receive the following favorable comment given by the *Scientific American*:

Wherever the fame of Santa Barbara has spread, that of her big grapevine has likewise expanded. The vines are of the mission variety, brought from Spain by the mission fathers. There was many a pang of regret when, in the centennial year, it was known that the old landmark in the Montecito Valley was to be cut down and a portion of it removed to the ex-

position at Philadelphia, but it was whispered that relentless time, who is no respecter of grapevines, was beginning to impair its vitality, and that the inevitable was only hastened by the intervention of man.

No record was kept of the time of planting, but from events connected with the family upon whose ground it grew, it was believed to be seventy-five or a hundred years old. The measurement of its trunk is given as three feet ten inches in circumference, and the arbor was about seventy-five feet square. Its death was believed to be premature, the result of changing the course of a small stream that had flowed near its roots.

But another vine nearby, a cutting from the original, had attained to nearly this size, so that Santa Barbara could still boast of having "the biggest grapevine in the world." In 1899 this vine succumbed to a disease of the roots, perhaps invited by age, and its body now rests in the Santa Barbara chamber of commerce. Its irregular trunk attained a girth of four feet four inches at eighteen inches above the ground, or five feet seven inches at forty-two inches, and its maximum yield was four tons in a season. It was believed to be seventy-five years old. In the Carpinteria Valley, and a few miles farther from the city, a third vine has surpassed both of the others in size. It was planted in 1842 by Joaquin Lugo de Ayala, and has therefore just completed its three-score years. The first election in Santa Barbara county under American rule was held beneath its ample shade. This latest candidate for the world's record is double from the surface of the ground up; the two parts are knit together in a David-and-Jonathan-like embrace to a height of about five feet seven inches, where they separate into huge branches, the largest having a circumference of three feet. Six inches above the ground the vine measures eight feet five and one-half inches in circumference, and it covers an area of one hundred and fifteen feet square (the whole back yard), sixty posts supporting the framework. The owner says that, were provisions made, it would spread over a greater surface, but it is pruned every year. Fabulous tales are told of the grapes this vine produces. That it did actually yield ten tons in a recent season seems to be authentic.

An effort was made to secure a part of the original Montecito vine taken to Ohio after the centennial—for the Santa Barbara exhibition at the World's fair, but terms could not be made with the owner. At the time of the succeeding midwinter fair at San Francisco an offer of \$1,000 for the Carpinteria vine was refused, else its lease of life would have been cut short.

* * *

THERE are new eras in one's life that are equivalent to youth—are something better than youth.—*George Eliot.*

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

A NUMBER of years ago the country was startled by the statement of the discovery of a fossil man of heroic size, which was called the Cardiff Giant. In the San Francisco correspondence of a Chicago daily the writer has this to say:

An artist is now in this city who claims to have been the sculptor of the famous Cardiff giant that created such a furore in the scientific world more than a score of years ago. His name is G. Fabricio Sala, and he is endeavoring to dispose of the statue of "Faith" that has been lying in the mechanic's pavilion at the exposition grounds ever since the close of the great fair held here seven years since. He claims that P. T. Barnum, the showman, made a million dollars by exhibiting his Cardiff giant, which was long accepted as the genuine petrified remains of a race of gigantic human beings who once inhabited this country.

The figure, to the many people who visited Barnum's show in those days, was supposed to represent the petrified form of a prehistoric man. It was twelve feet long, four feet broad and weighed three and a half tons. It was supposed to have been dug out of the earth at Cardiff, N. Y. This, to a certain extent, was true, but the fact that it was carved out of gypsum and interred less than a year before by the clever ones was kept a profound secret. That it was one of the cleverest hoaxes ever perpetrated was proven by a number of sculptors, archæologists, antiquarians, clergymen and others of the learned professions who were "taken in" by the figure and gave more or less profound explanations of its origin.

Mr. Sala is an elderly man who has made his reputation over the world as a sculptor of considerable merit. It was only with reluctance that he was induced a day or two ago to talk of his connection with the chiseling out of the giant. He said he simply undertook the work in a professional way, having been employed by a Mr. Taylor, who was at that time, 1868, a sort of silent partner with Barnum.

"Yes, it was I who carved the Cardiff giant," said Mr. Sala, "and Mr. Taylor paid me the handsome sum of fifteen thousand dollars for the work; subsequently he often gave me five hundred dollars whenever his receipts were exceptionally good. He was an excellent payer and a gentleman. I carved the giant in a barn near Quincy, Ill. The slab of gypsum was obtained in the vicinity. There is plenty of gypsum as well as onyx near there. Of course, I had nothing to do with the statue after it left Quincy, but I know that from there it was shipped to Chicago, then by water to Buffalo, and finally by canal boat and team to Cardiff, N. Y., where it was buried. The nature of the package was, of course, kept a secret.

A number of the *Popular Science Monthly* published in 1878 bears out Mr. Sala's statement in some

details, but mentions Edward Salle, a German, as one of the sculptors, and the other as a Mr. Markham, an American. Mr. Sala claims that the Salle referred to can be no other than himself and the use of the name is a mistake on the part of the writer.

Before the burial of the giant in the old well at Cardiff, by previous arrangement, the figure was subjected to long and careful rubbing with sand and water, which produced the water-worn appearance so often cited as incontrovertible evidence of extreme antiquity. The pores of the skin were carefully imitated by picking the entire surface with leaden hammers faced with needles, giving the peculiar "goose flesh" which puzzled so many. As there still remained an appearance of freshness, the figure was given a sulphuric acid bath to give it the desired appearance of age.

"A year afterward," the same publication says, "it was accidentally unearthed by well diggers, the arch engineer of the hoax being given as Mr. Hull, a Binghanton tobacconist. It had been carefully arranged and there were many neighbors around to spread abroad the news of the extraordinary find of fossil remains. The crowd soon swelled to thousands from all parts of the neighboring country and on the following day four medical men of the neighborhood with scientific pretensions, investigated the giant and accepted the hoax without the least hesitancy. Later it was examined by a Dr. Boynton of Syracuse, a man possessed of some antiquarian knowledge, and he came to the conclusion that it was a statue made some three hundred years ago by the Jesuit fathers. He at once offered ten thousand dollars for it."

By way of an advertisement invitations were sent to Professor Agassiz, Professor Hull, State geologist; S. B. Woolworth, secretary of the New York state university, and a large delegation of scientific men from different parts of the State. The State geologist pronounced the figure to be a statue of great antiquity. Professor Ward, who filled the chair of natural science in Rochester university, said: "Although not going back to the stone age, it is nevertheless deserving of the attention of archæologists." A prominent clergyman wrote: "This is not a thing contrived by man, but it is the face of one who lived like all the earth; the very image and child of God." Many scientific societies took the matter up and expressed their gullibility more or less strongly in resolutions.

The man to first puncture the hoax was Professor Marsh—O. C. Marsh of Yale—who made a point by asserting that gypsum was soluble in four hundred parts of water, yet the face of the giant was smooth and little dissolved, though surrounded by wet earth, proving that the burial must have been of very recent date.

It is estimated that three million dollars was made out of the hoax before Barnum introduced the petrified man to his circus. While the figure was being exhibited in Boston Mr. Sala says that to his own knowledge the drawings amounted to about four thousand dollars a night for a considerable time. Notwithstanding Professor Marsh's findings and other hard blows the hoax received from other quarters it survived for nearly two decades, when it may be said to have died a natural death, or, to use popular language, to have been "played out."

PEN NAMES OF AUTHORS.

HUNDREDS of people have indulged in fruitless speculation as to the reason for the choice of pen names by so many of the authors of the past and present day. Why, it has been asked, should the late Charles Kingsley's talented daughter choose to be known as Lucas Malet? According to her own confession her modesty was the motive which induced her to conceal her identity, so that any failure on her part should not dim the luster of her father's fame. For this reason she combined the names of two clever women in her family, one of whom was Miss Mary Lucas, the maiden name of her father's mother, and the other Alice Malet, her grandmother's aunt, both of which names she has thus rescued from oblivion.

With lady writers the fear of family criticism seems to have been responsible for many assumed names. Mrs. Alexander, for instance, the author of "The Wooing O't" and other delightful novels, adopted the Christian name of her husband, Alexander Hector, and under this mask won her fame before he was even aware that she had written a line, and Mme. Sarah Grand, knowing that her husband, Surgeon McFall, did not approve of her views, concealed her identity under the name now so widely known, and which she chose on account of its plainness.

It is curious, by the way, how many lady authors have selected unattractive and even ugly pen names. Olive Schreiner won her laurels under the almost repellant name of Ralph Iron; Mrs. Craigie chose to be known as John Oliver Hobbes, deliberately selecting the least attractive name she could think of, so that it might not be recognized as a woman's choice and that it might warn her against any yielding to womanly sentimentality in her writing, and for similar reasons Mrs. Arthur Stannard presented herself to the public as John Strange Winter, as uneffeminate a name as one could easily conceive.

Many writers have reduced the mystery of their noms de plume to the utmost by simply using their Christian names, as: Mrs. Thomas Anstey Guthrie, who chose to be known as F. Anstey; Forbes Phillips,

as Athol Forbes; Anthony Hope Hawkins, as Anthony Hope, and A. R. Hope-Moncrieff, as Ascott R. Hope.

It is curious to observe how almost invariably the pen names of lady writers are either avowedly masculine or without indication of sex, as George Eliot, Maxwell Gray, and G. M. Hutton (Mrs. Mona Caird).

Miss Ada Ellen Bayly arrived at the name Edna Lyall, now so familiar to us, by the simple process of transposing some of the letters of her own name and Mlle. De La Ramee, as is known, adopted her public appellation "Ouida," which was the nearest approach a very youthful sister could make to the pronunciation of her Christian name, Louisa.

Some pen names have a distinctly humorous origin, as Luke Sharp, which suggests the obvious meaning



SANTA FE STATION, LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.

that occurred to its owner, Robert Barr. Mostyn T. Piggot preserves his initials in the amusing form of Medium Tom Phun.

The name Mark Twain was, as is pretty generally known, suggested to Mr. Clemens by the cry of the leadsmen on a Mississippi boat when the lead indicated that the boat was in shallow water; Rev. John Watson arrived at Ian Maclaren by using the Gaelic form of John and adding his mother's name of Maclaren; and Max O'Rell made a combination of his grandfather's Christian name, Maxine, and his grandmother's patronymic, O'Reilly, abbreviating Maxine O'Reilly to the familiar Max O'Rell.

HIS ESSAY.

"THE human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brains in case there are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs, also the liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the floor and have hinges at the top and middle to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting."

NATURE



STUDY.

MOSS ON TREES.

THE INGLENOOK acknowledges the receipt of a very pleasant letter from Nooker B. C. Baker, of Antigo, Wisconsin, in relation to the subject of moss on trees. He says that he came to Wisconsin some four years ago and expected to find his way around by the popular belief that moss grows only on the north side of trees, but he found it took time and study and familiarity with Nature to be able to do so. He believes that nearly all kinds of trees having corrugated bark always have moss. This is correct enough and is due to the fact of a small amount of soil, and the wind-blown spores of the moss are more apt to be caught in positions congenial to growth. Mr. Baker says that it is his opinion that the north side of the tree, especially at the base, will have the thickest moss, due to the fact that that side of the tree has the least direct sunlight. He adds that with a knowledge of woodcraft a man, familiar with the moss on trees in a section of the country, can tell his general direction by the look and feel of the moss growth, and this is perhaps correct. However, there is no general rule, and exposure to sun, wind, and rain, and other circumstances, may make the conditions vary widely in different sections of the country. Nooker Baker's idea, however, is correct in the main, and so is the INGLENOOK's idea, that for the ordinary person the signs have little or no value unless backed up by extensive and accurate observation.

In this connection, though not pertinent to the subject, can anyone give us the approximate reason for the death of a tree in the forest, surrounded by other trees of the same kind which are apparently in good health? Here and there we may find a tree a foot in diameter, growing in the midst of similar trees, and yet, all at once it dies, and the bark falls off in the course of time, leaving a smooth, bare, upright tree. What are some of the causes that lead to this premature death, leaving the lightning stroke out of the question?



THE TAPIOCA PLANT.

IN the warmest parts of the earth, and mostly in Brazil, grows the plant from which tapioca is obtained. Its most common name is the Manioc plant, though it bears several other names much resembling this. You will all, perhaps, be surprised when you learn that the juice of the plant is deadly poison to

both man and beast, and you may wonder how we are able to eat it without injury. It is, indeed, wonderful that man should be able to convert a poisonous plant into an article of food, which is used all over the world.

But let us first notice the plant itself. It is a shrub, with very crooked branches, and grows to the height of six or eight feet. It bears leaves, fruit, and flowers. The flowers are of different colors, and the fruit is composed of three cells, each containing a shining seed. The roots are the only parts of the plant which furnish food. They always grow in clusters, and are from one to two feet long, often reaching the size of a man's thigh, and sometimes weighing thirty pounds. These roots are stripped of their rinds, and ground into a pulp, or paste. This is put into sacks, and submitted to a heavy pressure, for the purpose of removing the poisonous juice. The cakes of flour that remain are baked or dried on hot iron plates. This process causes whatever juice remains to evaporate. The natives call this flour cassava, and the poorer classes make cassava bread their chief food. The flour can be kept for a number of years, if preserved from moisture, and is very nutritious, half a pound a day being enough for one person.

But the tapioca which we eat is taken from the juice itself! After it is pressed out of the flour, it is left to stand for a long time, during which a starchy substance settles at the bottom. The poisonous fluid being turned off, the substance that remains is thoroughly dried, and shipped to all parts of Europe and America, where it is called tapioca, or Brazilian arrow-root. So much of this is now used that the plant has been transported to other parts of the world, and is made an important article of commerce. It is less affected by climate, soil or ravaging animals than most other crops, and an acre of it is said to furnish support to as many persons as will six acres of wheat. Some kinds of Manioc are not poisonous, the roots of these varieties are sweet to the taste and are roasted in hot ashes and eaten with butter.—*Sel.*



TRAGEDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.

To him who knows the story of the passenger pigeon, this group of beautiful, grayish brown birds with the iridescent golden sheen upon their throats, is the last word of a tragedy of animal life. America was once the land of the wild pigeon. Early American

writers are full of references to it. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, estimated that a flock seen by him in 1808 contained over 2,000,000 individuals. It stretched from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could see, and was over four hours in passing a given point. He saw a nesting colony forty miles long and several miles in width.

In 1805 Audubon saw schooners at the wharves in New York loaded, not in packages, but in bulk, with wild pigeons caught up the Hudson river and sold for a cent apiece. Up to 1860 the bird continued fairly abundant. Then a frightful slaughter began to supply an increased food demand. Gun, pole, club, net and sulphur pot were employed. Thirty dozen birds were captured at one spring of the net. One man netted 500 dozen in one day. In the nesting season trees were shaken or felled and wagon loads of squab taken nightly, droves of hogs being turned in to utilize what the "hunters" had left. Wherever the distracted flocks appeared the slaughter began. At the last known large pigeon "nesting," in 1878, a billion birds were killed during the season. Like the bison, it was effectually exterminated, showing the terrible efficiency of man when he sets out systematically in pursuit of a lower species.—*Evening Post*.

* * *

A MOMENTOUS SNEEZE.

PERHAPS because an elephant sneezes so seldom or because he sneezes so loud, oriental folk are very superstitious about the occurrence and believe that to hear an elephant sneeze brings good luck. The *Baltimore Herald* gives an account of the effect produced by the sneeze of Jumbo II. at the Maryland Industrial exposition.

Jumbo's sneeze is like the bursting of a boiler and it created a fairly good-sized panic. The elephant began to get ready for the sneeze half an hour before it happened; and, as the time for the event drew near, he was rolling about in his cage, apparently in great agony. Suddenly he stopped, gave one bellow and then sneezed.

The look of perfect contentment on his face after the great event was in startling contrast to the terror seen on the faces of the fleeing people. Visitors to the exposition were running in all directions, not knowing what awful thing it was from which they were racing away.

Among the Mohammedans of the oriental and Singalese villages Jumbo's sneeze caused wild excitement. They rushed to the cage and, bowing low before his elephantine highness, began praying at a rapid rate. When they finished they explained that an elephant's sneezes are of the rarest occurrence and the event was one of great significance to them. Elephants are susceptible to cold and catch cold easily; but it is very, very rarely that they sneeze.

Captain Miller, Jumbo's keeper, says it is a good thing that this is so; for a few more sneezes such as Jumbo gave that day might blow the top of his head off.—*Selected*.

* * *

VIRTUES OF THE ESKIMO DOG.

OF the Eskimo dog I could write a book. In all probability descended from the wolf, it is the Eskimo's one domestic animal, but is of as much value to him as all the domesticated animals of more favored races put together. It drags him and his family and their chattels from place to place; hauls to his door the meat of seal or walrus; leads him with unerring scent to the tiny orifice in the snow which indicates the breathing hole of a seal; drags him for miles in pursuit of the bear and finally brings the huge brute to bay; rounds up the musk oxen till his master can come up for the kill, and then, perchance, in the darkness of some long winter night, when the hand of hunger grips the settlement relentlessly, he yields up his life to feed his master and his family and his coat to keep them warm.

Though mixed now with other strains, so that black and reddish and spotted dogs are to be seen as well as the pure-blooded grays and whites, this animal still retains to a large degree, the strength, endurance and fierce lust for blood when in pursuit of game that characterized its wild ancestors. Combined with these traits are an intelligence and faithfulness that make many of those animals the peer of any of their more favored brothers in more genial climates.—*R. C. Peary in Leslie's Monthly*.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT CATS.

THERE are some things in which a cat is far superior to people. For one thing she has no vermiform appendix and consequently never suffers from appendicitis. While a man can only see in the light the cat has an adjustable eye and prefers to travel in the night. Instead of having one life she has nine, and in order to slay her you must get rid of all of them. Unless she is effectively shot or drowned she will turn up on the back porch washing her face and licking her chops in a sort of unspoken satisfaction at getting back again. Put her in a bag and take her ten miles from home and she will be on hand when you return from your trip, or will be there the next day at most. How she finds her way back is something not well understood by scientific people.

* * *

LEAFLESS TREES.

THERE are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia. They respire, so to speak, through a little stem, apparently answering the purpose of a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."

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HEART HUSBANDRY.

I planted scorn; it died in the garden mold.

I planted love; it bore a flower of gold.

I planted doubt; it withered, lacking root.

I planted faith; it ripened precious fruit.

—Ida Whipple Benaam, in Lippincott.

* * *

THE RULES OF SUCCESS.

It is a rather frequent matter for the newspapers and the magazines to print the rules that have governed the lives of successful men. Outside of a few general principles there is nothing of any great value to him who is seeking a clue to the road followed by those who have gone before him.

All of them recommend honesty, system and persistence. Then each one adds what he has found advantageous. To the reader it means little or nothing. But is there nothing that goes with success, that, left out, spells failure? The Nook thinks that there is, and will tell something of it.

According to our idea he will succeed best who is the most expert in seizing opportunity as it passes, or as he comes to it. Genius is simply fair chance held fast. In every life, as we journey along, there come common chances, and to him who sees them, and who lays hold, belongs the success inherent in them. Nobody makes opportunity. That comes along with our present and passing experience, and there is also a genius in forecasting opportunities. The whole secret of being able to be first in the ground is in being able to see the chance, and in the ability to comprehend its value before anybody else gets hold of it. Mental alertness is the thing that enables us to do this.

Now while we do not all have this mental quickness of perception, there is yet another thing that will put its possessor in close second in the race, and that is per-

sistence. He who is industrious, a veritable plodder, is sure to get there too. He may be a little belated, but with a single end in view, if he hangs on long enough, he is sure of the goal. Therefore if the Nook were asked what the elements of success are he would say, first, ability to see in advance and to successfully lay hold, and, second, in persistent, dogged, plodding. It is the case of the hare and the tortoise over again.

* * *

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

We are all so related to our fellows that we are in continual receipt of the views of the present concerning the absent. Probably half of it is adverse criticism, and unconsciously we are drugged by what we hear. Think about it as we may, the fact remains that we are more or less influenced by what is presented to us concerning others. And we can not well get wholly out of the way of it if we mingle with others.

But there is this to it all. If we can not escape being poisoned, we *can* keep from passing it on to others. There are many ways of doing this, but a very effective one lies in keeping our mouths shut. The word that is once passed is never recalled; picture or blot, it has made its mark for all time. And on the other hand, what we do not say leaves no mark.

Many a person has let fly the evil word and then spent a lifetime in unavailing repentance. Consider a moment! You may have "heard," and you tell it as it was told to you. Then the party affected dies, and what you have said proves to be a lie. Time is not long enough to purge yourself of that lie. It will stick on your soul till redeeming love washes it off. To the right thinking person it is a dreadful thing to feel that an irremediable wrong has been done one who has passed over, and that there is no way to get rid of the stain.

On the other hand, nobody has ever had occasion to regret kind words, and much trouble will be spared if we open our mouths only to utter words of praise and helpfulness for the dead and the living, the present and the absent.

* * *

THE NEED OF CARE.

If any reader of mature years goes back over his life he will readily find instances when the thing of the smallest moment, at the time, subsequently proved to be of the most compelling influence in later life. It may have been of apparently little account at the time, but the outgrowth was wonderful. In fact it is almost certain that every act of our lives moulds our destiny one way or another, for good or for evil. In fact, we stand every day at the parting of the ways. Rarely do circumstances finally compel us without our first opening the gate for them to enter. Things hap-

pen after the first break, as sheep follow each other through the opened gap.

There being no thing truer than all this it behooves us to consider the outcome of what may, at the time, seem trivial enough. Each act of a determining character should be considered in the light of its possibilities. Do the best we can and breaks will happen, for this is but the result of our finite wisdom. But we can, with great wisdom, forecast the future if occasionally we are mistaken in results. The thoughtful will enter a new path of experience with care and the invocation that a higher wisdom than ours may guide and direct us aright, for indeed great events are but the children of little things.

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NEIGHBORS.

ONE of the delights of country life is in having good neighbors. True, the condition has its objectionable features, but in the main it is always a good thing to have good neighbors. In the city conditions that seem utterly surprising to country people are common enough. It is entirely possible for people to live years in a place and not know the name of the family next door. More than not knowing it is often a matter of utter indifference.

The reason lies in the roots of city life. That there are friends in the city as well as out under the trees is true enough, but the opposite is oftener than not the case. In town it is each one for himself, and the ease and neighborly association of the country is often wholly wanting, or at least so much of it as to render neighbors only a name.

The facts are that there is so much of the good of real life in the country that God made, that the Nook is very unwilling to recommend that the free and open natural life of the hills and streams be abandoned for the pavements and the blocks of the man-made city.

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR ART TALKS.

AGAIN we call the attention of the readers to the Art Talks now running in the Nook. It is not that they are so well done, but because they open up a world that is none too common or accessible. Those who read, we are sure, will be well repaid. There are other fields of art besides those now being explored, and in the near future we will get around to the artistic decoration of the home, and possibly in many a remote home corner the influence of these talks will not only be felt, but result in their actual artistic improvement.

❖ ❖ ❖

If I were you, I would not worry. Just make up your mind to do better when you get another chance and be content with that.—*Beatrice Harraden.*

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WE expect to vary the Question and Answer page of the INGLENOOK somewhat. Heretofore we have answered the questions that were sent in to us when we could do so, or found somebody to answer them, and now we propose a contest in which the readers of the Nook will answer the questions. If successful this will be repeated once a month. A number of everyday questions will be asked with the request that those who wish to compete for the prize, which will be mentioned later, will send in what they deem to be correct.

The following rules will be observed. The contest is open to all INGLENOOK readers. It doesn't make any difference where or how the contestant gets his information. Every question can be answered in a single sentence. The questions should be referred to by number. The person sending us the greatest number of correct answers will receive the prize, which, as stated before, will be announced in a later INGLENOOK. No frivolous or alleged humorous replies will be considered, and they will go a long way toward throwing out the entire list that contains them. Those worthy of special mention will find their names printed in the INGLENOOK in a roll of honor, although they may not get the prize. A complete list of the questions and answers taken from the receipts at large will be printed the first available issue after the end of the month. These answers will be signed. Wherever a contestant has given a particularly apt answer that one will be chosen as the one to print and his name will go to it. There is not a single question in the list that may not be answered in one sentence and brevity will be considered as well as accuracy.

None of these questions are out of the ordinary, so far as our being in touch with them is concerned, although it will not be found easy to give a reason for these simple things. And in no instance will any such an answer as "Because it is their nature," or similar evasions, be considered. The answers must be such that answer.

This is not intended alone for the young folks, but older ones may take a hand in it. We anticipate that the trouble will be an attempt on the part of a good many contestants to talk around the question and not give the answer clearly and accurately. It will simply be a waste of time for such people to enter the list.

Send in your list before May 30 and watch results. The first list is entirely natural history, while the next will be Biblical or of some other character.

Now then, who is able to send in a complete list of correct answers? If there is an apparent conflict, in addition to accuracy and brevity priority of receipt will be considered. In fact the one who sends in the most correct answers, and gets the list in the first, will get the prize. All letters must bear a postmark not later than May 30.

TREMENDOUS OUTPUT OF TOOTHPICKS.

THERE is one article of manufacture that is used so extensively in the United States that no one has an idea of the annual quantity consumed, namely, wooden toothpicks. According to an expert, the number is simply incalculable. Millions upon millions of the tiny wooden slivers are turned out every year from American factories alone, and on top of this tremendous output come importations from Portugal and Japan and other countries nearly as large as the domestic product.

Most of the American toothpicks come from Franklin County, in Maine, near the forest home of the white birch, out of which ninety-five per cent of the domestic toothpicks are made. This wood is soft and pliable and of admirable resistance for the purpose for which it is used. Whole mills in Maine are devoted to supplying the country with toothpicks, and in the industry is to be found some of the finest and most intricate of machinery. So tremendous is the output of these machines that in a brief season, during the Spring, enough toothpicks can be made to supply the markets of the entire country for the year to come.

A further idea of the capacity of the machines may be had from the fact that only one hundred men are necessary to operate and run all the mills in Franklin County. Other mills of this kind are scattered throughout Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and Western New York, but the real home of the toothpick is Maine.

White birch is not the only wood used for the domestic toothpick, maple and poplar are employed as well, but birch has the property of retaining its forest odor and sweetness.

The felling of toothpick trees is only incidental to the regular lumber work of the Maine foresters. No especial men are sent out to hunt up suitable trees. But whenever the foreman of a gang of woodsmen comes across a tree especially adapted to toothpicks he orders it felled and laid aside. The branches of the tree are then trimmed and only the trunk itself is transported to the mills. There the bark is skinned and the naked trunk is run through a machine which severs it into veneers. "Veneers" is the technical expression for thin strips of wood no thicker than a piece of blotting paper and no wider than the length of a toothpick. Once the trunk has been cut into these sheets of wood, only one process remains to turn out the toothpicks fit for packing and shipping to market. The veneers are fed into a second machine supplied with sharp, rotary knives that whirl at tremendous high speed, snipping the veneers into toothpicks at the rate of hundreds of thousands an hour.

It is only the so-called "fancy" toothpick that is not made in this country. In Portugal, from where most of the orangewood picks are imported, the sticks

are sharpened by young girls who, in return for turning out "picks" sharp as needles and smooth as ivory, are paid three cents a day.

The Japanese toothpicks are made of fine reeds, and are distinct from those sent to this country by the Portuguese manufacturers. A Japanese toothpick is delicate and thin as tissue paper, and nevertheless strong and pliable. The Japanese toothpick maker earns even less than his Portuguese fellow-craftsman, his remuneration being but a fraction more than two cents a day. In short, a thousand toothpicks may be bought in Japan for as much as it costs only to pack and box five thousand of American make.

* * *

AMERICAN SOAPS ARE BEST.

JAMES S. KIRK, an expert on all matters pertaining to soap, said: "The American made soaps are the best in the world. The French soaps used to be in the greatest demand among fashionable people, who could afford to pay for them, but the public commenced to find out the difference between the French and the American made perfumed soap. The French article was made of rancid oils and full of alkaloids, while the American perfumed soap was a pure and wholesome article, made only of the purest oils. In other words, the perfume in the French article was chiefly for the purpose of covering up the terrible odor of the rancid oils used in its manufacture. American manufacturers did not use perfumes to cover up the smell of wretched soap, not only because they were more honest than the French manufacturers but because perfumes cost so much in this country that the use of them to hide the smell of bad soap would be twice as much as the soap could possibly be sold for. In France perfumes are cheap compared to their price in this country, and consequently the manufacturers can use them for hiding the true nature of the soap and sell the soap at a handsome profit. In America manufacturers use perfume only on soap made of the best material, in the most careful manner, and with the greatest regard to the cleanliness of its manufacture.

"There is a great demand for new kinds of soap, and new brands are being brought out continually, although there is always a steady call for old and well known kinds. Our factory has a large force of chemists, who are continually working and experimenting on new brands. All soap manufactories make many different brands of soap. Our factory makes over 400."

* * *

God hides some ideal in every human life. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—*Robert Collyer.*

IN THE SICK ROOM.

BY MRS. H. A. BLOOMFIELD.

AN intelligent use of common sense in the sick room is a more potent factor in restoration of patients to health than are the pills and potions of the M. D's.

Keep all unpleasant recitals, all retailing of symptoms, except those of improvement, all gossiping and long-faced visitors strictly away. These fill the mental atmosphere with microbes and baccilli, as deadly to health and happiness as are those in "culture."

Speak only of the higher, better things of life, of hope, of cheer, and courage.

Be quick to note anxiety, and allay same by words of faith and trust.

Keep various paraphernalia of the sick room out of sight so far as practicable, these suggest sickness, and pain, and will often hold the eye of patient for longer or shorter periods.

Many patients are clear-seers and clairaudient, and sense almost everything that transpires in or about the house, often hear the M. D's. opinion even though expressed in low tone, and out of doors. Thought is vibrative, and when transmitter and receiver are attuned to the same key, messages can be as readily understood across an ocean as in a near-by room.

Have some change each day in arrangement of articles, even though no more than rearrangement of flowers in a vase, if such there be. The monotone of wallpaper is at times irritating, but as this must remain as it is, atone therefor by changing changeable articles, but not radically.

It is a beautiful custom to send flowers, bearing in themselves a message of kindness and good cheer to those who must remain in bed day after day. Besides their mission of friendship, they breathe of the love Divine Wisdom bestows upon humanity, and often incite to praise the Giver of every perfect gift. Take care lest there be too many at a time and fragrance too heavy for patient. Under no conditions allow "funeral flowers" to enter the house, let alone sick room. Sensitives will feel the gloom and sorrow in aura and judge correctly that blossoms have been in presence of death, that some dear friend has passed on to higher life who mayhap was in good health at last report, and will give up the struggle for health in so far, that it will require many days to repair the loss. We have personally known of "funeral flowers" adorning (?) a room wherein lay an invalid, for three consecutive weeks, death of friends occurring often enough to keep supply fresh and beautiful, the family meanwhile wondering why the loved one was so depressed and unlike her usual self.

We speak advisedly upon this matter that is given little thought, and from the standpoint of one who for over fifty years has had experience as a nurse.

Elgin, Ill.

FOE OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

"EVERY summer I sojourn among the mountains of Jackson county, not far from my home," said Ben P. Hunt, a prominent newspaper man of Huntsville, Ala., at the Riggs house. "When I first went there some years ago I stood in mortal dread of the rattlesnakes which were said to infest the region. The particular mountain on which my log cabin stood had a reputa-



POSING ON A BURRO.

tion as the habitat of innumerable rattlers and every morning when I went forth to shoot squirrels I feared encountering some of the dangerous reptiles.

"In all the years of my visits to the mountain I have never yet seen a live rattlesnake, but a number of them after they were slain by some of the mountaineers. The natives do not stand in much awe of the snakes, for they know of a sovereign remedy—a certain oil that has never yet failed to cure a person after being bitten. Every countryman in that mountain keeps a bottle of this oil at his home and one hears many wonderful stories of the cures it has wrought.

"But a worse enemy to the rattlesnake than his human foes is a member of their own family—the black snake. I have come across several reputable men in the mountains who have witnessed with their own eyes these snakes in deadly combat. According to their unanimous testimony it is always a fight to the death and the blacksnake ever comes out victorious. In fact, it is purely a one-sided duel. The rattler is no sort of a match for his wily opponent, who glides round and round his clumsy antagonist till he gets either dazed or tired out. Then at the opportune time the black jumps on the rattler, catches him by the back of the neck and enfolds his helpless victim, crushing him, boa constrictor fashion, until life is extinct.

"Numbers of mountaineers who have seen these strange encounters say they never knew a rattler to escape."

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FEW people give themselves time to be friends.—*Southey.*

REPORTING THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

IF there is any position in the government service more exacting in time, talent and attention than that of senate stenographers it is kept in concealment, for it is not known unto men. The duties of stenographers in the house are far simpler, because there each member revises, or is supposed to revise, a typewritten copy of what he has said on the floor. Thus the responsibility for mistakes is placed upon the member and the stenographer reads his copy of the Congressional Record the next morning without misgivings. Not so with the stenographer who reports a senator's speech, for the senator in only a few instances revises his remarks. He leaves that pleasant task to the stenographer. Not one speech in ten is submitted to the senator who delivers it before it goes to the printers. Mistakes in use of words, bad construction, unfortunate allusions to the classics and misquoted lines from the poets must be set right by the stenographer. In some instances senators carefully prepare their remarks and in advance deliver a copy to the stenographers, which is gratefully received, and occasionally a senator will get a copy of his speech and return it to the stenographers with mistakes eliminated, but such cases are few and far between. It is the rule that the stenographer must perform the duties of reporter and of editor as well.

It costs the government \$25,000 a year to reproduce the speeches of senators in the form of typewritten copy for the printers who work on the Congressional Record. There are five expert stenographers and their work on the floor is arranged in half hour turns. Shorthand reporting in the senate is not only more exacting than in the house, but there is more of it to be done. The average session of each body is about four and a half hours' duration, but a greater number of words are spoken in the senate than in the house. This is due largely to the fact that the senate chamber, being much smaller than that of the house, it is not necessary that a senator speak in such loud tones as must be employed by the member of the house who wants his colleagues to hear what he is saying. The senator, therefore, can speak more rapidly. The consumption of time with roll calls in the house also restricts the volume of shorthand business there. There are 357 members of the lower branch and it takes about forty-five minutes to call their names and record their "yea" or "nay." The full membership of the senate is only ninety and a roll call means only a few minutes interference with a debate. In the house the stenographers take positions on the floor near the member who is speaking, so as not to miss the words. In the senate the stenographers usually sit at a desk in front of the presiding officer, where they hear clearly what is spoken on the floor.

ABSINTHE.

THE United States is becoming a party to the production of that dread intoxicant, absinthe.

Absinthe, "the green terror of France," is now being produced in considerable quantities in this country, and is being used to an alarming extent.

In some sections of Wisconsin the wormwood is being cultivated, and it is from this plant that oil is distilled for making absinthe. It is necessary to give the cultivation of wormwood great care, and a certain age or growth must be reached before it is suited for distilling the oil, an oil which is worth its weight in gold. Climatic changes have resulted in making certain sections of Wisconsin favored spots for the growing of wormwood, and now there are several wormwood farms in that State. There is a secret in its cultivation which is carefully guarded by the pioneers, and hence many growers are unsuccessful in raising a plant which will produce the oil. The plan of sowing the seed broadcast has been abandoned, and now the successful growers plant in drills or rows, cultivating as they would corn or tobacco. It is just before the plant has reached maturity that it is cut down and sent to the distillery, where the oil is taken from the green plant. The oil is extracted by means of heat, the exact process of which I am not familiar with.

The Wisconsin growers of wormwood and distillers of the oil at first shipped nearly all their output to Europe, but now they find a good market for it in this country, and at almost fabulous prices. Of course, the drug houses of America find a ready home market. The oil is employed in many ways, but its chief uses are in the making of absinthe and liniments. The penetrating power of the oil is something wonderful. When applied to the surface it works its way right to the bone, and this makes it exceedingly valuable in compounding strong liniments.

A person under the influence of the drug experiences the most pleasant dreams and imaginings, but like all excesses it kills the gentle emotions, freezes kindness, rouses in man the spirit of the beast, and accomplishes more vile deeds than are dreamed of. A large drink of absinthe will produce insensibility, convulsions, dilated pupils, sluggish pulse, and other serious effects—the after effect often including trembling hands, arms and legs, intense thirst, tingling in the ears, illusions of sight and hearing, and other horrifying results.

So strong a hold has the use of absinthe gained in France that the government has made repeated efforts to suppress its sale.

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THERE are 2,000 varieties of postage stamps in circulation to-day, all of which have to be identified by the postmasters. There have been upwards of 40,000 different varieties issued since stamps came into use.

OUR ART TALKS.—No. 3.

A GREAT many pictures which are so common as to pass beyond the pale of even everyday interest have a history that few know. It would also be of the utmost interest to know just why certain pictures are as common as they are. True they have been given out by the newspapers as premiums, and through many other similar channels they have reached the homes of countless thousands and thousands of people. "The Rock of Ages" is a familiar illustration of this, and few people would be able to tell much, if anything, about it.

Everybody knows the picture. It represents a woman clinging to the cross, looking upward, from whence streams the light of forgiveness, hope and love. Perhaps why it is so popular in a quiet way and doesn't go the way of many similar pictures, is in the fact that it appeals to every human heart. It shows the common need of something higher than we are, and of more abiding importance than the affairs of this life. As such, "The Rock of Ages" symbolizes the Christian faith. There is an ocean of sin all around, and the only safe ground consists in laying hold of the massive cross, which is the only refuge. The woman is the emblem of weakness, of helplessness, and of trust. Her garments are wet with the spray of daily temptation and weakness, but her gaze is upward and her hold is not one to be broken.

The man who made the picture is still living. His name is Johannes A. Oertel. He is eighty years old and now lives in the little village of Vienna, in Fairfax County, Virginia. He is a native of Bavaria, and came to America over fifty years ago. He settled in Newark, New Jersey. As the thought rested in his mind he sketched the picture in the album of a young girl living in Westerly, R. I. All who saw it were impressed by the sentiment expressed and it suggested a similar picture in colors, in which it is usually shown. This picture was exhibited in the National Academy of Design in New York, where a Broadway dealer recognized its commercial value and induced Mr. Oertel to make a large painting and have photographs struck off.

Mr. James, of Providence, R. I., purchased the right to copy this picture. The painting itself was bought for a thousand dollars by Augustus Storrs, a Brooklyn man, while the photographs, ten inches high got out by Mr. James, sold for five dollars apiece, and the sales were so great that the photographers were not able to supply the demand. It occurred to Mr. James that a chromo of the picture would be advantageous, and he had one made in Paris, and a copy of this is probably the original of the colored pictures in the possession of the Nook family. On his way home to New York he passed through London and sold three of these chromos for forty-five dollars. When

he arrived at New York he got rid of the entire Paris edition.

As common as this picture is in America it is still commoner in other parts of the world. Mr. James made \$75,000 out of it, while Mr. Oertel, the artist, was in receipt of a handsome royalty. Two years after the Paris picture a New York photographer got out an unauthorized copy. This led to a lawsuit. It was decided in favor of the artist. While this was in progress a Chicago artist made a similar picture, though he evaded the law by the introduction of a ship in the background and reversing the figure in the foreground. Those of the Nook family who have this picture should look for the ship in the background and see whether the female figure in the foreground is reversed or not. However, the chances are that the picture in the possession of the Nook family is not worth anything as a work of art.

There have been numerous other pictures from the brush of this same artist along the same Christian lines. New York's fashionable Church of the Heavenly Rest has three specimens of his work, while there is one in Christ's Church at Dayton, Ohio, which has been pronounced the most beautiful conception of the Lord in American Art. Some of our Nookers in Dayton might go to this church and examine the picture and report what it is in detail. In Washington City there are seven pictures by this same artist, one of them being a Madonna and child.

Thus we see that almost every common picture has a most interesting history if we only knew it. In fact nearly all the cheap pictures having a wide circulation are taken from costly originals to which they bear but a slight resemblance. And if the originals are oil paintings they do not come within thinking distance in the matter of resemblance. The practice in commercialism is to take a picture of world-wide repute, copy it coarsely and use it in advertising and thus familiarize the public along general lines with the paintings represented by them, but in no instance whatever do they translate the meaning and beauty of the originals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

DECOLLETTE.

"I AM angry with you," said the society leader to the reporter who had written an account of her theater party.

"Angry with me? For what reason?" he begged.

"Reason enough! Just look how you described my new French theater gown. You gave it a scant ten lines of comment. Why, you seemed really to be at a loss for something to say about it."

"It wasn't my fault," protested the reporter. "There wasn't enough of that dress to fill more than ten lines."—*Judge*.

ANIMALS HAVE EVIL NATURES.

THERE is a common idea to the effect that man enjoys a monopoly of the so-called "human" vices. Nothing, however, could be more untrue. With the solitary exception, perhaps, of gambling, animals practice these vices, delight in them, revel in them, every one. They will bolt great lumps of food till they simply cannot force one additional morsel down their throats. They will drink themselves as drunk as Elah, the son of Baasha, did in Tirzah. They will spend almost the whole of their lives wrapped in what one of the old moralists describes as "sluggish slumber." They just wake up to eat, in fact, and then go to sleep again. And even the modern vice of hooliganism, that by-product of an advanced and congested civilization, is not really modern at all. It is almost as old as the everlasting hills.

In the animal kingdom one law reigns supreme, and that is the law of the strongest. Everything is based upon—

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

That, of course, is not hooliganism. But you find, in addition, a strong tendency in certain animals to worry other animals; to plague, pester, and persecute them without any particular reason; and even to band together so that their powers of annoyance may be increased.

This tendency, strange to say, is manifested chiefly among birds. The great tit, for instance, is a terrible bully. His highest delight is to attack other birds, to perch upon their backs, to split open their skulls with his sharp and powerful beak, and then to feast upon their brains. It has been suggested that he does this only when driven by hunger. Nothing of the kind. He does it just because he is stronger than they are, and because he delights in oppressing the weak and unprotected. A great tit was placed one night in a well-filled aviary. He was supplied with food in plenty, but by breakfast time next morning he had slain every one of his fellow captives except a quail.

Of course, like the warriors of certain savage races, the great tit may have a vague idea that by feeding on the brains of his victims he acquires their courage, their energy, and their other virtues generally. But even this excuse cannot be made for the robin, whose temper is of the most overbearing description, while his jealousy literally knows no bounds. If a robin takes up his quarters in a greenhouse or a shed he regards the whole of the premises as his own private property, and will attack any feathered intruder, even of his own species, with the utmost ferocity. Four or five years ago a robin hit upon Hereford cathedral as a suitable dwelling place, and lived therein for many

weeks to his own entire satisfaction. But he evidently considered that the cathedral was not big enough for two, for when another robin one day, greatly daring, ventured to intrude, he dashed at it savagely, hunted it about all over the building, and was finally found sitting triumphantly upon his dead body. I know of a case, too, in which a robin, who had annexed a small greenhouse, attacked and killed no less than nineteen other robins which at intervals during some three years had dared to invade the sacred precincts. And the robin does not feed upon the brains of his slaughtered victims.

Then there is the nuthatch, who appears to be a hooligan of the most pronounced description. At any rate, sparrows, chaffinches, robins, and even titmice are utterly afraid of him. If you fasten a lump of fat meat to the branch of a tree in winter time for the benefit of small birds, and a nuthatch happens to catch sight of it, he does not alight on the branch and hop up to the meat in order to obtain a share. He launches himself at it from some little distance like a missile discharged from a catapult and simply sends the other birds scattering in all directions to watch him respectfully from afar until he has eaten his fill. What mysterious terrors await the bold bird who ventures to challenge his supremacy no man may say, for the gage, apparently, has never yet been thrown down.

Sometimes one finds combinations resorted to by animals for the more successful pursuit of hooligan tactics. In the early autumn of 1887, for instance, seven herons came sweeping down suddenly out of the blue to attack a couple of swans which were lazily swimming about on the lake in Wimbledon park. The swans had done absolutely nothing to provoke interference. They were not even feeding on anything which the herons could possibly want for themselves. The band of bullies just came along and went for them on the "leave-arf-a-brick-at-'im" principle, driving at them with extended beaks and striking again and again. The swans, however, defended themselves manfully, and even got in a stroke or two now and then on their own account, the ultimate result being that the herons had the worst of the battle.

A couple of storks, too, of my own acquaintance, were kept for some little time in a garden and spent most of their time in watching for prowling cats. One of the commonest sights in that garden for the first two or three weeks of their presence was that of a cat tearing along with every hair erect at the rate of about a couple of hundred miles an hour with the storks in full cry behind it. But the news of their doughty doings soon got about, and stray cats became scarcer in that garden than they had been for many a long year past.

I am not sure that this was hooliganism pure and simple on the part of the storks. Possibly it was only

the love of sport. It may even have been that they acquired something of the instinct which leads dogs to object so strongly to trespassers, real or imaginary. But they were certainly fond of exercising their superior strength at the expense of other creatures, and they understood the art of combining in order to do so to the best advantage, and to the harmless, if necessary, cats they became a veritable terror.

But there can be no doubt at all as to the behavior of a swan at Linlithgow, N. B., which finally met with well-merited punishment. In this case a pair of coots had been attempting to build in a bed of rushes and had got as far as laying the foundation of their nests. Next morning, however, the fruits of their toil had disappeared. Again they set to work, with precisely the same result. Then they moved to a little distance and began a third nest, and once more the edifice vanished like the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. On the fourth morning the mystery was solved, and a swan was seen to swim up to the spot and deliberately trample the rude platform of rushes under water. The coots now had evidently reached the limits of their endurance. They dashed at the swan together, and while one attacked it in front, charging it valiantly again and again, the other mounted upon its back and began tearing the feathers out of its neck. The surrounding weeds prevented the swan from striking with its wings to any effect, and in a few minutes the great hulking bully was in full retreat, leaving quite a small cloud of feathers floating in the air behind it. The nest was not interfered with again.—*Rev. Theodore Wood.*

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

HERE are some questions about things you've seen every day and all your life. If you are a wonder you may possibly answer one or two of the queries offhand. Otherwise not.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent stamp and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn? To the right or left?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, offhand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also, what is the number in the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many teeth have you?

What are the words on a policeman's shield?

How many buttons has the vest or shirt-waist you are wearing?

How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house?

How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

What is the name, signed in facsimile, on any \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00 or \$10 bill you ever saw? You've read dozens of these names. Can you remember one?—*Washington Times.*

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THE PRIDE OF THE TOWN.

DIFFERENT people are differently affected by the same thing. The Nookman does not happen to know any of the Nook family who would have the same taste or exhibition of vanity which characterized the western Indian who, disposing of some ponies which he



WAITING THE DRIVER'S COMING OUT.

came into possession of, went to town with his family to celebrate. While he was there he saw a newly arrived hearse with glass sides and its drapery of woe. Poor Lo thought he had never seen anything that suited him quite so well as that wagon. After dicker-ing with the owner and parting with a large amount of his cash, the transfer was made. He hitched up two of his ponies, put the family inside and drove around the town to show himself off, and then proceeded over the plains to the Indian town, where, like many white people, he had something unique and was not troubled with competitors in his special field.

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THE days are ever divine. They come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

GOOD BUTTER MAKING.

BY AMANDA WHITMORE.

OH the fresh, clean, sweet, golden edge butter, what a luxury to have on the table! It makes everything else good. On the other hand when the butter is not good everything else is spoiled.

I heard a lady say to a merchant while purchasing a certain woman's butter, "I can eat her butter as I know her to be a clean housekeeper." "Yes," the merchant said, "that is just what it takes to make sweet butter."

The first principle in making genuinely good butter is *perfect cleanliness*, and it begins with the milking, stabling and feeding. When the cows are allowed all kinds of garbage, the milk partakes of the same. The stable should be well drained, and kept clean and well bedded. Before milking the udders should be washed with warm water and wiped dry. It is well to keep a bucket and cloth in the stable for that purpose. It may seem a little trouble, *but it pays*.

The milk pail and all other utensils should be kept thoroughly clean by washing and scalding. In summer the sun will scald them sufficiently, if enough vessels are on hand, but do not depend too much on the sun doing the work. Do not use the same cloth to wash your milk vessels that you use to wash your dishes, kettles, etc. Watch your cloth that it keeps sweet and clean. Do not place the milk in a foul cellar where all kinds of vegetables are stored, especially where there is decayed vegetable matter, as milk partakes of the same and taints the butter. Cover the milk after the animal heat is out, with clean lids. In summer milk should be kept in water in a sweet milkhouse.

Milk should not stand too long before skimming. It will become rancid. Three or four milkings are all that should stand at one time. Churn often. Every day is best, every other day, or even twice a week, will insure good butter, all else properly done and the cream kept in a cool place.

The churn is another essential thing to keep well cleansed, often using soap and scalding and drying well before putting it away. In churning do not scald the butter, better churn it too solid than too soft. Lift the butter out of the buttermilk into clean cold water, rinse in one or two waters, work the water out well, then salt and work thoroughly and quickly until the salt is evenly mixed, mould and it is ready for the market. If too soft set it aside a short time in a cool place, but do not let it get solid, or when you work it over it will spoil the grain and become oily and tasteless and lose its toughness. Butter should be finished as soon as possible, after being churned, to keep its firmness and sweetness. When sending it to market

wrap it in oiled paper, then in snowy white cloths, as that brings out the golden edge and wins the highest price.

McPherson, Kans.

RAW FOOD DIET.

THE INGLENOOK notes the fact that a good many people, more or less given to fads, have taken to what is known as the Raw Food Diet. Substantially it consists of eating those things which are not cooked in the ordinary acceptance of the term. In these later days of peculiar "isms" it stands out prominent as an instance of what people will do in the name of health. From a Nooker in California, H. E. Yegang, we learn that the Raw Food Diet is a good thing and that it reduced her weight from one hundred and twenty-eight pounds to one hundred and eighteen, and yet all the functions of the body continued in their normal condition. Here is one of the menus for a day.

BREAKFAST.—One-half glass salted raw peanuts, a sweet apple, grapes or an orange. One-half glass steel cut oats, salted, dates, figs, or prunes and a banana.

NOON LUNCHEON.—A few spoonfuls of macerated wheat, salted, and ripe fresh fruit.

DINNER (evening)—One-half glass macerated wheat, almonds or English walnuts, salted, and any kind of raw vegetables that would be palatable, such as onions, radishes, lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, artichokes, etc., using only two or three kinds at one meal. Fruit.

It will be seen from the above that the actual diet is not as bad as it appears to be at first flush. We learn that there is going to be a Raw Food restaurant in Chicago, where people who lean that way can get what they want along natural lines.

It is only within the last score of years that the food agitation has attained its present prominence, and it appears very much to the INGLENOOK man as though there would be some radical changes in the people's diet in the course of the next lifetime, and one of the most marked will be that there will be fewer meat eaters than at present.

SISTER SARAH A. SELL, of Newry, Pa., writes the INGLENOOK an interesting letter in regard to the Sisters' Aid Society, which they have in her neighborhood. She says they have more work than they can do and they sell their products and expect to use the money for church purposes. Without doubt the project is a good one and worthy of imitation. In case any readers should desire to know more of the work, doubtless a letter to Sarah A. Sell, Newry, Pa., would bring a response.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE INDIAN DOLLS.

The Indian papa and mamma dolls,
 With the little papoose at their side.
 Belong to a little Ojibway girl,
 And her name is Mari-gold-wild.

They are dressed, you must know, with beadwork fine,
 Tobacco pouch, purse and necklace:
 And Mari-gold-wild loves them nearly to death.
 And keeps in the wigwam their place.

If Mari-gold-wild saw your dolly, so fine,
 And her own, so dark and queer,
 Do you think she would choose the flaxen-haired doll
 Or the ones that to her are so dear?

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A GOOD FABLE FOR THE CHILDREN.

THIS is a fable, translated from the French. Do you know what a fable is? The word is sometimes used to mean a falsehood or untruth, but it has another and a better meaning—a short story that is intended to teach some good lesson. When your grandparents were children, there were but few books for boys and girls, and Æsop's fables were then read by young as well as old, and very good reading they were. It is not known who wrote Æsop's fables. There was a celebrated writer of that name who lived about 600 B. C., but it is supposed that the fables called his were written by others. La Fontaine, a Frenchman, was a writer of charming fables, and there have been others in other countries. In Æsop's fables the story is told and then its meaning added in a "moral," but we think that the story should be so well told that everyone who reads it should see the moral without being told. We do not know who wrote this fable, but it will no doubt remind many a boy and girl of times when they have been as foolish as the fox and the goat whom we will now introduce:

Once a fox and a goat were walking together along a road and saw a sack lying against a hedge.

"What do you think is inside that sack?" said the goat.

"I will go and see," replied the fox; and, putting his nose into the mouth of the bag, tied tightly by a cord, he shook about the bag so much that the string at last gave way and the finest carrots one could wish for fell out.

"They are for me," said the fox, "for I opened the sack."

"Yes," said the goat, "but I gave you the idea, and if you touch them I will tear your sides with my horns."

The fox looked at the goat's great horns and showed his teeth.

The goat, on seeing the fox's teeth, thought within herself: "I don't much like that kind of weapon."

And the fox said to himself: "I will not expose my sides to those terrible horns."

After a minute's silence the fox said: "Why do we stand looking at each other? What is the use of that? Let us see which is the stronger. See, there are two heaps of stones. You shall take one and I the other. He who shall first throw down his heap shall eat the carrots."

"Very well," said the goat. So they went to their heaps of stones.

The goat put her legs firmly together and struck with her horns so hard as to make a great noise, but the heap did not shake.

"Ah! you did not hit hard enough," said the fox.

The goat went three steps backwards and ran at the heap with all her might. But, crack! her horns broke!

When the fox saw that he began to skip about. "Oh, my dear friend, the carrots belong to me now!"

"Not yet," said the goat, "you have not succeeded in your task yet. If you touch the carrots I will tear your sides with the stump of my horns."

The fox looked at the goat and said to himself: "She has one left still which is almost whole; she will tear my sides with it."

"Well," said he, "I will knock down my heap, then; it is nothing for me."

The fox began to dig with his forepaw until he had made a great hole in the ground close to the heap. The stones soon fell into the hole, but, alas, they fell on the fox and broke his left paw.

Then the two looked at one another—the one with the broken horns, the other with his broken paw.

"Run after the carrots," said the goat with a sneer, "I will give them up to you."

"I cannot," answered the fox, "my paw hurts me too much. Take them yourself."

"That is just what I am going to do," said the goat, and she ran for the sack; but neither bag nor carrots were to be seen; while they were disputing a man had come along and carried all away.

"Alas!" cried the goat, "how stupid we have been! If we had divided the treasure we should have kept whole—I my horns, you your paw, and each of us would have had more carrots than we could eat."—*George Bancroft Griffith, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The Q. & A. Department.

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| <p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>What common wild plant blooms every month in the year?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>What bird mates for life?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>How does a fish or a snake, frozen solid for months, maintain its vitality?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>How did chimney swallows manage their nesting before there were chimneys?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>Why does a double flower generally produce fewer seeds than a single one?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>What common pest is as big when born as it ever will be?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p>What is the difference between a plant and a weed?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">8</p> <p>Where did the potato bug come from?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">9</p> <p>How does the red grain of corn get into the yellow ear?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>What is the real cause of scabby potatoes?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">11</p> <p>How does the worm get into the apple?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">12</p> <p>When does an apple begin to color up, before or after attaining its full size?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">13</p> <p>A's corn is full of smut. B's field has no smut. Both used the same seed, but B did something to prevent it. What might he have done to prevent it?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">14</p> <p>What is the cause and the cure of the red rust on the under side of the raspberry leaves?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15</p> <p>What misfortune always overtakes a blue-eyed white cat?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">16</p> <p>What animals have no marrow in their bones?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">17</p> <p>What can a little "green baby" do with its toes that it cannot possibly do when it is a grownup?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">18</p> <p>How many upper front teeth has old sook cow?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">19</p> <p>Seeing the skeleton of an entirely strange animal, how could you tell whether it got on its feet when lying down as a horse gets up, in front first, or as a cow does, from behind first?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">20</p> <p>What is the cause of water being hard or soft?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">21</p> <p>Do the leaves of evergreen trees fall off?</p> | <p style="text-align: right;">22</p> <p>Has a toad teeth?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">23</p> <p>How many species of poisonous snakes are there in this country?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">24</p> <p>What makes leaves green?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">25</p> <p>How does rain cause a plant to grow?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">26</p> <p>What is smoke?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">27</p> <p>Do fish hear?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">28</p> <p>Is a sponge a plant or an animal?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">29</p> <p>How do mushrooms and toadstools propagate?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">30</p> <p>An apple seed planted, would require years to make a bearing tree. How can its fruiting be hurried?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">31</p> <p>How many kinds of houseflies are there?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">32</p> <p>Why are plants white when grown in the dark?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">33</p> <p>What prevents certain kinds of good cooking being done on a high mountain top?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">34</p> <p>A white squirrel is called an albino. What is the word for a black one?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">35</p> <p>What causes curly hair?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">36</p> <p>Are toads born alive or hatched from eggs?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">37</p> <p>Are the eggs of all the animal and insect creation round?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">38</p> <p>How do insects breathe?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">39</p> <p>Do stones grow or diminish in size as time passes?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">40</p> <p>What makes the dimple in the baby's cheek?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">41</p> <p>Why will not a plum tree sucker make a good tree if transplanted?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">42</p> <p>How do you account for the multitude of small toads after a warm summer rain?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">43</p> <p>Have snapping turtles teeth?</p> <p style="text-align: right;">44</p> <p>What is natural selection?</p> |
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The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY MRS. N. J. ROOP.

THERE are no elaborate Sunday dinners at our house, though, being very near the church we always expect company from church, and are very lonely without it. Here is my average dinner.

I have a beef or chicken roast in the oven on Sunday morning, the same having been prepared on the day previous, and this is so arranged that it is done when we get home. Added thereto we have bread, butter, cake, sauces and pickles, all prepared on the preceding Saturday. I would also have canned fruit preserves and cream as a finishing touch.

It will be seen from this that we prepare our dinner on Saturday and, practically, all the cooking that is done on Sunday is the roast, which is allowed to remain in the stove during our absence from home. This enables us to have Sunday a day of comparative rest.

As there is no special preparation involved in this no formula need be given for its preparation.

Warrensburg, Mo.

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FINGERS AND FORKS.

SOMETIMES our young readers are in doubt as to when to use their fingers and when to use their forks at a table. To help out in this we give below the following list of things that may be eaten with fingers and not offend against good taste.

There are a number of things that the most fastidious and well-behaved persons now eat at the dinner-table without the aid of either knife, fork or spoon. The following are a few examples cited by *Food and Cookery*:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they usually are.

Bread, toast, tarts, small cakes, etc.

Fruits, of all kinds, except preserves and melons, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular.

Either the leg or other small pieces of a bird. Ladies at most of the fashionable luncheons pick small pieces of chicken without using knife and fork.

Chipped potatoes are generally eaten with the fingers by epicures. There must be no particle of fat adhering to the chipped potatoes, and they must be crisp.

* * *

CURRY POWDER.

THE housekeepers who are wise do not purchase their curry powder in packages or by the bulk but have it compounded at a reliable drug store according to their own rule. If you do not happen to have such a recipe the following proportions are excellent. Four ounces of tumeric, one ounce of cummin seed, one ounce of ground rice, four ounces of coriander, four ounces of black pepper, three ounces of fenugreek, two ounces of ginger, one-half ounce of cardamom seed, one-half ounce of cayenne pepper. Keep in tightly corked bottle.

* * *

TO STOP VOMITING.

BY MRS. N. E. LILLIGH.

SCRAPE the outside bark from a peach tree, then scrape the inner green bark in a vessel. Pour cold water upon it and it will soon be bitter. A teaspoonful of this bitter water at a dose is very successful in stopping vomiting.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

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LIFE is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, it is to be all but dead.—*Selected*.

* * *

PAINTING a house does not make it stronger.

LITERARY.

The Era Magazine for April is before us. This is an excellent publication, illustrated, monthly, ten cents, and made in Philadelphia. It is away and ahead better than the average ten-cent magazine. It occupies a higher level. What will concern the Nook family in this number is an article by Edward W. Hocker, entitled, "A Plain People." Considering that perhaps nine-tenths of the readers of the INGLENOOK are "Dunkers," our average reader will be very much interested in this. Taking it altogether it is fairly truthful, but, like all such articles, it is misleading. The old story of getting the Mennonite, the Amish and the Dunkers "all mixed up" is the leading characteristic. If Mr. Hocker had examined his ground a little more closely he would have found that the Mennonites and the Dunkards have no more in common affiliation than they have with the Presbyterians or the Methodists. It seems impossible to separate the various noncombatant plain sects in the minds of the public. We learn from this article that "The Brethren, or Dunkers, numbering about 110,000, are at present comprised in five bodies: The Conservatives, with 90,000 adherents; the Progressives, the River Brethren, the Old Order and the Seventh Day Brethren," a great deal of which will be news to the average member who does not regard the church as being divided into five parts. An outsider reading this article would be led to believe that the Lancaster people hold their meetings in barns. And we are informed under a picture that "in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the Dunkers use barns instead of churches," and that "barn meetings occupy the entire day and are very interesting." Such breaks as this are of minor account, but it would be just as well in the preparation of a magazine article to be correct as long as one can be, and the statement that the Lancaster Brethren use barns and not churches is enough to make even an Old Order brother smile at its inaccuracy.

Abram H. Cassel comes in for a good notice, and the closing of the article is very creditable to all parties concerned, especially, that, as above stated, it does not fairly represent the Brethren church as a people, and the Editor of the INGLENOOK gives it as his opinion that no outsider ever did, or ever will, successfully write up the Brethren, because he who would do it must know the spirit that actuates us, and this comes only to those who are in and of us for a long enough time to become thoroughly well enough acquainted.

Of course there are other articles in the magazine besides this one referred to, but we advise our readers to send ten cents to the *Era Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.*, and get a copy of this number. They will find it interesting beyond a doubt. Taking it all around

the article is not likely to do any harm if it does not clearly set forth the difference between the various plain people it enumerates, instead of putting them all together. The following is the close of the article:

"No Mennonite or Dunker is allowed to become a public charge, and no wayfarer ever leaves the door of these people hungry or afflicted. Their thrift and probity are proverbial. Envious strivings for personal gain do not disturb them, nor are their tempers ruffled by the frequent misrepresentations concerning their religion. Consciously performing the duties of their humble lives, they constitute the most serene and contented communities in the land."

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ANNUAL MEETING NOTES.

A meeting of the Committee of Arrangements was held at Bellefontaine on the 9th, to consider various matters relative to the preparation for the Meeting. The work is progressing nicely, and we are trying to meet everything as it comes up. The various branches of the arrangements are moving along very pleasantly, and we look forward to a pleasant and profitable Annual Meeting.

There is a matter to which we would like to call the attention of our Brethren and others who will attend the Annual Meeting. Whenever it is possible to do so, we would like to have them plan such a route as will take them over the Big Four Route or the Ohio Central Lines. Both of these roads pass through Bellefontaine, and both offer advantages superior to other roads. The means of reaching Bellefontaine over these roads are certainly all that could be asked. Below is a list of the terminals of the two which will show the large territory covered by them. For the T. & O. C., Gauley Bridge, W. Va.; Zanesville, St. Marys and Toledo, Ohio. For the Big Four, Sandusky, Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio; Jackson and Benton Harbor, Michigan; Chicago, Peoria and Cairo, Ill.; Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis, Mo. These terminals, besides several large railroad centers, such as Columbus and Indianapolis that these roads pass through, certainly afford excellent facilities for reaching Bellefontaine.

The following is a combination of the statements that we furnished to both the T. & O. C. and the Big Four:

Bellefontaine, Ohio, April 6, 1903.

Brethren:—

We, the Committee of Arrangements for the Annual Meeting to be held at Bellefontaine, Ohio, May 30th to June 4th, 1903, hereby request the Brethren and friends in general who will attend our coming Annual Meeting, to use the Big Four Route and the Ohio Central Lines whenever possible, on account of the many advantages to be secured for our people via these lines.

Signed by the Committee of Arrangements.

We earnestly request our Brethren to keep this in mind when they purchase their tickets.

If anyone has written the Committee of Arrangements concerning places for distributing advertising matter and have failed to receive a reply, they will please remember that common business courtesy requires that a stamp be enclosed when the matter in question is not of mutual interest. "A hint to the wise is sufficient."

Edward Kintner, Sec.

752 W. High St., Lima, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

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MAY 9, 1903.

No. 19.

THE ROMAN GUARD SPEAKS.

From east to west I've marched beneath the eagles,
From Pontius unto Gaul;
Kept many a watch, on which by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall;
Fear! I could laugh until the rocks resounded.
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death, in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here!

In Docian forests, sitting by our watch fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps, escaped the ice hills hurling,
Close where our legions lay;
On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set—
And heard the lion roar—in this forearm.
The tiger's teeth have met!

I was star gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath—
And saw his jeweled eyes gleam—then he seized me,
And instant met his death;
My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried;
My feet his warm blood dyed,
And then I bound my wound and 'till the morning,
Lay couched upon his side.

Here—though the stars are veiled—the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying,
In slumber yet more deep;
A low wind moaning glides among the olives,
Till every hillside sighs;
But round me here the moaning seems to mutter,
And gather where he lies.

And through the darkness, faint, pale gleams are flying,
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these unearthly lights, and whence these shadows,
That move upon yon stone?
If the Olympian Jove awake in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his—if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me at his feet!

He looked as though my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame;
As if my mother, with his eyes were pleading,
And pity overcame—
But could not save—he who in death was hanging
On yon accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God? For so in dying,
He seem'd to die for me!
And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face;
What if he rose again and I should meet him,
How awful is this place!

RULERS AND THEIR TITLES.

ALTHOUGH the late queen of the British Empire was accustomed to use her imperial title in signing public documents—"Victoria R. I."—her son and successor prefers the more simple "Edward R." This preference was especially noticeable in his coronation messages to his subjects last year. To the people of the United Kingdom he signed himself "Edward R.," but it was "Edward R. I." to the people of India and the colonies. Constitutionally this was strictly correct, for the titles act of 1876 stipulates that the imperial dignity shall not be used in Britain, but only in India. It is notable and characteristic that the German emperor, who is emperor only by reason of his position as king of Prussia, puts his imperial rank first and signs "William I. R." Sovereigns always sign at the top of the paper; hence the phrase, "Given under our hand and seal."

The reason is that no name may appear above the royal one. When Louis Philippe visited Queen Victoria at Windsor they went over Eton. Before leaving, their signatures in the visitors' book were requested. The bourgeois king wrote his name first. Etiquette forbade her majesty to sign her name below his, and, with the readiest tact, she turned over a leaf to write "Victoria R." at the top of the paper. But the haughtiest signature is that of the king of Spain, who disdains names, and signs himself, "Yo el Rey" ("I, the King"). The pope, unlike other temporal rulers, always adds his distinguishing numeral, "Leo XIII."

PARTING and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these? Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely, they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go and are of their nature divine and immortal.—*Thackeray*.

"LIFE is short and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark way with us! Oh, be swift to love! Make haste to be kind!"

THE average brain of a man weighs 49½ ounces; that of a woman 44 ounces.

OUR ART TALKS.—No. 4.

LET us have a little shop talk in this article. If a couple of intelligent Nookers were in a large Art Gallery, in charge of some person who knew, and who was showing them through, they would probably hear him say about some of the pictures that they were of the Flemish school, or of the Dutch school, and it is no discredit whatever to the Nooker that he does not know clearly what is meant by the word school. Nobody in the world knows it all. The visitors of the Nook family may know very little about art, but they may know a great deal about things that would set the guide and the artist to floundering at once if they were dropped into them. After all knowledge is only relative, and, as said above, no person knows it all. So the Nook will attempt an explanation of what is meant by the French school, the Dutch school, etc.

Now it is clear to all that those who work in any given field of endeavor come to leave their finger marks on what they do. Standing outside of a church, listening to some man preaching, the reader would readily enough know whether it was the home minister or a stranger. If, instead of hearing, we read the talk, as delivered, we may be absolutely sure, in most cases, that it was not *our* man who is reported. The subject, the manner, the diction, and all that sort of thing tell plainly that it is the work of one whose mind works in a different level. It may be higher or lower, that has nothing to do with our discussion. It is different, and we know it.

So it is that where an artist sits down to talk to us through line and color he has a definite field, all his own, in which he excels. It may be he runs to landscape, or he may take to a religious field. But no matter in what he chooses to express himself he can not get rid of himself, and the less he does and the more of his individuality he retains, the better or worse his silent story will be. He leaves his finger-prints and earmarks all over his work, so that he who has learned the alphabet of art and artists can as readily tell whether he is to the manner born or is a stranger, even as the brogue or patois of speech locates an emigrant. And what characterizes the individual is but the pattern of all his fellows of like speech and sky. In the nature of things the artists of the same nationality will all, more or less, express themselves in a way common to them. The Spanish artist will paint his Madonna with Spanish features and Castilian environment. The Dutch artist will give her the features of his Gretchen with the flat country surroundings. In a hundred ways each will impress himself on his work. Where there is a group of works of art bearing a common manner they are said to belong to the same class, the same school is the expression used, and there you are when we speak of a picture as belonging to the Dutch, the French or the Italian school of art.

As color is a prominent feature of a picture, it is impossible to show it in a white and black reproduction. So much is lost when a painting is shown in the flat black and white of a halftone. Therefore it is not safe to judge of a school to which a vastly reduced, colorless photograph, belongs. Moreover the subject of a picture has not all to do with it. A French artist may paint the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, a truly American subject, but where an artist sits down at home and evolves from his inner consciousness a representation to appeal to all who look at it, he makes it in accordance with what he sees and knows best. Thus come the classes and schools of art, and there are sub-divisions and characteristic "methods" and "treatment" without end in the speech of the artists themselves.

Moreover there is an identity in the works of the artist himself that is of the utmost interest to him who is concerned with the mechanism of art expression. As every orator has his mannerisms, his tricks of gesture and speech, so the artist has his characteristic twist of expression, his turn and manner, and this goes so far as to stamp everything he turns out. While this could be made tolerably clear to one with the paintings before him, it is not easy with white and black, yet it is a study of absorbing interest.

* * *

OUR PICTURE.

"ALICE," the picture on the cover page, is a full length portrait of a young girl in a short white dress, holding a pink ribbon around her shoulders, with the ends floating behind her. This picture was painted by William Merritt Chase, who was born in Franklin County, Indiana, and now lives in New York. It is painted on canvas and there is an airiness and grace about it that cannot fail to impress those who see it. This picture, as well as all the others shown in this copy of the INGLENOOK, is naturally deficient and to a certain extent misleading because it lacks the color, which the flat black and white of the halftone can not bring out. It simply gives one a general idea of the original. This picture is found in the Chicago Art Institute.

* * *

LET us be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form and passing from pain into sympathy—the one word which includes all our best insight and our best love:—*George Eliot.*

* * *

THE flowers of youth may fade, but the summer, the autumn, and even the winter of human existence have their majestic grandeur, which the wise men recognize and glorifies.—*From Amiel's Journal.*

THE HOME OF THE DOLL.

THE doll is at home everywhere. Every child understands that. But the birthplace of the doll—where it is made and where it comes from—is something not so well known. It seems that most of the dolls that find their way to our shops come from Thuringia, in Germany. Now, Thuringia has for centuries been famous as a toy-making district. Its doll trade is

a stove to dry; others dip them in a dye to give them a flesh color; others sew, cover and stuff the doll; others paint the eyebrows, lips and hair; and others, again, glue on the mohair, where the hair is not merely indicated by paint. The making of glass eyes, as well as fixing them in the head, is done by different people, and all the various parts are put together by a small manufacturer, who usually lives in a town and



THE SONG OF THE LARK.

much more recent, the first one for sale having been made in Thuringia about forty or fifty years ago.

The process of making dolls is described as complicated. The commonest kind now in the market is that known as the wax doll, the trunk being of cheap shirting, stuffed with sawdust, while the legs, arms and head are usually of papier-mache, the last having a thin wax covering. A coarse shirt completes this simple toy, and yet many hands are engaged in producing it. The arms and legs are made by one set of workmen cutting them of wood or moulding them of papier-mache; others arrange the limbs in flat wooden boxes, which are put in the sun or near

receives from the various workmen the products of their industry.

* * *

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

THIS halftone is a photographic reproduction of an oil painting by Jules-Adolphe Breton, born at Courrères. The original picture, is on canvas 44x33½ inches and was painted in 1844. It represents a peasant girl on her way through the fields in early morning. It is surely an ideal picture of a stout, well-built, wholesome, French girl. Note the difference in build and features between the peasant girl and Alice, on the frontispiece.

HOW CHRIST DIED.

REV. F. P. DUFFY, M. D., secretary of the American Church Bible Institute writes of the death of Christ:

In ordinary phraseology we are accustomed to say that Christ was put to death by crucifixion. But such language is not precise. Nor is it exactly Scriptural. Christ was nailed to the cross, but he did not die of crucifixion. It will be interesting, therefore, as well as instructive, to learn of what he did die.

The way in which Christ was crucified is this:

The cross was placed on the green sward. The Savior was stretched upon it. His hands were nailed separately on the transverse beam. His feet were placed one over the other and a long nail transfixed them to the lower part of the upright beam. The cross was then lifted up and safely secured in the ground.

On the upright beam there was a ledge which supported the body, so that the whole weight was not borne by the nailed hands and feet. There was comparatively little loss of blood, for the nails kept the wounds they had made closed.

In such a position the victim lingered two to three days—five or six were not uncommon—and died from festering wounds, starvation and exhaustion. Christ was on the cross six hours, and therefore did not die of crucifixion.

The robbers who were crucified with him were dispatched by having their legs broken. But when the soldiers came to Christ and "saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs."

From the terrible agony in the garden, marked by the bloody sweat falling from his brow—from the scourging in the Hall of Judgment, when his back was ploughed with the lash and his shoulders furrowed up with the spiracled thongs—from his having staggered under the load of the cross and received aid in carrying it—and from the mental conflict on Calvary, when the powers of darkness had done their worst, and the presence of the Father's personality was withdrawn, it is contended he died from sheer exhaustion.

But the circumstances attendant upon the crucifixion do not permit us to adopt any such theory. On the way to Calvary he spoke to the holy women, who followed him, in strong tones of loving sympathy—he uttered at least seven sentences from the cross—before expiring, he cried with a "loud voice," a sure sign he had not been physically exhausted.

What, then, was the physical cause of death? Emphatically it was a broken heart, in the literal acceptance of the words, a rupture of its walls, a severance of the muscular tissue, a bursting of the fibers from the inner core to the outward covering, or pericardium.

It has been known from ancient times that strong mental emotions of joy or sorrow have resulted in

death. But it has been reserved to modern surgery to prove the fact of rupture of the heart. Post mortem examinations have placed this beyond a doubt.

At the apex of the heart are two of the four cavities or reservoirs of the blood, called the ventricles. Around the heart is an outward covering, or sac, known as the pericardium, which secretes a colorless fluid like water, called serum, or the pericardial fluid.

This pericardium is separated from the ventricle by a thickened muscular wall of fibrous tissue. It was this fibrous wall that burst and allowed the lifeblood to ooze from the ventricle into the pericardial cavity.

Here is a full explanation of Christ's death and all the concomitant circumstances narrated by the sacred writers.

With rupture of the walls of the heart, the blood in the ventricles trickles through the severed fibres into the pericardium, the cavity of which is large enough to contain several ounces of blood and serum.

In a short time the blood coagulates, whereas the serum does not. The crassamentum, as it is called, still retains a red or buff color, and the serum its watery appearance.

Some one or two hours after the death of Christ the legs of the still living robbers were broken. But as he was to all appearances dead, instead of breaking his legs one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear. The spear entered between the fifth and sixth ribs, made a wide gash deep enough to admit the fingers of the hand, as in the case of the doubting Thomas, and penetrated the pericardium.

On the withdrawal of the spear the thickened blood, or crassamentum, followed by the serum, flowed forth. This is what the beloved disciple St. John terms "blood and water."

Such is the order of the flow of the fluids we should expect in the case of a ruptured heart. The partly coagulated blood, being heavier than the serum, would sink to the bottom of the cavity and the serum would rise to the top.

When the spear was withdrawn the blood would by the force of gravity be extruded first, and the serum would follow, or there would flow out "blood and water."

In further proof that Christ died of a lacerated heart it may be stated that it has been shown that those dying of a ruptured heart either throw up their hands or the hand is "suddenly carried to the front of the chest and a piercing shriek is uttered."

"Christ," we are told, "cried with a loud voice," but could not move his hands, for they were nailed to the cross.

* * *

He who wishes to be successful or happy ought to be enthusiastical; that is to say, very keen in all the occupations or diversions of life.—*Johnson*.

IN CASE OF TROUBLE.

SUPPOSE you were passing through the city of Chicago, or any other large city, and got deathly sick, fainted or dropped dead on the street, what would happen you? If you were alone and an entire stranger, when you fell over, the first thing would be a crowd. The very dust would turn into people, apparently, and in less time than it takes to tell it there would be a crowd around you. In another moment there would be a policeman. He would take one look at you and immediately turn in a call for an ambulance. The policeman might straighten you out and do for you what he could, as he is instructed how to proceed in such emergencies. In a few minutes along would come an ambulance with its clanging gong. Two men would get out, one of them a driver and the other a nurse or young doctor, who would take a look at you and then they would put you on a stretcher and shove you into the ambulance. Away you would go to the hospital, where the resident physician would diagnose your case, and if it was serious you would be assigned a bed and when you woke up, if you did wake up at all, you would find yourself in a row of beds with sick and injured people on them and the uniformed trained nurse would probably tell you how you came there, and get from you such facts as you were capable of telling in regard to your friends and how to reach them. Then they would telephone or telegraph if you were not able to get out, and take care of yourself, in a short time.

Let the INGLENOOK give you a little piece of advice. When you are in a strange city, and feel that sort of thing coming over you, go into the nearest open establishment of any kind, and tell them you are sick and ask leave to sit down awhile. This will always be granted and it may be that you will be saved a trip to the hospital. And if you do keel over there, there will be no crowd around you, for the people will quietly send you where you belong, if they know; that is, you will be sent to your hotel, or to the hospital if they do not know of any other place. Do not hesitate to enter any business place and briefly state your case and sit down. It is better to drop over there than to flounder around on the pavement. At all events you will be taken care of as expeditiously as possible, and there will be nothing to pay if you do not become an inmate of the hospital for a continuous time. Sickness and death are liable to overtake anyone anywhere, and the terror of the situation is quite as much due to the unknown possibilities as to the fact itself.

* * *

HAVE ALL THE DISEASES.

A GOOD story in the *Washington Post* describes something that is rather common among younger

medical students. The paper goes on to recount as follows:

"That reminds me of something which happened during my second year in medical school," remarked a young physician. "For the first year or two a man studies medicine he has every disease he learns about. He is precisely like a man who reads patent medicine advertisements, though I shouldn't wish this repeated as coming from me. In my day we had a man among us who felt sure that he was going to be paralyzed. He was as healthy as the next man, but that seemed to him to make his disease more insidious. He used to sit with his legs crossed and hit his knees to see if his reflexes were all right. Every time he failed to hit the right spot he would look down at his motionless foot and say:

"'Boy, this is awful.'"

"He used to stand up, put his heels together and shut his eyes to see if he'd stagger. And he always declared he did and then he'd look green around the gills and sigh till even the fellow who knew he had heart disease got tired of it. Paralysis and nothing but paralysis was on the man's mind and he reckoned on being stricken at any time. When he was in his room he wore a pair of slippers—the kind you can walk into without stooping—and it was his habit to leave the things just wherever he happened to step out of them. One night when he had gone to bed two of us who roomed next door stepped in and tacked his slippers to the floor. About 8 o'clock the next morning we were startled by a most blood-curdling yell from him. We rushed in. There he stood, just as he had stepped out of bed, his feet in his slippers. He pointed to them with a trembling finger and then turned toward us a face of utter despair.

"'Boys,' said he thickly, 'boys! Look at my feet! I can't move them! I can't walk a step. Boys, it has come at last!'"

* * *

FROM an interesting letter by E. O. Slater, of Kansas, we cull the following note of interest: It is a well-known fact that iron, when heated, expands, and contracts when cool, so the iron worker, knowing this, allows one-eighth of an inch for contraction for every linear foot of the casting. That is, the pattern should be twelve and one-eighth inches long if it is desired to have it in the solid metal twelve inches. The poured metal fills up twelve and one-eighth inches and contracts to twelve inches.

* * *

A GOOD conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.—*Knox's "Winter Evenings."*

ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.

It is hard to understand how wild animals can build up and be happy in the narrow quarters of a cage. The unknowing person will tell you that this cannot be, that animals born in a wild state must pine away when their liberty is taken away. This idea looks good and sentimentally is all right, but somehow the facts at hand do not bear out this theory. Instead of getting thin and dangerously cranky, the wild creatures round out and their natures grow gentle. No doubt the good treatment they receive has much to do with this. It must be something to them to be sure of ample food every day and to find a soft place to lie down without fear of an enemy. Unable to run at large and living a daily life with little or no exciting change, one might think they would become morose and unlovable, if not insane. The animal man says they adapt themselves to the new conditions and before long invent ways and means of amusing themselves.

Everyone knows that elephants are more or less frolicsome, big as they are, and pick out a lot of fun with each other. The cat tribe is a greedy lot and will fight among themselves at feeding time, but after the meal is over they mingle with good humor and seldom bear grudges. These animals are given a neck piece of beef that contains a bone and the beasts are obliged to tear the meat off slowly and in small pieces. They are forced to chew it and in consequence there is not a case of dyspepsia among them. When they have finished with the bone it has the shine of a billiard ball and to see a group of leopards or tigers toss one of these bones from one to the other in playful spirit is a most interesting sight. They undoubtedly have found this an amusing pastime and seldom miss the tossed bone, which is quickly passed from mouth to mouth.

Another way the cats have of amusing themselves is to play what the boys call leap frog. One will stand rigidly upright and all the others will jump over his back. Sometimes two will stand by side. In a big exercising barn used by the lions and tigers, as many as six were seen to line up side by side for the rest to jump over. Sometimes these beasts have actual wrestling matches. They stand away from each other, erect upon their hind legs, and spar with their forepaws for an opening. When they clinch it is in deadly earnest, apparently, and the weaker animal never lets go until he is flattened on the broad of his back, after the style of human wrestlers.

Even hyenas, about as unprepossessing looking animals as one could find, run and jump and dance in company with each other as if their scowling faces hideously belied their real nature. A big rubber ball was given to a pair of them recently by a kindly disposed person, and the way they took hold of it for

playful purposes was interesting in the extreme. They had been confined together for several years and amused themselves by twisting and jumping and turning, but until the big rubber ball came into their lives, they never showed anything like the same spirit of happiness. Instead of tearing it to pieces as one might imagine would be the case, they acted as if they instinctively knew its purpose and at once began to share its pleasure. It evidently filled a long-felt want in their monotonous lives.

Bears are ungainly creatures, but in their lumbering way they find amusement that serves to lighten the burdens of captivity. Young bears are as playful as kittens. This is the instinct of all young. The big fellows delight in wrestling and in charging at each other, sometimes with the pitch of a football half back. Rounded sticks, somewhat thicker and longer than a broom handle, were put into a cage of four handsome adult bears and in a very little time they had learned to hold them firmly and found keenest delight in slashing each other like two fencers. The sticks generally clashed and seldom got to the head or body, which looked as if they had some sense of the fencing art. At all events they handled them smartly and seemed to enjoy the sport.

In a hippopotamus den there is a tank of water as well as a dry platform, so that the big fellow can wallow to his heart's content in his favorite element and then sun himself on the beach. To see him turn his heavy body over on his back and slide down from his dry perch into the water is a funny sight and not infrequently he comes up to the surface feet first and then wriggles heavily as if the difficult position, the few seconds it lasts before he turns over, was rare fun.

Monkeys have a repertory of pastimes to while away their days in captivity as changeable as a continuous show. They are wonders in developing ways and means for mischief as well as entertainment. They are past masters in the art of stealing and are as restless as the waves of the sea. If there is any great shakes of good in physical culture monkeys, because of their tireless exercising, ought to have the contour and strength of perfect animals. Somehow or other this does not follow. Their arms do not get bigger, nor do their legs, and the deep breathing exercise doesn't seem to make any difference to their lungs. They are almost as sensitive as a flower and wither in draughts as easily. But they take a cheerful view of life and cut up all kinds of didos from morning until night. Their lives they try to make one round of pleasure, as if they appreciated its shortness.

Birds from tropical countries seem to get over the animosities of their birthplace and mix up in royal good fashion. Instead of pining away because they cannot fly at large they agreeably spend their time hopping, jumping and chattering. A stout string with

which they play tug of war, sometimes one and sometimes several on a side, and a tinkling little bell, hardly bigger than a walnut shell, with a toothpick handle, which a bird would grab deftly and jingle and then fly away hastily as if in fright or pursuit, afforded al-

the Arabs began to employ it. Through the Arabs its use became known to Europeans during the twelfth century. It was not generally adopted in Europe until several centuries later, notwithstanding its great advantages.



A GOLDEN AUTUMN DAY.

most continuous amusement to a family group recently imported from Australia.

✦ ✦ ✦

ZERO IS AN ANCIENT TERM.

THE term zero, which is used to designate a cipher and in meteorology the entire absence of heat in the atmosphere, was, according to a mathematical historian Moritz Cantor, used by the Babylonians about the year 1700 B. C. This, however, is merely a supposition. It has not been definitely established that zero was in use any earlier than 400 A. D. About this time it was used in India and several centuries later

THE PICTURE.

"A GOLDEN Autumn Day," by Emile Van Marcke, a French landscape and animal painter, born 1827 of Flemish parents. The picture represents a red, a white, and a black cow coming forward from a bank on which are large trees and a farmhouse in the rear. All the color effect is lost in the reproduction but in the original it is extraordinarily life-like, and the treatment is suggestive of the title of the picture, a golden day in the autumn.

SOMETHING ABOUT INDIANS.

BY W. E. SMITH.

SOME Indians live upon the proceeds of their own labor and if they have something to eat they are happy. If an Indian has any money what he buys is for himself, unless he has a family when he buys flour and coffee for the whole family. If a squaw or girl gets anything to eat by their own exertion the man never gets any of it.

They cook their bread on pieces of tin. The flour is mixed with nothing but water and a little salt, and they knead it until it will not take in any more flour. The dough is so tough that it can be made thin enough to be transparent. Whatever an Indian cooks he always cooks thoroughly. The squaws gather seeds of weeds, such as sunflower, Devil's Horn and a number of other weeds. These they roast and grind into meal. This grinding is done on two rocks on the mortar and pestle order. They do not beat them together but use something between a rub and a beat.

Their houses are of rude construction and are made by taking young willows and sticking one end in the ground. They then tie the tops together, so as to make them the shape of a wagon bow. Then some brush, weeds and grasses are laid on and lastly they take some cloth and stretch it over all. Their bed consists of a hollow in the ground and perhaps a few old quilts and blankets.

The women make willow baskets. Some of them are worth thirty dollars apiece. It takes about two months to make a basket bringing that price. In the matter of dress the men wear anything they can get, but the women are fond of something red, and the larger the flower, the better it suits them. The women do all the work about the house, and the man thinks it a disgrace to help them.

When an Indian girl gets married she has to be bought by the man, who takes her before the chief and shows that she has been paid for. The chief then tells him that they are married. When they are on a reservation they go to the commanding officer and state their case to him.

Before a child is two days old it is strapped on a board or put in a frame, and there remains until able to walk. The hands are strapped down to the side and the only part of his body that he has any use of is his head. After he is four or five months old he is permitted to have his knees unstrapped to leave him room enough to allow him to move a little, but his hands are always strapped down.

The Indians will not kill a rattlesnake or any poisonous insect. They say if they kill one its mates will have their revenge on them. Neither will they kill a coyote because they are afraid it will ruin their gun.

The son-in-law will not go into the house of the mother-in-law, and never meets her face to face. She never goes to her daughter's house except when the husband is away for a long time. When the son-in-law and mother-in-law pass each other, they must hide their eyes one from the other. The idea being if they look at each other they will lose their sight. They have many traditions and superstitions which they apparently believe with all their heart.

Camp Verde, Arizona.

HUNTING TRUFFLES.

A GOOD many Nookers know that the truffle is an expensive adjunct to good cooking, but all may not know how it is hunted by pigs.

The pig is generally considered to be a useless sort of animal until it figures in the pork butcher's shop, but in France a pig is essential to what is undoubtedly the most remarkable sport in the world—namely: truffle hunting. Truffles are highly relished at the rich man's table, and are a kind of a fungus found underground at the roots of oak trees.

The French pigs take naturally to truffle hunting, and require practically no training whatever, for they consider truffles to be just as delectable as we do, and scent them out on being taken to the hunting grounds and begin to dig with their snouts in the ground to unearth the prize.

The truffle industry has swollen to enormous proportions of late years, and over a million pounds' worth are exported every season. All the peasants in such districts as Perigord and Vaucluse hunt truffles and keep pigs expressly for this purpose, for the delicacies average \$3.75 a pound, and a pig will sometimes find twenty pounds or more in one day. Consequently the rental of oak forests has increased proportionately, well wooded land now realizing as much as from \$150 to \$200 an acre in a good district.

A truffle hunt is the queerest sight imaginable. Soon after breakfast a bevy of farmers driving their pigs before them set out for the woodlands, on reaching which the party breaks up into pairs, or, as more generally happens, each pig is compelled to work separately, and is then generally more successful. The hunters are guided by the weather, for on certain days the scent is unnoticeable, while on others it is particularly strong. The trees searched are those around which no verdure will grow, the soil is loamy and moist, having been sheltered by the branches overhead, for where the sun is able to pour its heat on the ground all day the truffles will not grow.

The pig, when brought to the foot of the tree, walks slowly round it, with its nose on the ground and sniffing like a dog. When the truffle is scented it begins to burrow with its snout, digging up a long gutter.

The farmer then draws the animal away from the spot, and gives it a few acorns as a reward, a pocketful of which he has brought with him. With his hands he begins to pull away the earth until his fingers encounter the truffle, which in shape resembles a potato, and is of a dark blue color, almost black.

By this time the pig has finished eating the acorns, and is anxious to continue its search for the truffles, so, having removed the prize, the farmer allows the animal to return to the hole. The pig will quickly discover that the truffle has been taken away, but if there are others in the vicinity it will proceed to dig with its snout as before. Sometimes several pounds' worth of truffles will be unearthed below a single tree; sometimes no more than one will be found there. It all depends on the soil and the tree itself.

It is not unusual for a farmer to let his truffle rights for so much per annum to those who care for the sport and are speculative enough to pay a heavy sum down and chance losing or trebling it, as chance may permit, many having amassed vast fortunes within a few years.

* * *

WHAT TO DO WITH OLD INGLENOKS.

FROM a valued contributor we received a letter containing the following:

"Frequently in the NOOK you have had articles regarding the use made of NOOKS after the subscribers have read them and as is sure they will accumulate, I have thought I would just tell you how we dispose of them so that they may do the most good. In our Post Office here, that is in the outer part of the room where people will naturally have to do a great deal of waiting for the distribution of mail, there has been placed a receptacle labeled "Brethren's Tracts," and as this holder does not contain tracts nearly all of the time, I frequently fill it with NOOKS or *Messengers*, as also do others at times, and it is a surprise to one who has never tried it, to see how quickly these papers will disappear from the holder. Then, again, I bring back numbers of the Nook down town and place them on the reading tables of barber shops, or leave them at dressmaking establishments, and am always thanked for the papers.

"Some of the Nookers write of storing their NOOKS away or of binding them into books, etc. I have often wondered which is the better way. What is the use of storing up magazines such as the Nook when we can feel that the next number is better, or will be better than the present number, and instead of ever being dug up in the future, except perhaps for a recipe, or some special article, they will only accumulate dust and mould of time, and we will go on interesting ourselves with the up-to-date matter of the magazine as it comes to us and in course of time we will build a

bonfire out of the old papers in the garret or on the shelves and the Nook will go along with the rest of them. I have tried preserving old journals and after a few years tire of them, and having so much of the later material to feast on, make a fire out of the old papers to make room for the new ones."

This affords a good outlet for doing practical missionary work among those who do not care to have their INGLENOKS preserved in form for future reference. The mistake that our Nooker makes, however, is this. While all the old numbers are naturally back numbers to him, they will be current numbers to those who read in the future. And many a boy and girl, yet unborn, will take delight in scanning these old numbers of the NOOK when the most of us have gone over to the other side. The Nookman often thinks, in his quieter moments, that when he is gone and others have taken his place, how many a boy and girl, finding a bunch of old NOOKS, will flatten themselves on the floor, head on hand, feet kicking in the air, reading the lines that we read to-day and forget to-morrow.

The Nook has been found especially helpful to the shut-ins and those who can not get away by reason of ill-health to take a part in the hurly-burly world around us.

The idea is an excellent one, however, as put by our valued correspondent, and every reader can do a great deal of quiet good by passing on to others what they themselves like so well. This is real Christianity.

* * *

LEARN to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grunting. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

* * *

TWO CENTS WILL GO A LONG WAYS.

THE two most widely separated post offices in the United States are those in Key West, Fla., and in Unalakaska, Alaska, 6,271 miles apart. Two cents will insure the carriage of a letter between these distant points.

* * *

OCEANS cover three-fourths of the earth's surface.

NATURE



STUDY.

FEEDING TIME AT THE ZOO.

ONE of the most interesting times to visit the Zoo is when they feed the animals. For a half hour before meal time the cat family is a busy company. They seem to know what is coming and their eyes are piercingly trained in every direction. The man with the pan of meat or vegetable mix-up is the best friend they have, and when he comes in sight there is a deafening uproar. The lions, tigers and other members of the cat family are usually fed first, because they are the most impatient and make the most noise. These animals and the bears together eat about two hundred pounds of beef and twenty pounds of fish a day. The bears also come in for a part of the one hundred pounds of bread which is purchased for the monkeys, hippopotamus, rhinoceros and a few others. To keep the monkeys, hippos and other vegetarians of the menagerie there are consumed weekly two barrels of potatoes, two barrels of apples and a like amount of carrots. Such animals as the deer, nyloghau and elephants require a different kind of food, like corn, bran and hay. These animals will devour 30,000 pounds of hay in a week. Nice soft beds are made for them to sleep on and for the elephants five bales of straw are used a day.

The lions are fed once a day except on Sunday and around their cages are gathered the most people. It has been found that animals thrive best when deprived of food for one day in the week and Sunday has been selected as their fasting day. Appetite shows itself stronger in lions than any other beasts. They know their dinner time as accurately as the workingman who hears the factory whistle blow at noon, and a half hour before the usual time for the raw meat to arrive they pace their cages restlessly, ever turning their heads to catch the first sound of the creaking wheelbarrow. One might expect them to go through the same performance on Sunday, but they do not. How they know when Sunday, their day without food, arrives is a puzzle to the keepers, but they do know it as accurately as a man with a calendar and lie still all day, with no restless watch for the wheelbarrow.

Each lion gets a piece of meat weighing about twelve pounds. A tiger gets ten pounds. Ned, the gigantic Siberian tiger, gets as much as a lion. A leopard or a hyena is given a seven-pound chunk of meat. The grizzly, cinnamon and black bears receive a piece of meat and a loaf of bread. The polar bear is fed on fish and bread. The wolves, hyenas, foxes, raccoons

and Alaska dogs receive about three pounds of meat each. There is no fuss about the bears or raccoons when their food is thrown to them. They take it as a matter of course and proceed to dine leisurely, but the wolves and hyenas growl and snarl on the slightest suspicion that they may lose the slightest morsel of their diet.

The hippopotamus is fed on bread, apples, carrots, turnips and other vegetables. Once a week she is fed with an armful of loaves of bread. Fatima sticks her head above the water, opens her mighty jaws and her keeper tosses a loaf into the cavern. The jaws close, Fatima gives a gulp and looks at the keeper in a pleased way and again opens her jaws. Another loaf and another gulp and the keeper stops at a dozen. The stout girl is then ready for her daily share of apples and vegetables. The elephants and the two-horned rhinoceros have a big dish of bran mash each morning and a heap of hay to munch during the day. They will toss the hay about time and again to find a peanut some visitor has thrown into the cage.

Monkeys require the most attention in the matter of diet to get them to live long in captivity. The man in charge of the monkeys has no other care and it keeps him busy. The day is one long dinner for these lucky fellows and comprises about twelve courses. Onions are a great delicacy and they relish them as a youngster does dessert.

THE MONKEY MOTHER.

THE New York *Sun* tells about an affectionate monkey.

The animals in the New York Zoological park in the Bronx, which are most like folks just now are the long-armed mother baboon and her baby. Mother and child hold the center of the stage in the primates' house and attract even a larger crowd to their cage than the uncanny bats that eat, sleep and fight with their heads hanging down and their claws gripped to the wires overhead.

A monkey is never more human than when she has an unweaned baby. The long-armed mother is proud of her child, for she sits as close as she can get to the front of the stage so that all the visitors and the jealous, childless, race-suicide monkeys across the way can see her baby.

The infant has an excellent appetite and after each nursing goes to sleep on his mother's shoulder. The mother baboon's kisses are as humanlike as anything

in the show and the baby hears all the "tootsey-wootsey" talk that is good for him from the women in front of the cage.

The mother hasn't lost interest in the social doings and quarrels of the primates' house as a result of her domestic cares. There was a fight the other day between two noisy baboons in the next cage. Heads were out, tenement-house fashion, all along the line of cages. The long-armed baboon was sitting with her back to her quarrelsome neighbors when the row began and the baby had just gone to sleep. She unwound the little fellow with her left arm, gripped the bar in front of her with her right hand and then stood up very slowly and carefully, faced about the other way and sat down again where she could see the fight.

The baby didn't even stir.

* * *

EDUCATING SEA LIONS.

A HALF dozen slippery, shapeless seals and sea lions floundering about on the stage, croaking and barking—and doing some very wonderful things beside—do not seem in the least dangerous or formidable, but there is hardly anything more painful and serious than the bite of one of these curious beasts. Charles Judge, who has trained them for years and has a company of them in the Hagenbeck show, is badly scarred from the attacks of these peculiar half land animals, half fish.

The bite of the sea lion is poisonous; besides, it is an ugly wound from the manner in which it is inflicted. Although the creature moves painfully and slowly on land, the motion of its head and neck is extremely quick. The neck seems to have an almost elastic quality. One is surprised at its reach. The sea lion is like a bulldog. When he has caught hold he does not let go at once, but sets his teeth firmly in the flesh. Then he twists his head, the teeth being still imbedded in the flesh, and without relinquishing his grip he gives a quick jerk. The result is to pull out a ragged piece of flesh, if the animal has gotten a deep hold.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

* * *

SICILY QUAIL IN ENGLAND.

ALL kinds of most interesting information are to be found in our Consular reports, says the *London Chronicle*, if one only takes the trouble to look for it. Who, when dissecting a quail on toast in a London restaurant, gives a thought to its place of origin? A glance at the report on the trade of Sicily, just issued by the Foreign Office, cures this ignorance. A considerable trade in live quails takes place from Messina to the United Kingdom. The birds are caught in the neighborhood of the port. They are kept from three to four days in Messina in cages before being

shipped, are fed on hemp seed and ground corn, and are watered freely every day. It is estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 are caught annually. The manner in which they are caught is with running nooses and traps, and in Messina they fetch from 40 cents to 50 cents per head. The birds are shipped in cages from Messina to Genoa, whence they are sent by rail *via* Chiasso to the United Kingdom. The treatment they receive on the way, curtly remarks the Consul, is the same as that which they get in Messina before being shipped. In such circumstances the quail must welcome its attendant toast.

* * *

MUSK.

MUSK is not an agreeable perfume to many people, although it is highly esteemed by others, who run the risk of being called vulgar in order that they may enjoy its pungent odor. Musk in its raw state looks a good deal like axle grease and smells worse. The popular axiom that the musk of commerce is obtained from the muskrat is a mistake. There is obtained a somewhat similar perfume from the muskrat, but most of the supply comes from the musk deer, a creature that is carefully reared in India for the sake of the secretion. The secretion is shipped in the crude state and is used not only in the manufacture of the liquid perfume sold as musk, but also in very small quantities to give strength and staying power to many perfumes made from the essential oils of flowers.

* * *

DOGS SMELL DEATH.

THERE'S an old superstition that a howling dog in front of the house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within forty-eight hours of a patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.

* * *

TIMOTHY grass is named from Timothy Hanson, a Quaker, who lived on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, the latter part of the eighteenth century. He found the grass growing wild and discovered that it made good hay. After that he used to distribute packages of the seed among his friends at quarterly meeting.

The Inglenook

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No life is true, save that which liveth ever;
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;
No love is real, save that which changeth never."

* * *

OUR PRIZE.

WE desire to call attention to the prize that will be given for the most complete set of answers to be found on the Q. & A. page of last INGLENOOK. This prize is a book entitled "*Bird Neighbors*" and has 234 pages. It is substantially bound in cloth and is published by Doubleday, Page & Company. It contains descriptions of one hundred and fifty of our common birds, and there are fifty-two beautiful colored plates, said to be the most beautiful and accurate ever given in a moderate priced popular book. Most accurate bird books are so heavily scientific that they do not appeal to the average reader. In "*Bird Neighbors*" it is different. The birds are grouped according to their color, and if you see a bird you do not know the name of, you can readily find out whether it is one of the one hundred and fifty birds described in the book, and it may be that it is pictured in one of the fifty-two colored plates.

We know of no other book, more suitable for both city and country than this splendid work by Neltje Blanchan. John Burroughs thought so much of it that he wrote an introduction for it, thus indorsing its accuracy and points of excellence. We quote a page taken at random, from page 103, describing the kingfisher, so common along streams in perhaps every quarter of the country where the Nook goes. We reproduce this in order to show the style of the author and to indicate how readably the work is done. It is only a part of the description and the reader will see from it the interesting character of the book.

"Flying well over the tree-tops or along the waterways, the kingfisher makes the woodland echo with his noisy rattle, that breaks the stillness like a watchman's rattle at midnight. It is, perhaps, the most familiar sound heard along the banks of the inland rivers. No love or cradle song does he know. Instead of softening and growing sweet, as the voices of most birds do in the nesting season, the endearments uttered by a pair of mated kingfishers are the most strident, rattly shrieks ever heard by lovers. It sounds as if they were perpetually quarreling, and yet they are really particularly devoted.

"The nest of these birds, like the bank swallow's, is excavated in the face of a high bank, preferably one that rises from a stream; and at about six feet from the entrance of the tunnel six or eight clear, shining white eggs are placed on a curious nest. All the fishbones and scales that, being indigestible, are disgorged in pellets by the parents, are carefully carried to the end of the tunnel to form a prickly cradle for the unhappy fledgelings. Very rarely a nest is made in the hollow of a tree; but wherever the home is, the kingfishers become strongly attached to it, returning again and again to the spot that has cost them so much labor to excavate. Some observers have accused them of appropriating the holes of the water-rats.

"In ancient times of myths and fables, kingfishers or halcyons were said to build a floating nest on the sea, and to possess some mysterious power that calmed the troubled waves while the eggs were hatching and the young birds were being reared, hence the term halcyon days, meaning days of fair weather."

Immediately following the kingfisher comes the bluejay. Now it is known to every country boy or girl that the bluejay and the kingfisher are a good deal alike in general appearance, and this is a clue to the determining of the species. Once you see a bird and note its color it is not difficult to find it in "*Bird Neighbors*."

Now a few words about the contest. The list of questions is found on the Q. & A. page of last week's INGLENOOK. They are common, everyday questions, but they are not all easy to answer. The answer to each question, which should not be repeated but referred to by number, may, in every instance, be condensed into one sentence, and sometimes one word will answer it. Accuracy and brevity will be considered. Every list of answers must bear a postmark not later than May 30. The correct answers to all the questions will appear in a later INGLENOOK. *It will not make the least difference to the judges where the contestants get their information.* If they get it from other people, or by reading, that will be all right. No contestant should send in a part of the answers and say that he will send the balance later. We cannot undertake to keep books. It will be a wonderful help

to everybody to take hold of this even if the prize goes to but one. The offer is wide open to every reader of the INGLENOOK, but the prize will not be given to any one in the employ of the Publishing House. It is not the number of answers that will count but the number of accurate answers.

Now let us hear from everybody, for if there is only one reply, one question answered correctly, he who sends it in will get the prize, and those who delay until after the specified time, May 30, will not be in line for consideration at all. The book is a beauty and is well worth while. He who has it can identify the majority of the birds he sees about his home.

The next contest will be Biblical questions. The chances are that the Natural History prize will not go to the places where it will appear most likely to go—our schools,—but that some bright all-over-alive boy or girl living in the country will get the book.

Now go in to win.

* * *

THE COMING OF SPRING.

HERE in Elgin, which is somewhat north of Chicago, the springtime has fairly opened. It will be news to many of our readers in far southern States to hear that at this writing the trees here are just bursting their buds, and some of the sidewalk trees show no sign yet of any change from their winter condition. In a short time the streets and all the country will stand dressed in living green, the miracle of recurring seasons.

* * *

WHAT you read makes you what you are, and every reader should be careful what he takes within his mind, as once it is within his possession it is not possible for him to rid himself of it. In hanging pictures on memory's wall, where we have a choice of material, it is always best to select the finest. Especially when they cost even less than the poorest and will be a joy forever in our lives.

* * *

No man should wish for great wealth, because with it comes great responsibility. Happy is the Nooker who is content with what the Lord has given him, and doesn't envy his neighbor's thousands. Wealth and happiness do not often travel hand in hand, while poverty with wealth, and joy are closely akin.

* * *

WHEN a man says he has no time remember this fact, and remind him of it,—all of us have the same amount of time, that is to say, each one of us has all the time there is. If we fail to so shape our affairs that we are thrown behind the fault is ours and that of nobody else.

NOOK THOUGHTS.

Heaven help us with fool friends.

*

Good luck is a half brother of industry.

*

Some people don't know their friends and enemies apart.

*

Some people prefer a pleasant lie to an unpleasant truth.

*

Subjects of contempt are better viewed as objects of sympathy.

*

A man with a small hat is oftenest afflicted with the big head.

*

Ever see a person with a perennial smile on his face? Watch him.

*

There are as many different kinds of love as there are people making it.

*

Death is nothing to love. It goes into the valley of the shadow smiling.

*

Ever know that the Testament was a love story,—the love of God to man?

*

If it rained mush and milk some would be unlucky because they had no bowl.

*

Instead of saying, "If I have good luck," say, "If I have good management."

*

We owe about as much to the absence of temptation as we do to our strength.

*

Work is the father of luck, continuity the mother—get into the family if you can.

*

It takes an old maid to tell what she would do "if that young one was mine."

*

As a rule women like men who are not so entirely goody-goody as they might be.

*

Don't go about as an eternal apology. Even a cur dog will bite you if you back out.

*

Ever notice a man with a hoe in his garden of an evening? He has good luck with his crop.

*

Every woman loves two men—the man he really is and the man she would like him to be and which he is not and never will be.

TO MAKE POTPOURRI.

THIS is something that every woman reader of the INGLENOOK is interested in, and first and foremost, you want to pronounce the word as near as it can be rendered phonetically po-poo-ree, with the accent on the last syllable. Every woman of taste desires to be the possessor of a fragrant rose-jar, and few of them know how to get at it. Allow the INGLENOOK to tell you one way of doing this.

The writer would have a half dozen or more half gallon fruit jars. Into one of them would go all the rose leaves available. Into another all the lilac blossoms and so on all around each fragrant flower. These should be gathered when they are at their best and when they are perfectly dry, as in the afternoon. These flowers should be dried in the shade and when perfectly dry should be put, each in its own jar, pressed down and kept covered, or stopped with the ordinary glass cover. If the maker is where there are fragrant wild flowers they should be gathered and similarly treated, and if sweet cicely, anise, sweet flag, or calamus root are available, all the better. The green roots should be shredded or ground up, not too fine, pounding them with the edge of a sad iron will answer, and then dried and put in their respective jars.

It will require all summer to make the collection and it is largely a labor of love. Then towards the close of the season let each dainty feminine Nooker get equal parts, say one-half ounce, of cloves, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, and other fragrant spices and put the whole thing through a coffee-mill, grinding them coarsely. Now if you want to add anything of permanent value go to the drug store and get a few drops of oil of roses which is very expensive, costing about five cents a drop, and get a little oil of geranium, which is not near so costly, and anything else your taste may suggest. Pour these fragrant oils over your ground roots and spices and you are ready that very day to make your rose-jar.

There are rose-jars and rose-jars for sale, but the writer knows nothing better than a plebeian bean pot, the kind with a stone cover used for baking beans. Make a cover for this with silk or satin sewed on and ornamented to suit your taste. This must be made ready the day you get your oils, and immediately after they are put on the spices, put the whole lot in some vessel and mix the entire collection most thoroughly. Now take your clean rose-jar, which is no longer a bean pot, and after mixing the compound thoroughly proceed to fill the jar with what you have gathered. If there seems to be too much, which can hardly be the case, take a potato masher and crowd the whole collection into the jar. See that the cover fits tightly and there you are. Put this jar on the mantle, or on the bureau, and leave it there unopened. Now in cleaning out your room, when everything is swept and gar-

nished, so to speak, during the winter months, all you have to do is to take the lid off for a short time, a few minutes at most, when there will escape from your jar all the odors and perfumes of Araby the Blest. It may not be apparent to you if you remain in the room but if you open your jar and go out and come back five minutes afterward you will instantly detect the exquisite combination of spring flowers, fragrant spices and roots.

Such a jar will last for an entire year, when you can replace it by another differently constituted in its make-up, and use the contents of the original jar in a broad cheese-cloth sachet to put in the bottom of the drawer where you keep your favorite linen. It is a good deal of trouble, but it is worth while to those who love to make their homes literally the sweetest spot on earth.

* * *

THE NUT QUEEN.

To work hard, always, and to put forward the best efforts possible, to be pleasant, no matter what happens, and to tell the truth to every person and under all circumstances.

This is the unspoken but well lived business creed and platform of Mrs. Celeste Calamari, the Chicago Italian woman who has won more than local fame for a really remarkable business feat. And Mrs. Calamari has found this platform not only lucrative, but trustworthy from the start.

But a few years ago Mrs. Calamari, who practically controls the nut market of Chicago, started out in business with less than \$5 for capital, with little experience, with everything to learn. She bought her nuts by the bushel and half bushel lots at that time. Now she buys nine or ten carloads every little while. More than \$10,000 did she spend for nuts in the season immediately preceding the holidays. Similarly large figures might be truthfully quoted from her business accounts several times a year. Mrs. Calamari attributes all her success to the business principles just quoted, and to which she devotedly adheres.

Modest, retiring, anxious to avoid anything like publicity or personal notoriety, the woman who now takes so keen a delight in the business in which she has distanced all competitors entered the business arena less because of a natural taste or leaning in this direction than for stern necessity's sake.

When the care of her dearly loved and aged parents devolved upon her she cast about for some way of earning their support. The wholesale nut business seemed to her to offer an opening, so in she started in fearless fashion and with brave and determined spirit. It was hard and uphill work often and setbacks were many. But Mrs. Calamari had set her heart on attaining success and success came to her. Nowadays she might carry on a business even larger than she

does but for the fifth plank in her business platform. She does not care to undertake a business too large for the personal supervision of all its branches. She will not begin matters of which she cannot see the end.

Even as it is, the devoted woman works early and late and continually. Opportunity and time for family associations and enjoyment she will take, always; she lunches at home every day of her life. But time for friends, recreation—never! So large is the market she controls, so far reaching the necessities, correspondence, and duties of the same that but few minds, perhaps, could grasp and grapple with the situation, alone

house on a litter while the mother follows in anxious solicitude. The halftone does not well show the anxious children waiting at the door to see the newcomer. Note the Frenchness of everything in the picture. This belongs to the modern French school of art and its life-likeness appeals to everybody who knows anything about farm cattle.

* * *

CALIFORNIA is undoubtedly far ahead of any country in the world as a fruit producer. Almost any fruit known to the human race can be grown in this State—pears, plums, figs, nectarines, apples, in fact



BRINGING HOME THE NEW BORN CALF.

and unaided, at least as regards the mental division of the work. But Mrs. Calamari, who is as daintily attractive and feminine as she is business like in manner, manages to work at all times and seasons, to carry a thousand perplexing, puzzling problems in her ready brain, and still keep in good health, cheery, and smiling. Her fine dark Italian eyes are always alight with happy thought.

* * *

THE PICTURE.

"BRINGING home the new-born calf," is the subject of a painting by Jean-François Millet, born at Gruchy, near Cherbourg, in 1814. He died at Barbizon in 1875. The original picture is on a canvas 18½x15 inches and, in the original, tells its own story. The new-born, white-faced baby, is being brought to the

everything. Olives, which were formerly thought unadapted to the climate of the United States, grow luxuriantly in any part of California. The olive oil produced in California commands higher prices and is a far superior article to imported oil. Among other fruits grown to a limited extent are the crab-apple, quince, date-palm, banana, citron, etc.

* * *

HE who truly gives sympathy makes some personal bestowal of himself, of his own strength, his own life, into the weakness and deadness that he tries to help. It is indeed a wondrous gift from man to man.—*Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

FIFTY million dollars worth of cottonseed oil are extracted in the United States each year.

SOME HIDDEN POWERS.

A LARGE proportion of the professional classes, as well as many mechanics and laboring men, are doing work for which their special capacities are not suited, and in which they can never hope to reach that success which in some other walk of life they might attain.

Too often such a man passes his whole existence in uncongenial labor and surroundings without ever finding out what is his special line. But now and then there is seen a shining example of one who makes the sudden discovery of his or her best abilities, and, abandoning the old rut, rises to success and fortune in another field.

Take, for instance, Datas, the man with the extraordinary memory, who created such a sensation on his first appearance at the Palace theater in London. He answered any and every question put to him, from the date of an Egyptian pyramid to the names of the horses ridden by a famous jockey. Less than a year before his *début* on the stage Datas was working for the Crystal Palace Gas company, without the remotest idea that he possessed such qualities as would give him fame and fortune. It was only through the accident of a certain comedian meeting Datas and so discovering that he possessed an abnormal bump of memory that the gas worker became a stage star. It is quite possible that some reader may all unknowingly possess equal powers of memory, which need only a few months' training to give their owner an income of \$50 or \$100 a week.

Many people jeer at the idea of any one possessing the power of water finding. Jeer as they may, it is a fact within this contributor's experience that to some persons is granted this mysterious power of being able to feel through a forked stick carried in the hands the presence of water deep below the surface. At Richmond, Surrey, two water diviners named Galatear and Mullens were recently employed by the corporation to discover the best places to bore. Their suggestions were acted upon, and the first boring had gone down twenty feet only when a spring yielding 8,000 gallons a day was struck.

Remarkable is the case of Henry Lachary, a Texas farmer's boy, aged eleven years. While driving the plow in one of his father's fields he felt a curious tingling sensation in his hands whenever he passed a certain spot. At last he called out to his father and told him. But the elder Lachary laughed at the boy and bade him go on with his work. Henry went on, but every time that he passed over the indicated spot the strange sensations returned. At last a neighbor recommended the father to dig at the place. He did so, and came upon a bubbling spring of clear water.

It became evident that the boy was a natural water diviner, and he soon became in request to find water all over the neighborhood. Then the astonishing dis-

covery was made that Henry had the power of locating not only water but all kinds of metal and oil. Young as he is, he is making more money than most men.

Many persons possess, often unknowingly, magnetic gifts of various descriptions. There is a Pennsylvania clergyman who discovered accidentally a few years ago that he was able to cure many forms of illness, particularly those of nervous origin, by simply laying his hands on the afflicted person.

Rheumatic pains and neuralgia are also cured with the most extraordinary rapidity by a New York man; many cases have been cured by this individual which had been beyond the powers of medical men. He is a sort of human electric battery. He can wear no sort of watch, and can handle electric wires live with currents which would nearly kill an average person.

Afley Lionel Brett, a boy living in Braintree, Mass., was one day examining his father's hand, when all of a sudden he exclaimed, "O, dad, I can see inside!" The upshot was that the youngster was found to possess a power of sight equivalent to an X-ray apparatus. He can diagnose a fracture with absolute accuracy. It is possible that others may unknowingly be possessed of X ray eyes.

A tea taster is practically never a man brought up to the business. He is born, not made. The tea taster of old days is to-day the tea taster. He uses his power, not of taste, but of smell, and this power, though it may be cultivated, cannot be created.

In other industries besides the tea trade a delicate nose or sense of taste is worth a fortune to its lucky possessor. Ham smelling is a regular profession in itself; so is cheese tasting. Egg testing requires quickness and a good power of sight. Ore assaying is another special industry which requires an inborn talent.

HOUSE RENTS IN MEXICO.

RENTS are high in Mexico, not alone because of the growing demand for better homes and business houses, but because building is expensive and taxes are not low. The contribution to the government from a houseowner is no less than twelve per cent of gross receipts from his rent, and this is quite aside from his water, paving, sewer and other taxes.

FIRST OF AMERICAN STRIKES.

THREE hundred shoemakers who struck for higher wages in Philadelphia in 1766 were the first workingmen to adopt such tactics in this country.

THE constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts and to strengthen them for the help of others.—*Ruskin*.

THE BUTTON OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY GRACE SCROGGS ROOP.

DOUBTLESS it will be of interest to the NOOK family to know what kind of buttons our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers used in their day, the time when all factory-made articles cost a great deal and many things that are so common now were not heard of then. A great many years ago, when people first began to manufacture buttons, there were only two kinds on the market, pearl and bone. Both were so expensive that few people bought them. Instead they resorted to home-made, and this is the way they made them.

First, they procured a smooth, straight stick the size of the button they wished to make and wrapped thread of a soft texture, home-spun linen thread was best, around and around the stick near the end, taking care to keep the threads close and always thickest in the center or middle of the ring around the stick. After the roll or ring was thick enough to make a good, substantial rim to the button, the ring was carefully slipped off the end of the stick, being careful to keep all the threads in place and then with needle and thread of a finer quality, neatly button-holed all around the ring leaving the hole in center. This done the thread was securely fastened by sticking the needle clear through the rim to the upper side of the hole in button, then the thread was carried over to the opposite side of the rim, took up three threads and carried back to the starting place, this was repeated once, then carried the thread around the rim by catching up the threads two at a time till they reach a point halfway between the two opposite each other just described. Then they fasten the same as the former ones. When finished a perfect X was formed. They now fastened the thread by taking one stitch each way and fastening the thread, the button made by our great-grandmothers is done.

How many of the "Nookers" can make one?
Warrensburg, Mo.

* * *

A JOGGLING BOARD.

BY N. R. BAKER.

How many Nookers ever saw a joggling board or know what it is?

On the spacious southern veranda, or "gallery," it is often seen. In some localities at almost every house. It is simply a yellow pine board, generally about sixteen inches wide and twelve to sixteen feet long. It is supported at each end by a strong frame to which it is not made fast but by means of cleats is held in place. The board is only an inch and a quarter thick so as to give it elasticity. It is just high enough for

a seat. On this the children climb and joggle, joggle, joggle—that is, move up and down, up and down, with the bending of the board. It's a sort of hard-times home-made swing, hobby horse and "teeter," all combined.

Many a little southern fair-haired girl thinks the joggling board indispensable to her happiness. And when she grows older a young man comes from a neighboring plantation and in the bright moonlight the two sit and joggle and tell the new-old story. Many a southern girl has said the "Go ask papa" and many a new home has been planned while sitting on a home-made joggling board.

* * *

LOST TIME.

IT seems that one-sixteenth of a second has been lost and is being hunted up. If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it they would be attempting a task resembling that to which the leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves. One-sixteenth of a second is missing and no one can tell where it has gone. Between the sun's time as recorded at Greenwich and as understood at Paris there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy.

No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged and a process that may take years to complete has been commenced. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the lay mind. Longitude is calculated on the basis of Greenwich time. It determines the boundaries of many countries. A slight variation of time may change the nationality of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is therefore of world-wide importance. When it is found not a grain of the sands of time will be missing.

* * *

"HAPPINESS, grief, gayety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them, not your weakness, but your energy, so you will revive them and lift them up."

* * *

TO-MORROW you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning himself with the things beyond.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

* * *

WHEN we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our family, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

BANK CHECKS.

THERE are a good many things about bank checks that the public do not know and we take pleasure in reproducing the following pertinent article from a national banker.

Bank checks possess many advantages for the conduct of business and are used to a proportionately great extent. They are in nature but orders for the payment of money and are payable in the order in which they are presented. As given in the usual course of business they do not constitute payment of the indebtedness for which they are given until paid. Nor will the concurrent receipting of the debts for which they are given change this. If they are not paid on proper presentation resort may be had to the original claims. The rule is different in this respect as to certified checks. So the having of the checks certified constitutes payment as to the persons drawing them.

Checks should be dated. If not dated at all and they do not contain any statement as to when they are to be paid they are never payable. They may be ante or postdated as well as dated on the day of delivery. By being antedated they may be made to cover prior transactions and in a measure determine the relative rights of the parties to them, provided that no fraud is intended or done. Postdating in the main determines the date of payment.

When postdated so as to fall due on Sunday they are payable on the following Monday. Checks postdated or maturing on legal holidays should be presented the day following. When postdated checks are paid before the dates mentioned, the money paid on them can be recovered. If blanks are left for the date the holders of checks are thereby authorized to insert the true dates of delivery, but no other dates, and if they insert any other date it makes the checks void. Changing the dates of checks without consent of the drawers will do the same.

The presumption is that when checks are drawn, funds will be provided at the banks on which they are drawn to meet them, but presentation for payment must be made within a reasonable time. If not so presented the holders will be charged with any consequent loss. When persons receiving checks and the banks on which they are drawn are in the same place, they should be presented the same day or at the latest the day after they are received.

After duly presenting checks it is also the duty of the holder, if they are not paid, to notify the drawers before the close of the next secular day following the presentation and dishonor. No particular form of notice is required. It may be written or verbal.

The principal case in which losses occur from failure to use due diligence in the collection of checks is where the banks on which they are drawn fail in the meantime. If the banks continue solvent the draw-

ers will remain liable to pay their checks for months at least after they are drawn. Presentation and notice of dishonor will also be dispensed with where there are no funds to pay checks and where the banks on which they are drawn suspend payment before they can be presented, using proper diligence. After receiving checks they must be presented for payment, unless such presentation would be useless before the original claims can be sued on, for, by accepting checks, there is an implied agreement to use that method of procuring the money for which they are drawn.

When checks are negotiable and pass by indorsement or delivery the same degree of diligence will be required of each person to whom they are indorsed, in order to hold those indorsing them, as is required of original payees to hold original drawers of checks. But by putting checks in circulation the liability of the drawers cannot be prolonged. They must be presented within the same time by indorsees as by payees.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

MORE miracles were wrought in the vicinity of the Sea of Galilee than at any one spot. Here Christ caused the nets of the fishermen to be so filled with fishes that they broke, here he walked on the sea and saved Peter from a watery grave, and here he stilled the tempest.

Galilee has changed much since then. The sad things which he predicted of it have been realized. The beautiful cities that lined its shores have given place to ruins and marshes. The palms still grow, but they guard a spot of desolation. Rivers that once were arteries of commerce have dwindled down into mere streams that babble among tumbled walls, and the thousands of boats that once carried cargoes of infinite value have given place to a few humble row-boats and sailboats that have their petty revenue in the desire of visitors to make the trip from Tiberias to Capernaum by water instead of land. The elements seem to have lost their strength, for there are none of the terrible storms that formerly ravaged the inland sea.

The size of Galilee contrasts with its history. It is small. The length is thirteen miles and the greatest width six miles. In shape it can best be compared to a pear or harp. The broad end is to the north, and here the muddy waters of the Jordan empty into it. Its depth varies from 160 to 230 feet. Its depression below the level of the Mediterranean sea causes its waters to take on a tropical heat that makes a delightful bath.

When at rest the waters are as clear as glass and with photographic accuracy reflect the shrubs and flowers on the banks. The banks close to the sea are grassy slopes, but they gradually rise until they be-

come barren cliffs, rocky and desolate. It was to these lonely heights that the Savior used to retire with his disciples for rest, consultation, and prayer.

The waters of the lake—in spite of its title of sea, a lake it really is—still abound with fish, nearly all being edible and of excellent quality.

* * *

REMARKABLE BRIDGES.

PERHAPS the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which

quently cries out in her sleep, recently advertised for room and board “with a family who will not object to screaming in the night.” Among the answers she received was one which asked, “How often would you require us to scream?”

* * *

THE OLD TEMPLE.

THIS halftone is a photographic reproduction of a picture in the Chicago Art Institute. The original is an old French painting and shows the ruins of an



THE OLD TEMPLE.

Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up on the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. Each of these rafts will bear the weight of half a ton.

* * *

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

A WASHINGTON woman who is troubled with chronic nightmare, caused by heart failure, and who fre-

quently cries out in her sleep, recently advertised for room and board “with a family who will not object to screaming in the night.” Among the answers she received was one which asked, “How often would you require us to scream?”

* * *

EVERY contradiction of our will, every little ailment, every petty disappointment, will, if we take it patiently, become a blessing; it is a touch of our Savior's cross, and so, though painful at the moment, is sweet and healthful afterward.—*Dr. Pusey.*

* * *

DON'T believe that everyone else in the world is happier than you.

THE PICKPOCKET.

IN a short time the Annual Conference will meet at Bellefontaine, Ohio. Thousands of people will be there and the pickpockets will also be on hand. These nimble-fingered gentry keep track of public meetings and attend them all over the country. St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, and lots of other places will probably contribute their quota. After the meeting is over we will hear how Uncle Jake had his pockets picked and how Aunt Hannah's pocketbook containing her return ticket evaporated in a crowd, and there will be a whole lot of people who will lose their money and be ashamed to tell about it.

Now the INGLENOOK proposes to tell the NOOK family how this stealing is done, and then if you lose your valuables do not come to the NOOK for sympathy, for it hasn't a particle for you. In the first place all pocket picking is done in a crowd. If you are beyond arm's reach of anybody you are perfectly safe and will never lose anything at the hands of a pickpocket. If you go into a crowd and get jammed up with a lot of people you do not know, you run every risk. It has always been a matter of wonder to the Nookman why it is people herd together like so many cattle. At a railway station when they are getting on the train they clamber over one another like so many madmen. There is not the slightest necessity for all this, because the train is not going until everybody gets on, and in the matter of getting a seat the chances are that you will not have to stand, as when the cars are full others will be put on the train. It is no sign of either good manners or good sense to jam together in a crowd, tramping on each other and crawling over one another to get into a car that is not going until everybody who intends to leave is on and ready to go. Once any person is immovably jammed into a crowd, if he is within reach of a pickpocket he is always certain to be robbed if his pocket book can be got at. That is lesson Number One—keep out of a crowd.

Then it is the height of folly and no evidence whatever of good sense, to carry everything you have in the world with you in an open pocket where anybody can reach it. If people would have two pocketbooks, one with just enough money for the day's expenses and the other in an inside vest pocket, or buttoned up closely in a dress they would not be robbed of the bulk of their money or their return ticket. All the same there will be the usual number of people who will be done up, and if any reader loses his wallet and has to borrow money to get home it will serve him just exactly right, and, as said before, there is not a single word of sympathy to be had out of the INGLENOOK for people who lay themselves wide open to be victimized.

The man who has an inside vest pocket with a couple of buttons at the mouth of it, whereby it can be buttoned up, after he puts his pocketbook in it, is about as

safe as he can be, and is entirely free from a chance of being robbed by the light-fingered visitor. As for the woman who goes around with her pocket book in her hand, containing her ticket and all her money, it simply serves her right when she loses it.

Not every person is a pickpocket by a long ways, and there is no one living who can tell by the looks of a man or woman whether or not they belong to the criminal class. A lot of green people will assert that "they know" that "they can tell," etc., when the facts are they can tell nothing at all about it. The man who makes his business that of stealing does not carry about him any sign of his vocation. He looks just like other people and the way to avoid letting him do you up, is simply to keep beyond arm's reach. Of course this does not apply to people you know, but it is exceedingly wise to not get too close to an entire stranger in a crowd.

Pickpockets usually hunt in couples. One man does the actual stealing and then passes the theft to a confederate. When the first man is arrested nothing is found on him and he goes free. As a very general rule pickpockets care nothing for any papers, and usually, after taking the money from a stolen pocketbook throw the balance away.

* * *

THE FIRST WOMAN.—An Eastern Legend.

"My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said:

"My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before my singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I am sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried, "Go your way and do your best!"

And the man cried, "I cannot live with her!"

"Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri.

The man went sorrowfully away, murmuring, "Woe is me; I can neither live with her or without her."

* * *

PRAY modestly as to the things of this life, earnestly for what may be helps to your salvation; intensely for salvation itself, that you may ever behold God, love God. Practice in life whatever you pray for and God will give it you more abundantly.—E. B. Pusey.

Aunt Barbara's Page

A LIFE LESSON.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set, blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl, don't cry.

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There! little girl, don't cry!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

❖ ❖ ❖

LONESOME.

THE boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody thought sure he belonged to her, says the *New York Times*, so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth suit of his left-hand neighbor she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine!"

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not begin to touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on and looked at them deprecatingly.

"I'm sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity of his voice took a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added: "Are you going up town alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead

and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up, she packs me off over here to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home to-day, because it looks like it is going to rain and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something break inside her throat and she said: "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said, "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really am her little boy. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me and I got so int'sted that I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence glared at her green-eyed and looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her very best gown, but would feel like spanking him if he didn't.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE LONGEST SENTENCE.

A SCHOOLMASTER was giving his class a lesson in grammar when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read. There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Imprisonment for life," replied the boy.

❖ ❖ ❖

"GRANDPA, please give me a nickel," said 6-year-old Tommy, according to the *Chicago News*.

"Why, Tommy," replied the old gentleman, "you're too old to be begging for a nickel."

"Right you are, grandpa," replied the little schemer, "make it a dime."

❖ ❖ ❖

"WHAT's an amateur, Bobby?" asked little Elsie of her 6-year-old brother.

"An amateur," replied Bobby, who was wise beyond his years, "is anything that isn't mature."

The Q. & A. Department.

Is there a cure for a child or person biting the finger nails?

In the case of a child it may be simply a bad habit, and it can be remedied by touching the tips of the fingers with a strong solution of aloes. This dries and is not noticed by the child. There is such an intense bitterness in the mouth when the child tries to bite its nails that it voluntarily gives it up. In the case of an older or grown person there is no known remedy, if the will of the party is not strong enough to cure the habit itself. While not all nail biters are bad, it is a distinctive habit of mental and moral degenerates. Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist, says that nearly every instance of moral degeneracy has the nail biting habit. If this should strike the eye of a grown person given to the practice let him discontinue it at once and show his will power in the premises. If he forgets let him deliberately apply the aloes solution to the fingers to remind him of it.

✦

What is the difference between sun time and standard time?

When the sun is right over your head it is noon. East or west of where you stand the time is faster or slower. Clearly it would not be twelve o'clock at Chicago when it was noon, or any other time, in Philadelphia. This condition made endless trouble with the railroads and their time tables. So a convention was held at which it was decided that the country should be divided into broad strips, an hour apart in time, and in these the time should all be alike. As it was, in sun time days, every town had its own time. Now every town in the broad bands of country has the same time. Crossing from one to another imaginary band or belt, one's watch is moved forward or back an hour as he goes east or west. It is a very great convenience and a big advantage over the old ways.

✦

Please state how to conduct a Sunday-school teachers' meeting.

There are various ways. Everything will depend upon the leader. The scholars, or teachers, of the several classes come together, have prayer and go over the lesson with their leader for the purpose of increasing their knowledge. At the same time the best methods of teaching are discussed and the best ways of presenting to the learners the ideas sought to be conveyed. In brief, a Sunday-school teachers' meeting should be taught by one who knows more than his students, and the widest possible range of instruction

bearing on the conditions is not only allowable but advisable. In a few words the teachers' meeting should be for the purpose of learning a lesson thoroughly and knowing the best ways of putting it before the class.

✦

Down in Louisiana timber is often found under thick layers of earth. How did it get there?

This is true pretty nearly everywhere. It is caused by the changes on the earth's surface, mainly due to floods, changes in the course of rivers, drying up of lakes; etc. In boring an artesian well in New Orleans leaves and vegetable remains were found at the depth of fifteen hundred feet.

✦

I read of many pounds of potatoes being grown from one pound of seed potatoes. How is it done?

Experts do it by starting the eyes, breaking the shoot off as in the case of sweet potatoes, letting them grow again, and so on. Then intensive cultivation is practiced, and in the digging every sign of a potato is collected for the final weighing.

✦

Will some of the Nookers who have had experience kindly advise the Inglenook how to clean feathers that have been used in a featherbed?

If those who have had experience will kindly tell how it is done it will be helpful to others of the Nook family.

✦

Is a fast train more expensive than a slow one, and why?

It is very much more expensive, both in the equipment and the great care necessary in keeping the track clear for a limited train. Every possible danger is doubly guarded against.

✦

A man sold a horse for ninety dollars, bought him back for eighty dollars and resold him for a hundred dollars. What did he make on the transaction?

One of the bookkeepers of the Brethren Publishing House says twenty dollars was all he made.

✦

Will other nuts than peanuts make nut butter?

Yes, every one of them. They are simply ground fine in their own or added oils, salted and sold. Each nut requires slightly different handling.

✦

What is the cause of a flat wheel, so called, on a car?

A soft spot in the metal or else sliding on the rail with the brake applied.

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY MRS. GEO. HOKE.

Roast chicken with dressing,
Cold beef,

Baked sweet potatoes,
Apple sauce,

Stewed tomatoes,
Cherry pie,
Peaches,

Coffee.

Lettuce,

Pickles.

Creamed cabbage,
Custard pie,
Cake.

THE chicken may be prepared on Saturday and the dressing made on Sunday morning. Pare sweet potatoes, roll in flour and place in a pan in which is plenty of melted butter. Add a little water, salt and sugar to taste. Place chicken and sweet potatoes in the oven, make a good fire just before leaving the house, close the stove and when you return the dinner will be baked.

OATMEAL COOKIES.

BY KATE ZUG.

THREE eggs, two cups uncooked oatmeal, two cups flour, one and one-half cup sugar, one cup chopped raisins, one-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, one and one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves, one-half teaspoonful allspice, one-half teaspoon soda. Dissolve the soda with two tablespoonfuls sour milk, or enough to drop easily from the spoon. Prepare as for other cookies and bake.

Elgin, Ill.

A DAINTY DESSERT.

A DAINTY dessert, and one which is easily prepared, is made of shredded pineapple and cut up oranges, over which is poured a sufficient quantity of rich cream. Put the mixture in a mould, and then pack in chopped ice.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

TAPIOCA cream to serve with canned fruit: Five dessertspoonfuls of tapioca, one quart milk, one pint cold water, three eggs, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful

vanilla. Soak the tapioca five hours; boil the milk, add the tapioca, stir until boiling; add the eggs well beaten and the sugar; pour in a bowl and cool upon ice. Serve with canned cherries or peaches.

SMALLPOX.

IN *Medical Talk*, a reputable journal of medicine, something is said of lettuce as a preventive of smallpox.

Lettuce is an absolute preventive of smallpox. No one is in the least particle of danger of catching smallpox who eats a little lettuce every day. Smallpox belongs to the scorbutic class of diseases. Sailors at sea deprived of fresh vegetables get scurvy. Scurvy is a typical scorbutic disease. Smallpox always rages during the winter season, when the poor people are deprived of fresh vegetable foods. Celery and onions are good for this purpose, but there is such a long interval between their being gathered and being eaten that they lose most of their anti-scorbutic properties.

Lettuce is served shortly after it is picked, and hence contains the valuable properties which will prevent smallpox. It is a thousand times better than vaccination. It has no liabilities, like vaccination, to produce other diseases. We are willing to stake our professional reputation on the broad statement that anyone who eats lettuce daily will not catch smallpox, whether he be vaccinated or not.

POSITIVE CURE FOR THRUSH.

A NOOKER in the eastern part of the United States sends us the following remedy for thrush, which we take pleasure in repeating here for the benefit of the Nook family. As it was sent in good faith we refrain from any comment, but we would be glad to hear from Nookers everywhere who know of recipes, or procedures of this kind. It will be very interesting. Here is the recipe in question:

"The first three mornings after the infant is born let the father take the child to an eastward window, with its face towards the sunrise, and blow his breath three times each morning into the child's mouth, without father or mother saying one word about it when they are awake. The infant will never have the thrush."

THE WAIL OF THE NOOKMAN.

Dar Nookman is so lushedich als ar si kon, mansht von dar tseit, aver an feeling koompt iver een als amohl ve iner de leidt kooma is vo koongerd hen noch da leeks in Egypt. Ar shembt sich sheer es tsu sogga over ar kon net greiga tsu essa vos ar es besht gleight.

Es is ken blotz in gons Elgin oder in als Chicago vo ains rechte varsht greiga kon. Vile fur paanhaas se vissa net vos es is. Oon shpotza vissa se gor nix dafoon.

Now vos dar Nookman gleigha dade an chance dra stu horva is shmokedi varsht mid blendy frishar maredich. Ar dade besser feela gons iver von ar de chance het.

Un far de shpotza, ve ar gleigha dade an ponful rechter Somerset county maple tzugar tsu horva. Se hen maple tzugar do, "Es pure schtuft" alles in Chicago g'macht. Es is vie ihra varsht, niemond vasht vos drin is als de leid vo es macha, un se sogga es net.

I'on de socha ahahlda shlimmer varra dun dood dar Nookman sie carpetsock packa un geht noch Meyersdale or Soltzperry an goody shquare eems tsu greiga. Se hen ganugh tsu essa do over es shtecd net tsu da ribba vie es Pennsylvonnia schtuft. Die leid vo judga foon vie de socha gooka maya denka als dar Nookman dade net lidah fur ebis tsu essa. Over neimond vasht vos is im mauga odter im hartz fun em oura opra is fun vas sie veiga. Un ar vill schmokedi varsht un maredich harva, sel is vas ar vil. Un ar is net likely es tsu greiga oof darra side Pennsylvonnia. Un sel is vas ar hiled davar alla vile.

OLD-TIME REMEDIES.

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner, says the Philadelphia Record.

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps.

"A loadstoan put in the place where the pain is is beautiful for rheumatism.

"A basin of water gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar, is good for cold in Hed.

"If you have hiccups pinch one of your wrists till you count 60, or get somebody to shake you and make you jumpe.

"The earache—put an onion in your ear after it is well roasted.

"The consumption—eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE INGLENOOK as a young people's paper has no peer for useful information."—H. I. Buechley, Arkansas.

*

"I BELIEVE the INGLENOOK to be the best magazine ever published."—Ira P. Dean, Pa.

*

"I APPRECIATE the INGLENOOK very highly."—D. M. Troxel, Pennsylvania.

*

"I AM very much pleased with the INGLENOOK."—Myrtle Neher, N. Dakota.

*

"WE enjoy the NOOK in all its phases."—Alice E. Long, Pennsylvania.

*

"WE like the INGLENOOK very much."—Mamie Kennedy, Virginia.

*

"WE can't do without the INGLENOOK."—Mrs. A. O. Grover, Kansas.

*

"WE like the INGLENOOK."—Jos. E. Bosserman, North Dakota.

*

"WE would not be without the INGLENOOK."—J. M. Cripe, Indiana.

*

"THE INGLENOOK is a tip-top paper."—Martin H. Miller, Virginia.

*

"I CANNOT get along without the NOOK."—W. W. Ray, Illinois.

*

"I APPRECIATE the NOOK very highly."—D. F. Troxel, Pa.

*

"BEST wishes for the NOOK."—Paul Mohler, Missouri.

*

"NOOK's improving all the time."—E. M. Cobb, Ohio.

*

"I ENJOY the INGLENOOK."—Mary McCaulley, Pa.

*

"It is a good paper."—Mrs. Sarah Mohler, Va.

Want Advertisements.

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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 20.

YOUR MISSION.

[This was President Lincoln's favorite song, one which he encored no less than eighteen times when sung at a Sunday-school convention in Washington in 1864.]

If you cannot on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors.
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Master's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheave,
Many grains both ripe and golden,
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadows
Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded.
You can cover up the dead.

THE mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God.—
Bishop Westcott.

TARIFF.

THE true derivation of "tariff" is not unworthy to be traced. We all know what it means, namely, a fixed scale of duties, levied upon imports. If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which, from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Tarifa;" the name indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant ships going into or coming out of the midland sea; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits, and this was called from the place where it was levied, "tarifa" or "tariff," and in this way we have acquired the word.

WHAT A CANARD MEANS.

HERE is a newspaper derivation of the word "canard": A canard means, in French, a duck; in English it has come to mean a hoax or fabricated newspaper story. Its origin is amusing. About fifty years ago a French journalist contributed to the French press an experiment of which he declared himself to have been the author. Twenty ducks were placed together, and one of them, having been cut up into very small pieces, was gluttonously gobbled up by the other nineteen. Another bird was then sacrificed for the remainder, and so on, until one duck was left, which thus contained in its inside the other nineteen! This the journalist ate. The story caught on, and was copied into all the newspapers of Europe. And thus the "canard" became immortalized.

TAKE time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil and use you for his glory during the day.—*Canadian Churchman.*

AN EASTERN TRIP.

THE NOOK family has taken many a trip together, but they have all been in the direction of the west-bound trains. Let us vary the course of travel. Suppose we go east this time. And if asked where, let us remember that the east is as big a country as the west, and that there are places and places. There are Niagara, and the Thousand Isles, old New England, and other places of interest invite us on. But there is one trip of universal interest, and one that will be remembered as long as we live. And that is a trip to Washington city. There is something more than mere sight-seeing in a journey like that, and there is so much to see!

Now there are a good many western people who will be at the Annual Meeting and who will want to go on further, and who are anxious to see what is going on in the east, and see it to the very best advantage. We unhesitatingly recommend to those who enter Chicago, and want to go on further than the Conference, that they see Washington. The Baltimore and Ohio railway runs right into the city, landing one in the very shadow of the Capitol building. Of course there are other ways of getting to Washington, but in some respects it is the very best for the man and woman from the plains country. They want to see mountains, and on the B. & O., they get them. Then it is not so long a trip as to be tiresome. Leaving Chicago in the late afternoon one sleeps in early evening, and through the night, crossing a country not specially interesting, and at sunrise, or thereabouts, Pittsburgh is reached, and from there on the sights and scenes abound.

Strange how the eternal mountains appeal to one, even though born among them. After an enforced absence they loom up just as grand as ever when we come into their presence again. And on the B. & O., Washington trip we enter them not far from Pittsburgh. Hills there are, and hills enough and to go around, at Pittsburgh, but the real mountains are a little lower down. It should be remembered that there are two ways to get to Washington from Chicago, over the Baltimore and Ohio, one that goes around by the Southern way, and the other via Pittsburgh, and we recommend the Pittsburgh way for the reason that not only are there hills, but the route will take you right through the heart of the Brethren in Somerset and adjoining counties. One can see, and wonder how the people ever "get along," all of which they do, and very satisfactorily, at that.

Shortly after the iron mills, the dirt and grime of Pittsburgh, are behind us we will come to the mountains, the real thing. And there is a charm about them that one never gets away from when they have once got into his blood. The fact is that a real home

cannot be had out in the levels of the West. It is just the same ten miles away, on either hand, as it is at home, or what passes for it, but it is a different story where the hills rise abruptly, spruce and pine covered, and in between the giant Titans there flashes the clear mountain stream, made up from a thousand sparkling springs. Every turn of the road is a different vista, and no two of them are alike. Nature abhors duplicates. True, it is the same mountain chain, the same foaming, flickering stream, and the same set of overhanging trees, but they are so arranged that they spell beauty in different type each time.

On the road we pass through Somerset county, with hills to give away, and hearts as true as steel. We see Meyersdale, in fact the through trains stop there, and then on we go till we come to Sandpatch, a few miles beyond. Here the train stops, on the top of the hill, girds up its suspenders, so to speak, and plunges into a long tunnel, through the backbone of the Alleghanies, and on the other side we have left behind us the Mississippi valley, and entered the Atlantic slope. There are hills, all the same, somewhat bigger, and more abrupt, and the stream is between them, but the water runs the other way. If you go along on the trip at this time of the year, notice on the eastern side of the mountain that the gardens are about two weeks advanced, compared with the western slope. We will go into no explanation, and be content with seeing piles of mountains, till we reach Cumberland. Cumberland is a town that once was, and has gone to seed. It is the only considerable town from Pittsburg, and will be the last one till Washington is struck late in the afternoon.

Then there is a hundred miles of river, hill and dale. The train swings along the river bottom, skims down a mountain side, skirts the Potomac, and then nips off the point of rocks that juts out as though to bar its way, and in due time it swings into Harper's Ferry. This is a town with a history. Two rivers meet there, and down in the hollow the town is built, and the houses, in places, are built up on the hillside, in a way as to almost enable the upper ones to see down the chimneys of the lower ones. On the top of a high hill is Jefferson's rock, and he said that it was worth crossing the ocean just for the view. We can stop over and go up the hill if we care to. The view is a passably good one, but Thomas hadn't seen as much of this country as some who came later, or he wouldn't have gone into hysterics over the view up and down the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers. However, Harper's Ferry, so called by reason of a man named Harper having a ferry over the river here, in the away back, has a real history, and once was the seat of an armory of the United States, where the old Harper's Ferry musket was made. Here John Brown made his mistake, and here is where his soul started on its

march to glory. The old place is a pleasant one, but too near Washington to hold us long.

The run from the Ferry to Washington is the matter of an hour or so, and outside of the Potomac is without incident. We have left the mountains behind and come to the sands of the Atlantic coast. Presently we swing around and come in sight of the City. Now, without any nonsense about it, it is a fact that Washington is one of the finest cities of the world. There is not a finer one on the earth. That's saying a good deal, but it is all true just the same. No other country has such public buildings, no other city such magnificent reaches of streets, such monuments and such buildings. Then the people are sui



HARPER'S FERRY FROM BOLIVAR HEIGHTS.

generis. They are not as other people, and there are lots and lots of things to keep us busy for months before we start home again. Some of them we will describe later.

WHERE IS THE WORLD GOING?

AN importance which relatively few persons are aware of attaches to an expedition which has just gone to Chili from the Lick Observatory in California. Its object is to find out whither we are all bound, says Garrett P. Serviss in *Collier's Weekly*.

Everybody has heard that the solar system is flying swiftly toward the north. It is a plunging flight that carries us more than 43,000 miles straight through the ether every hour of the day and night. It is a motion that has nothing to do with the earth's annual revolution about the sun, except as it prevents that revolution from carrying the earth back turn and turn to the same spot in space.

In truth, we never get back to the same place. Every new year comes in with the globe at a point more than 300,000,000 miles nearer to a very bright northern star named Vega, than it was a year earlier. As far

as the evidence now in hand goes, the flight of the sun toward the north is as straight as that of an arrow, but the path described by the earth, since it is compelled all the while to circle round and round the flying sun, is a great spiral.

And thus we sweep onward, moving continually into new regions, running through what perils nobody can guess—perhaps none at all—and impelled by a force as mysterious as that which drew the unfortunate ship in the Arabian Nights to be wrecked on the Mountain of Adamant.

It is this strange voyage of the sun and its worlds through the unexplored ocean of immensity that the Californian astronomers have gone to South America to investigate.

Now, the precise object of the expedition to Chili is to examine the light of the southern stars from which we are flying away. They have been much less studied than have the northern stars, to which we are drawing nearer. It is as if the people on the bow of a ship, after watching for a long time the effects of their approach to objects ahead, should visit the stern in order to note the recession of objects behind. Through a combination of such observations the speed and direction of the ship's motion could be deduced.

But there are many other absorbingly interesting questions relating to the organization of the universe, and our place and rank in it, which will be brought nearer to solution by the success of the exploration of the southern heavens, now beginning.

HE WAS THOROUGHLY AROUSED.

A MAN in an apparently moribund condition was recently taken into a hospital in Melbourne, Australia, and in order to revive him an electric shock was administered. The results were startling and unexpected. A demoniac energy was instantaneously infused. He sent the doctor sprawling on the floor and flung a couple of assistants out of the window. Then he proceeded to wreck the ward, while nurses ran away shrieking and barricaded themselves. He had done \$500 worth of damage before the police arrived.

POVERTY is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashions of the times themselves.—*Cobbet*.

AN electric road out of Buffalo contemplates a schedule of seventy-five miles an hour. If that rate could be kept up it would carry you from New York to San Francisco in less than two days.

OUR ART TALKS.—No. 5.

THE other day the writer of these talks was in Chicago and took advantage of the Water Color Exhibition and paid it a visit in the interest of the Nook family. And first, let us tell something of what an exhibition of this character means.

Here in Elgin is an artist. Another is in Boston and a third in Denver. In fact they are scattered all over the country in numbers. Each one is working away on some subject of his own, and his finished picture is seen by his friends, or the relatively few of his neighborhood. If his work is of a very superior character it would be an advantage to the public to see it, and it would be a great help to the artists themselves to see the work of each other. With this mutual profit idea in view, in the larger cities occasional "Exhibits," usually annual affairs, are arranged, the art world notified of it, and the artists, far and near, send in their pictures. Not all that are sent in are accepted, for a competent art jury sifts them, rejecting those not deemed of sufficient merit to put on show.

In Chicago, at the Art Institute, where the Exposition was held, there was quite a large showing of pictures from all over the country. How many? Oh, well, a hundred, more or less, in a suite of large, well-lighted rooms in the Art Institute, designed for exhibition purposes. A catalogue is printed referring to the pictures by number, an opening day is announced, and the exhibition is on.

The pictures are all hung on the walls, grouped by sections and artists, and the interested public weave in and out, taking in the scene before them with varying degrees of appreciation, or lack of it. There is this one thing sure, as it appears to the writer, and that is there are no well-defined rules that govern art, and no reliable guide to the general public's appreciation of it. The professional may object and refer to endless canons, but they are caviare to the general. A good deal of the lack of appreciation is due to the dense ignorance, and not a little of the appreciation is often so much hysterics. The artist himself may understand what he sees of his own and the work of others, but the visiting public's vote would not be in favor of the first prize picture, if there was such an one. No prize is given.

After viewing the oil paintings in another part of the Institute, coming into the water color and pastel exhibit, the general effect is one of disappointment. It is at once clear that the best medium of pictorial art is by all means oil. Nevertheless it would be hard to think of a field the water colorists have not invaded with more or less success.

The exhibit covers a wide range of expression, from the small and inconspicuous, but artistic and costly, miniature, to the flaming basket of roses. There are

bits of blue water swashing and swelling in mid-ocean, and there are cottages out on the prairie with stars overhead and a single window glowing with a candle light from within, and there is everything between the land and the sea. It would be impossible for the writer to intelligently describe even a small part of the various fields of exploitation, for each style and each artist has a form of expression entirely characteristic and personal.

A good many of the pictures on exhibition seem to be veiled in a sort of haze, which is the artist's effort to create what is technically known as an atmosphere, and in some of them it is carried to such an extent as to make them seem at first blush to be unfinished. Of course the distinction between the water color landscape and the miniature is one of sharp contrasts. Miniatures must be photographically accurate while the landscape may attempt generalization of its features. In fact one of the peculiarities of the best water color work lies not so much in what the artist has really accomplished but in his suggestions to the observer.

But there are some pictures that we will venture a reference to because of their appeal to us, and this with apologies to the others who, without mention, may be misunderstood or not appreciated by the writer.

One of the pictures that picture is "The Medalist." This represents a man engraving a medal. A workman is sitting in front of a table on which are a few tools of his art, and a student's lamp with a green shade. The man has his work in one hand, the graver in the other, and is holding them in the strong light immediately under the green shade. It is realistic enough as a picture, but the reflection of the green across the engraver's forehead, the glow of the strong light on his work and the lower part of his face make an intentional coloring that is "life like," if there is such a thing in a lighted, green shaded lamp, and a man working under it. Taking it all together, its composition and coloring appeal strongly not only to the layman but to the artist as well. Going close to this picture one sees nothing definite, nothing photographic, but a collection of colors that in their massing mean little. Off at the right distance and angle and the picture stands out clear and distinct, requiring no explanation. And this is art. Freer, of Chicago, is the artist.

Then in another part of the exhibition are the miniatures by a number of artists, and they occupy a field of their own entirely distinct from other water coloring. If "The Medalist" described above shows no attention to detail and photographic accuracy, the miniature requires both in their perfection. A miniature may be of the smallest size up to the regulation old-fashioned Daguerreotype. It is painted on a thin piece of ivory, in water color, and may best be described

to the average Nooker as a photograph done in colors. The real miniaturist takes his colors, his brushes, and a plain, smooth, ivory surface and paints the picture from either sittings or a photograph of the subject, but never does the miniaturist paint a photograph first put on the ivory tablet. He does it all himself and when well done, as all these in the exhibit are, it is an unquestioned triumph of an artist with a few colors, mixed with brains, laid on an ivory sheet. The beauty of these miniatures is something everybody can

There are some pictures in an exhibition of this character that are not understood by the average observer. They strongly remind one of the definition of metaphysics which describes it as the hearers not knowing what the speaker is talking about, and the talker not knowing himself what he is trying to tell. At the same time the fault may be with him who looks, for while it is possible to furnish ideas, the capacity to understand may not go along.

* * *

THE PICTURE.

THE picture we show herewith is that of little Loleta Armour, of Chicago. It is an exact reproduction of a miniature painted by an artist eminent in his profession—Mr. Edwin I. Ames, of Chicago. This is the first time the public has ever been shown a good picture of the little girl. She was born with a congenital deformity of the hip-joint which the eminent specialist, Dr. Lorenz, operated upon with success.

The little girl of six or seven is happy in the prospect of a successful termination of her painful operation, and she knows nothing of her world-wide prominence in connection with the eminent surgeon. Her parents do not desire any notoriety, and ask only that the matter be dropped out of public consideration. There is no reason why their wishes should not be respected. The picture is reproduced in the INGLENOOK as a sample of the art of the miniature, with the added touch of a personality that has been before the whole world, that doubtless unites in a wish for her future health and happiness.

* * *

RUSKIN ON WORK.

RUSKIN says: It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "In the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written—"in the breaking of thine heart"—"thou shalt eat bread." I find that no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves and force upon others of work itself. I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it."

* * *

IF God made no response except to perfect faith, who could hope for help? He is the God of sprouting seeds and little vital beginnings.—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*



LOLETA ARMOUR.

The above is a reproduction of the miniature of Loleta Armour, mentioned in our Art Talks.

see and understand. In the miniature world, as in other fields of art, the painters of portraits fall into mannerisms of color that are perfectly characteristic. One of the best shown was a miniature picture of the little Armour girl, whose congenital deformity of the hip was straightened by the famous Dr. Lorenz. The artist is Mr. E. I. Ames, of Chicago, and it is perhaps the best exponent of the art of smaller portraiture on exhibition. It would be a very interesting matter to know the methods whereby such a beautiful picture is made. Photographic distinctness and accuracy characterize the work and it is the very poetry of art.

THE POWWOW SCIENCE.

BY KATHLEEN.

WHY this remarkable profession has been allowed to languish for so long in obscurity is a mystery. Probably, however, this condition is due in part to the innate modesty of the practitioners of this science and to the unique lack of advertising circulars, almanacs and the like, which fact amply proves the powwow science to be really a marvel of the twentieth century. In age however it antedates any of the above named things. In its practical demonstration it requires more than that simple manifestation of mind over matter which characterizes the methods of the ordinary faith healer. In fact the powwow proper is a very complicated affair and includes words and works as well as faith. And as the writer does not wish to boast of the exalted position held by the powwower in this respect, nor disparage the methods pursued by any brother "healers," the reader is simply requested to decide in his own mind which formula is likely to have the most effectual power over disease, that which depends on faith alone, or that which calls into action the triple powers of words, works and faith. That there have been many miraculous cures there is no doubt, and there are not wanting testimonials to that effect.

In many respects the practical exposition of powwowing is unlike that of any other branch of "healers." Strange as it may seem, this science really demands more faith on the part of the powwower than it does on the part of the powwowed. That this is a decided advantage it can readily be seen when it is stated that the powwower is particularly efficient in the treatment of many infantile complaints. More or less faith is required of an adult patient, however, in order that the "cure" be wholly successful. So intense indeed is the faith or mental sympathy of the powwower in certain instances that he has been known to suffer personally with the same ailment from which he relieved the patient. Especially in cases of erysipelas has this occurred.

As the practitioners of this profession are mainly of Pennsylvania German descent so are the words of exorcism in the German language. It is to be supposed though that they would retain their original potency in any other language. Still, this is just supposition and not an assured fact. To be of any practical value the "word" part should be taught personally by one of the opposite sex. Another rule to be rigidly complied with while a "powwow" is in operation is to have no talking in the room or anywhere within speaking distance. Should the patient fail to improve after receiving the powwow treatment it can be undoubtedly attributed to some imperfect observance of the rules laid down by the profession.

There are a number of complaints "cured" for by the powwower, but one powwower seldom "cures" for all complaints. Generally each one has his or her specialty, whether it be to cure for burns, swellings, erysipelas, or the various ailments of infants. Each malady requires its own particular rites and word formula. Some should be operated for only during certain phases of the moon. Others go according to the sun.

The mothers who read this will doubtless be interested in the following simple remedy for a child that is supposed to be "livergrown." Grease it well all over the body, rubbing it gently and carefully, then take a little of the grease (lard will do) and rub a little on the soles of the baby's feet and in the heart of its hands in the form of a cross. Next take its right hand and left foot and rub together, then the



SUMMIT OF THE ALLEGHENIES ON THE B. & O.

left hand and right foot. Then take the child and carry it to three corners of the room, namely the south, east and west corners and shake it gently in each one, repeating the "words" in each corner. Another way is to pass the child three times around a table foot instead of shaking it in the corner.

For "sore mouth," take three straws and pass each straw across the baby's mouth three times, repeating the "words" for each straw. Then throw the straws out somewhere. This must be repeated for three days, letting the sun rise and set between each operation.

Great success has also attended the powwow treatment for that disease of infants variously known as the "upnami," the "gobacks," flesh decay, and so on, a disease that so often baffles the skill of the regular physician. But why continue to extol the virtues and triumphs of powwowism? Enough has already been said to place it on an equal footing with any of the far-famed and illustrious class of "healers" that now cover the earth.

SENSES OF ANIMALS.

Most people suppose a mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it hasn't any effect on the human ear at all, and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound-registering machine—the phonantograph—will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a low purr, which it uses a good deal while at work underground, and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed, but though it shouted and purred in your ear you wouldn't hear it. The sound-register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quality of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth, and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field-mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though you can hear him squeak plainly enough if he is hurt. A death's-head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together, and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing, and one that can hear a sound that is over a hundred degrees beyond our own limit, is the common thrush, and you may often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a lobworm moving underground, locate him by the noise, and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear, and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat lobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and, being a disreputable person with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts, and steals the worms from them as soon as they are caught.

As for the smells you can't smell, they are more numerous than those you can, and if you want an example, go on your knees in a field where there are partridges, and see if you can smell them six or seven yards away—or even a freshly dead one an inch from your nose.

They have no scent to you. But if you own a pointer dog, you may watch him canter across a field at full speed, and suddenly stop as if shot, tail outstretched and body rigid, nose in the air, all because he caught the scent of a covey of birds some yards away wafted to him by the wind. He—and most other dogs—can smell a lark as far as a partridge.

But if you choose you can make yourself smell fifty per cent better by wetting your finger and drawing it under your nose. With damped nostrils—like a dog—you will detect scents that did not reach you before.

Coming to the feelings you cannot feel, perhaps it is as well they are so numerous. You can feel a gnat settle on your skin, but not a lake midge, nor fifty of them, and you cannot even feel their bite—though they stick a quiverful of saws and files into you—till the irritation begins.

But watch one of those midges light on a horse's flank—though they do not weigh the 50,000th part of a drachm—and you will see the horse give his whole skin a twist, round about where the midge is, and try to shake it-off. Even though he has a shaggy coat, he can feel that midge alight.

Besides these limits to your everyday senses, however, there are several senses which you haven't got at all, but which plenty of other creatures have. One is the sense of weather. You cannot tell by any sense—except newspaper reports—what the weather will be the day after to-morrow, but animals can, for they carry natural barometers in their brains. When a frost, for instance, has lasted a week or two, and all the meadows are bound up, you will find insect-feeding birds that have gone to the mud-banks of estuaries moving back in flocks to the fields thirty hours before the first signs of a thaw.

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

THERE are about 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain which each year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as trans-humantes and their march, resting places, and behavior are governed by special regulations, dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same routes as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way. For this purpose a road ninety yards wide must be left on all inclosed and private property. The shepherds lead their flocks, which follow after and around. The flocks are accompanied by provision mules and by large dogs to guard against wolves. The merino sheep travel forty miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE FIRST IRISH LINEN.

IN modern times the manufacture of linen arrived at the greatest perfection in Flanders, and it was not in common use in England till 1253, when it was introduced by the Flemings, woollen shirts having been worn before that time. In 1368 a company was formed in London, England, for manufacturing it, and Lord Wentworth introduced it into Ireland in 1634. The inhabitants, however, long excelled us in its fabrication, and the finest linens, called Holland, were imported.

♦ ♦ ♦

ARE you building for eternity?

AMOK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IN Sulu and in Mindanao amoks by Mohammedan fanatics among Moro tribesmen are common. These fellows gave the Spaniards formerly a good deal of trouble. They are now giving the American successors of the Spaniards an idea of what amok running means. The *Manila Times* thus handles some recent fanatical outburst of this kind in that quarter: From time to time reports have come in from the southern possessions stating that some Moros have "run amok."

While many people will recognize the expression, there are few who know its real significance as pertaining to the Moros. In 1900 reports frequently came from the 23d infantry, the 28th and 40th volunteer regiments of Moros "running amok." Since the departure of these regiments for the States reports from their successors, the 17th infantry and 15th cavalry, have frequently referred to the same class of Moros.

An army officer, recently from the Sulu archipelago, gives the following significance to the expression: According to the Mohammedan religion, a subject, no matter how tired he may be of life, cannot reach his happy hunting ground should he commit suicide. These fanatics have a more graceful manner of forcing death upon themselves than more civilized people. For example: A Sulu Moro, through falling hopelessly in debt, being taken into slavery, after a time becomes dependent and decides to shuffle off the mortal twist. Having reached this frame of mind, he tells his troubles to the priest of his datto or chieftain, who, if he believes the subject is in earnest, refers the case to the next higher authority with his approval.

Thus the case goes on through "official channels" until it reaches the member of the court of the sultan who decides such matters. Should this dignitary approve of the supplication, the subject is given a religious ceremony and swears to "die fighting." His eyebrows and parts of his head are then shaved clean, and under certain conditions he is given a white turban. His sword, or other weapon, which must have the keen edge of a razor, is then examined and if found satisfactory he starts out on the prescribed mission of blood letting.

A great factor in the happiness in the future world is his horse that he will receive after death. Its size will be large or small, according to whether he slays many or few, and its color light or dark, depending upon the color of his victims. He, of course, desires a large white horse. Thus it may be seen that he is a dangerous character, particularly to Americans and Europeans, though Chinese, being of lighter skin than himself, often become his victims. He prefers the lighter blood, but does not hesitate to deal the death blow to other human beings, even to his fellow tribesmen, if this coveted blood is not to be had, fig-

uring, no doubt, that in the world to come he will be better off with a small dark horse than with no steed at all. During the last year five Moros have run amok in Jolo, the chief town of Sulu. Thanks to the alertness of the American soldiers, only one person has been injured by these fiends, and his recovery is assured.

* * *

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE BEING RETRACED.

THERE are many popular errors regarding the Mason and Dixon's line, a boundary laid out in colonial days which later figured prominently in the affairs of the Republic. The work of remarking or restoring, as it were, this line is rapidly nearing completion under the direction of a joint commission of Maryland and Pennsylvania, States proud of the line because Lord Baltimore and William Penn were instrumental in having it located. Each State appropriated \$5,000 for the restoration of the line, which is known as the boundary between North and South and from which comes "Dixie."

It has been necessary to substitute about seventy-five new stones to replace those carried away or broken up. The new stones are all of white marble, four and one-half feet long and ten inches square. Every fifth stone is a crown-stone, with the coat-of-arms of Penn on one side and the escutcheon of Lord Baltimore on the other. The other stones are marked with a "P" on one side and an "M" on the other. The stones on the entire line number two hundred, and up to Sideling Hill, one hundred and thirty-three stones have been placed at intervals of a mile. West of Sideling Hill they are being placed at irregular intervals of from one-half a mile to one and one-half miles. This is necessary in the mountains, so that one can be seen from another. This is done to help local surveyors. About seventy-five stones will be renewed or restored, and this work is now in progress. Fourteen old stones that were recovered will be replaced west of Sideling Hill.

Mr. Martin has had many interesting experiences in retracing and recovering stones. He has observed that at least eight persons responsible for the removal or demolition of the stones, have met death in a tragic way—by suicide, hanging, murder and accident. The fourteen old stones planted west of Sideling Hill were recovered near Clearspring, Md., and hauled to the points where they have been set. Some were in use in buildings as doorsteps, others were converted into porch steps, and others were used as sills in carriage yards. One was taken up in the streets of Clearspring, where it was used as a curb. Two were taken out of the Park Head Church, along the National Pike, nine miles east of Hancock. There are still six of the original stones in use near Clearspring as doorsills. The people in whose possession they now are, refuse to

give them up. This fact has been reported to the Maryland Commission, but so far, no legal proceedings have been instituted to recover them.

* * *

HOW AND WHERE CAMPHOR IS MADE.

THE greater part of the camphor of Western commerce is obtained by distillation from the wood of a tree found in the islands of Formosa, Sumatra, Borneo and the Islands of the Malay Peninsula, and recently from Japan. The method of producing camphor is very simple, and is still carried out in many cases by the natives. A long wooden trough, hollowed out and protected with clay, is the only apparatus necessary. The chips of the camphor tree are steamed. This causes the camphor fumes to be given off.

The wooden trough is usually filled with water and covered with a board perforated with small holes. The chips of camphor wood are placed over the holes, and these in turn covered with small earthen pots.

The water in the trough is heated and the steam passes up through the holes of the board through the chips. The chips give off camphor in the form of a vapor which crystallizes in small white crystals in pots arranged above them. The crystals are collected and stored in vats.

In the course of time the crystals give off a camphor oil which is used in medicine and in the arts in much the same way as turpentine.

The crude camphor is afterwards refined and made into solid white cakes for general use. This last operation is a delicate one because of the inflammable nature of the camphor. The heat must be carefully regulated to prevent an explosion.

Large quantities of camphor are used in making smokeless powder and in the manufacture of celluloid.

* * *

GREEDIEST FISH OF THE OCEAN.

THE sea does not hold a more voracious rascal or a greater hypocrite than the goose-fish. Not that this is its only name. It has at least seventy others. Each locality where it occurs gives it one that indicates its great greediness.

In Connecticut it is called "greedigut," in England "sea devil," "wide gape," etc. Its mouth is enormous and its capacity unlimited. It is a matter of record that seven wild ducks were taken from the stomach of one specimen, states the *Morning Oregonian*. Live geese are not too large for them, and a fisherman told the late Dr. Goode of one that had swallowed the head and neck of a large loon, which had pulled the fish to the surface and was trying to escape.

The goosefish has been known to seize a boat anchor when it could not have anything else to devour. It will even make a meal of fishes of its own kind, so that it might properly be called the "cannibal fish."

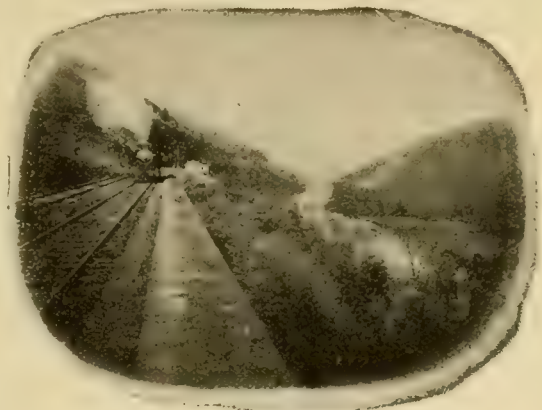
The Duke of Argyle writes that the goosefish is admirably adapted by nature for concealments, generally at the bottom of the sea, with its cavernous jaws ready for a snap. From the top of its head rise a pair, or two pairs, of elastic rods, like the slender tips of a fishing rod, ending in a little membrane or web which glistens in the water and attracts other fishes.

The goosefish can afford to go to sleep, knowing his bait is always in place, and as soon as he "gets a bite" the elastic rod bends over, coming close to its huge jaws, which immediately open, engulf the victim and close again.

* * *

WONDROUS STRENGTH OF EGG SHELL.

THE first information given to the world of the actual enormous strength of the egg shell is furnished by Prof. Albert E. Guy, according to an article by him in the *American Machinist*, which is productive of some remarkable revelations. Through an ingenious



CHEAT RIVER VALLEY, W. VA.

process the tests were made on a number of eggs to determine the internal and external pressure they were capable of withstanding. The tests showed, said Mr. Guy, that the average shell was able to withstand an internal pressure of slightly more than 48 pounds to the square inch, before fracturing. One shell did not fail until the pressure rose to 65 pounds to the square inch and two others did not fracture until a pressure of 60 pounds was attained. In testing the resistance of the shell to external pressure it was found that the average hydrostatic pressure that produced failure was 550 pounds to the square inch. Two shells collapsed at 675 pounds to the square inch, one at 625 pounds and the smallest observed collapsing pressure was 400 pounds to the square inch.

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WE see that Mr. Chas. E. Miller, a former INGLENOOK workman, has become proprietor of the *Algonquin Citizen*. Both editor and paper have the Nookman's blessing.

NATURE



STUDY.

INSECT PESTS.

THERE is perhaps not an orchard or berry patch in the land that is not more or less infested with insects. If these are allowed to continue, the result is either a very poor crop of fruit or it may be bad, so bad as to destroy the orchard itself. Therefore the INGLENOCK will condense a few volumes in this nature study page and it may be the means of saving many a crop.

There are two great classes of insect pests. One is an insect that masticates its food and swallows it. The other lives by sucking the sap out of the plants. Both kinds can be killed but different methods must be taken with each. In one the food of the pest must be poisoned and in the other case the poison must come in contact with the insect and thus kill it.

The Codling Moth.

Perhaps the worst of all is the codling moth. The worm, or larva, has passed the winter in the cocoon stage under the bark of a tree, in rubbish, fences, or buildings where apples are stored, in fact any place will answer the purpose of a breeding place. They begin to deposit their eggs on the young apple leaves and stems. Most of the eggs are laid on the leaves. These hatch out in a few days and begin eating the leaves of the tree. After about three weeks' duration the worm leaves the apple to find a hiding place and spin its cocoon. The time of transformation varies from a week to two weeks, according to the temperature.

To destroy the codling moth the first step necessary is to destroy all the larvæ that you can get at. Scrape all the loose bark off the tree, clean out all holes and, in fact, go over everything where a worm could possibly be hid, and destroy anything you may find. After this, thoroughly spray the trees at intervals of from ten days to two weeks, but do not spray any of the fruit to be used as food within three weeks.

The following formula will kill codling moth:

Six ounces of Paris Green, the same amount of powdered lime and enough water to make into a thin paste. Let this stand over night. Then thoroughly stir it into fifty gallons of water and go ahead with your spraying. This will settle codling moth every time.

The San Jose Scale.

The San Jose Scale is another terror to get rid of. There are different varieties of it and it attacks all

kinds of fruit trees and shrubbery, with the exception of the evergreens. The insect is a little lemon-colored louse covered with a dark brown scale and, when full grown, this scale is nearly one-eighth of an inch across. The insect passes the winter in a dormant state and in the spring begins to bear living young, one or more every day for a period of six weeks. When the young are thirty days old they themselves begin to bear others. The San Jose scale louse, unlike the codling moth, sucks its living out of the tree and if left alone will kill any tree in the course of time.

To kill the San Jose scale the tree should be sprayed just before the buds open in the spring. Then it can be done at any time. The following formula will settle the San Jose scale.

Unslaked lime, forty pounds; sulphur, twenty pounds; concentrated lye, two pounds; water, sixty gallons. Place twenty gallons of the water in a boiler, then put in ten pounds of lime, two pounds of lye and twenty pounds of sulphur. Boil for an hour and a half, or longer—until the sulphur is dissolved. The fluid ought to be of an amber color. While this is boiling, in another vessel slake thirty pounds of lime, and when it is hot as the result of the slaking, add the salt and stir until it is dissolved. Then add the whole to the contents of the boiler and boil an hour longer. Strain this mixture in the receptacle for spraying, after adding enough water to make it in all sixty gallons. The spraying must be thorough, as the poison will only be effective when it comes in contact with the louse.

The Flatheaded Borer.

This insect usually attacks the apple and is a pale colored grub with a large, flat head. This worm kills by girdling the tree under the bark. The eggs are laid in June and July by the mother beetle, and it takes from one to three years for them to come to maturity. The remedy consists in wrapping the tree with stout paper from two inches from the ground up to the first limbs, tying it so that the beetle cannot get in to lay the eggs.

The Peach Tree Borer.

This is the grub of a moth that deposits her eggs in the bark of a tree close to the ground. They are very small, oval in form and of a dull yellowish color. The only cure is that of prevention by wrapping as described for the flatheaded borer.

The Cabbage Worm.

Everybody knows what the cabbage worm looks

like. If you will get some white hellebore, mix it with three times its bulk of flour and dust it on the plants, it will be found effective in killing the worms.

Cut Worms.

Mix thirty pounds of wheat bran and one pound of Paris green, mixing them thoroughly in the dry state. Then wet thoroughly with water, sweetened with a little sugar, and place a spoonful around the plant and the cut worm will eat it in preference to any other food. It will also kill other things besides cut worms if it is eaten by them. Exercise care.

Apple Scab.

The apple scab is the result of the fungous growth on the apple. In order to prevent the spores of the fungus causing the disease they must be killed by spraying before they have had time to get in their work. The same remedy stated under another head consisting of lime, salt, sulphur, lye and water, will be effective in the case of the apple scab.

The Bordeaux Mixture.

Water, sixty gallons; copper sulphate, six pounds and unslaked lime, four pounds. Dissolve the six pounds of copper sulphate (bluestone) in water in a wooden vessel to prevent corrosion of metal. It dissolves most readily in hot water. Add several gallons of water. Reduce four to six pounds of good lime, that which has not been air-slaked, to lime-milk, by the slow addition of water and constant stirring with a hoe. Add several gallons of water. Strain both bluestone, water and milk of lime through a wire screen into a common wooden tub, mix carefully with a hoe, until a pretty blue mixture is the result. Pour this mixture into your spray-barrel, add water enough to make forty-five gallons in all, stir well with a hoe, or with an automatic stirrer in the barrel, when the mixture is ready for use. The writer prefers the use of the hoe in all cases to an automatic stirrer. Cut a hole in the spray-barrel, large enough to hold the entering pipe to the pump and allow the insertion of a hoe as well. The man who manages the pump, can, at the same time, occasionally stir up the mixture with a hoe. Will kill insects and fungous growth.

The Tent Caterpillar.

The remedy for the tent caterpillar is to cut off the twigs affected and destroy them by fire or by saturation in carbon oil. The tent caterpillar appears only in the spring. The fall web worm is another pest found only in the autumn.

Pear Blight.

Pear blight is caused by a bacteria that follows down the inner growing tissue of the plant, consequently spraying will do it no good. The only way to do with a blighted pear tree is to cut off the limbs so affected and burn them. The moment a limb shows

the blight and hangs out its black flag, it ought to be immediately sawed off and destroyed by fire. If this is not attended to it will surely kill every tree within its reach.

* * *

AND THE FROG CAME BACK.

NEARLY every living thing has a local habitation and abiding-place which it regards as its home. Even frogs have an attachment for particular places in which to spend their leisure hours. About three years ago a Pennsylvania farmer named Anderson found a large frog in front of the spring-house, and when the milkmaid opened the door to put her pail of milk in the spring, the frog hopped in behind her.

"Goodness," said the maid, "but you're a big fellow!"

It was a big fellow. From his nose to the ends of his extended legs the frog measured fifteen inches. It hopped out of reach of the girl's hand and partially buried itself in a bed of clay in the darkest corner of the spring-house. There, in a stupor, neither eating nor drinking, it remained until the spring. Then it departed.

Each autumn since then the frog has appeared at the first sign of frost and made his winter bed in the spring-house. This year he came as usual. But the farmer desired to make an experiment on him. He was awakened, lifted from his warm clay nest, placed in a wagon and carried to a place a mile down the road. There he was left.

Before evening he was back again. The milkmaid found him at sunset seated before the spring-house door, waiting patiently to be let in.

* * *

DANGER OF FALLING UP.

A FISH, says the voracious fish commission official, must be careful to keep its level in the water or it will fall up and break itself. A man falls down, but a fish falls up. These tile fish, for instance, are fitted by nature to swim about with three hundred to nine hundred feet of water over their heads. The interior pressure of their bodies counteracts outer pressure. But if one of them blunders along upward until out of his depth there is a sudden upward suction, and the tile fish shoots to the surface, his lungs filled with air to the bursting point, his eyes burst from their sockets and he explodes. It is dangerous for a fish to fall upward.

* * *

THE TOOTHBRUSH PLANT.

ONE of the most curious plants in the world is the toothbrush plant, a species of creeper which grows in Jamaica. By cutting a piece of stem and fraying the ends the natives make a toothbrush and a powder to use with it is prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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"There are strains of a sweeter song, little girl,
Than hearts of this land can bear,
There are delicate whispers and flitting feet,
And gay, bright laughing at pleasures fleet;
Where nothing but sorrow's wrong, little girl,
In that country of Over There.

"But no one can tell you the way, little girl.
To that land so dear and fair;
It glows in the sunset pools of light,
It shines in the starry clouds at night,
And only your heart can stray, little girl,
To the country of Over There."

CULTIVATE GOOD MANNERS.

THERE is perhaps no acquirement which is of more advantage to its possessor than pleasing manners. We use the word acquirement advisedly, because that is just what it is and nothing else. A child may be born into the world with a great deal of natural ability or lack of it, but good manners are acquired, and are never had any other way. Moreover good manners do not require any great natural ability. In fact a very ignorant person may be possessed of manners that go a long way toward concealing his mental defects. Of course it is better to have brains and good manners, but ability is not an essential.

Nearly everyone of those who read has met people whose pleasing manner he has envied. To a large extent it may be acquired by those who will take the trouble to school themselves to that end. In order to acquire good manners the would-be possessor should begin early in life and keep it up continually until it becomes second nature. No person living can wear his manners as he does his clothes, that is to say, he can not take them off and change them at will. He is sure, sooner or later, to make a break when he would not do so, and revert to the lower level.

Good manners cannot be learned out of any book. We may acquire good form in doing certain things from reading, but the actual fact itself is only had from within, and if much of it is to be taught the most potent teacher is that of the example of others. He who would acquire ease of manner and pleasantness of address should cultivate the acquaintance of those who are adept in the art, and what he learns must be personally applied, over and over again, at all times until it becomes a part of him. Considering the great importance of its influence on those with whom we are thrown in contact, its value is difficult to overestimate. He who has a pleasing address is nearly always successful in what he undertakes and many a man or woman, otherwise incompetent, has won out by the reason of a pleasing address.

FLIRTATION.

It is hardly necessary to define the meaning of this word, in fact the writer would not know how to go about it, nevertheless everybody understands it and the Nookman has some positive opinions in regard to it.

It begins as early in life as when children start to talk, and, to a certain extent, clings to people throughout a long life. Therefore, it must be, to a given extent, natural. At the same time there is every liability of its being carried to an unfortunate and incorrect degree. It is one of the things that require two parties to it, and if any girl reader of the Nook feels within herself the impropriety of it, especially among strangers, she is reminded that it is wholly within her own control, and no woman need be afraid of its continuance unless she herself encourages it. It leads invariably to evil and, as in the case of its being practiced by people who are married, becomes morally criminal.

A very good way, and which the INGLENOOK recommends, is for young people to have that earnestness in life which forbids trifling with important matters, even though it may seem to be the pleasantest thing imaginable at the time. A really modest woman never flirts under any circumstances, and if she does she simply invites disaster.

MOCK MODESTY.

If there is any one attribute of people deserving of credit and commendation it is modesty. Just as every virtue has its complementary imitation, vice, so there is a great deal of so-called mock modesty in the world that is just as deplorable as its opposite is commendable. After all is said and done, an expression of real modesty is simply an exponent of what is in the person. To the pure all things are pure. Those who

are impure at heart try to cover up their defection by expressing horror at an evil that exists only in their minds. For illustration there are some pictures and some statuary of world-wide repute, representing absolute perfection in their several domains, and yet there are people who profess to be so shocked as to be unable to look upon them with composure, and in instances make public expression of their alleged belief that they ought to be done away with, or put out of sight. The fault in this instance lies not in the statuary or the painting, but in the individual, and this is true every time. No one ever need be shocked at anything God made, or the representative thereof. It is only what people think about that they talk about. If the heart is right what the eyes see does not adversely affect the mind or create impurity.

* * *

FLATTERY.

PROBABLY every reader would repel the idea that he was capable of being touched by flattery. To this the Nookman will hesitatingly assent to be true, for is not flattery the food of fools? At the same time there is perhaps not a person living who is not amenable to it. It all depends upon the brush with which it is laid on. With a fine camel's hair brush and an artistic hand a saint might be touched up, while other natures call for a white-wash brush. It simply depends upon the individual and, like the natural love of sugar some will take theirs in the form of artistic confectionery while others are satisfied with baking molasses. After all is said and done it is simply a matter of quantity and quality, the Nookman not excepted.

* * *

OUR REUNION.

As understood, the INGLENOOK family had planned a formal meeting at the Conference this year. The Committee of Arrangements have decided without hearing the case that there shall be no reunions. Some thousands of people will be disappointed over the ruling out of what has hitherto been a source of great and innocent pleasure. However, there is no reason why Nookers and Nookman may not shake hands and get personally acquainted and he hopes to see all our friends of the INGLENOOK who may be in attendance at the meeting. If people interested will call around the Publishing House headquarters, the Editor will be glad to meet them.

* * *

MRS. LILLIGH, of Mulberry Grove, Illinois, answered correctly most of the questions referring to literature recently printed on the Q. and A. page. Had there been a prize she would have won it. Who will get the handsome bird book for the most complete set of answers to the natural history questions?

THOUGHTS.

A weak man is full of excuses.

✱

Things are what they seem sometimes.

✱

Yes, it is sometimes too late to mend.

✱

Beware of making a patient man angry.

✱

The poorest are often the most generous.

✱

Virtue is its own reward, and sometimes its only.

✱

Life without laughter would be a dreary thing.

✱

If you blab a secret you are worse than a tale-bearer.

✱

Some men have hung themselves with a woman's hair.

✱

It is entirely possible to have too much of a good thing.

✱

Smiles are worthless without our hearts being in them.

✱

Carry your troubles to God, of course. Take your joys also.

✱

Every time we frown, a little of it is left with us permanently.

✱

Don't be disappointed if your son insists on doing what you did.

✱

Some people never acquire faith in God until the doctor has failed.

✱

We often wish we knew what a six-months-old baby thinks of things.

✱

One of the most immodest persons in the world is the over-modest one off guard.

✱

The worst failure in life is the man who is continually taking advice of others.

✱

Just about now the sweet girl graduate is beginning to write her essay on "Eternity."

✱

Tombstone praise is all that some people ever get, and all that some of them ever deserve.

✱

This would be a wonderful world if we were as good as we think our neighbors ought to be.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

A GOOD many Nookers have seen the prairie dog, and know all about it, or think they do, and not long ago we had one of the best written articles that ever came to the INGLENOOK describing the animal. For the benefit of all concerned we reprint in part an article taken from the *Evening Post*, New York, describing the animal. They are remarkably intelligent little folk, and make very interesting pets once you get a little one, which takes a good deal of digging and is likely best accomplished by pouring water into the hole and catching them as they come to the surface half drowned.

Among the problems demanding solution by the Arizona legislature is the extermination of the millions of prairie dogs that are multiplying so rapidly that they are a serious pest to ranchmen in the southern valleys of the territory. Two candidates for the legislature have been making canvasses mainly on the prairie dog extermination platform. The alfalfa growers in the irrigated valleys near Tucson and Benson say that the havoc wrought in their fields by the little animals amounts to thousands of dollars a year and the damage is fast increasing. The chief foe of the prairie dog is the coyote or gray wolf of the plains. As the West has been settled and as the frontier line has faded, the coyote has diminished before its slayers. Meanwhile the prairie dog has multiplied at an alarming rate. It is not uncommon nowadays to find in some parts of Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas literally a square mile of land so punctured by the holes of a community of prairie dogs that one may count several thousand holes to each acre. It is fair to reckon a family of six rodents to each hole. As a result all vegetation for miles around is eaten close to the earth, and in an arid region, where hay is hay and cattle men spend fortunes for forage the complaint of the farmers may be understood.

Texas has a law designed to effect the extermination of the pest of prairie dogs in that State. Thus far the law has been a failure. It provides that after Aug. 1, 1901, it is lawful for an owner or a lessee of adjacent land to exterminate prairie dogs at a reasonable charge, the payment of which shall be a lien upon the land. The lien is superior to all other liens except taxes. The supervisors of a county in Texas may employ men to destroy the dogs on lands of nonresidents and the cost for the same becomes a charge against the land. During the past year some \$23,000 has been spent in the State in getting rid of the pest and the State comptroller reports that scarcely any results are yet observed.

There is always something interesting to a spectator—especially one from the eastern States—in a prairie dog town. In intelligence little prairie dogs are the peers of any animals, while for restless activity there is nothing alive to compare with them. They are

smart, saucy and pugnacious rodents. They move so rapidly and are so seldom at rest (at least outside their holes) that it is difficult to shoot them. Even the cowboys, expert in firearms, find prairie dogs most difficult marks with rifle or pistol. A dog may be seen sitting on his hind legs close beside his hole and at the least suggestion of danger, especially at the report of a gun, the little fellow will disappear down the hole as quick as a flash. Each colony of dogs seems to have some supreme authority—some recognized head, as a mayor or a president. This authority evidently directs the laying out of the colony or town and orders an abandonment of the spot when a common danger lurks, or when the base of supplies becomes exhausted. A colony of five thousand or six thousand dogs has been known to desert a town site of several years' standing in one day and move half a mile away, where there was green alfalfa or tender corn to feed upon.

To the casual observer, prairie dogs seem the jolliest and most docile of animals. But a visitor in a dog colony soon finds that there are few more belligerent creatures on four feet than these amusing prairie dogs. If a visitor will place himself on any fine day where he may see all and at the same time not be seen, in a dog village, when the inhabitants are trotting about the community thoroughfares and each resident seems at peace with all his race, he will see sudden tiny dust storms arise now and then among the sand heaps. There will be a momentary tossing and heaving of fur while the dust rises high and higher. These are but personal encounters between the residents of the town. The adjacent dogs pay no attention to them. The writer has seen seven or eight tooth-to-tooth conflicts at once in a little colony of prairie dogs. These street brawls are brief but hot and are ended by the vanquished taking unto himself legs when he can find them and transporting himself to his hole. For the prairie dog is a wise animal and will not allow his anatomy to be chewed a moment after he knows his adversary is the better dog.

Every prairie dog town seems to have certain arbitrary laws for the government of its inhabitants, which every prairie dog obeys. One of the most notable is that each home is exclusively for its occupants and by them will be defended against all trespassers. All business, whether of a public or private nature, is transacted on the streets and corners of the town. Frequently it happens that an inexperienced dog will go loping down a neighbor's burrow, but he is not only ordered therefrom. He is thrown out, and he leaves the mouth of the hole much as a shell thrown from a mortar and hits the ground running.

In the arid regions, where prairie dogs abound, it is a constant wonder how the creatures get water, when a colony of dogs is often ten and more miles from any visible water supply. Naturalists have found that

the first act in locating a new prairie dog colony is to dig a well down to water strata. How these animals manage to locate a water vein, two hundred and sometimes three hundred feet beneath the sun-baked earth, is one of the wonders in natural history. By a system of circular stairways or inclined planes the dogs in a colony go down or come up in their journeys for drink. Some large dog towns have two wells, but most of them have but one. A ranchman in New Mexico, whose property is adjacent to a big dog town, dug a well near his house to bed rock, and, not striking much water, he ran a tunnel along bed rock for some distance and dug into a hole, which he followed for a few feet farther, and struck a plentiful supply of water. The dogs had done the same as himself—bored down and drifted until water was found.

When the approach of a common foe to a prairie dog town is noted, in some manner that naturalists have never been able to ascertain, a general alarm is set up. While about four-fifths of the whole population dart into subterranean homes, a few remain standing on hind legs and view the prospect in every direction. The little animals communicate by barks, which are nothing but shrill "cheep, cheep, cheep."

A commonly mooted question among plainsmen is one regarding the community life of prairie dogs, snakes and ground owls. Many authorities on plains natural history say that the common opinion that these creatures dwell together in one common hole is erroneous. They say that it is true that the snakes live in holes in the ground, but they are not the ones occupied by the prairie dogs. The owls are about the size of the ordinary screech owl, but with a spread of wings exceeding two feet. The holes in which they live are apparently those which have been evacuated by the prairie dogs, and the same is true of the "dog-hole rabbits," which likewise live in the ground, but the prairie dogs hold their abodes as their own peculiar property. Should a snake chance to get into a hole inhabited by one of the dog families a great outcry is immediately raised in the village and dogs begin to rush in from every quarter. They set to work furiously, tumbling the loose earth around the mouth back into the hole, and in an incredibly short time have buried the snake several feet under ground. When the hole has been filled they pack the earth about the mouth of the hole very tightly with their noses, as a beaver uses his tail, and thus the snake has crept into his own sepulcher. Many holes which have been filled in this manner may be seen, each marking the resting place of a luckless intruder. Should you see a snake enter the hole of one of the dog families and will drop in a dry clod from above the next moment his snakeship will emerge at a tremendous rate of speed, seemingly dreading the danger which is imminent.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST COIN.

WHAT is said to be the oldest coin in the world is a shekel now in the possession of Mr. Herman Gottschalk, of Chicago, who is visiting in Richmond, Va.

This coin was used in the temple at Jerusalem, in the days of King Solomon, as a token. It is the only perfect one in existence. The characters inscribed thereon are as follows: On the first side, reading from



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

right to left is Shekel Hakadoush, signifying holy shekel. Emblazoned in the center is the star Mogin David—or the shield of David—in modern times called the star of Bethlehem. On the other side, also reading from right to left, is Jerusholajim, signifying Jerusalem.

The strangest thing in connection with the coin is that, while the body is of a bronze gold alloy about 70 per cent fine, the raised figures are pure gold. The assay of the coin was taken by Tiffany, of New York, and even the clever goldsmiths there were unable to tell how the union of the letters and the coin was effected.

The history of how it came into Mr. Gottschalk's possession is interesting. From 1878 to 1882 he was interested in collecting money for the relief of the Jews persecuted in Roumania. His success was large, and while on the trip to Europe to deliver the funds he met Dr. Leopold Klein, chief rabbi of Berlin. It was in reward for his enthusiastic services in behalf of the Roumanian Jews that Rabbi Klein bequeathed to Mr. Gottschalk several cherished heirlooms—the gold holy shekel and a Bible among others.

On the Bible, which is a rare illuminated copy of the Old Testament in Hebrew, are imprints of the holy shekel.—*New York Herald.*



The Grand Canyon of Colorado. Thirteen miles wide, a mile deep, over two hundred miles long and the whole painted like a flower.

THE CAPTAIN OF A BATTLESHIP.

OVER the vast establishment rules the captain in supreme and isolated authority, says Lieutenant-Commander Greaves, U. S. N., in the *World's Work*. All his accomplishments must be those of the seamen, for he directs the movements of the ship in all evolutions, and his decision upon all professional points is final. His responsibility at all times is grave and exacting. In time of war it will strain the stoutest nerves; in the hour of battle it is nothing short of appalling, when he stands alone in his conning-tower, having control of all the tremendous forces lying latent in his ship only to be released at the proper moment by a touch of his hand.

He is the guiding spirit of an enormous projectile of 15,000 tons that rushes through the water at a speed, it may be, of fifteen knots, and he knows that the slightest mistake of his head or heart may mean a national disaster.

But besides being the naval and military chief of the establishment, he is a lawyer—a kind of justice of the peace, as it were, who holds court every morning, investigates reports of misdemeanors and assigns punishment to the guilty. The delinquents are brought to the “mast”—the quarter-deck—with their accusers. Both sides are heard and swift judgment usually follows. In this capacity it will be noted that the captain is court, judge and jury. Not infrequently he acts as clergyman, and as such is the bishop of his diocese, acknowledging no ecclesiastical superior, reading the service on Sundays, officiating at the burial of his dead, and, in the old days, occasionally marrying lovers.

He always messes alone. His generous quarters are entirely separate from those of the other officers, and at the door of his cabin stands a marine sentry day and night, and none may enter without first being formally announced. When he comes on deck to leave the ship in uniform, or when he comes on board, he is escorted to the side by the executive officer and officer of the deck, the guard is paraded, four boys attend at the gangway, the bugler sounds the silence and every one on deck stands at attention as the boatswain pipes him cheerily over the side.

UNANSWERABLE.

“THE evidence as you will remember, gentlemen of the jury,” said the attorney for the plaintiff, “shows that my client, who unfortunately weighs nearly six hundred pounds—I say unfortunately, gentlemen, because it is something he cannot help, and for which he is not to blame—was traveling in a street car belonging to a rich corporation, the defendant in this case. He tendered to the conductor the customary

five cent coin. The conductor refused it and told him he would have to pay more, as he was as large as five ordinary passengers, and if he did not he would have to get off. This is not denied. My client refused to pay any more, insisting that mere size made no difference. Whereupon the conductor, with the assistance of the motorman and by the display of weapons, compelled him to get off the car. This allegation is not denied, either. It is admitted that my client tendered full fare for one passenger, and that the conductor refused to take it, on the ground that four other passengers were wrapped up in his one skin. It is admitted that the conductor ejected him from the car after he had made this tender. Now, mark you, gentlemen! Granting, for the sake of the argument, that the conductor had a right to demand fare for the four alleged



POINT OF ROCKS.

passengers”—here he raised his voice, brought his right fist down on the palm of his left hand, and his whole frame trembled with indignation—“had he a right, gentlemen of the jury, in putting off the extra four men, to eject at the same time the one man for whom my client had tendered the full fare By every principle of justice and fair play, gentlemen, never—never!”

Without leaving the box the jury brought in a verdict awarding heavy damages against the company.

DON'T reprove any member of the family for yawning when there is company in the room. If Johnny yawned he saved his life by that simple process, and it were ever so much better to have him yawn than it would have been to have had him expire there on his chair. The yawn is nature's relief to the lungs when respiration is suspended. It is a spasmodic action of the muscles of the throat which takes for a moment the place of the lungs. It naturally occurs most when the body is tired.

I do not know when or how it may please God to give you the quiet of mind that you need; but I tell you that I believe it is to be had; and in the meantime you must go on doing your work, trusting in God even for this.—George Macdonald.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS IN MANY LANDS.

THE longest engagement on record is 75 years and it took place in Bohemia, where engagements of 15 and even 20 years are so common as to cause no remark.

The names of the wooer and wooed were respectively Franz Rosner and Anna Renner, and they had been courting continuously for 75 years, but had repeatedly deferred the bridal day. At last Franz became fatally ill and was married on his deathbed on the eve of his 100th birthday, the age of the bride and widow being 99.

In Russia long engagements are not relished by betrothed young men, although the ladies usually are not at all averse to them. Indeed, the latter not infrequently use all sorts of artifices in order to stave off the wedding day to as distant a date as possible.

Perhaps the custom which decrees that the Russian bridegroom-elect must send his sweetheart a present every day, no matter whether the engagement last for ten weeks or ten years, may have something to do with this anomalous state of affairs.

The regularly recognized length of a Siamese engagement is exactly one month. For the bride to ask for an extension beyond that limit is held to savor of reprehensible prudery. Moreover, in Siam, old maids are unknown, as all girls marry.

The reason for this is probably to be found in the low estimation in which unmarried women are held. They are not merely looked down upon. They are absolutely of no account whatever.

As soon as the marriage ceremony is performed, however, the hitherto neglected and despised little female atom becomes distinctively a "somebody." People who would not have deigned to even recognize her existence while in a state of single "blessedness," now admit her willingly to their houses, and even go out of their way to seek her friendship.

Still, it is not until she has become a mother that she is held to have reached her highest estate. Then she has attained the pinnacle of honor, can claim as a right presentation at court and is addressed by the coveted title of "The Matronly One."

In the Argentine Republic an engaged man who dallies beyond a reasonable time ere leading his fiancée to the altar is heavily fined; that is, if he is over 20. Moreover, he is not permitted by the state, after attaining that age, to enjoy free the pleasures of bachelorhood, even although he may not have committed himself so far as to have promised marriage to any maiden.

In other words, every Argentine Jack must choose his Jill as soon as he arrives at years of discretion. If he fails to do so the penalty is a payment by the defaulter of \$5 a month to the national treasury; and

this is increased as the years go up to as much as \$30 a month.

Only when he has celebrated his eightieth birthday, if he ever does so, is he held exempt; the legislature probably regarding him then as a "hopeless case," so far as the matrimonial market is concerned.

There is, however, even as a young man, one loophole of escape provided for him. If he can prove that he has proposed and been refused three times in one year he is held to have, as it were, done his best, and to have earned immunity.



AMERICANS OF PURE BLOOD.

MANY people understand in a vague way that the purest American strain of the United States is found in the southern States. In some of these the proportion of foreign born is a minute fraction. Of course, in the Atlantic coast and gulf line States there is a large black mixture, but in the Appalachian mountains the white Anglo-Saxons are found almost pure. This is an enormous region, stretching from Pennsylvania to Mississippi and making up the mountain hinterland of nine States that front on the ocean and on great navigable rivers.

The president of Berea college, which lies near the Kentucky mountains, describes these people in a recent lecture in the north as "our contemporary ancestors." The phrase describes them like a picture. These mountaineers, to the number of several millions, are living in the precise manner and amid almost forgotten conditions of colonial times. Industrially the women retain the art of the spinning wheel and hand loom; the men are clever in the use of the whip saw for getting out lumber and the hand mill for grinding corn. The mountain stills use the primitive methods of the last century and the mountain potteries make open lamps in which grease is burned with a floating wick. Intellectually they have rather degenerated than developed from the Scotch-Irish ancestors of the eighteenth century, but they have retained strict, though narrow, religious ideas.

What is to be the future history of these colonial Americans of pure blood, hardly changed for five generations, who thrive and multiply in lonely homes, only a day's journey from modern civilized life? They have physical vigor and latent intellectual power. The few individuals like Andrew Jackson and Lincoln who have risen out of the mass have left the strongest mark upon our national life and history. It is a common question, in playing with historic analogies, where the barbarians are to come from, to renew decayed American civilization as the Teutonic tribes renewed that of Rome. Perhaps they will pour down, when the time is ripe for them, out of this mountain backbone of the continent.

A VISIT TO A CONSERVATORY.

THE Phipps Conservatory in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., is said to be the finest one in the United States. In making the preparation for the Easter show they spent \$20,000 this spring. There are great massive palms with their trunks almost as thick as a man's body, and their broad, green leaves form a perfect canopy. There are banana trees with great bunches of fruit growing on them, pineapples in bearing, and thousands of water plants, with flowing water forming clear, sparkling pools, in which goldfish flit to and fro, trying to hide from those who stop to admire them. There are great pyramids of Bermuda lilies surrounded by banks of tulips—golden, red, blue, and pure white,—until the eyes ache.

The hyacinth in all its varied hues is arranged in perfect order. Next come the azaleas, a perfect mass of bloom before which we stand in amazement. Truly if paradise exceeds all this, "What must it be to be there?"

Then come the roses, and here we would like to linger for hours but the crowd pushes us on and we must pass through to the old-fashioned flower gardens, just such as our grandmothers had when they were younger. We find the old-fashioned flags, bluebells, johnny-jump-ups, cups and saucers, the old double daisy, cowslips and other old-time flowers, just the same as they used to grow in the gardens of the homes of long ago.

And then there are cacti that are ugly to look upon, but which flower brilliantly in their season. I wish that all the Nookers could see the beauty of Phipp's Conservatory, as it would be an object lesson to them of what man can do when backed up by skill and intelligence, setting forth the glories of the floral world.

Allegheny, Pa.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.

IT is well known that the number of letters, words, verses, etc., contained in the Bible have been counted, but by whom, when, or where, is not generally known. Treat's publication, entitled "Curiosities of the Bible," speaks of the occurrence as being of Spanish origin, and that the Prince of Granada, fearing usurpation, caused the arrest of the supposed would-be usurper, and, by order of the Spanish crown, he was thrown into an old prison called the place of skulls, situated in Madrid, where he was confined for thirty-three years, with no other companion than the rats, mice and other vermin that frequented his dismal cell.

During his confinement he counted the letters, etc., contained in the Bible, and scratched the several numbers on the stone walls with a nail. When his work was discovered he was furnished with writing utensils and ordered to make a copy of the results of his long

and tedious task, and, on its being completed, he finally received his liberty.

The following is a correct copy of his great work:

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,195 chapters and 66 books.

The word and occurs 10,684 times, the word Lord 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 6,855 times and the word reverend but once, which is in the ninth verse of the one hundred and eleventh psalm.

The middle verse is the eighth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth psalm. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter j.

The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third psalm. The nineteenth chapter of 2 Kings and the thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The four most inspiring promises are to be found in the sixth chapter of St. John, thirty-seventh verse; and fourteenth chapter, second verse; also eleventh chapter of St. Matthew, twenty-eighth verse, and the thirty-seventh psalm, fourth verse.

The longest verse is the ninth verse, eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John.

There are ten chapters in the book of Esther in which the words Lord and God do not occur. The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first verses of the one hundred and seventh psalm are alike. Each verse of the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm ends alike. The one hundred and seventeenth psalm contains but two verses, the one hundred and nineteenth psalm contains 176 verses. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

It has also been discovered by some person unknown that in Joel, third chapter, third verse, the word girl occurs, and in the eighth chapter of Zechariah, fifth verse, the word girls is mentioned for the only time in the whole book.

The eighth chapter of Esther, ninth verse, contains fifty-two t's. The word snow appears twenty-four times in the Old Testament and three times in the New.—*Boston Herald*.

THE Oxford University Press has been issuing Bible publications for three hundred years. They are published in one hundred and fifty languages and dialects. Six hundred tons of paper are issued annually and orders for 100,000 Bibles are not uncommon. Every minute from thirty to forty Bibles fall from the Oxford press.

ONE of the largest yields of berries in Southwestern Missouri ever known is expected this season. Over 10,000 persons will be needed to pick the crop.

HER UNCLE JACOB'S LETTER.

My Dear Little Girl:—

I have your letter of recent date. . . . I also note what you have to say about yourself, and will answer your question as well as I can. If I read it aright you have about decided to abandon the church, the church that all your people for three generations have belonged to, and you ask me what I think of it. True, you do not put it just that way, but that is what it all comes to, for you say that you have put aside the characteristic garb of the church, and are wearing a hat. You want to know what I think about it, and whether I see "any harm in a plain hat." It is an old question, and not a hard one for me to answer.

Now let us see about this matter. You are, if I remember rightly, about twenty years of age. I remember distinctly the day you were baptized into the church, and I recall your solemn promise before the ceremony, and distinctly do I remember how glad we all were when you came to us, and how well you looked as you sat up in the front seat along with your father and mother the Sunday following, garbed in the modest and attractive order of the church. But three years have wrought a wonderful change, and now you have appeared in public, wearing a hat, and showing the whole world your indifference to the church, and your disregard of her time-honored customs. You ask what I think of it all. I will tell you.

You were always a very pretty girl. No, I don't intend turning your head, that is impossible now, but I want to emphasize the fact that what rendered you specially attractive was in the very thing that you have left out of your life, voluntarily, and doubtless after much thought. Though the bonnet of the sisters is not intended for any such thing, yet it rendered you doubly attractive, and all the world knew it, save, possibly yourself. There is a beauty of complexion, a regularity of feature, a bloom of youth, that go a long way toward making people beautiful, but the real thing is the soul that shows through the features and in our every act. It is the spiritual side of one's life that makes us what we really are, and its visible exponent of having come out from the world, and our having taken our place as the bride of Christ and the visible church, has lost all its significance to you, and you have cast it from you, and taken on the world instead. And you ask me what I think about it.

I think that you have acted very unwisely, silly in fact, and in throwing away your church membership you are catering to a world sentiment that will despise you as an easy pervert from the faith and practice of all your people. When you wore the bonnet wherever you went it was a certificate of character. The people you know and who know you, and all your people, understood why you wore the bonnet,—that

it was the custom of the church—and that it was, to a large extent, a surety that your conduct had been good, and that your life had been correct. Then you appear all at once in a hat, the observed of all observers, and I can readily see just what happens. You go into a store, and people see but say nothing that you can hear. When you go out they discuss you, and not a word of it is to your credit. You have added nothing to yourself that is at all creditable. Claiming to be a sister you are a debtor to your profession to the extent of honoring that church, and when you ignore it, you are looked on as one who is in all probability as easy a mark in other directions. She who will discredit the church will not stop at that. The whole community will be set talking about you, and the result will be anything but to your credit. Everybody thinks well of the order of the church that has so chafed and galled you that you have cast it aside, and now that you have done it, all the people who know you will laugh at you, if they are outsiders, and your former brethren and sisters who would have stuck to you to the death will meet, hear your refusal to longer be one of us, cut you off, and you will be an outcast of the spiritual home of all your people farther back than you can remember. And I will tell you something that you do not appear to know, and that is, the time will surely come when you will be sick at heart, and possibly so related to affairs around you, that you will seek a place of repentance in tears and in sorrow and find it not.

My advice to you is to get back where you belong, and say that you have erred, and that you voluntarily return to your old home. It may be humiliating, but it is better than bearing a life-long burden of silent regret. In a few years your beauty will be a matter behind you, and as you see the rosy young sister in bonnet blue, and curling hair, you can say to yourself, "I, too, was once that way, and I threw it away for people and a world that played me false, as it always does the pervert."

You come back where you belong, for we are waiting with outstretched hands to welcome you home.

YOUR UNCLE JACOB.

* * *

A GIRL in Toledo, Ohio, has started a new enterprise which she calls the Toledo Messenger Service. The name of the organization explains itself, and, having been a telegraph operator, she knows the advantages of having quick and correct service.

* * *

IN the Government buildings in Washington they keep a number of cats, food being purchased for them out of the public funds. The amount of good they do in ridding the offices of mice, causes them to be kept as official cats.

Aunt Barbara's Page

MIRACLES.

"An egg a chicken! don't tell me,
For didn't I break an egg to see?
There was nothing inside but a yellow ball,
With a bit of mucilage round it all—
Neither ball nor bill,
Nor toe nor quill,
Not even a feather,
To hold it together;

Not a sign of life could any one see,
An egg a chicken? you can't fool me.

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick
Up to the very shell that had held the chick,
So they said, and didn't I work half a day
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?
Let me try as I please,
With squeeze upon squeeze,
There is scarce space to meet
His head and his feet.

No room for any the rest of him—so
That egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,
Felt his trouble, and helped him, as mothers can;
Took an egg from the nest—it was smooth and round:
Now, my boy, can you tell me what makes this sound?
Faint and low, tap, tap;
Soft and slow, rap, rap;
Sharp and quick,
Like a prisoner's pick.

"Hear it peep inside there?" cried Tom, with a shout;
"How did it get in, and how can it get out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break the shell.
Mamma smiled as she said, "All's well that ends well.
Be patient awhile yet, my boy." Click, click,
And out popped the bill of a dear little chick.
No room it had lacked,
Though snug it was packed,
There it was, all complete
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down and the brightest of eyes,
And so big—why, the shell wasn't half its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma, now I see
That an egg is a chicken—though the how beats me.
An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and declare,
Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof of it there.
No one can tell
How it came in that shell;
Once out, all in vain
Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine,
As much as that of the water and wine."

Mamma kissed her boy; "It may be that we try
Too much reasoning about things, sometimes, you and I
There are miracles wrought, every day, for our eyes,
That we see without seeing, or feeling surprise;

And often we must
Take on trust
What we cannot explain
Very well again.

But from the flower to the seed, from the seed to the
flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour."

—M. M. H.

* * *

STORIES OF THE CHILDREN.

"MAMMA," queried little Julia, "at what hour was
I born?"

"At 2 o'clock in the morning, dear," replied the
mother.

"And what time was it when I was born?" asked
small Harry.

"At 8 o'clock, dear," was the reply.

"Ah, ha!" cried Julia, "my birthday is ever so
much longer than yours."

"Huh!" exclaimed Harry. "What's the use of
bein' born 'fore it's time to get up?"

◆

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed small Dorothy, as she
watched the large snowflakes gently falling, "come
and look! It's wainin' poptorns!"

◆

TEACHER: How is the earth's surface divided?
Bright Pupil: By earthquakes.

* * *

THE CAT'S TAIL.

MARGARET, aged five, was making pictures some
time ago with pen and ink. She made a picture of a
cat without any tail.

"Where is the tail?" asked Norman.

She looked puzzled for a moment and then she re-
plied, with a wise look:

"Why, it's in the ink bottle yet."

* * *

EASY LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

"The plural, then, of 'wife' is what?"
The teacher asked; said Bess,
A most precocious little tot:
"It's bigamy, I guess."

* * *

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the action of mulching plants? Does it keep them from freezing?

Perhaps yes, to a certain extent, but winter mulching prevents the heaving out of plants by the thawing and freezing process.

✱

What is the truth about the Fiji Island fire walking?

It is undoubtedly correct. Stones are heated until they are red hot, when the fire walkers walk on them with bare feet, without burning their feet. The cause has not yet been explained.

✱

What is meant by semi-arid regions?

That portion of country where there is less than twelve inches of rain for a year and where no rain falls after the middle of June until autumn.

✱

Is the land along the Canadian Pacific Railroad good for crops?

The average yield for all grains last season is said to be about twenty-nine bushels per acre.

✱

What is a rainbow in the North considered a sign of?

Nothing that we know of, as the sun and the falling of rain determine the location of the rainbow.

✱

Is it true that some animals can scent water a long distance?

Yes, it is true, but it is not known how they do it.

✱

What is the Chinook?

A warm wind along the Pacific Coast that melts the snow rapidly and tempers the climate wonderfully.

✱

How much of a load can an elephant carry?

An elephant is said to carry from six hundred to seven hundred pounds on a fair road.

✱

Where can I buy some silk worms?

Will some Nooker who knows, or who has had experience, answer this question?

✱

Who are the Doukhobors?

A set of fanatics from Russia, now living in Canada.

✱

Are there volcanoes under the sea?

Undoubtedly such volcanoes exist.

✱

How long did the coal strike last?

Between five and six months.

When it says to read from left to right or right to left, as the case may be, does this mean the way they are sitting in the group or as you look at them?

It means to read them as you look at them.

✱

Is there a law against killing fish by exploding dynamite?

Yes, there is in some States, at least, and ought to be in all of them.

✱

What is the origin of the seedless navel orange?

It was originally simply a happening and subsequently propagated by the nurseryman's art.

✱

Is wireless telegraphy an expensive thing to start with?

Yes. It takes thousands of dollars in the present stage of the discovery.

✱

Can cranberries be grown inland with profit?

Not that we know of. A drained bog that can be overflowed is necessary.

✱

Do uncivilized people have secret orders?

Yes, everyone of them, generally for religious purposes.

✱

Is it true that human hair and nails will grow after death, and why?

We do not know why, but it is true enough.

✱

Can a good-sized pond be stocked with eels?

Yes, readily enough, but they will not breed in confinement.

✱

What are the National Holidays?

There are really none. The several States control that.

✱

Do peanuts planted side by side mix?

They do not. Some plants would, but not peanuts.

✱

Is the boomerang a real thing or fiction?

Real. The Nookman has seen it used.

✱

How high is Pike's Peak?

Above sea level, 14,147 feet.

✱

Why is Butte City so named?

From a big red butte near it.

✱

When was Washington City laid out?

In 1792.

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY MRS. MARY B. PECK.

I PUT my roast in the oven the first thing in the morning. After washing the breakfast dishes I reset my table and put on cucumber and beet pickles, pear butter, fig preserves and grape jelly. I slice the cheese and pour water over the celery to keep it fresh. Just before starting to church I put the potatoes around the roast, put a large stick of wood in the stove and close the draft. I have a teakettle of hot water. When I return from church I put on my big kitchen apron, open the draft and put on coffee, which has been previously ground. I then prepare my lettuce and wash my radishes, that were gathered Saturday evening. I cap the strawberries and cover with sugar, cut the cake, pie and bread, dish up the roast and potatoes and make gravy. One of the helpers now brings up the ice-cream, made on Saturday, while another brings in a bouquet of jessamines. I am now ready to announce dinner, having been home from church just thirty minutes.

Manvel, Texas.

COMMENT.—Two things occur to the INGLENOOK chef. First the strawberries might have been prepared the day before and “salted down” with the sugar. The bouquet of jessamines is an excellent idea. Allow the Nookman to suggest the following, which is probably new to many readers. Instead of having a bouquet of flowers, or added thereto, have several handfuls of cut blooms sprinkled around between the dishes right on the table cloth. It is not only beautiful but artistic. The Nookman would like to be a guest at this dinner.

DEVILED CRABS.

BY N. E. MURDOCK.

TAKE one cup of crab meat. Two tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, or rolled crackers, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs, chopped fine, the juice of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful of mustard and some pepper and salt. Add one cup of drawn butter, then mix one spoonful of the crumbs with the chopped crab

meat, adding the other ingredients. Fill small patty-pans with the mixture, sift crumbs over the top and brown in a quick oven.

ALABAMA BEATEN BISCUIT.

ONE quart flour, one tablespoonful lard and butter, mixed; teaspoonful salt; mix into a stiff dough with water; pound or work until the dough is soft and “blisters”; roll out the dough until three-quarters of an inch thick; cut out with small biscuit cutter; mark with fork holes. Bake in moderate oven.

DATE CREAMS.

ONE cupful of molasses, one egg, one cupful of butter or lard, one cupful of hot water, in which a spoonful of soda has been dissolved, one spoonful of mixed spices, and one large cupful of dates, chopped fine. Cut in squares like frosted creams, bake in a moderate oven and frost with boiled frosting.

PIE CRUST.

IN making pie crust for a boiled filling, such as for cream pie, thin peach filling or apple meringue, fill the paste shell before baking with flour to keep the lining in good shape. When baked the flour can be dusted cleanly from the shell and it can be used as browned flour for gravies.

THE SECRET.

“THE secret, I think, of giving a family what they like to eat,” says a young housewife who succeeds remarkably well in her catering, “is not to keep a dish going till they are tired of it. I believe in changing the morning cereal often, dropping a favorite dessert after a few times and not having a boarding house regularity in the bill of fare. This cannot be done if the housekeeper leaves the catering to the girl in the kitchen. Women don’t like the bother of deciding what they shall have meal after meal. A housekeeper who enjoys the marketing and catering will provide the variety people like.”—*Good Housekeeping*.

LITERARY.

THE May *Lippincott* is before us. It contains a strong story entitled, "The Love of Monsieur." There is the usual number of interesting stories, a number of excellent poems and the characteristic sparkling humor in the "Walnuts and Wine" department. *Lippincott's Magazine* prints no pictures, but every month has a complete story for those who like that sort of thing, and this story subsequently comes out in a book costing a dollar, more or less. The price of *Lippincott's* on the news stand is twenty-five cents and if you are not familiar with the magazine, suppose you buy it sometime and take it with you on a journey, or read it during the quiet hours at home. It may be just the thing you are looking for.

✱

The World's Work, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. This sterling review for May is at hand and taken altogether it is one of the best things of its kind that comes to the INGLENOOK. There are reviews and reviews without number, and a good many of them are stupid and deal with things that are past, and are not of to-day, while the *World's Work* gives no ancient history. Every article in *World's Work* is a living one and deals with living questions. It covers the ground very thoroughly and cannot fail to interest everybody. For illustration there is an article on "Building Towns to Order" telling the modern methods of making a town out of bare fields. There is a first-rate article descriptive of the earnestness of the Jews who come to this country, and who settle in the New York Ghetto. Pretty nearly every field of human endeavor is covered, and taking it all together, it is entirely probable that *World's Work* is not surpassed by any other publication of its character.

✱

The Review of Reviews, New York. This is a busy man's magazine and takes in a broader field of review work than almost any other similar publication. There is no event of importance throughout the entire world that escapes notice in *Review of Reviews*. It covers the ground so thoroughly that it may be considered a resumé of the thought of the world, month by month. All the higher class magazines come in for brief but exhaustive notices. While the entire make-up of the publication is intended for the scholarly man who would keep abreast of what is doing, and yet who has not the time to read all the monthly publications, or even the most of them, in which he is interested, yet it is also a good thing for the general reader. One feature of the *Review of Reviews* is in covering the political field the world over in a way no similar publication does. We can safely recommend the *Review of Reviews* as a monthly that leaves little to be desired.

The *Arena* for May contains its usual grist of articles on living questions in which a great many of the INGLENOOK family may be, or may not be, greatly interested. The *Arena* is impartial. For illustration there are three articles on "Mormonism and Polygamy." One by Joseph F. Smith, President of the church, another by Joseph Smith, president of the re-organized church and another by John Bridwell of the National Anti-Mormon Missionary Association. He who would be informed about the Mormons can get two directly opposite views of it in the current *Arena*. They constitute a fitting set of companion articles to the Mormon account which will be started in the INGLENOOK at an early date.

✱

Country Life in America, for May is at hand. As has been said before in the INGLENOOK this is one of the finest publications of its kind in existence. The writer does not know of any publication containing more that is beautiful and desirable for the country resident than *Country Life*. It has handsome illustrations, and there are none better anywhere, pleases everybody, while its articles are all timely and practical. One of the faults that characterize a good many publications of the adornment order is that what they say is far and away above either the means or comprehension of the average reader. *Country Life* gets right down to everyday facts, and every article has something in it that is within the reach of everyday people. We recommend *Country Life* to every reader. It costs twenty-five cents a number, or three dollars a year, and is well worth it.

✱ ✱ ✱

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.—*Ruskin*.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED, home for a boy of ten, healthy, bright, smart, and used to work in gardening and the like. Of Brethren ancestry, and wanted to put among Brethren where he will have a good home. Can be sent right away to a satisfactory place. State what you expect to have him do. Address concerning the boy,—*The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

WANTED.—Three young women to complete class in training school for Nurses. Must be between age of 23 and 35. Address: *Miss Helen H. Cust, Superintendent Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

SISTERS who want housework in city families can hear of good homes, and good church privileges in a nice city. Address: *1026 Third Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

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SOMETIME.

SELECTED BY ANNA NORMAN.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pail of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart.
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know, and understand,
I think that we shall say:—"God knows the best."
Maitland, Mo.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE first public picture ever made was taken of a Greek who, having but one eye, desired the picture to show him without deformity.

OLD LEGAL CODE IS FOUND.

A LEGAL code that is nearly 1,000 years older than Moses, has been unearthed (literally) in Susa, the ancient capital of Ahasuerus. It is in the form of a column of stone some five feet high and sets forth in some 300 paragraphs certain of the rules of law governing Babylon 2300 B. C.

Among other things it says: "If a man knock out the eye of a freeman his own shall be forfeited. If he break one of the members of a man his own member shall be removed."

But this rule applied only in the case of freemen. If the suffering party were a slave a payment of money could make good a wrong. The same was true of a freedman.

On the other hand, if an inferior struck a superior he was punished with fifty lashes and if he was a slave the ear was cut off.

The lex talionis was carried so far that if a surgeon was unsuccessful in performing an operation he was not entitled to any pay. If the patient died under the hand of the surgeon the latter lost his hands. If a slave died under his hand he must buy another.

In case a builder made a failure of a structure he was also punished with death.

Whether imprisonment was one method of punishing wrongdoers does not appear, but evidently if at all applied it was of comparatively small importance.

Money fines were, however, very common and were proportionate to the wrong done. He who falsely claimed that another was indebted to him must pay one-third of a mina. Theft of an animal was punishable by a fine of thirty times its value.

Hammurabi was much concerned for the safety of his highways. A robber who attacked a person on the public road was killed or if he could not be found then the community in which the crime had taken place was fined a mina in case the life of a human being had been lost.

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IF all the earth and the sea bottom were a level plain the sea would cover it to a depth of two miles.

OUR ART TALKS.

Miniatures.

BY E. I. AMES.

AT the present time there is a very general interest throughout the entire civilized world on the subject of miniatures. It is not a fad, as some have termed it, but simply a revival of an old and established branch of art. Since the time of Hans Holbein, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the world has not been for any great length of time without a celebrated miniature painter. Holbein was one of the first great miniaturists, but until the time of Nicholas Hilliard artists treated it only as one branch of their work, Hilliard made a specialty of it. During the time of Andrew Robertson the first half of the 19th century, miniature painting reached its greatest glory in England, the home of the art. With the death of Ross in 1857 miniature painting almost entirely ceased, having been practically killed by photography, which for nearly a third of a century occupied the field. Many who had never studied art devoted their time to the coloring of photographs. These productions were totally void of artistic merit. They were cramped, finical, highly finished, mechanical portraits that admitted of no characteristics or individuality of the artist, and reduced them to the dead level of mediocrity. The true lover of art could not long be satisfied with such a vulgar substitute. I would not be understood to cast any reflections upon photography, it has its legitimate field and is to be admired just to the extent that one elevates it from a purely mechanical reproduction and weaves into it his own nature. But it can never take the place of a good painting, be it ever so skillfully produced. To quote from George C. Williamson, an authority on miniatures: "A photograph crystallizes a transient appearance, it merely renders permanent the look of the person depicted at the moment of the exposure. There is no opportunity for representation or accentuation of character such as the miniaturist should aim to produce."

A painting should be the representation of nature's impression upon the soul of the artist. In 1895-6 a few brave individuals had the courage to throw off the yoke and start a crusade for higher ideals in miniature painting. From then on to the present day the interest has crystallized into a love—shall we say almost a passion for the highest interpretation of nature in this most charming branch of art. An artist, who does not love and work persistently for the highest results possible of attainment, should follow some other vocation. A certain lady aptly illustrated the present sentiment toward miniatures. Holding one in her hands and gazing at it with intense interest, she ex-

claimed, "One feels like pressing it to one's heart," and suited the action to the words. No other painting can take its place. The large portrait hangs on the wall. If it is a fine production it is a source of delight but if not, its very size magnifies its imperfection. It becomes so obtrusive that it is moved from one place to another and is finally lost in the attic or some dusty storeroom. This is not the case with miniatures. Their size tends to minify imperfections. They are never cumbersome, add very materially to the attraction of a cabinet, and are not only of family interest, but are of historic value. They are prized highly when set as brooches, locket, watch charms, rings and belt buckles. And in this capacity, owing to their personality, they are often esteemed above jewels.

Miniatures are painted in various mediums as oil, water colors, enamel, and mineral paints, and on various substances as canvas, paper, china, metal, and ivory.

The most popular and without doubt the most satisfactory are the ivory miniatures. The transparency and beauty of the ivory adds much to the painting. Ivory, for this purpose, is cut in thin sheets of various sizes and can be procured at any good art store. Before beginning the painting the ivory is fastened to a stiff piece of white paper as near the tint of the ivory as possible, as the ivory, being translucent partakes of the color of the article on which it is placed. The surface of the ivory is then rubbed lightly with a little powdered pumice stone by means of the finger or a piece of chamois, thus removing all grease and preventing the paint from crawling. The drawing is then made with a brush or a very hard Faber pencil and should be as nearly perfect as possible, since corrections are more difficult as the work progresses. The painting is done with the best of sable brushes. The greatest breadth and freedom of handling is obtained by the use of the largest brush which the size of the painting will admit, but occasionally the use of the smallest size is imperative. Water color is the proper medium, and one should always use the best procurable. Great care should be taken as to the colors used. Many produce excellent results and seem almost indispensable but they will not last and no conscientious artist will use fugacious colors. Yet I regret to say they are extensively employed. The purchaser is unable to detect the fault and the destruction is so gradual that years elapse before it dawns upon him that the highly-prized painting has lost much of its beauty and is surely doomed. However, the simple remedy for this is to banish the lakes and chromes and the like from the palette.

The color is applied thinly and with a comparatively dry brush, the object of this being to get as little as possible of the body of the paint on the surface, so as to produce a soft effect, and preserve the beauty of

the ivory. Some artists use opaque colors. This is obviously an error, as one might as well use wood or any other substance if the surface is thus covered and its transparency and beauty lost. Great care is necessary to keep one's colors pure, and the palette clean. Muddy colors, filled with dust and lint will cause no end of trouble and often result in failure. A miniature, when completed, should be rich in color. A weak, washed out appearance is anything but attractive. It should be broad, and yet void of any attempt at impressionism as taught by the accepted schools of the present day, as it is impracticable in miniature work. A miniature should be full of life and vigor, and above all a good likeness. It should appear like a fine, large portrait, viewed through the large end of the opera glass.

Just a word about settings. The beauty of a miniature like that of any painting can be greatly impaired by an improper setting. The values of the miniature should be studied with a view of enhancing its beauty. Almost anything is correct, gold, silver, wood, brass, copper, providing it suits the picture and has a rich appearance. A plano-convex glass also adds much to the elegance of the picture.

The question of price may be of interest. One can hardly expect to get a good miniature for less than \$150 and from that up according to the subject as well as the ability and reputation of the artist. When one takes into consideration the years of study and the fact that the best of eyes will only last a few years under the continual strain of miniature painting, one willingly concedes the artist's right to a fair remuneration. As a matter of fact, few artists are more poorly paid. I feel that I can not close this article without a word of caution. As in all pursuits there are dishonest as well as honest people, so among miniaturists we have our black sheep. A prominent Chicago lady told me that a certain artist had been painting for years among her friends in a neighboring city, receiving large prices and representing his work as of the highest class. The truth has just come to light that they were only tinted photographs on ivory. This fraud is being practiced very extensively and ought to be exposed. I know of many wealthy Chicago people who have thus been imposed upon. The trained eye at once recognizes this class of work, and any one can detect it by holding the miniature between himself and a strong light, and unless it has been backed up with something to hide the deception the photo is plainly discernible. There is a popular impression that only the beautiful and costly appareled are suitable subjects for miniatures. This sentiment is often voiced by writers and art critics. It may seem presumptuous for one to set himself in opposition to an established theory, but I wish to record myself in defense of both the art and the

less fortunate of mankind in reference to beauty, in which class most of us must be placed. From the standpoint of justice it seems unfair that we should be denied the privilege of perpetuating ourselves and loved ones, in miniature, because of any such sentiment. It seems more reasonable that character should be the basis. Then I object to the limitations put upon the art. I shall welcome the day when large exhibitions will be a common occurrence, and when any pure and noble subject will be considered worthy of the medium. Our Art Institutions should offer prizes, and make more of an effort to draw out the talent of artists along this line. However, irrespective of these considerations, the future success of the miniature is assured.

Chicago, Ill.

* * *

THE APPLE TREE.

IN some respects the apple tree is remarkable. Taking it all around it has more good qualities than almost any other fruit tree. It lasts a lifetime, and is in evidence from the time the blossoms first blush till the snowdrift.

What we specially desire to call attention to is the blossoming of the tree. Take some individual tree out in a field where it gets the benefit of the annual plowing. If it is only a common apple all the better for our purposes, for such a tree is nearly always a mass of bloom.

Did you ever notice the difference in the size, shape and color, of the different apples? Each one has distinct form and shades of blossoms. Our individual tree, out in the open, is generally a higher colored tree in the flower. When it opens out in the spring it is a huge bouquet. If there was no other apple tree in the State people would come miles to see it, and it would be profitable as an exhibition plant. There is a fragrance and a beauty about it with its delicate colors, its buds and half opened blossoms, that make it an object of rare beauty.

The fact is beauty is all around us if we have but eyes to see it, and in no case is it more conspicuous than in that of a free blossoming apple tree.

* * *

LIVE with the light of God's love shining into your common day. Take old gifts and joys continued as though they were fresh gifts. So we can sing a new song unto the Lord every day.—*Selected.*

* * *

DON'T be ashamed if you have a big nose. Napoleon once said: "Give me a man with plenty of nose."

* * *

SPECTACLES are said to have been invented by a citizen of Florence, Italy, in the thirteenth century.

SEED SELECTION.

ONE of the things the INGLENOOK family would do well to consider is the selection of seeds for the crop intended to be grown. The INGLENOOK believes that with proper selection of seed at least twenty per cent of an ordinary crop may be added to the returns of the farm. Prof. Holden, of the Iowa State College, in an article on the subject has the following to say in regard to the method of selection, and what he says about corn for seed is equally applicable to all other cereals grown on the farm or in the garden:

"I know of no better way to sort and prepare the seed corn than to place fifty or one hundred ears on some boards or tables and with all the tips pointed one way. Select an ear that most nearly represents the type that you prefer. With this ear in your left hand, go over all the ears on the board, and, with the right, push out those ears which show too great variation from the type in size, length, shape, roughness, color, size and shape of kernel, etc. Now gather the few remaining ears together, and, with a knife, remove three or four kernels from each ear and place in front of each ear with the germ or chit side up. Now go over these kernels carefully, for here is where we have failed most in the past. We have studied the ears, but have paid little attention to the kernels. First discard those ears which have kernels unusually broad, long or thick, also those which are very narrow, thin or short. This is absolutely necessary before we can expect any planter to drop a uniform number of kernels in each hill. Discard all ears with kernels which are shriveled or too pointed, indicating low vitality and poor feeding value. The butts and tips should now be shelled off and the ears shelled, as above described. But this not all. This corn is not ready for the planter until it has been picked over by hand, removing the broken, rotten, discolored, irregular, weak and chaffy grains. This seems like a great deal of expense, but no farmer can afford to do less than this.

"When we remember that it is possible for a bushel of seed corn to return us seven hundred bushels next harvest, we can readily see the folly of neglecting this work. What is a day, or even two days, spent on this bushel of seed corn, and especially at this season of the year?

"No farmer can afford to depend on imported seed for the main part of his crop. Seed corn imported from a distance, and especially from a different latitude, seldom gives satisfactory results the first two or three years, even though the seed may be of the best, which oftentimes is not the case. It is well known that most of the seed corn put on the market by seedsmen is bought of farmers in crib lots, shelled, screened and sacked ready for sale, little or no attention being paid to the selection. In fact, it is generally handled

with a scoop shovel, and is known as the scoop shovel method of selection.

"The chances are that the farmer has in his own crib better corn than that which he purchases from seedsmen at four or five times the market price. And then he runs the additional risk that it will not mature in his locality. If it were simply a matter of losing the price of the bushel of imported seed corn, it would not be serious, but when we consider that a bushel of seed corn ought to produce four hundred bushels of corn worth from \$130 to \$160, the serious nature of the question is very apparent.

"If, for any reason, my own corn was not satisfactory for seed, I would certainly not send away for seed corn, but purchase from some one in the vicinity whose corn had given good results during the past three or four years. It will be an excellent plan, however, for two or more persons in a neighborhood to secure a small amount of some of the standard varieties of this and of other States, and give them a good trial. In this way it is probable that varieties will be found which, after they have become acclimated, will prove of considerable value to the community.

"I would recommend the purchasing of the seed corn only in the ear. This enables the purchaser to see exactly what he is getting and if it is not satisfactory, he can return it. It also enables him to throw out any undesirable ears. The seedmen cannot improve the corn by shelling it, so there is no good excuse for him to refuse to ship it to you in the ear. In order to secure a good stand it is necessary to exercise great care in selecting and sorting the seed. All ears with very large or very small kernels should be thrown out, no matter how perfect they are in other respects. The same is true of all ears with very thick or very thin kernels, or with very short or long, narrow grain; the irregular butt and tip kernels should be shelled off. In other words, no planter will give an even stand unless the kernels are of uniform size and shape.

"I know of no one thing that would do more to increase the yield on every farm in Iowa than the careful selecting and sorting of the seed corn, both in the ear and after it is shelled, and then stay with it until the planter will drop the desired number of kernels at least ninety-three to ninety-six times out of one hundred tests. It may be necessary to have the plates of the planter drilled or get new ones, or take more care in sorting out the large, small and irregular kernels. The main thing is to stay with it until the work is satisfactory. The preparation of the seed corn and the testing of the planter should be done during the latter part of February and the fore part of March. If this important work is put off until April or May, it is very likely to be neglected, as is often the case. This is simply a matter of good business management and no

one can afford to neglect it, for there is so much of our success depending on every bushel of the seed corn we plant.

"It is a good plan to make a preliminary test of the vitality of the seed before the sorting is done to determine whether it is fit for seed purposes or not. This can best be done by selecting from the pile, any fifty or one hundred ears, and removing two or three kernels from each ear and testing them. If the germination test shows ninety-four per cent or above, the seed will certainly be in good condition. It is important that each ear of corn be shelled by itself so that

HYPNOTISM.

In most European countries only medical men are permitted to practice hypnotism.

Russian law forbids a physician to hypnotize a patient unless there are other medical men present. And even then it is first necessary to notify the local administrative authorities of the exact day and hour on which the proposed séance will take place and the names of the witnesses must be given. Publications on hypnotism which may be accessible to the ordinary reader must be submitted to a censorship. No public exhi-



SCENERY ALONG THE BIG FOUR RAILWAY.

it can be examined more closely before it goes in with the rest of the corn. If the kernels are shrunk at the tips, too pointed, discolored, or the germ is small, indicating low feeding value, the whole ear should be discarded. If, on the other hand, the ears of corn are all shelled together, it will be impossible to select out all the weak kernels.

"After the corn has been sorted, shelled and thoroughly tested in the planter, it should be put back in sacks, about a bushel in each sack, and hung up in a dry place in the loft, or where there is thorough-circulation of air, and where it will be free from mice; but do not hang it over a stable."

bitions must be given outside of clinics or hospitals.

That hypnotism has an injurious effect, both physical and moral, is now generally conceded by all well qualified men who have seriously considered the matter. Medical authorities all over the world have pointed out its dangers.

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THE grease in the wool of sheep is exceedingly valuable. A great deal of it is lost when the fleece is washed before shearing. A government expert says: "It is safe to say that from two to three million dollars' worth of wool fat and potash is run down the streams and wasted annually in the United States."

WHEN THE KING COMES.

THE following from London *Answers* will interest the Nook family:

A week-end visit from King Edward, if he were on your visiting list, would cost you just about £5,000, exclusive of special entertainment. That is the regular average cash of a three days' visit, and the king of England is the least costly—though the most difficult—of all royal visitors to entertain. This is because of his personal tact and consideration, for he does not care to put a friend and subject to too great expense. Foreign sovereigns are much more expensive and the recent visit that the kaiser paid to Lord Lonsdale, lasting a week, cost something like £35,000.

To begin with, you must not invite the king. He is supposed in theory to be able to take or leave whatever he chooses. All that even the most powerful and friendly peer can do is to hint at the delight he would have in entertaining his sovereign and later the king announces his intention of staying with his subject for a day or two—which he never does unless certain he is welcome in every way and that his host's banking account will not be hurt by the expense.

The first necessity of the host is to practically refurnish the rooms the king will use, for it is an unwritten law that what the king uses shall be new. Every inch of wall paper and paint and gilding must be altered and renewed and an order given to a big firm of furnishers—generally Messrs. Warings of London—to refurnish at once in their very best style. This will cost from £2,000 to £3,000. Very often the whole house is redecorated, too, but in any case the royal suite must be. Then the whole staff of servants, from chief butler to kitchen maids and stable boys, have to have new liveries, which are not to be worn till the time of the king's arrival, and this means anything from £200 to £500. Only a famous chef can be given charge of the kitchen and the usual cook gives place to a French "artist," whose salary is from £50 to £100 a week. Usually the chief carriage that meets the king has to be a new one and costs £200 at least.

Generally the country house is some way from a telegraph office and it is an absolute rule that special telegraph wire must be laid at once from the nearest one and in the house an instrument is fitted up. This usually costs from £100 to £200 and cannot be dispensed with, as it is important that the king may be in instant touch with any important event, such as the death of a foreign monarch or any big affair, for a royal slight in such a case is very grave and the king sends his condolences at once.

He takes with him everywhere his private telegraphist, who has charge of the special wire. Then, as to the fare of the house, you cannot give the king what you like, however costly and excellent it is. Lord

Knollys, King Edward's private secretary, writes to the host, giving the smallest details of everything required and all the king's likes and dislikes. His majesty takes his own cigars with him; he is only allowed five a day by his doctor. He must not be served with Indian tea, but prefers the China kind. Tea, by the way, is the first necessity in each day, and the host is instructed to have a service of it taken to the king's bedchamber at 8 A. M.

Breakfast must be ready to the minute at 9 and served in the king's private room. Lord Knollys instructs the host that King Edward is not allowed bread, but, to keep his weight down, must eat rusks instead. The king breakfasts by himself and most of the morning is taken up with state business. When that is finished his majesty joins the house party.

A list of the other guests, by the way, has to be submitted to the king before he comes, for his approval—in fact, he suggests himself the number that shall be asked and some of the names. If you are asked to a house party that includes the king it is equal to an announcement that the king wants to see you and it is just as urgent that you should go as it would be if you were commanded to Windsor.

Besides this the host must send the king a list of the amusements he is preparing for him beforehand. At this time of the year there is sure to be a day's shooting and if there is anything interesting in the neighborhood an excursion must be arranged to go and see it.

Lunch at 2 o'clock, costs with wines, about £5 per head. Only the finest and costliest vintages in the world are offered to the king. Then comes the afternoon's shooting—King Edward is one of the best shots in Britain—and when the shooting party returns there must be a good, solid tea ready for him in his rooms.

Dinner is at 8 o'clock. It is especially laid down before the visit that dinner must not last longer than an hour, for King Edward dislikes dawdling for a long time over dessert and wine, as the Georgian habit was. He drinks little, but of the finest quality, and the dinner will cost a clear £6 a head.

When the ladies have gone the king smokes his fourth cigar of the day, leaving one for the last thing at night. When the party moves for the drawing-room there will be some music, which settles down into cards until bedtime.

It is altogether forbidden, by the way, for anybody to withdraw for the evening until the king gives the sign and breaks up the party by rising himself. When he goes upstairs King Edward has supper in his private room, becoming host himself, and invites his entertainer and one or two of the men to join him.

"Putting up" the king's servants costs about £10 a day. Besides his equeuries King Edward always

takes two valets, two royal footmen and a page, as well as his confidential telegraph operator. On Sunday the king goes to the local church, unless the host has a private chapel of his own on the estate, and requests all the other guests to go with him. All this sounds as though the visit must be a constant anxiety and restriction on the host and the other guests, whereas, in reality, the king is the most popular and cheery of all country-house visitors and puts everybody at

William Beresford entertained him for four days at Deepdene and the bills came to £38,000. When the time comes for the king to leave, the tips he bestows are something prodigious. His usual tip for a week-end visit is £250, which he leaves to be divided up among his host's servants, unless they are a very big staff, when it sometimes reaches £300 or more. The average guest, peer or commoner, staying at a country-house in the shooting season, gets off with from £5



INDIANAPOLIS UNION STATION.

ease. His visit gives much less anxiety than that of other persons not quite so exalted, because, as he arranges and "subedits" everything on the program, down to the menus for the dinners, which are submitted to him before he comes, he is reasonably sure to be pleased.

As a rule King Edward discourages anything like special extravagance, though some time ago Lady

to £10, but when the king comes, even the stable-boys get "paper" in the distribution.

When one sovereign visits another the tips are bigger still and when the kaiser finished his stay at Windsor and Osborne, at the time of the late queen's funeral, he left £5,000 between the two staffs. When King Edward was staying with his sister, the Empress Frederick, he left £5,000 as a tip for her servants.

A RIVAL OF THE BANANA.

A FRUIT that is expected to rival the banana in popular favor is now being introduced into this country by the Department of Agriculture. It is the mango, so highly esteemed in the tropics, where it outranks in public esteem both the banana and the orange. European residents in the hot belt almost always acquire a fondness for it. As yet, however, it is little known in the United States, being represented only by inferior varieties in our markets, which give no suggestion of the qualities of the better sorts, and tend rather to discourage than increase demand.

If an effort similar to that which brought the banana into favor in this country could place an adequate supply of mangoes before the public there is no apparent reason why this new tropical fruit should not repeat the history of its now popular predecessor.

Already the tree which bears it has been planted to a considerable extent in Florida, seeds of fine varieties having been brought from India, and soon planters in that State will be sending mangoes in boxes to Northern markets. Some of the Florida trees are yielding as many as 10,000 fruits per tree in a season.

The mango tree grows under all sorts of conditions, and requires little cultivation. It is so prolific that, with twenty-five to one hundred trees to an acre, enormous quantities of the fruits may be produced on a small tract. The mango varies, according to variety, from little more than a bush to a tree fifty to seventy feet high. Its flowers are small and reddish white or yellowish.

The fruits of some kinds are only two or three inches in diameter, but others are three or four times that size, weighing as much as four pounds. In shape they vary from nearly spherical to long and narrow like a cucumber. In the best varieties fiber is almost entirely absent, and the entire fruit consists of a mass of juicy orange colored pulp. In some kinds the pulp is so firm that it may be sliced with a knife, in others it is soft enough to be eaten with a spoon.

The mango is said to have originated in Southern Asia and the Malay archipelago. It is now found wild in the forests of Ceylon and in regions at the base of the Himalayas. It was introduced first in Brazil, on this continent, and thence was taken to the Barbadoes in 1742. At the present time it is common throughout the tropics all around the world, but is finest in India.

There are over 500 varieties. It is the most highly prized fruit of the island of Guam, receives more attention in Hawaii than any other fruit and flourishes with special luxuriance on the south side of Porto Rico.

The mango is used principally as a fresh fruit, but is also employed green for jelly and sweet pickles. It makes an excellent marmalade. In Porto Rico one may buy 100 mangoes for five cents, at which price

their cost for jellies and marmalade is nominal. They are one of the chief ingredients of the famous chutney sauce of India.

The unripe fruit, peeled, cut from the stone and dried, is reckoned superior to lime juice as a preventive or cure for scurvy. In India the bark and leaves are utilized for dyes, and Indian yellow, so familiar as a water color paint, is a product of the mango, as has recently been ascertained, though previously its origin was unknown. The gum of the tree is a good substitute for gum arabic. In fact, the mango may almost be said to rival the olive in respect to the multitudinous ways in which it is serviceable to man.

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MAKES ONE'S HEAD WHIRL.

THE theory that fatal "height dizziness" might explain the leap of Mr. Openhym from High Bridge has some claim for consideration. In one form or another this nervous condition is manifested in a goodly number of individuals and in exaggerated instances is accompanied with an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump into space. So strong is this disposition in some persons that they have a settled aversion for high places and purposely avoid mountains, steeples, bridges and balloons. The apparent helplessness of the situation, the horror of a possible misstep or loss of balance and, worst of all, an overwhelming sense of general fear dominate the feeling of self-control and the victim becomes the veriest coward when otherwise he is perfectly safe from accident.

By medical authorities this fear, when carried to an extreme, is considered as a distinctly mental disease and is akin to the nervousness which sometimes seizes people in open places and to the imaginary danger of being poisoned or murdered. For the same reason others cannot endure a crowded or closed room, have unaccountable prejudices against certain places, must count houses, signs and persons, avoid cracks in the sidewalk or make themselves generally miserable in the suspicion of accidental disease contamination.

All these are different forms of neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion and must be combated in their inception, else the individual becomes in the end more or less of a mental wreck. The force of will may effect much toward a cure, but its exercise can hardly be trusted at first in high and dangerous situations. Especially is this the case when the individual is alone and feels that his only reliance for safety is in himself. The shock of the fright may then be overwhelming, amounting to temporary insanity and an uncontrollable suicidal impulse. In the absence of reasonable motive for self-destruction such qualifying conditions of action must always be taken into account.—*N. Y. Herald.*

RUSSELL SAGE'S INCOME.

RUSSEL SAGE is probably the largest private money lender in the world. There are only a comparatively few banks that have a larger amount of outstanding loans. It is estimated by bankers that Mr. Sage has an average of fully \$25,000,000 loaned out on "call" in Wall street throughout the year. When the rates are especially attractive he usually adds from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 to this amount. Mr. Sage is also a heavy lender of money on time. It is estimated that his income from call and time loans amounts to something like \$2,000,000 a year.

Mr. Sage is also a large investor in railroad and

DO YOU CHEW GUM?

NOT until the gum gatherers of the country had formed a union did the many patrons of the spruce, peach, plum and other appetizing confections realize the existence of gum harvesting as a special calling. It would appear from the organization that thousands of men, women and children make a good livelihood by extracting gum from the trees. It is not a business easily learned, either, the best workers being those who have a knowledge of the proper condition of the trees, tapping those which are ripe with gum, while not injuring immature or barren ones.



SCENE ALONG YELLOW CREEK ON THE BIG FOUR RAILWAY.

industrial securities, although during the last few years he has been rapidly turning these securities into cash. At the present time his investments are confined almost entirely to Western Union, Manhattan, Missouri Pacific, Wabash and a few other of the Gould properties. Probably no one but Mr. Sage knows what his income from these investments amounts to.

It is certain, however, that his fortune is growing at an enormous rate. He is a most frugal liver, his only luxury being a pair of handsome horses, in which he takes the greatest pride. Mr. Sage's living expenses probably do not amount to over \$25,000 a year, of which \$13,000 goes to pay the rent for his home on Fifth avenue. As his income certainly amounts to over \$3,000,000 a year, it can be seen that his fortune is growing at a most rapid rate.—*New York Commercial*.

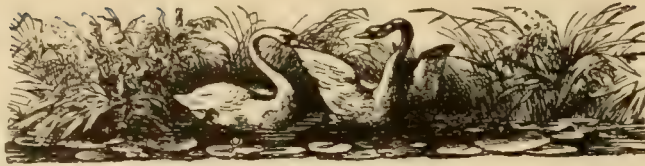
As the same blue sky smiles upon the ruin which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence blends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers.—*Geo. S. Hillard*.

The gum gatherers say that their trade is growing harder each year on account of the pulp mills and other industries which "eat" up the trees for their uses and thus destroy members of the spruce and other families that make the gum harvest. They are obliged to travel great distances to glean their gum products and the black spruce trees, chief of gum producers, are growing scarcer and scarcer each season. They want higher wages and the price of gum raised.

"Some of our best gum costs us around sixty cents a pound," said a manufacturer, "but we can afford to pay it. We make it up into small bars or squares with other mixtures and get five cents apiece for them. The medicinal gums are, of course, more expensive, but customers expect them to be and we have no trouble in disposing of them.

"The old Indian guides and hunters gather the best gum. They seem to know by instinct where to find it, and have a way of preparing and packing it which makes it exceedingly palatable. I fancy the best spruce gum comes from the region of Moosehead lake, Twin dam, Square lake and Katahdin in Maine."—*New York Evening Post*.

NATURE



STUDY.

IN THE MATTER OF CATS.

DURING the long process of their domestication cats have acquired many traits of character that do not belong to the aboriginal race from which they spring. However, they retain more of their ancestral habits than most of our domestic animals do. The social instincts of all cats are feeble, and even the most cultured breeds are predisposed to wildness and solitude; while in dogs of the most ordinary stock the former qualities are strongly developed. They aspire to close personal friendships and are fond of approbation, while cats are alike indifferent or averse to both. It is no doubt due to these innate tendencies that dogs are remarkable for their devotion and fidelity, while cats are equally remarkable for their coldness and treachery.

In one respect there is a singular difference between the affections of cats and those of dogs. Cats become more strongly attached to certain places and localities than to their friends. If a cat be removed from a place to which it has once become attached, it will sever all ties of friendship in order to return.

On the other hand, the dog loves his friends, and for them he will forsake a warm kennel and good food and all other comforts and through all vicissitudes follow those whom he loves and remain content with them in any home.

Another point in which cats greatly differ from dogs is that the former are much less servile than the latter. If a dog is punished for anything he submits to it, and usually becomes more devoted and obedient than before; but a cat resents any attempt to punish it, and will not submit to violence as long as it is able to resist it. It rarely forgets or forgives the use of force, and will not be led or driven by it. A dog may be led by a string, but a cat will not.

* * *

TARANTULAS FOR MARKET.

As everyone knows, the tarantula is one of the most repulsive-looking and poisonous of the larger insects. It abounds in southern California and also in Arizona and some parts of Nevada. In the first-named region the boys make considerable money by catching them for market. Thousands of these formidable spiders are disposed of in the markets each year, giving positive proof that the industry is a popular one. These poisonous insects are prepared exclusively for the novelty trade, being mounted on cards and arranged in various ways for the edification of those who ap-

preciate the unique. Enormous quantities of these spiders are purchased by the winter tourists, who value them as souvenirs of the country.

The methods employed in gathering the tarantula are interesting. From June till October, when the sun burns hot and the sea breezes are pulverizing the dry earth into a dust, the great spiders crawl from their subterranean burrows into the upper world and promenade in miniature forests of cacti, sagebrush and dry grasses. Their usual headquarters are in adobe fields, isolated from the haunts of man.

When the youngsters set forth on a tarantula expedition they present the appearance of young hoboes. Over one shoulder is thrown a gunnysack all bulging with tinware. They wear their shabbiest clothes, pull their hats and caps into astonishing angles and whistle with the proverbial happiness of a meadow lark, the tin cans jingling a merry accompaniment.

When in localities where tarantulas are known to be numerous the boys search for the entrances to the spider homes, which are always designated by a white, silken web at the rim of the hole and gives a smooth and elegant finish to the walls for an inch or two below the surface. The tarantulas are notoriously lazy and seldom dredge out their domestic establishments.

When the boys find a promising looking hole they pour in a quantity of cold water, for which the tarantulas have an intense aversion. Their black, hairy coats are well oiled and water slips from them as it does from a duck's back, but nevertheless they don't like such treatment and come forth in response to the deluge, blustering and bristling and primed for battle. But they are unable to cope with the enemy and his pincers and are immediately grabbed and placed in cans, where they clash their mandibles together, just as human beings would grit their teeth.

The headquarters of this remarkable industry is located in Pasadena, Cal., and the youthful tarantula venders find no difficulty in selling all the bugs they can catch to the dealers at two and a half cents each.

* * *

FREAK OF A POTATO.

DANIEL GILMAN of Manchester, N. H., recently found a potato which had lain in his cellar for a year. The potato had sprouted and grown and burst open. On the inside were three small potatoes growing. The old potato had withered somewhat and the little ones had burst the large one open in their growth.

THE WOUNDED HERON.

THE Portsmouth (N. H.) *Times*, tells as follows the story of a wounded bird: "A gentleman of this city was rowing down through the narrows in a small boat one evening about two weeks ago, when his attention was attracted to a pair of night herons which were standing upon a large rock near the water's edge. The discharge of a gun by a man concealed among the bushes on the river's bank was heard, and the birds took to their wings, uttering cries of distress as they flew. When nearly an eighth of a mile off, one of them was seen to falter, and it soon fell into the river. As his boat drew near, the gentleman perceived that the bird was wounded, and was swimming confidently toward him, as though claiming protection and help. He extended one of his oars, and the bird seized it with his sharp claws and suffered himself to be lifted out of the water. Upon examination the gentleman found that the bird's right wing was broken, and that fractured bones were protruding. A linen handkerchief furnished bandages for the bleeding wing, until, upon arriving at New Castle, the wound was properly dressed by a surgeon, who admired the fortitude of his feathered patient during the painful operation. Portions of the bone had to be removed, but the doctor thought it possible for the bird to live with careful nursing. Our friend brought the bird to this city, and under careful treatment it soon regained its wonted health and strength, and was pronounced a 'perfect beauty' by many ladies who called to see him. The wound healed rapidly, and the heron was allowed to go in quest of his mate as soon as he could fly."

* * *

JACK RABBITS.

OUT in Kansas they are beginning a war of extermination of the jack rabbits. There has been a law enacted which requires the directors of towns and townships to devise ways and means of getting rid of them. Local officers may give rewards, or employ some person to poison them. They may do as they please about the way, but the law requires them to take action in the matter. The legislature made an appropriation of two thousand dollars to find a poison that would kill them. The State Agricultural College has undertaken the task, and looks upon it as a very hard one. The jack rabbits live entirely upon vegetable food and have no regular burrows, and it is a difficult matter to get after them in any way to exterminate them.

The animals increase more rapidly than they can be destroyed. Rabbit drives are common in the Western third of the State, although thousands and thousands are killed every spring their numbers do not seem to have decreased. The law now requires every

county in the State to take up the matter and see what can be done by concerted action in the premises.

The Nookman cannot help but think what a place it would be for bright INGLENOOK boys he knows to be let loose on Mr. Jack and his family.

* * *

A DOG'S AFFECTION.

I HEARD a pretty story the other day that plainly shows how even a dog can express sympathy for those whom it loves. A little girl named Mary, who lives far away in the country, in some way fell and broke her arm. As a result, she had to keep in bed for a long while. A very dreary time it seemed, especially when she was compelled to lie so still and quiet. Her playmates came to see her and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond.

There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly; and that was her dog, whose name was Bob. He seemed to be very sorry for his little mistress and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her. So he thought he would give her a bouquet, too. Away he went into the garden and plucked a mouthful of laurel leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his forepaws on her bed, dropped the leaves and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, "Don't you think my flowers are pretty, too?"—*Our Four-footed Friends*.

* * *

STRIDE OF A RACE HORSE.

HERRING, the celebrated animal painter, states that a race horse will clear from 20 to 24 feet at a bound; and from the impression left on the turf he infers that a horse at full gallop places only one foot at a time on the ground. This, he says, is more convincing to the ear than to the eye. In listening to a horse at full gallop on a hard road, it will be found accurately exhibited by placing the little finger on a table or pane of glass and causing the other three fingers to follow in rotation; by so doing the precise sound of that of a horse galloping will be produced. Then follows the bound, and again the 1, 2, 3, 4 in regular succession.

* * *

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

THOUGH the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade-winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined; but it is certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, two hundred miles an hour.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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What if we must bear a burden?
Have not others burdens, too?
Look about and then be thankful
That your burdens are so few.

—Eva Williams Malone.

* * *

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Just about now our institutions of learning all over the land are turning loose upon the world their classes of graduates. The INGLENOOK views the scene with paternal complacency. Here and there are some thousands of people, young and older, of both sexes, who know it all and are going out to astonish the world. Once they have received their parchments tied with a pink ribbon they are ready for anything that comes up in the whole wide world, with the one exception of making themselves useful. Of course it is natural for them to think that they are on the direct road to eminence and that once they get out into this hurly-burly, ill-assorted world they will show everybody how life ought to be lived when it is correctly managed.

The pity of it all is that sooner or later they will get it knocked out of them and will be compelled to settle down and do just exactly like other people. Of course youth does not see this, but experience teaches it beyond a doubt. It is not at all an argument against Commencement Day exercises, but more a matter of regret by the older ones among us that sooner or later, after they have buckled down to life's duties they will begin to learn after all Commencement Day is simply what its name indicates—a commencement in life.

The habit of thought of most of the graduates of our institutions is shown in the class and character of the subjects of their orations and essays. The most

improbable and impossible lines of thought are almost always chosen. Abstract themes are taken, in the handling of which a Shakespeare or a Milton would enter upon with fear and trembling. All the same our boy and girl will write on "Liberty" or "The Infinite," or some such object as that, with a coolness and callowness at which they will simply laugh in derision when the coming years bring hard sense through their harder knocks. Nevertheless the class everywhere has the INGLENOOK's blessing, and while it declines the consideration of thanks it also declines with thanks the proposition to publish the essay in the Nook. *Don't send it.*

* * *

LEARN ACCURACY.

To be accurate in everything we say, and in our habits of thought and action is, beyond all question, a desirable thing. Like everything else worth while it can be acquired, but not too readily. If one has loose habits of thought naturally his forms of expression will follow suit. One of the first essentials towards learning to speak accurately of things is to learn to think accurately about them. It may not be clearly apparent to the average Nook reader, but it is a fact all the same, that the best schooling for learning to think accurately, and consequently to speak accurately, is to drill one's self into the habit of *doing* things accurately. Not one person in a hundred has the habit of putting things exactly where he found them. When the tool with which the ordinary person is working is to be laid aside, ordinarily it is left right where it has been last used. This is invariably the case with children, and if one goes into an analysis of the cause of it, it can all be summed up in the phrase "They didn't think."

One of the most thoroughgoing methods of inducing accurate thought and accurate speech is to first train the hands to replace everything after using it just where they got it. The mind will follow the hands, and the speech follows the mind.

Consider a moment! Among all your friends are there not here and there people who are models in neatness and carefulness about where they keep their personal belongings, and are not always such persons equally careful in their habits of thought and expression? It may never have occurred to the reader before that the way to become accurate lies, in the beginning, in being careful with what we do with our hands, but it is nevertheless a great and important truth.

* * *

THE MORMONS.

IN next week's issue of the INGLENOOK there will begin a series of illustrated articles descriptive of the Mormon faith and practice. The INGLENOOK takes a

great deal of pride in presenting this contribution to the Nook family. Nearly everybody knows more or less about the Mormons, especially less, and these articles will cover their entire faith and practice from beginning to end. Moreover we have the means of knowing that what is said is correct and once the INGLENOOK reader has read these articles and analyzed and digested them he will know all about a very little understood denomination. Very little expression of opinion is given in the presentation of this story. The article has been written with the sole view of the diffusion of knowledge about a little known people. It is not sent forth as either proving or condemning the faith. It is simply a verbal photograph of certain denominational facts, and the reader of the articles in question is requested to do his own thinking along both affirmative and negative lines. The article has been prepared especially for the INGLENOOK and we speak for it a wide reading, which undoubtedly it will get.

* * *

THE UNKNOWN.

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of several letters from girl Nookers who have had letters from unknown men, asking that correspondence be begun between them. The recipients of the letters ask how the parties got their names, and what is the best thing to do.

The NOOK does not know how the names were obtained, there being many easy ways. But there can be no doubt of the proper method of dealing with the whole business. Simply pay no attention whatever to them, and say nothing about the incident if it is not repeated. As far as the recipients of the letters may know, they may have been written by some acquaintance who would enjoy having the girls make fools of themselves. Don't do it. Don't voluntarily make yourself a fool on record. Take no chances. The answers might come to the surface when least expected and make much trouble.

* * *

BEFORE us lies the announcement of the marriage of Carrie Plate and Edward Forney, both Nookers, who will make their home at Inglewood, California. May peace and prosperity take up their abode with them never to go away.

* * *

BE sure to get in your answers to the list of prize questions within the limit set by the offer. Some have already been received and they are very creditable.

* * *

NOOKERS, the orders are for you to come around to the Publishing House headquarters and see the Nookman. Don't forget it.

* * *

OF course you understand the Bible and can answer every question in the next prize list,—perhaps.

A LINE OR TWO.

Keep the frost out of your heart.

*

A blind love is usually a foolish love.

*

One who is loved is never really poor.

*

Our shoemaker's bills are our footnotes.

*

Prepare for the worst and hope for the best.

*

There is no surgeon can set broken promises.

*

A bee hive is not necessarily a sweet home.

*

The best way to save money is not to spend it.

*

If your head gets gray keep your heart green.

*

Columbus was the first bus ever seen in America.

*

Our photograph must be taken before we get it.

*

Knowledge without principle is always dangerous.

*

Life is an unsolved riddle because we all give it up.

*

It takes very little to start us in the way we want to go.

*

Money is not necessary to happiness but it is mighty helpful.

*

It is not years that make us old, it is the aging of the heart.

*

One of the deepest and most ineradicable things in life is habit.

*

He who commits an injustice is worse than the one affected by it.

*

Our surroundings go a long ways toward making us good or bad.

*

What is Fame? Something the high-school graduate writes about.

*

Those who talk most about others nearly always live in the glassiest houses.

*

Set your ideal as high as you can. It is better to miss a high mark than a low one.

YOUR WINTER FLOWERS.

NEARLY every INGLENOOK family tries to have flowers in winter time. The idea is an excellent one, and nothing brightens a home more than having a good supply of blooming window plants. However, the average result is a lot of straggly, leggy geraniums, or similar plants that will stand almost anything in treatment, and which for the greater part of the year, do not bloom at all.

The following is written for the benefit of those who will act intelligently in the matter of next winter's flowers. If the directions of the INGLENOOK are followed every reader can have a window full of handsome blooming plants. The first thing you want to do is to determine the number of plants you want to carry over, suppose, we say, six geraniums. Select earthen pots for them and if they are already in the crockery, knock the plant and earth out of the pots, wash the adherent earth from the roots and refill the pot with good earth sifted in and about the roots of the plant precisely as you would have planted them in the fall, only this method is to plant them in the spring.

Now take your plants and set them in the ground in your flower garden, about one-half inch under the natural surface of the ground. They will appear as though planted in the natural soil and will grow on as readily with the exception that they will require more water than ordinarily. This planting them out, pots and all, is the first step and is called "plunging" the pots.

The next is a more important step, and is something the ordinary woman can hardly be brought to do. But she must do it if she wants to have good flowers in winter time. First let her take a knife or a pair of scissors and trim back the long woody stems of the geranium into something like shape. The way they are ordinarily grown it will be hard to shape them, but cut them back so that they are only six or eight inches above the surface of the garden soil. These plants will now begin to send out side shoots, which, when they get to the desired length must be trimmed. The idea is to force the growth into a globular or bushy shape, if possible. As the growth is rapid it will not take very long to do this. Then flowering buds will begin to push out, and here comes one thing which not one woman in ten has the nerve to do. Each one of these flowering shoots must be cut off close down with a pair of scissors just as soon as they can be reached, say when they are one-half of an inch long. Other flower shoots will come and these must be cut out. As the object of the plant is to seed and then dry up, or pass into a state of rest, the seeding must be prevented by cutting away the flowers.

By fall, say in October, or the first of November, the geranium plants will be large, heavily foliated

and in good shape if the pruning has been relentless. About this time shoots may be allowed to start, that is to say, if they start they may be allowed to grow, and about the time the first frost is imminent the whole plant may be lifted up, pot and all, washed off, and transferred bodily into the house, when it is ready to start in and bloom all winter, having been in preparation, in training, so to speak, during the entire growing season.

The ordinary way is to let them bloom themselves to death through the summer time and dig them up in the fall, cramp their roots into an old tomato can and spend three-fourths of the winter in picking off yellow leaves and encouraging a straggling growth without a sign of a flower. The way indicated herein is to prepare the plant during the entire summer, keeping the flowers down and preparing for a winter season of inflorescence. When they are dug out of the earth in the autumn they really have not been moved at all, so far as their roots are concerned, and they go right ahead and will astonish you with their behavior from that on.

What is said of geraniums is also true of every other plant that may find a place on the window-ledge. All will do better because of this treatment.

* * *

THE WOODS SCHOOL.

THERE is a school of the woods, or a parliament of the woods, or a Society of United Charities of the woods, and no more; there is nothing in the dealings of animals with their young that in the remotest way suggests human instruction and discipline. The young of all the wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did. They do not have to be taught; they are taught from the jump. The bird sings at the proper age, and builds its nest, and takes its appropriate food, without any hint at all from its parents. The young ducks take to the water when hatched by a hen as readily as if hatched by a duck, and dive and stalk insects, and wash themselves just as their mothers did. Young chickens and young turkeys understand the various calls and signals of their mother the first time they hear or see them.

At the first alarm note they squat, at a call to food they come on the first day as on the tenth. The habits of cleanliness of the nestlings are established from the first hour of their lives. When a bird comes to build its first nest and to rear its first brood, it knows how to proceed, as well as it does years later or as its parents did before it. The fox is afraid of a trap before he has had any experience with it, and the hare thumps upon the ground at sight of anything strange and unusual, whether its mates be within hearing or not. It is true that the crows and the jays might be called the spies and informers of the woods, and other

creatures seem to understand the meaning of their cries, but who shall presume to say that they have been instructed in this vocation? Mr. Long would have us believe the crows teach their young to fly. He might as well say that the rooster teaches its young to crow or that the cock grouse teaches the young males to drum. No bird teaches its young to fly.

summer," he said, "and all around it you will find the decapitated bodies of bees. The oriole is fond of honey, and he has discovered somehow that the bee carries honey in a sac. Accordingly he rushes down on the insect, snips off his head; removes its viscera and then swallows the honey that is now laid bare. This shows intelligence on the oriole's part, but I



THE FIRST BURIAL.

They fly instinctively when their wings are strong enough.

THE ORIOLE AND THE BEE.

BIRDS, their heads being small, are usually regarded as stupid, but an amateur naturalist pointed out the other day a proof that the Baltimore oriole at least is very intelligent. "Take the oriole's habitat in the

have not yet described the thing which shows the bird's reasoning power most strongly. It is only the stingless male, white-headed bees that the oriole slays. The stinging bees he leaves alone wisely."

THE American shoe manufacturer pays higher wages than the English manufacturer, but the cost of making a shoe is less because of the greater efficiency of the American workman.

DO METALS BECOME DISEASED?

QUEER experiments that have been made recently in Europe with metals have opened a new world for the metallurgist—a world full of marvelous, almost fairy-like, possibilities.

The first striking discovery that was made is that metals suffer from diseases. They become sick and their strength or hardness or elasticity will vanish mysteriously, and not from the ordinary causes known to metal workers. Through all the ages of metal working until now, these curious weakenings and unexpected defects in apparently sound, high grade metals have been set down as “flaws,” and even scientists accepted this as an explanation; yet now that the recent studies and experiments have begun to solve the puzzle, it is evident to everybody that “flaw” really explained nothing. To call the defect a flaw was only to give a name, that meant very little, to an entirely unknown condition.

Before the new experiments had gone far, it was discovered that metals can be poisoned—poisoned just as readily and with as fatal effect as any organic body, such as an animal or a plant. Of course, with this development, the question arose at once, is a metal an inorganic body after all? But scientists did not dare to commit themselves so far. They asked themselves the question in private at first. To ask it in public was almost to ask the world to change one of its fundamental scientific beliefs, the belief in a great diversion of matter into two mighty classes, one of which is organic and the other inorganic.

More experiments followed, some of them so elaborate that a single one required many months before it reached a result; most of them were so ingenious that even ordinary scientific men could not follow the intricate processes intelligently, and only specialists could perceive the real meaning that lay hidden in the results. At last, however, the demonstrations had multiplied so much and were so striking in their significance that hesitation gave way to assurance and the theory of the disease of metals has been so far accepted by the practical men of metallurgy that the Imperial navy yard in Wilhelmshafen, Germany, sends metals regularly to the “autopsy room” and “dissecting tables” of Prof. Heyn, one of the leaders in the new investigation.

Now another of the specialists in the new research, the famous Dr. Bechold of Germany, has gone still farther—not in a mere conjectural theory, but with a conclusion reached as the end of a series of careful, logical steps fortified by experiment.

“Who knows,” he asks in summing up his studies, “if metallurgy will not soon create a new and vastly important branch for itself—the branch of producing inoculating material for metal which shall change

their temper and form swiftly instead of waiting for the slow processes of forging and tempering that obtain to-day?”

He explains this conclusion as follows: There are many organic and inorganic substances in which sharp changes of temperature produce changes of structure, or, as scientists put it, which assume new “phases” under such changed conditions. This alteration of form or structure can be produced suddenly if the temperature-point necessary for alteration is very decidedly over-stepped. But if the temperature does not go far above or below the alteration point, it is necessary generally to introduce an artificial impulse to consummate the change.

It is possible, for instance, under certain circumstances, to cool water to a temperature well below freezing point, and still it will not solidify into ice until a crystal of ice is introduced. Then it begins to form ice crystals at once and soon is solid.

Pure glycerine cannot be frozen with ordinary means; even if they produce temperatures as low as 20 degrees below zero, until a bit of glycerine that has already been frozen is introduced. But as soon as this crystal of frozen glycerine is in, the rest of the glycerine, which has been so stubborn until then, becomes docile and begins to freeze beautifully. For sometime past the process has been technically called “vaccination,” because the term was so apt and convenient; but until the present day no one suspected how much truth lay in the accidental name of the process.

Yet this process is nothing more or less than inoculating an inorganic substance with crystals in order to “breed” in it the condition of crystallization which is the necessary first step to lead to freezing. And the conversion of iron to steel is only a series of processes of crystallization.

Now recently a strange thing in metallurgy happened. A ship was loaded with Banca tin in the straits and sailed for a Northern port in Europe. When it arrived there, and the work of unloading the valuable cargo began, the merchants to whom it was consigned were amazed and dismayed to discover that the entire shipment had actually crumbled into dust.

Here was a mystery. For a long time no one could solve it. Years ago, it would have been dismissed finally with the statement that there must have been a “flaw” or a “fault” in the tin. But the flaw theory had become unsatisfactory.

Then Prof. Bredig came out with photographs that he had made in a church in Silesia. The pictures showed the remnants of organ pipes, most of them full of queer, crumbling holes. Whole pipes had vanished absolutely.

There was no rust, and all investigation failed to show any other of the causes that are known as de-

stroyers of metal. All investigators at last confessed themselves puzzled, until Prof. Bredig, who had made a study of the new theories of the diseases of metals, found a "wound," a genuine open wound in a pipe; and his careful, accurate and rigid experiments; furnished the convincing proof that this wound had infected the entire series of pipes with a creeping disease.

Scarcely had he finished his investigations in the Silesian church before a strange coincidence enabled him to extend his experiments and at the same time obtain additional proof of the correctness of his previous findings. He was asked to inspect the great tin roof of the rathaus or council house of Rothenburg. Arrived there, he was informed that several years ago the roof, although it had been attended to carefully, painted regularly and kept perfectly free from rust, had begun to crumble away. No one could imagine what caused it.

Prof. Bredig soon discovered a center of infection. And he was able not only to trace the gradual progress of the infection over the council house roof, but to show where the disease had actually spread to a tin roof near by.

The phenomenon has been named "tin-pest," and the explanation has been advanced that tin retains its distinctive and most valuable attributes only in temperatures above two degrees. If cold greater than this structural modification occurs quickly, and if the cold is pushed to an intensity great enough to disintegrate the tin, it often crumbles away in a grayish powder.

In temperatures that do not often fall far below twenty degrees the changes are extremely slow, unless the tin becomes infected with the "gray modification." If some of the gray powder of tin that has happened to disintegrate should attach itself to the sound tin, then the disease communicates itself rapidly to all parts of the metal. In the case of tin plates such are used for roofs, the tin is not a chemical individuality of its own, but a mixture of iron and tin, both of which have already passed through several modifications during the processes of conversion into plates. Therefore the process of infection becomes complicated and a tin roof offers a less resisting field than pure tin.

Now, if metals can be thus infected with disease, it follows that they can be inoculated as organic substances can be. And as science has gradually built a bridge between animal life and plant life, so it appears possible now to find a bridge between the lower phases of plant life and the so-called inorganic or dead world.

To the layman the fact that metals can be treated indefinitely by heat without destruction, seems naturally to prove that they can possess the attribute which is called "life." But the whole course of plant life depends on temperature and its changes, and tempera-

ture affects all animals, including man, even producing illness and death when the changes are sudden.

In other words, as gradual and normal changes of temperature affect animal and plant life normally, so they do metals; and abrupt and abnormal changes of temperature change the structural form of each.

The phase "unchangeable as steel" is decidedly incorrect. Steel in its making has to undergo all the changes that the animal body undergoes in the course of growth. It is a combination of iron and carbon, and carbon is organic. The German metallurgists have come to speak as a matter of course of the "life" that unfolds itself in steel under the various temperatures that are applied to it in working it. In the course of its changes, it often develops qualities that make it useless for industrial purposes while they last. Thus at one step it becomes brittle—a temporary diseased condition that yields to what might almost be called the medical treatment of heat properly graduated. Poison this steel with hydrogen or hydrogenous matter and you sicken it so decidedly that it gets into a condition where it is as brittle as if it had been ruined in tempering. Prof. Heyn has been studying the changes in iron under all grades of temperature, and he holds that the metal passes through various stages of disease that produce structural changes just as cells change in form, size and position in the forms commonly called "organic."

He heated copper in order to find why that metal suffers from overheating, and his conclusion is that it becomes poisoned with copper protoxide, which so sickens it that its structure changes and partially breaks down.

* * *

UNMARRIED GIRLS IN CHINA.

MARRIAGEABLE young ladies in China usually wear their hair in a long single plait, in which is entwined a bright scarlet thread. The thread indicates that the maiden is awaiting a connubial partner.

* * *

THE LARGEST OF CREAMERIES.

THE people of Lincoln, Neb., boast of having the largest creamery in the world, not only in capacity for butter making, but in the size of the plant and the floor space of the building.

* * *

PLATINUM, which is indispensable in some instruments of precision and is useful in the arts particularly because when imbedded in glass it does not crack it by unequal expansion, is still much more valuable than gold. Nine-tenths of the world's platinum (about 8,800 pounds) comes from the Ural mountains, which enables Russia to control the price.

BREAKFAST FOODS.

INSIDE of the last score of years there has sprung up a lot of breakfast foods, of the cereal order, which promises to become a still growing industry, very much to the confusion of the housekeeper who would keep up with the procession. One cannot pick up a magazine, or any of the better class periodicals, without seeing their advertisements. They are on every dead wall in every town from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And to read the literature the manufacturers put out is enough to make the ordinary man think that all the ills humanity is heir to can readily be cured by eating these patented food preparations. There are over a hundred of them on the market now and doubtless there will be many more.

From an article in one of our leading publications we learn that the cost of making a pound of some of the most widely advertised foods, and which sells for fifteen cents a package, is only between three and four cents. The grocer pays between eleven and twelve cents for it, and the customer pays fifteen cents for it. It would appear from the difference in price that the manufacturers make a large amount of money. And so they do but not as much as one would imagine. For illustration the maker of a well-known food is now spending one hundred thousand dollars a month in advertising, while a man who makes a certain brand of imitation coffee spent, last year, eighty-four thousand dollars in advertising, and this year he has spent over a million dollars in publicity. Everything that art and skill can do to bring these foods before the public is brought to bear upon the subject, and the sales are something enormous.

Now what is the dietetic value of these foods? According to the manufacturers they represent something enormously valuable in the way of food. The actual facts are that they have in them just what the grains composing them have and no more. That they are healthful goes without saying. But the great trouble with them is that they are tasteless to the average man, and while one may fill up on them of a morning they do not seem to stand by the eater throughout the day as a more varied and balanced ration does. Nevertheless there are certain people without good stomachs, or good digestion, and to them these prepared foods are a boon indeed.

It looks very much to the Nookman as though the food craze had not reached its height as yet, and that when it does run out people will again settle down to eating what they like as they like.

There can be no doubt that certain people are benefited by the use of these foods and find in them all the nutriment and satisfaction they care for, but to the hearty worker in the lumberman's camp and the man who plows and grubs stumps, something more than mush and milk is necessary to keep up steam. It

is doubtful whether a food can ever really be arranged for the best when it does not involve biting and chewing. And no amount of fancy literature can ever get away from the fact that we are provided with teeth and salivary glands for a set purpose, and by going around them by way of a mill on Battle Creek is not always for the best. The Nookman has always held to the belief that people should be governed in their eating by the quantity and quality of foods that best agree with them. One man likes to eat "schmokedi vaarsht mit maredich," while another wants the latest patented food predigested and ready cooked at so much a pound at the grocer's. Let each one take what he likes and what agrees with him.

* * *

THEIR WORK IS NOT EASY.

"THE position of cabinet officer must be a snap in Washington," remarked a visitor to a resident official friend in the office of an uptown hotel this morning. "I would like to have the office 'tendered' to me. The alacrity with which I would 'accept the portfolio' would be astonishing."

"But there might be reasons why you would not accept," replied the official. "The position is very far from a snap, as you say, and I, being a poor man, would, for one man in the capital, decline the honor, no matter how much I might secretly desire the office."

"There is not a member of a cabinet, with possibly an exception here and there, who gets out of the game for less than \$20,000 a year and no one under \$10,000, or \$12,000. To properly maintain the position of cabinet officer, to live upon the salary paid would entail the practice of economy which would be quite unusual. A member of the house can live—and many practically do—upon his mileage, but not a member of the cabinet upon his salary. I have known of many members of different cabinets who have spent from \$30,000 to \$150,000 a year. In the senate and house combined there are scores of men who have practically no incomes other than their salaries of \$5,000 a year. These men work for what may be properly termed their wages.

"Cabinet officers do not work for their salaries; they merely accept what the congress decided a century or two ago, in stage coach days, to be adequate compensation. The salary of the office did not enter into their calculations in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred when their portfolio was tendered them.

"When a cabinet officer is a wealthy man, as most of them usually are, they work for a variety of reasons. Some have wives who have social ambitions and tastes which cannot be gratified in their former environments. Others work for the personal pleasures, the privileges and the honors the position be-

stows, the last being more or less passed down to their posterity. Others give up \$100,000 a year income, toil like messengers over their desks by day and eat official dinners at night for reasons past finding out. Some believe, usually erroneously, however, and occasionally correctly, that service in the cabinet may prove of future use to them in presidential conventions or in senatorial elections. Dozens of members of the cabinet have resigned before the end of the first two years.

"The pay is incommensurate with the responsibilities and the work. A cabinet officer once said to me: 'My salary pays my house rent and gas bills. My work is performed solely for love; it is uncompensated and, upon the theory that the laborer is worthy of his hire, I am going back home and gather up the stray strings to my scattered income,' and home he went shortly afterward.

"To the feminine members of a cabinet officer's family the rule is reversed. They get about \$1,000,000 a year each out of it in the gratification of their personal ambitions and desires and the fun they have.

"You often hear men say: 'I would go into the cabinet for \$8,000 a year.' These men can't get in. Ninety-five per cent of the cabinet officers of the United States, who are not multimillionaires, serve their country at a sacrifice, and the latter do, too, to a certain extent. Upon a single meeting of the cabinet may hang the fate of hundreds of thousands of lives and the expenditure of billions of money, yet the men who thus are to pass judgment are paid salaries on a par with the cashier in a New York bank of small size."

"I should think that Congress would properly increase the pay of cabinet officers."

"My friend, you do not understand Washington life. For over a century there has been a deadly social feud between the members of the senate and the members of the cabinet. Up to the time of the passage of the presidential succession act, placing the senate in line for succession to the presidency in the event of death, the senators had the best of it, but to-day the wives of the cabinet members carry the trophy flag. There is no immediate prospect of the passage of the bill you suggest."—*Washington Star*.

* * *

ABOUT MONKEYS.

MANY years ago the soldiers of an English regiment stationed near the Cape of Good Hope were very much annoyed by baboons, which are large monkeys.

These baboons would come marching into the camp, and carry away anything on which they could lay their hands.

One day a poor soldier's wife had washed a blanket and hung it out to dry; but she had hardly got indoors

again when a party of baboons appeared, seized the blanket, and ran off with it to the hills. The soldiers went after them; but it was useless, and next morning a whole party of baboons paraded the hills in front of the camp, each wearing as a shawl a piece of their prize.

Another day a baboon had the impudence to walk into the barracks; but just as he was making off with a great coat, a soldier happened to come in.

The man quickly walked out of the room, closing the door behind him, and poor Mr. Monkey was trapped.

To punish him the soldiers first muzzled him, then shaved his head and face, and turned him loose.

But in this new guise his old companions did not recognize him, and they pelted him so unmercifully with sticks and stones that he ran back to the camp for shelter.

There he stayed, and at last became quite tame and friendly.

This monkey belonged to the Grand Duke Constantine, and was allowed to sit in his room, and keep him company when he was writing.

One day the monkey was playing about as usual, when he suddenly took a fancy to a gun that was in the room. He picked it up and aimed it at his master, at the same moment putting his finger on the trigger.

The duke happened to look up at that moment, and, knowing the gun was loaded, was horrified. He gave a loud cry, which so startled the monkey that he jumped to one side, and the gun went off without injuring any one.

A monkey once belonged to an Italian showman, and his part of the performance consisted in sitting on the back of a hound belonging to his master, while four dogs also belonging to the troupe, danced.

One day they were going through a park in which there were some deer. As soon as the hound saw them he started off in pursuit, and poor Jacko, being chained to his collar, had to go too.

He chattered and screamed, and did not at all enjoy his ride.

Luckily his master came along and stopped the dog, and poor Jacko was rescued; but he had had enough of riding, and his master could never again induce him to get on the dog's back.—*Arthur French*.

* * *

BUT eight States do not now require examination by a State board of those who wish to practice medicine. They are Arkansas, Colorado, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota and Tennessee.

* * *

THE thrush is the first singer up in the morning—
4:30.

MANY WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

THE case of Miss E. F. Jones, proprietor and manager of an iron mill in South Chicago, is not so exceptional as it is made to appear in the display headlines of the newspapers. Miss Jones, on the death of her father, two years ago, decided to prepare herself for the active management of the manufacturing plant he left to his family.

She spent two years in technical school at the drafting table, the lathe, and the forge, and then took charge of the establishment formerly managed by her father. She has met with success because she is well equipped for the work in hand, but probably is to be no more successful than scores of other women in Chicago have been in the field of business.

The census reports for 1900 show that in the United States there are 3,438 women serving as officers or managers of manufacturing companies, and 150 as contractors and builders. One hundred women are employed as architects, 942 as designers and draftsmen, forty as civil engineers, thirty as mechanical and electrical engineers, 1,271 as officers of banks and insurance and transportation companies, and 1,418 as managers and overseers in different establishments and on railways.

In the United States 261 women are wholesale merchants, 34,162 retail merchants, 298 bankers and brokers, 4,861 restaurant proprietors, 8,545 hotel managers, 307,788 farmers and planters or farm managers, 1,200 gardeners, 1,137 florists, 1,081 stock farmers, 866 stock herders and drovers, 100 lumbermen and raftsmen, 4,346 bakers, 378 butchers, 9,219 confectioners, and 186 millers.

There are women in all the trades and in most of the manufacturing employments. For example, in 1900 there were 890 brass workers and molders, 196 blacksmiths, 3,370 iron and steel workers and molders, 39,519 shoemakers, 525 carpenters and joiners, six ship carpenters, 167 brick and stone masons, 241 paper hangers, 45 plasterers, 126 plumbers, 2,621 glass workers, 143 marble and stone cutters and 2,940 potters.

In unusual employments women are engaged as brewers, saloon keepers, railway conductors, engineers and firemen. In the United States in 1900 there were 324 women undertakers, 2,086 saloon keepers, 1,365 employed as miners and quarrymen, 43 as charcoal and coke burners, 11 as well borers, 650 as white-washers and 440 as piano and organ tuners.

In the usual employments assigned to women there were 344,948 dressmakers, 86,142 milliners, 146,542 seamstresses, 68,978 tailoresses, 15,635 bookbinders, 15,989 printers and pressmen, 328,000 teachers and professors in colleges, 7,229 telegraph operators and 15,327 telephone operators.

In Chicago there are eight women reported as bankers and brokers, thirty-seven as commercial trav-

elers, twenty-six as draymen, hackmen and teamsters and 111 as foremen and overseers in manufacturing establishments. Among Chicago women there are nine livery stable keepers, 1,483 retail merchants, thirty-one wholesale merchants, twelve carpenters and joiners and 101 painters and varnishers.

There are also four women plumbers, five marble and stone cutters, 420 bakers, 86 butchers, 765 confectioners, four millers, one blacksmith, twenty-five mechanists, seven brewers, two distillers and rectifiers, fifty-two bottlers and makers of soda water, 333 janitors and sextons, 129 saloon keepers, 8,113 stenographers and typewriters, 200 hotel-keepers, 475 barbers and twenty-five bartenders.

Nine of the 479 livery stables are owned and managed by women. Twenty-seven women are employed as watchmen, policemen and firemen. Ninety-eight are electricians, sixty-six are lawyers, 548 are physicians and surgeons and 248 are restaurant keepers.

The fact that there are in Chicago women who are successful bankers and brokers is probably as strange to the average reader as the announcement that Miss E. F. Jones is proprietor and manager of a South Chicago iron mill.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.



BIG CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

ANY woman who has ever been at a chrysanthemum show, or who has seen the large blooms offered for sale, envies their possessor, and desires the same kind at home. The Nook will tell what there is to it. In the first place the large flowers quoted above, cannot be grown in the open. They are grown under glass. Still something can be done.

Let the Nooker see that the finer kinds are planted, with ample room for them to grow, and every encouragement in the way of plant food should be given them. When started pinch out all but two or three shoots, and develop these into tall, upright growth. They will send out side shoots, and these must be mercilessly pinched back. Then when there is a good terminal bud formed, that is, the bud on the upper end of the growing stalk, see that every other bud and side shoot is pinched off as soon as it appears. This is called disbudding, and must be done with an unrelenting hand. The entire growth of the plant is thus forced into the single flower, which develops enormously. If you desire many flowers all there is to do is to have many plants. Follow these instructions and you will be surprised at the result.



ARIZONA'S COPPER BELT.

THE copper belt in Cochise county, Arizona, is three or four miles wide and can be traced for sixteen miles across the line into Mexico.

Aunt Barbara's Page

BEFORE COMPANY.

I'm just her small brother. They say I don't count,
And tell me my manners are bad.
And yet of enjoyment I get an amount
Sufficient for 'most any lad.
A few of those laughs—well, to have 'em again
I'd travel for many a mile.
I have chuckled inside till it gave me a pain
When sister was putting on style.

She tells that young man that a jug is a "vawse;"
Says "eye-ther" and "neye-ther," you know,
She never plays popular music because
It really distresses her so.
She warbles plain ragtime when she is alone,
And her voice is as fierce as a file,
But she gives it a soft, sickish clarionet tone
When sister is putting on style.

She says she loves golf; but I've heard her remark
She couldn't see where it came in.
The way she has kept that young man in the dark
Is comical; but it's a sin.
She talks about authors, but all that she reads
Is a fashion sheet once in a while.
Yours truly can have all the fun that he needs
When sister is putting on style.

We've often played shinny, my sister and I.
She's a jolly good fellow at heart,
But he thinks she's got wings and is going to fly,
Because she's so terrible smart.
And then when he tries to spruce up and talk back
Like she does, a statue would smile!
I have laughed in my sleeve till the linings would crack
When sister was putting on style.

* * *

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

SHE sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon and it looked as if it was laughing at her.

"You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day time. Besides I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide, "you weren't there, you weren't there, you old thing! You were upstairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now."

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "I wish I hadn't." Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "purr-r-r-r, purr-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie and then she threw both her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma." Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—O! I don't want to tell, but I expect I must; I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. "But mamma," she asked, "How did you know it wasn't kitty?" "Because kitty would not have left the spoon in the pie."

* * *

AT AUNTY'S HOUSE.

I wish I lived in Aunty's house, I like it more than ours,
For Aunty never cares about her carpets and her chairs.
She lets you run, and have some fun, and you may race
for hours

Outdoors and in, and up and down, through parlors,
halls and stairs.

Our mother deems wild Indians are not so bad as we,
And makes us toe the mark at home, but Aunty lets
us do

Whatever stent we think of, and she never seems to see
If anything is scratched or torn; I think she's fine, don't
you?

* * *

WHY THE CAT WASHES.

"A CAT caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: 'No gentleman eats until he washes his face.' The cat, struck by the remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely and he said: 'As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward.' Which all cats do even to this day."

The Q. & A. Department.

Will you please reprint the following concerning the humming of the telegraph wires overheard? It is from the Scientific American.

When the wind blows hard the wires do not hum to any degree. A very gentle draught of air is best adapted to give a rapid vibration, just as is the case with an Æolian harp. We have often heard them hum when there was no wind at the ground, but there was a breeze at the tops of the poles, somewhere not far away, we are sure. Temperature could not change in iron fast enough to produce a note.

✱

Do the Jews have regular preaching?

They have services, but not preaching as we understand it. Any local member may conduct a service. The rabbi, however, is the authority on mooted points of law, both church and secular. He acts as a sort of judge and jury between the people of his faith who differ about anything.

✱

Can the Inglenook give us a good plan for building a house?

This cannot be done by anybody who does not know of the circumstances in the case. The house may be anything from a fifty dollar one to that of a million dollars. Parties who contemplate building a home cannot do better than to get a book of plans and there are many such that will give good ideas.

✱

What class of reading does the average emigrant call for?

The librarian of a public library in the neighborhood of a foreign settlement says the calls for books are very much like those of any other section, with the preference for fiction and sad stories.

✱

Which is the greatest wheat-producing State in the Union?

In 1802 Minnesota stood first, and North Dakota second. These and Missouri, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas lead all of the rest of the country in wheat growing.

✱

Is there any place where women are allowed to vote?

Yes, they do here in Elgin, and Wyoming allows women to vote on an absolute equality with men. Other States also allow it.

✱

How high are some of the modern steel city buildings?

Some of them are thirty-two stories high, containing over a thousand office rooms.

Who took out the first homestead?

Daniel Freeman, of Beatrice, Gage Co., Nebraska, made his entrance in the land office at midnight January 1, 1863. His entry was No. 1 all the way through.

✱

Is there a firm in Elgin that makes sisters' caps and bonnets?

No, but Sister Barbara M. Culley, of Elgin, is successfully engaged in the business.

✱

Please settle a discussion as to whether passenger or freight traffic of a railroad is the more profitable.

Freight business brings in three dollars to one of the passenger traffic.

✱

What is the fastest boat afloat?

The "Kaiser Wilhelm II." She may be surpassed, however, by other boats that may follow.

✱

How does it come that nearly all the fruit stands are in the hands of Italians?

This is only true in large cities, and there the Greeks have taken kindly to the business.

✱

Are there many women who take out patents?

About 3,500 have been granted to women thus far, and the number is on the increase.

✱

Are there negro inventors?

Not many, perhaps in the neighborhood of five hundred.

✱

Is the number of post offices in the United States known?

Certainly. There are over 76,215.

✱

Do wild ducks ever frequent the irrigation ditches of the West?

Very often.

✱

Is the Elgin Seed Company reliable?

As far as we know it is perfectly reliable.

✱

When and where was the Y. M. C. A. founded?

In 1844 in England, by George Williams.

✱

Did Mohammed have any children?

Seven of them.

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY AMANDA WITMORE.

SUNDAY dinners have always been a problem with good housekeepers as to how best arrange the work without too much worry. My mind is to have a cold dinner except that there be a hot drink. I would prepare much of the meal on Saturday. I would select a plump hen, prepare a roast to slice cold, have a potato salad, garnished with parsley, tomatoes sliced or stewed cold, beet pickles, cottage cheese, honey, apple-butter, baked apples, and for dessert, cherries and peaches, blackberry pie, caramel cake, granula and cream, graham rolls, light bread and gilt-edged butter. For drink I would have cocoa with whipped cream.

In order to prepare the apples I would halve and core them, place them in a granite bake dish on top of each other, with the core side down, until the pan is full. Over these I would sprinkle sugar, add a little water and bake slowly until done. This is a hygienic dish and can be prepared the day before.

Granula is made by making a stiff dough of graham flour and water, and thoroughly baked. When it is done it can be removed from the oven and when cool cut in halves and replaced in the oven until it is dried to a crisp. This must be made beforehand. Along with milk and fruit and bread and butter this makes a good healthy dinner for Sunday. The whole idea is to do the work on a week day, so that but little work is required on the Lord's day, and yet a good meal is served.

McPherson, Kans.

* * *

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

It is a misnomer to give the name shortcake to a strawberry layer cake made from sponge cake; let that be called simply strawberry cake.

The shortcake foundation is a rich dough, made light with baking powder or soda with cream of tartar or sour cream; for "shortness" it should be about half-way between quick biscuits and pie crust. The individual short cake has many advantages.

How to prepare berries for a shortcake is a mooted question. To some persons, food seems to taste better if much labor is put into its preparation. These

advocate the cutting of each berry into several thin slices. The busy housekeeper will prefer to mash the berries, since it can be done more quickly with a slitted wooden spoon or potato masher.

Some prefer the cake without cream, and in order to suit these different tastes if they occur in one family, it is a good idea to bake the cake dough in individual shortcakes, pass the berries, also whipped or plain cream, or a hot custard sauce.

The cake is the most difficult part of our popular dessert and that is easily and better made without touching the hands to the dough. First sift together four level cupfuls of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder and a level teaspoonful of salt. Rub in with a fork a rounding teaspoonful each of butter and lard, then lightly and quickly with the fork stir in enough milk to make a dough a little too soft to roll out. Turn into buttered tins and bake in a hot oven for nearly half an hour.

* * *

STRAWBERRY PANCAKES.

MAKE a batter with the yolks of three eggs, one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, a saltspoonful of salt and sufficient water to make of ordinary consistency; when this batter has been beaten for five minutes, add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. This should make three cakes. Brown nicely on both sides; spread thickly with strawberries that have been standing in sugar, sprinkle the top with powdered sugar and serve immediately while the cakes are still very warm.

* * *

STRAWBERRY TRIFLE.

LINE a glass dish with slices of sponge cake; fill with fresh berries, sliced or slightly mashed, and sweetened; add about a pint of cold boiled custard and heap with whipped cream—or make the custard with the yolks of four eggs—and whip the whites to a stiff froth and drop from a tablespoon onto boiling water; when they have cooked a minute heap upon the trifle; serve ice cold.

* * *

FROSTED STRAWBERRIES.

DIP fine, ripe berries, one by one, into the slightly beaten white of egg, then roll in powdered sugar, and let dry.

LITERARY.

The Review of Reviews for May is a specially strong number. "The Louisiana Purchase Exposition," by Frederick M. Crunden tells in an interesting way a great deal about the St. Louis Exposition, and also St. Louis itself comes in for a very interesting descriptive article. "Giant Ships for our Oriental Trade" describes some very large vessels intended for the trade between this country and the East. "The Significance of the Louisiana Purchase" covers the political aspect of the transfer of territory which is to be celebrated at St. Louis. The leading articles of the month in the several magazines of the world come in for carefully edited extracts, and the periodicals are reviewed with extraordinary skill. In some respects the *Review of Reviews* is the most complete thing of its kind, and is perhaps of a broader scope than any other American review. The price of *Review of Reviews* is only 25 cents for a single copy, or \$3.00 a year. Each month's issue contains a great deal of valuable information in condensed form not available in other ways.

* * *

ARSENIC AND GOLD.

GOLD miners in Hastings county, Canada, for years sought for some means to rid the ore of the arsenic deposit which in that region is found in combination with the gold. They offered rewards, tried numberless experiments, and did everything they could to get rid of the poisonous, troublesome stuff that lay between them and their precious gold. But now a wonderful transformation has taken place. Instead of separating the gold from the arsenic, the miners are working to get the arsenic away from the gold. It is much the same thing, but different. The difference is that the arsenic and not the gold is what the miners are after; they do not throw away the gold, but the arsenic is the prize.

The miners were still complaining vainly at the arsenical deposits that buried their gold from them when a party of scientists came over from England. They asked the miners how much gold a ton they took out of their rough ore. The miners replied that the ore ran all the way from \$4 to \$60 worth of gold. They said the trouble was that it had so much arsenical pyrites in it. The scientists investigated and informed the miners that the arsenic in one ton of their ore was worth something like \$90.

This strange turn of the wheel of fortune has been caused by the virtual exhaustion of the former chief source of supply of arsenic in Germany and England, together with the superior quality and purity of the Canadian product.

The companies in the Hastings county gold fields have successfully introduced the bromo-cyanogen proc-

ess in treating the previously refractory mispickel, as the ore in which arsenic is contained is called, and are now turning out eighty tons of arsenic a month. The arsenic can be placed on the cars at Marmora, in Hastings county, at a cost of twenty dollars a ton; it sells at seventy dollars and frequently as high as ninety dollars a ton. This arsenical ore also carries from four to sixty dollars' worth of gold in each ton, which is a handsome profit in itself.

Arsenic is a metallic substance, extremely brittle, of steel gray shade, and is one of the most poisonous of substances. It is used for mixing with lead in the manufacture of shot and is also added to iron and steel in the manufacture of chains and ornaments. It is indispensable in the manufacture of glass, being used for reducing the iron oxide contained in sand.

* * *

A COMMITTEE once called on Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the fact that the youthful pastor of the church had recently resigned to enter upon a new field of labor on the Pacific Coast.

"Why did he resign?" ask Mr. Wu.

"Because he had received a call to another church." was the reply.

"What salary did you pay him?"

"Four thousand dollars."

"What is his present salary?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius, "a very loud call!"

* * *

AN American connoisseur was obliged to pay duty on a painting by Rubens, which he imported, because it had been relined, the custom-house deciding that that made it "an article of manufactured goods."

* * *

YOUR house may be large; all the greater the ruin when it falls.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED, home for a boy of ten, healthy, bright, smart, and used to work in gardening and the like. Of Brethren ancestry, and wanted to put among Brethren where he will have a good home. Can be sent right away to a satisfactory place. State what you expect to have him do. Address concerning the boy,—*The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

*

WANTED.—Three young women to complete class in training school for Nurses. Must be between age of 23 and 35. Address: *Miss Helen H. Cust, Superintendent Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.*

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No. 22.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

Could we draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spurs the action gives,
Often we should find it better.
Purer than we judge we should;
We would love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's error
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Ah! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—Author unknown.

* * *

NEW RELIGION EVERY YEAR.

NEW religious bodies are coming into existence, but they are not being made by splits among old ones. For the most part they are composed of followers of individuals. There are exactly one hundred and fifty religious bodies in Protestant and Roman Catholic America, one hundred and forty-five from Protestant and five from Roman Catholic origin, and they increase at the rate of about one a year. The age seems to be religious, and it appears to matter little what new leaders teach—they all get followers. Once launched, these new ventures live, it being a rare thing for any of them to go altogether out of existence.

If Christian Science and the Restoration Host, the newest religions of marked growth, follow precedent they will separate and Eddyites and Dowieites will appear. As yet, however, there are no signs of such separation.

* * *

THE IMPERILED BIG TREES.

SINCE the State of California and the United States are both too poor to save the giant sequoias of the Calaveras grove, the people who wish to avert the crime of cutting down those mighty comrades of the mountains are turning to the last resort—the benevolent millionaire. Is there not in this land of billion-dollar trusts and more or less digested securities the sum of \$125,000 of free capital available to keep from the lumber mill the wonderful trees that were towering in their vigorous maturity when the infant Romulus was wading among the reeds of the Tiber?

The big trees of California are like the surviving buffalo—they are so few that every one is numbered. They have no mates in the world. They inhabit a little strip along the foothills of the Sierras, and there some of them have lived for 5000 years. They were old when the ruined castles of the Rhine, the palaces of Rome and the temples of Greece were new. If we should allow them to be deliberately destroyed now, in the full glory of their venerable life, for the lack of a wretched \$125,000, we should deserve the European taunt that we are a people without sentiment.

* * *

HERE are a few names taken from the rolls of the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations in Indian Territory, as made up by the Dawes commission: Excellent Love, Uple Bogle, Cora Tuggle, Indian Territory Spears, Chick and Chock (twins), Okla and Homa (twins), Evil Kiel, Smile Hancock, Hate Fobb, Mearly Tecumseh, Hilly Wolf, Lying Hampton, Sweet Magnolia Brown, Sweetann Cole, Selly Brate Smith (born July 4), Pleas Jonathan Keith, Epluribus Guest, Fancy Nora Brown, Nervus Jackson, Always Billy, Dethadue Watts, Dicy Jiggitts, June Love.

* * *

It is said that the Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

THE MORMONS.

LET the Nooker ask himself what he knows about the Mormons, and the chances are that he will say that they are a sect in Utah, and that they practice polygamy. His knowledge is likely to begin and end right there. What he knows is worse than nothing at all, for it is wrong. It is better to know nothing than to know a little, and to know it erroneously.

Now, the editor of the INGLENOOK was in Utah a few weeks ago, and while in Salt Lake City, he called on Mormons, and from them got what is here told about the people. In a certain sense it may be called

ance, or flippancy have to present. Moreover, intelligent readers are interested in accuracy, no matter how much they may dissent from belief or the facts in the case. It is not often, if indeed at all, that such a thing as this gets before the public. Let a Mormon appear in a community preaching his doctrine, and at once he is regarded as a proper person to stone out of the neighborhood, one who is in the pay of a set of lecherous scoundrels sent out to deceive a lot of half-wit maids. The limitation of evil stories is the ability to invent them, while perhaps not one of those who repeat these stories, could give anything like even an outline of what their victims believe.



THE TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.

The approximate cost of this building is about \$3,469,118. It is built of granite, the corner stone having been laid in 1853. It represents forty years labor and in early days it required four yoke of oxen and four days' time to bring a single stone from the quarry, a distance of twenty miles. It is the great heart of the Mormon religion.

authoritative, and what is more to the point, this is one of the very few presentations of their faith accessible to the public, which may be considered correct, as far as it goes. The object of presenting it to the Nook readers is not to show Mormon faith and practice as in any way a desirable or an undesirable thing, but to give accurate information about a little known people. Men and women who are just in their lives cannot fail to appreciate this showing, because, as far as human limitations go, it is truthful and accurate, and we shall endeavor to show a strong line of demarcation between what we think about it, and what they say it actually is. If anybody ought to know the facts and reasons of a religious belief, it should be the people themselves, those who have given their lives to it. Their testimony is worth all that malice, ignor-

When we are confronted by a religious body that began practically in the present lifetime and has attained an unmistakably earnest membership of 300,000, one may well stop and inquire what there is in the faith and practice that leads people to adhere to the cause. It is a peculiar and lamentable fact, that when it comes to a form of religion, many of its devotees are ever ready to spring at the throats of any who dissent.

People claim for themselves a tolerance and liberty they are unwilling to accord others, and the history of all denominations, even to Christianity itself, has its preface writ in blood. When it comes to the other great religions, most of their adherents are so many ravaging wolves, and for two of different religions, to meet means an instant clash of swords.

The Nook stands for knowledge and truth and as

far as may be, it tries to be absolutely just and fair, independent of personal beliefs in the premises. In this instance the usual routine is varied. Ordinarily a man goes to Salt Lake City—sees the temple from the outside—he cannot get in—enters the tabernacle—hears a pin drop—talks to a few Gentiles who disagree on the question and goes home thinking he has seen it all. The Nook way was to go to the heads and get the facts from the ones who know them, if anybody does. Everything in this big, round world of ours must have a start, and Mormonism began in New York in the year 1820 through Joseph Smith. It should be remembered that Mormons believe in the Bible the same as the reader does, but they go farther and say, and believe too, that there have been added revelations through the prophet, Joseph Smith, whose story is given below, and they hold that these later revelations are perhaps more binding than the Bible in the fact that they are more recent.

Joseph Smith, the prophet of the Mormon Church, was born in Vermont in 1805. His father was a farmer. In the spring of 1820, when Joseph was a boy of little more than fourteen years of age, he became deeply interested in religious matters. It appeared that his father was a man of strong religious convictions, and when there was a Methodist revival in progress in the neighborhood, where the Smiths then lived, young Joseph was very much exercised as to his choice of a religion. He made it a subject of prayer and was, as he stated and all good Mormons believe, made the subject of a revelation. It came to him in the form of a visitation from two glorious personages, one of whom pointing to the other said, "This is my beloved Son, hear him!" Inquiring which of all the sects was right, he was told to go after none of them as they had all departed from the way of the Lord, but he was promised that the fullness of the Gospel should be made known to him. Subsequently in his chamber he was favored with an angelic visitor, who gave his name as Moroni, and subsequent revelations, so-called, show the angel Moroni to be the last of a long line of prehistoric prophets, whose writings when translated, constitute the Book of Mormon. Moroni had closed the ancient records, and the plates on which they were graven were buried in the side of a hill near Joseph Smith's home. This hill was near Palmyra, Wayne County, New York. The precise spot was pointed out to Joseph in his vision. Joseph had no trouble whatever in finding the spot on the hill, and buried beneath the stone was a box, also of stone. Raising the lid, he saw therein the plates of gold, on which are the graven characters, the translation of which makes the Book of Mormon.

It is called the Book of Mormon because a prophet by the name of Mormon had abridged and compiled upon the plates the writings of prophets on this land.

These plates had the appearance of gold, about seven inches wide by eight inches long, about the thickness of ordinary tin, and were fastened together by three rings, running through the plates near one edge. Together they made a book about six inches in thickness, but a part of the plates were sealed together, and were not to be translated.

The angel Moroni was the son of Mormon. The Book of Mormon, when translated by Joseph Smith, is a record of the history of prehistoric peoples, who had God-appointed prophets of their own, and who having passed off the scene of earthly action, left for the guidance of posterity this so-called Book of Mormon through the agency of the angel Moroni.

Accompanying the plates, within the stone box, was a breastplate bearing two stones, the Urim and Thummin, as had been described by the angel. The characters graven upon the plates could not be read without the aid of this instrument, and it is said that Joseph Smith, who received the plates, by the use of the Urim and Thummin, read the strange characters and dictated them to a scribe, the whole, when completed, constituting the Book of Mormon. After the translation had been made, a number of years having elapsed from the time of the first vision, the angel, Moroni, again appeared and took possession of the original plates, not however, before they had been examined by a number of persons, who testified to having seen and examined them. There can be no question as to the existence of plates covered with hieroglyphic writing. There remain pictures of them to this day, and the whole question upon which the life of Mormonism as a separate belief hinges, is in the credence that must be given to this statement of the story of the finding and disposition of the original plates, the translations of which, according to the Mormons, are the direct word of God. No comment is offered as to the veracity of the story. The facts are given as they are recorded by the people, themselves, and he who would truly become a Mormon, must give his assent, unqualified and without reservation, as to his belief in the correctness and truthfulness of the story.

The Book of Mormon is in fifteen separate parts, a part of which is the message of Moroni, Mormon's son. It is said that at the period of Moroni's writing he was the sole representative of his people, and finding himself alone in the world, he added the parts known as the Book of Moroni, containing accounts of the ceremonies of baptism, the sacrament, etc., together with a record of certain utterances of his father. That the Mormons believe it to be genuine is beyond a question. One cannot stand in the presence of their leaders in private conversation, and hear them assert their belief in the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, without feeling that they are in earnest about what they say.

The people themselves do not assent to the name

"Mormon." They are known among themselves as the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints. They also deprecate the use of the word Gentile, as applied to outsiders.

The Church was first organized at Fayette, New York, in 1830, but as in the case of all religious denominations, there must be some brief of the articles of faith. They are herewith submitted, as they came from the hands of the apostle and prophet, Joseph Smith.

(To be continued.)

* * *

OUT ON THE GREAT, WIDE, OCEAN.

MANY a conflict is directed from the bridges of the great ocean liners which, if less stirring, calls for no less courage or skill of seamanship than the battles of men-of-war. The supremacy of the seas is determined nowadays not by fleets of war ships, but by the merchant marine. The captain on the bridge of a modern liner does not fight with guns, but day and night unceasingly he must direct a force of tens of thousand horse power and against an unseen enemy. Despite accidents or stress of weather he must steer his ship on every hair's breadth of a course, knowing that his run to the minute is being anxiously watched on two continents. The victorious ship no longer returns laden with plunder or prisoners, but carries the mails, the passengers, the specie, the freight and the dividends.

The life on the bridge of a great ocean liner is especially interesting by night. The darkness seems to lend a new danger. The responsibility, when the ship's population of two thousand are asleep, weighs if possible more heavily. The present experience was had during a recent voyage of the Deutschland of the Hamburg-American line. It was from this point that this great vessel was steered safely across the Atlantic at a speed which still remains the world's record voyage.

The night selected was very dark and unusually quiet. The only sounds were the peculiar singing note of the wind against bare masts, the footfalls of the officer as he paced the bridge, at intervals the voice of the lookout, and unceasingly the deep throb of the engines as they forced seven hundred feet of steel hull through the water tirelessly at the rate of twenty-four knots an hour.

The bridge is the nerve center of the ship. The complicated system of call bells, speaking tubes, telephones and the many electrical connections are controlled from this point. Not only the engines and the rudder are directed from the bridge, but in the event of accident the safety appliances may be operated from the same point of vantage.

Should there be a fire in any part of the ship's huge frame its presence would quickly be known by an

automatic device to the man on the bridge. If the compartments were to be closed every bulkhead in the ship could be closed from the same point, while still another device would report the failure of any door to operate.

The same narrow room is the telephone central for the entire ship, so that every part of the vessel—and the stern is more than an eighth of a mile distant—may be in instant touch of the man on the bridge. The mechanical equipment of the bridge is far more complete than most folk imagine. Every new ship adds some new device.

Like the bridge itself, the wheelhouse should be most interesting at night. The steering of such a ship is, of course, a very serious affair and the work is done for the most part in silence and almost in darkness. On the bridge, of course, all lights save the signals are out. There must be nothing to obscure or bewilder the sight of the man on the bridge. And there is no talking.

The sailors make their reports from time to time briefly and withdraw. Within the wheelhouse it is much the same. The interior is lighted only by a single lamp placed over the compass. The wheelman stands, his hand at the helm, his attention fixed upon the compass before him, and only when it is absolutely necessary does he speak or is he spoken to.

To the landsman the most astounding thing is to find the man at the wheel steering the great racer while he stands behind drawn blinds. Especially at night the windows of the wheelhouse are closed for fear the light may annoy the man on the bridge, so that the man at the helm sees no more of the path ahead of him than though he were in the deepest hold of the ship.

It is not his business to look out. He must keep the ship on her course. Were the windows open, that he might look out on the storm or the sea, it would take his attention by so much from the real business before him. The course of the ship, with all the importance attached to it, has been laid some hours earlier by the captain, who bears the responsibility. The sun has been taken and the results called down to the chart room. From this data and the assistance of charts and a lifetime of experience at sea the captain has laid the course. Where every minute of the ship's time is considered so important for all her 3,000 mile course journey it will be seen what accuracy and judgment must count for. But the course once laid, the man at the wheel throughout the long night hours has only to keep the ship, despite storm and current, as near as possible to this imaginary line.

The mechanism of steering is little less than marvelous. The Deutschland is one of the heaviest portable objects in the world. It measures more than seven hundred feet in length and has a displacement of

16,000 tons. It is especially difficult to handle in the water, since its enormous length makes it especially sensitive to the action of the currents or of the wind. And yet this more than an eighth of a mile of steel hull is under instant control, so that a man with one hand, even a single finger, can readily steer it.

The modern liners are steered by hydraulic power or by electricity, so that a small tube or wire no thicker than one's finger transmits the power which controls the great boat. So delicately is the wheel poised that one has merely to touch it with one's finger and the great ship will swing instantly from side to side. The action of the wind and waves tends constantly to deflect the ship, and it is the business of the man at the wheel to counteract this tendency, that the steel prow will push forward in as straight a line as may be.

The delicate steering mechanism makes it possible, of course, to keep the boat more nearly on her course than was possible with older steering gear. A straight line is, of course, the shortest distance between two points, and it happens that the Deutschland sails many miles less on her course in crossing the Atlantic than most ships, which, of course, contributes to her speed.

The inspection of the wheelhouse had lasted well into the night. On stepping again on to the bridge it was found that the wind had considerably freshened. A sheltered spot was found on the seat at the end of the bridge. The officer on watch paused occasionally in his beat and chatted pleasantly, though without for a moment shifting his eyes from the horizon line.

"I expect we will pick up one of those eight day boats by daybreak," he volunteered. "You see, we are traveling half again as fast as they. Once we have sighted one of them it takes us less than an hour to overtake it and be out of sight in the opposite direction. When you consider that there are some 600 ships in the transatlantic service it is surprising we don't see more of each other. And the ocean lanes are so narrow."

The conversation was interrupted as the officer withdrew to the opposite end of the bridge. Before he had returned the captain mounted to the bridge and passed from end to end, closely scanning the horizon. The officer on watch saluted.

"What is she doing?" queried the captain.

"Twenty-three knots, sir."

The captain entered the wheelhouse and watched the compass as it slowly swung from side to side, next glanced at the barometer, gave a few orders in a quiet, conversational tone and disappeared down the ladder. The officer finished his inspection and returned.

"Danger!" he sniffed, scornfully, in reply to the next question. "I never think of it. Every accident

at sea has made the next ship to be built so much the safer. It's scarcely conceivable that anything could happen to such a ship as this. If she caught fire we could close the compartment and flood her. If we ran into anything, even an iceberg, there is little danger. The entire prow might be stove in and the bulkheads would keep her up. She might run aground and rip off her bottom and her second hull would keep her afloat. We have nothing to fear in such a ship from storms, and when it storms it blows, which means there will be no fog. On the other hand, in a fog there is no sea to speak of, and an accident would find us in shape to make repairs."

The lookout's call suddenly rang out above the wind:

"Two bells and all's well!"

The beautiful sea cry was taken up and repeated down the ship, and the officer on the bridge gave up his place, his watch being at an end. A moment later there was a confused sound of cheering from out of the darkness behind. The sound on so still a night and in such a position seemed uncanny, but it was soon explained. The stokers, some fifty feet below, were also at the end of their watch and were celebrating the event.

The officer on the bridge entered the wheelhouse and opened the windows. And here to the landsman was the most remarkable experience of the night. The direction of the ship's prow should indicate the position of the rising sun. The man at the wheel had faith in himself and scarcely glanced at the sun as it rose to confirm the accuracy of his work. For the great ship, by the miracle of navigation, had rushed eastward at the speed of a railroad train throughout the night over hundreds of miles of dark waters without losing her way by the fraction of a point.

* * *

A GREAT DIVIDE.

THE boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Cairns, earth mounds, and timber posts are also used, and through the swamps and forests a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lake artificial islands support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high-water mark.

* * *

DAYS LOST BY ILLNESS.

It is estimated that between the ages of twenty and thirty a man loses on an average of only five and one-half days a year from illness, but between fifty and sixty he loses twenty days yearly.

OUR ART TALKS.

IN literature when a writer wants to express a thought he uses different media, so to speak. If it is a funeral oration it is told off in dignified prose. If it is something gay, or of a light character, it takes the form of lyric or light verse. If it is poetical and of a deep, serious character, epic verse may be used to advantage.

Now just what the skilled writer uses to portray his thought, so in a certain sense the artist has different forms of expression that seem best adapted to conveying his thought. This will account for the many forms of artistic expression, though the rule is by no means a perfectly general one.

The best all around medium in use by the skilled artist is oil. Every idea, conception and fancy, may be expressed in it to good advantage. It was the means of communication used by the great masters of old, and it has in its favor not only the facility for full expression, but its durability has been proven beyond a question. All the greatest pictures of the world, by its greatest masters of brush and color, are done in oil. While this is true it should also be remembered that water color is also a medium for expression, and the writer does not know but that for certain subjects water color is the most effective. It does not show cloud and water effects as oil colors do, and can not show quality and texture as well as the artist may express it in a more substantial medium. And again it is not useful for an elaborate work but gives a portrait or a flower a commendable delicacy of touch and transparency of effect.

Then there is the pastel work in which the color goes with the drawing, which is done with colored crayons, and, like watercolor, pastel work is better adapted to light effects, and the lighter subjects, than the heavier work of oil. Crayon work is like water color in that its usefulness does not lie so much in color and line as in brightness of effect. While it might be used for any picture in the hands of a skillful artist, nevertheless the fact remains that pastel work usually represents light and airy subjects. It also has a great value in rendering flesh tones.

Another form of pictorial expression is known as etching.

There are a great many etchings in existence and for the most part they are very poor exponents of the art. For certain subjects, such as "Along the Seashore," with the great waves climbing the sands, the effect of an etching is to bring out the scene more distinctly than perhaps any other media of translation.

In order to make an etching the artist has a copper plate covered with wax. On this plate he draws the picture or scene he intends to represent. He does this with a needle or sharp point and cuts through the wax to the plate. When he has finished to his

satisfaction, the plate is plunged in acid and the exposed lines are eaten out, leaving little gutters or depressions. After the plate is cleaned, inked, and printed, the resulting picture is one that has a peculiar softness, yet sharpness in detail and suggestiveness that is not equalled by any other kind of work. One physical reason for this is that the press forces the paper into the grooves holding the ink, leaving little ridges, which cast shadows, exceedingly minute, it is true, yet sufficient to give tone to the entire picture in a way that is most artistic indeed. In fact a person standing before a first-class etching, changing his position,



MODELING FROM THE LIFE-SIZED CAST SHOWN

will by reason of the changing shadows get an entirely different impression of what the artist has portrayed, provided he has sufficient artistic intelligence to perceive the tone of the picture.

After a plate has been printed from, a certain number of times, it loses its physical qualities to such an extent that there is a blurring and flatness that makes the product a very poor representation indeed of the etcher's art. Thus the Nooker may see that while he may buy etchings without end at a very cheap rate, yet he can never hope for them to be good. When you see a really good etching, printed among the very first run off, and place the perfect picture side by side with one of the cheap kind offered for sale in the art store, the difference will be at once apparent, and he who notices it can never be deceived again. The Nook knows no better comparison between a true etching and one made from a worn plate than the difference between a magnificent piece of cut glass side by side with an imitation of pressed ware. One must understand cut glass before he can make the distinction, and so it is in the case of the etching, one must have seen it to appreciate it.

In regard to other forms of pictorial expression such as the photograph, the halftone, lithograph, the

chromo and countless other forms, the NOOK is not enough to contain the description of the various kinds and their process. And the INGLENOOK will venture upon the recommendation that he who would collect pictures should keep in mind about the order named in his selection,—oil, water color, etchings, steel-plate engraving, and wood engraving in its best forms. All this is said without any attempt at the depreciation of other forms of art, but clearly nothing that is turned off by the press by thousands will equal in truth and delicacy that into which the artist puts his soul.

(To be continued.)

* * *

AT THE CONFERENCE.

WHAT do we expect to see at the Conference? There are many things we expect to notice if our life and health is spared to be there. There will be the most of the prominent men and women of the church, and it will be a matter of intense interest to see how they have aged, or how they have preserved their youth as the years have gone by. There is the old man with gray hair and faltering step. He has been a member of the church for the last fifty years, and written all over him is the fact that others read better than he, that this is, in all probability, the last Annual Meeting he will ever attend. Talk to him and you will find out that he wanders back into the fields of long ago and forgets what happened last week. This is one of the unfailing signs of advancing years.

And over there is an old woman who has come to the Annual Meeting that she might see her friends and her people who live remote from one another. She likes to attend the sessions of the Conference and to hear the people speak as the questions come up for debate. She tries to catch the significance of what they are saying, but finds her mind wandering to the audience about her, picking out a face here and a form there that she has known.

Walking around over the grounds will be a little girl of ten or twelve who wears the garb of the church. It is all new to her and strange. She accepts, unhesitatingly and without a question, all that these people do that control her future life. She has a paper bag with a few cookies in it, and every now and then she slyly pinches off a piece with a sort of feeling that it is like eating in church—to be done circumspectly, so as not to annoy anybody. Forty years after this our Little Girl Blue will be verging along pretty well towards being Mother Gray, and in that forty years many things will happen. Her face, as round and smooth as a sun-kissed red apple, will begin to be seamed and furrowed and aged.

There are the young man and young woman, somewhat flashily dressed, the girl just about as near the

ragged edge of discipline as she can well get without toppling over. Never mind! When they are married and settled down she will be staid enough as the years go by. The Nookman is disposed to be lenient with this young couple, because, like a pair of little bears, all their fears and their troubles are ahead of them.

It would not be an Annual Meeting if the widower, in a sleek new Chicago suit and the widow from another congregation were not present. They are talking about the meeting, but they are not thinking about it. If they happen to be off on a seat somewhere by themselves, whatever you do, do not go and sit down between them. No matter how interesting a story you may be able to tell, you are interrupting a better one. Just keep away. It is none of your business anyhow.

There is something in the Conference itself that always appeals to the writer. When the assembly room is full, and they sing the grand old familiar tunes, the wave of melody rolls, ebbs and flows like the waves of ocean on the sands of the beach. After the hymn comes the hush, the bowing of heads, and the invocation. And then the hymn again. Sit up on the platform with me and look over the congregation. Like every other assemblage of people the most that we see are commonplace faces that might be duplicated in any assembly. But here and there is a face that shines. How did it ever come to be so radiant? We do not know whether sorrow passed and left a touch of Heaven, or joy made it shine, but some people carry with them the seal the good God set upon their features in such a way as to impress all beholders. Some of the sisters are marvelously beautiful. That is the word for it, and here and there is a face that for purity and regularity of feature and complexion would be hard to match. Happy is she if she is beautiful, and does not know it. Wise is she if she does know that her sisters' bonnet is as a frame of gold around a miniature. Some people are foolish enough not to see this fact, and they lose more than they gain when they discard it.

Then there is another thing that we cannot help but think about, and that is that when comes again another year, out of the assembled thousands a good many of us will have passed over. Who knows but that we may still be cognizant of what our brethren are doing here and that we may even be among them and of the audience and yet their eyes be holden.

All told, it is worth while to everybody to go to the Annual Meeting. It has its purpose in a social way and people know, see, and learn things that otherwise would never be theirs. It strengthens the faith of many and hurts no one, and makes us stronger when we get back into our daily grooves.

* * *

THE deepest hole ever bored in the earth is that at Schladebach, Germany, 5,735 feet.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

It is Commencement Day at the Seminary. Not the female seminary as it is sometimes written, for seminaries are not sexed. Nor would it be the exact thing to call it a seminary for females, so let us compromise on just the Seminary and take the rest for granted. It is a warm day, and in fact it always is warm on Commencement day. For weeks before the class has been busy getting its finishing touches on its clothes. There is an even dozen in the class, and they are all dressed in plain white. There are two days in a woman's life when she looks well if ever she does. One is on Commencement Day and the other on her wedding day. On this Commencement Day she is unquestionably good to look at. She can tell you something about the Houses of York and Lancaster, and the War of the Roses, but couldn't wean a calf to save herself. However there are no calves to wean on Commencement Day. All in good time, all in good time.

Araminta's father and mother are sitting well up in front. The house is choking full and there is that indiscriminate smell of bouquets, cheap perfumery and people abroad in the atmosphere. Ten o'clock is the hour set and for ten minutes before the brass band from a neighboring town has been blowing away on such grand old tunes as "Marching through Georgia." Then a hush comes over the audience and everybody stares open-mouthed at the procession of the white-robed loveliness that comes streaming in through a side door and takes its place in appropriate chairs on the platform. There is a lot of invited guests assembled there, always a preacher or two, generally the patron saint of the institution and his wife and there are flowers galore. There is a brief invocation and then the band plays "America," after which there is a rustling of programmes. Then the salutarian is called upon. The one at the head of the row comes out and delivers her address. Her essay is written on proper-sized paper and bound with blue ribbon, and the actual facts are that only a few in the front rows of seats hear it at all. It takes about five minutes to finish it, when there is a rustle in the back part of the house and a little girl with a white dress and pink sash crowds up to the front and passes up a bouquet as big as her head. A man reaches down and gets it from her and hands it over to the salutarian, who accepts it and does not know what to do with it while she is holding it.

The band turns out "Star Spangled Banner," and then it is Araminta's turn. She is pink and white and will be eighteen years old next December. She proceeds to enlighten the audience on "The Higher Life." Araminta's mother down below is supremely happy while her father is wondering whether or not he is getting his six hundred dollars worth all at once. But why go through the whole list?

Then comes the conferring of degrees. There is a death-like hush over the audience while the President of the institution, very uncomfortable in a new suit of black clothes, presents her in turn with the parchment. At this juncture every one of the white-dressed, sweet girl graduates—"yes, I think that is the phrase, but not guaranteed original—weeps a little.

Finally the benediction, the slow dissolution of the audience, the late dinner, the reception in the evening, the final parting, and the train home. The INGLENOCK's blessing goes with every one of them but all the same such things as raising little chickens wrapped in a piece of old flannel under the stove, and hunting through the doctor book to find what to do for the baby's croup are life's real lessons after all. And the really, real commencement of life comes only when we are through with it all and are robed in white for the last time.

* * *

MORE MOSS TALK.

It is a common saying of woodsmen that "moss grows thickest on the north side of a tree." This rule is fairly reliable in flat, timbered country, in northern latitudes, but not in mountainous regions, nor in swamps, nor in the damp forests of the South, writes Mr. Horace Kephart, librarian of the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, in the April *Outing*.

Moss grows best where there is continuous moisture. It is intolerant of sunlight. Where the land is fairly level, but not swampy nor subject to overflow, and the winds do not differ materially in dampness, the moss grows thickest on the north (shady) side of the tree, and the south side is graced with the largest and longest limbs.

On the north slope of a steep hill, where the trees are shaded on the south, moss grows uniformly all around the bole, or it may even be thickest on the south. In swamps the moss grows rankly on all sides of a tree. In the overflow lands of the lower Mississippi, where the Great River in flood-time sweeps inland for a hundred miles, you will notice in the dry season that all the tree trunks are coated with a uniform layer of moss to a certain level, but are bare of it above that line. This level indicates the height of last year's overflow.

A more reliable indicator of northerly direction is the thickness of bark on a tree. If you girdle a tree with a hatchet, you will usually find that the bark is thickest on the north or northeast side of the trunk. By girdling a number of trees growing on flat land, and noticing the direction toward which the thickest bark points, you may be reasonably sure that it is northerly.

In 1893 the New York State Forest Commission instructed its foresters to test the regularity of the northward thickening of the annual rings in the black

spruce of the Adirondacks. The foresters examined 700 trees, noting carefully in each case the compass point toward which the longest radius of wood growth pointed. The result was as follows: North, 471; northeast, 81; east, 106; total north or east, 658. South, 1; west, 27; southwest, 6; northwest, 8; total south or west, 42.

Another sign of direction in coniferous forests is worthy of notice. It is mentioned in Park's Sportsman's Handbook. "The tops of pine, spruce and

compass on stormy or foggy days, he can often keep his course by noticing which way the grass has been bent by storms. In such regions the heavy storms usually come up from the same quarter. On our western plains, for example, the heavy winter winds are northers, and grass blown down almost invariably points to the south or in a general southerly direction.

When I was a boy, in western Iowa, there were few trees and no fences about us. Far as the eye could reach, in every direction, was a level sea of grass



THE CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING IN SALT LAKE CITY.

hemlock saplings usually taper out into a long, slender branch, and especially is this true of the pine. This long, slender branch invariably points east, or in an easterly direction; that is, it leans toward the east. It seems to be a provision of nature for catching the first rays of the sun. . . . When, by observation, you find a large percent of the slender top branches of the young trees pointing in about the same direction, you will find by comparison that the largest and longest limbs are on the same side, and that direction is surely the east or south of east."

On treeless plains, when one is traveling without a

that grew taller than my head. I had no trouble, however, in keeping my bearings when afoot on the prairie, for everywhere grew that remarkable weed the "compass plant." This plant, otherwise known as "rosin weed," is the *Silphium laciniatum* of the botanists. It grows from Michigan and North Dakota southward to Texas, flowering in July, and rising to a height of from three to twelve feet. Its leaves, which are from twelve to thirty inches long, present their edges north and south. This phenomenon is almost invariable wherever the plant grows exposed on a sunny spot, as on the open prairie.

NATURE



STUDY.

ANIMAL LIKES.

A KEEPER of wild animals tells of a queer affair between an elephant and a dog.

"Animals like and dislike strongly. Anyone who has mixed much with wild beasts, domestic and wild, knows this. Of course, it is more interesting to watch the outworking of these human traits in wild creatures that come from afar and are generally known to be ferocious.

"One of the strangest cases that has come under my notice was a downright love affair between an elephant and a clown dog. This elephant was a crotchety old fellow, who didn't mix much with the rest of the herd, and showed little interest in anything but his meals until this little fox terrier came his way. It was a case of love at first sight. They looked into each other's eyes, and it was all over, so far as the independence of either was concerned, from that time on. They would run races together, play with ropes and rubber balls, and at night the dog would curl up beside the elephant's big trunk, and thus slept until morning.

"This big hulk of an elephant was over 50 years old, and has been in the circus business for fifteen years of that time, still this was his first heart affair, and the keepers looked upon him as a morose chap who was no more likely to fall in love than he was to climb a lightning rod. It was a rare sight to see the huge elephant and the midget of a dog play "tug-of-war" with a hemp pad. The elephant would wrap his trunk around one end of the pad and the dog set his teeth firmly in the other end. Then the battle began. Though the elephant was strong enough to toss the dog through the sky, the canine was always the victor. He writhed and wriggled, as though he were shaking a rat to pieces, and the elephant, with just enough resistance to make it sport for the dog, followed wherever the dog led. None of the other elephants liked the dog, which is characteristic of their tribe, but all seemed to know instinctively that they had better keep their hands off in this serious and curious affinity."

* * *

BIG AND VALUABLE EGGS.

A RARE and remarkable curiosity in the shape of the largest egg in the world is now on exhibition in Bird hall of the American Museum of Natural History, this city. The egg belonged to a gigantic extinct bird,

called the *aepyornis*, formerly inhabiting the wilds of the island of Madagascar. This huge member of the bird kingdom, for some unknown reason, was exterminated in comparatively recent times, and nothing but its fossil eggs and fragmentary remains of the skeleton can be found. From the length and size of the limbs and feet the birds are said by scientists to have been probably twice or three times the height of an ostrich, of which they are supposed to be a distinct group. They were powerful and ever dangerous creatures to human life. It is related that they carried off cattle and sheep, and the white inhabitants had to walk about with tame tigers to guard and protect themselves from their attack. The extraordinary size of the egg, which is nearly a foot long by ten inches in diameter, is vividly shown by comparison with a hen's egg, which seems nothing but a mere speck in comparison. Nearly half a hundred hen eggs could be packed inside. Only a few perfect eggs have been found, this one being a duplicate of the original. They command a high price, owing to their scarcity, averaging from \$100 to \$500 apiece.

* * *

A REMARKABLE CAT AND DOG.

A BLACK cat and an English bull dog are pets in a Brooklyn home. The cat had two kittens at the same time that the bull dog had seven puppies. The seven puppies did not live very long and for some reason when this happened, the cat carried her kittens up stairs and stood guard over them. One day, however, the cat was away for a short time and the bull dog discovered the kittens and carried them down stairs, where she placed them in an empty box. The bull dog showed great affection for the kittens but would not even let their mother come to them. The dog and the cat had always been great friends, but now they fought repeatedly for the possession of the kittens, the dog always winning the battle. The kittens died in a week for lack of nourishment. Every night the cat and the dog lie on the little mound back of the stable where the puppies and kittens were buried.

* * *

TRUFFLES.

IN appearance the ordinary truffle is about the size of a walnut, with a rough, brown, warty surface, closely akin to the potato, which it likewise resembles in consistency, though not in color.

HOW FISH EGGS ARE SHIPPED.

MOST boys and girls know that the waters of inland America are stocked with fish that were not originally found there. Hatcheries have been established at many places, where the eggs of rare fish from distant points are placed in incubators and hatched into life and then deposited in lakes and streams, where they may be propagated under natural conditions. There eggs are packed for shipment in small, square shallow-slatted trays, designed for the purpose. Over the bottom of the tray is spread one thickness of canton flannel with the fleecy side up, upon which is a single layer of eggs. Upon this layer of eggs is placed one thickness of cheesecloth and upon that a thin layer of moistened moss.

Other trays, similarly packed, are then stacked up, one above another, making what is called a nest of trays. To the straight sides of a cube of trays thus formed slats are lightly nailed to keep the trays together.

The nest of trays is then placed in a box that is big enough to leave under the nest and all around it a space of three or four inches. This space is packed with moss or some other material which cushions the nest of trays against jarring or disturbance, but whose primary purpose is to make around the eggs a well that will help to keep them at a uniform temperature. In the top of the package thus built up there is placed a wooden hopper in which ice is put, the cool water produced by its melting percolating downward through the layers of trays, moss and eggs and keeping the eggs moist and cool.

The box in which the nest of trays is thus packed has rope handles on the outside near the top, by which it can be conveniently lifted. Fish eggs thus packed can be shipped any distance with entire safety, requiring only that the ice in the hopper shall be renewed on occasion.

How often that may be required depends on the distance, the latitude and the temperature. Such a package, containing a lot of 50,000 lake trout eggs, received last week at the New York Aquarium from Duluth, Minn., reached here with a little ice still left in the hopper.

In such packages fish eggs are shipped in entire safety across the continent and in either direction across the Atlantic.

HOW A SNAKE MOVES.

ANYONE who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as 1,050 pairs, says *St. Nicholas*. In these lay the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib

is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or whatever object his snakeship may be resting on and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course, each rib moves the body but a mere trifle, but where the ribs are so many and they are moved one after another the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead.

GIGANTIC SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them, we are told. A spider weighing four pounds, which has taken up her residence in a cathedral at Munich, regales herself with a large supply of lamp oil. A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half-dozen little ones, cuts the thread and away goes the airship to some distant point on the prairie.

FELL INTO GOOD HANDS.

A DEER recently attempted to cross the ice on the mill pond at Southfields, but the ice broke, precipitating it into the water. It was unable to swim to the shore on account of the broken cakes of floating ice and would have certainly drowned but for the timely help of the mill hands, who lassoed the animal and hauled it out on the solid ice. The deer was then taken to the boiler-room, dried and warmed, after which it was given its liberty, and soon disappeared in the surrounding forests.—*Goshen Republican*.

HOW SNAKES SPEND THE WINTER.

THEY simply crawl into holes in the ground, fissures in rocks or beneath the roots of trees, and there remain in a torpid condition until the warmth of spring awakens them. Sometimes a lot of them gather in a hole some distance from the surface of the ground, roll themselves into a large ball and thus pass the winter. Such a ball is sometimes composed of hundreds of snakes so closely interwoven as to be quite difficult to separate.

ANIMALS' VOICES.

THE roar of the lion, it is said, can be heard farther than the sound of any living creature. Next come the hyena, then the screech-owl, the panther and the jackal in succession. The donkey can be heard fifty times farther than the dog. Strange, the quiet and timid hare, when she cries in fear, can be heard farther off than either dog or cat.

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Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?

There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head.

The lovely world, and the over world alike,

Ring with a song eterne. A happy rede,

Thy Father loves thee.

—Jean Ingelow.

* * *

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

THERE are two kinds of beauty. There is one of form and feature, eyes and complexion, hair and figure, that is eagerly sought for and valued higher than anything else on earth by some people. Then there is another form of beauty in which lines and contour form no part. In the first the observer sees but color and outline. In the second the eyes see in every room of the soul, and it is swept and garnished and is a fitting abode for every virtue and every element of beauty. Smallpox and rheumatism, will mar facial beauty. Nothing can happen from the cradle to the grave to destroy soul beauty. Moreover, those whose lives are what they ought to be get a seal set upon their features that at once stamps them with the hall mark of the Almighty and his angels.

Take a face of irregular features and commonplace expression, and put it through a spiritual ordeal which uplifts it from the earth and there is but one expression to describe its features—they shine.

And this type of beauty is a growth. Who has not seen the faces of the old, a man and a woman, if you will, who have traveled life's journey together, had the same sorrow, the same joys and the same fears, until they have come measurably to resemble one another? Sometimes the faces of such people bear a look of beauty and serenity that defies all the rules of analysis and the canons of art. They may not be

“pretty,” they may not be “handsome,” but they are spiritually beautiful, and, thank God, there are many of them. Without disparaging any other denomination of Christians, the Nookman has often sat in the pulpit and noticed faces in the congregation as beautiful as any picture ever painted, because the love of God had blessed them and made them beautiful and they never knew it.

* * *

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

SUCCESS and failure are only relative terms and are subject to a great deal of qualification as to what constitutes them. By a vicious interpretation of the word to speak of a man as being successful leaves the impression that he has accumulated money. Or if he is characterized as a failure we think of him as a man who has not succeeded in the arts of business. This view is a very coarse and undesirable one with reference to two conditions. Many a man or woman who has won success in its highest and best forms is regarded by the world as a failure because instead of leaving a lot of dirty gold at the end of their lives their treasure has been only the good they did their fellowmen. No man or woman can be said to be successful until their life work closes and they are laid away at rest. They have succeeded in proportion as they have left the world better for their having lived in it. They have failed just as they have left it worse than they found it.

Any man or woman may become rich by pursuing some very commonplace rules, working hard, and save all your money, invest it, compound it, take advantage of the needy and the unfortunate, recompound your money, and at the end of an average lifetime such a person will die rich in this world's goods and poor in everything that is desirable and praiseworthy.

One way to win real success, and it ought not to be regarded in the light of winning what one has to-day, is to think of others and help bear their burdens, to make their lives brighter, and to do for them at every turn and opportunity what may be done for the betterment of their condition, and on the gravestone of all such might be graven, “He died rich, and has gone home to God.”

* * *

PASSING IT ON.

HE was a working man who passed down the street every day from the factory on his way to the car that took him home. He went by the home of the girl who lived in the big house on the corner. One evening as she was working with her flowers this man passed by. She stopped him and gave him a bunch of the early flowers of Spring. Such a thing had never happened him in all his life and as he went down the

street he was a conspicuous object to all. It was so unusual a sight. He was secretly proud of it, but did not know how the car full of dinner-bucket people would look at it.

In the car there was much comment. Where did he get them? He told. That led to some talk which resulted in several being passed over to others who put them carefully in their buckets. One was for a sick child. At home they were put on the supper table, which, for the first time, had a floral center piece. Then they were set in the front window for the inspection of passersby. The woman took good care to tell how they came. The girl made lifelong friends of a family by a simple act. And how about her? She never gave it a thought. She forgot. She was the kind who do such things, and she never knew the outcome of the kindly gift.

* * *

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW.

How often do we hear the expression from youth and innocence when cautioned about the attentions and intentions of strangers that they "know, and one can pretty nearly always tell, etc." Now the facts are that in the case of smooth confidence people, and sharpers generally, no young person, and few older people can tell anything about them on first sight. It takes the sharpest detectives to see through some of them, and even then these experts are sometimes deceived. It is pure folly for a young girl, or an older one, for that matter, to think she can fathom and understand strangers. Yet nearly everyone of them is sure of her sharpness in the matter. The real facts are that nobody can more than guess.

Not every stranger is a scoundrel, perhaps not one in a thousand, and it is a great mistake to look on an unknown person as a rascal until he is proven honest. Whoever gets into that frame of mind will find himself in a very unpleasant situation toward all he may not know, many of whom may be better than he is. The more correct rule is to regard everybody as straight and honest till there is an attempt to secure some advantage in some way, and *then* be sure of where you are going to alight before you jump. There are ways and ways, but mere intuition is the poorest of all ways.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE woman in New York was presented with a cat by Paris acquaintances. The next day she sent for a doctor hurriedly and gave him instructions to spare no money or effort to save the cat from the asthma. It then developed that all that ailed the cat was its purring to its own satisfaction, which alarmed the woman who knew less about cats than she might have known.

THOUGHTS.

Shaney shissel over nix trin.

✱

Is a well digger a well wisher?

✱

Shall we meet in the Holy City?

✱

Isn't the cradle a kid-napping place?

✱

Is a baby feeding on its pap a cannibal?

✱

Keep clear of him who is of no use to you.

✱

No man and woman are poor if they are loved.

✱

Your soiled fingers make handy book-markers.

✱

Take good advice and you increase your ability.

✱

The maker of artificial flowers is a head-gardener.

✱

A wise man hears but talks not over-much about it.

✱

To make bright skies keep the heart full of peace.

✱

It wasn't Providence, it was laziness that finished him.

✱

A lamplighter is a man who does light work with a will.

✱

Some people would rather be cuffed than overlooked entirely.

✱

Isn't the cyclone the best kind of a loan to raise the wind?

✱

The things that never happen are those that scare us the most.

✱

He believed in nobody and was thoroughly untrustworthy himself.

✱

Every woman has a homespun dress all her own if it is only her skin.

✱

The freckles on the daughter interest her more than the spots on the sun.

✱

Having no inclination to learn he came to think he knew it all himself.

✱

The distance between frankness and impudence is often hard to measure.

BREEDING THE QUAIL IN CAPTIVITY.

NOBODY seems to have thought of breeding quail for market until quite recently, but there is said to be a good deal of money in the business. The demand for the birds usually exceeds the supply, at high prices, and it is no more troublesome to hatch and rear them than to raise chickens. In fact, it is rather easier, and much more entertaining, while the work involved is so light as to afford a pleasant and suitable occupation for women.

The quail is a wild bird, but easily tamed, and domesticated specimens make such attractive pets that they readily fetch from five to ten dollars a pair. They breed readily in captivity, and the young ones thus reared are as docile and as little timid as the chickens of the farmyard. Thus two birds may be kept in flocks at liberty, like any other domestic fowls, requiring only to be sheltered during the cold months. Their natural increase, which furnishes the profit on the investment, is large, the species being remarkably prolific.

Regarded in the light of poultry, quail afford notable inducements to the breeder. A few wild ones to start with are easily obtained, and if captured in the early winter may be expected to lay in the following spring and again in the early fall. The female produces two broods a year, of fifteen or sixteen young ones each, and it is rare for an egg to fail to produce a bird. By slyly removing some of the eggs from the nest, after the first few have been laid, the output can be increased to fifty or even sixty eggs for a season, the extra ones being hatched under a hen.

Experiments have been made with incubators for hatching quail eggs, and with some degree of success, but the hen serves admirably for the purpose. It should be a hen of gentle disposition and light weight, so as not to smash the treasures confided to her, and a bantam seems to be well adapted for the business. Fulfilling these requirements, the foster mother may have an allowance of as many eggs as she is able to cover comfortably. After hatching, the young ones should not be disturbed for thirty hours, but thereafter (the hen being gently removed) they must be fed every three or four hours by means of a small flat stick, which is the most suitable instrument for thrusting a portion of provender into each eager and wide-opened mouth.

The hen, however, is only an expedient for increasing the normal output of hatched birds; ordinarily the parent quail attend to the entire work of incubating and caring for their offspring. To accommodate a roaming flock one may build a house of no great height, with shelves one above another, which the birds are easily trained to occupy. Or one may construct small movable pens, each six feet square

and three feet high, with horizontal perches conveniently placed. Though a ground species, the quail likes to sit on a perch now and then, and should have the opportunity in order to be happy.

One advantage of the movable pen is that it may be shifted every day over a fresh spot of grass, so that the occupants will have green food and a bug or two for a relish. It is necessary that there shall be plenty of shade, and to each pen must be fastened a wooden box a couple of feet square and one foot high, containing nests and small receptacles for gravel and charcoal. Chickens require gravel, and it is likewise a necessity for quail. There should be a door at the rear of the box through which to reach the nests.

In their natural state quail build their nests in high grass, in wheat fields, or among bushes where there is an undergrowth of grass. Under domestication they are well satisfied with a small box four inches high, four inches wide and five inches long, lined with grass, which should be distributed well all around the interior, at the bottom, sides and top, pressing it firmly. The box, left open at one of its long ends, ought to be placed in the little quailhouse (which is fastened to the pen) with the opening toward the rear, so that the interior may be readily accessible.

The young ones should be fed at first on a mash of corn meal and middlings, with the raw yolk of one or two eggs added. A little of this thrown into the house every three or four hours will suffice, the parents attending to the distribution of it. When the little fellows have abandoned the nest they will run about in the pen with their mother and will pick up the wheat or other grain scattered for them in small quantities at frequent intervals. But if it is desired that they shall be tame they should be brought into a room where people are and there kept in a box with a front of wires far enough apart to let them run in and out. Thus they will become accustomed to human society, and at the end of six weeks, when it is time to separate them from the old pair, will have no desire to fly away if liberated.

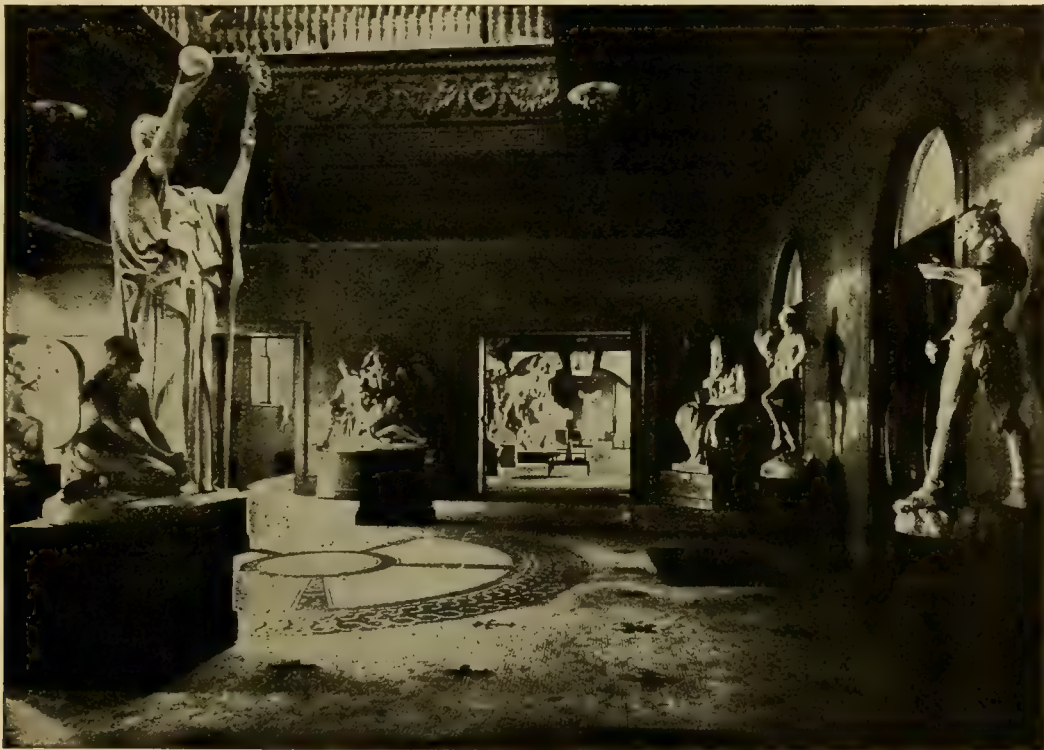
Wild quail may be tamed with a very little patience, and for this purpose should be taken in the hand frequently and stroked lightly, while one talks to the bird in a half whisper. It will soon learn to respond to an imitation of its whistling call, and gayer or more cheerful pet can hardly be imagined. Kept at first in close confinement, its quarters should be by degrees expanded until it enjoys the liberty of a yard. As for the young ones, they are perfectly docile and not afraid if brought up in the manner described during the first six weeks of their lives.

Quail are exceedingly useful on the farm, being always busy in pursuit of grasshoppers and other insects. It is reckoned that one of them will eat a bug a minute, or perhaps six hundred in a day, and two or

three coveys can do a lot in the way of protecting the orchards and grain fields. In summer time they will feed themselves, or pretty nearly, but it is a good idea to give them a little grain in the evening, if only to keep them tame and prevent them from forgetting that they are no longer wild birds. In winter they should have corn meal mush, or something else warm and soft, in the morning, and grain in the evening. Of course, if they are penned they can get no bugs and worms, and under such circumstances they should have an allowance of fresh, lean meat, cooked and cut into small scraps. Crushed bone should be given to them twice a week, and they must have plenty of water.

bird. It is necessary, however, to keep as many cocks as hens of the species, because they mate in pairs. The familiar cry of "Bob White" is a call addressed to the female by the male, who is a most attentive spouse and father. He is always on the lookout for danger to his family, and in cold weather the young are usually placed in the middle of the little circle in which the quail go to roost on the ground, all of them with their heads pointed outward.

The quail breeder may find it expedient to net his roaming coveys of birds in the late autumn, and house them through the winter, lest they freeze or starve. Thus there will be no loss by such causes, and the feathered live stock may be liberated as soon as the



A HALL IN THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

Eight quail eat about as much as one chicken. And, speaking of chickens, a hen will take care of a brood of young partridges—the quail is the true partridge—just as capably as she looks after a batch of chicks. Shut up in a pen with her, they are perfectly safe from enemies, such as rats and skunks. But the worst foe of the quail is the domestic cat, and the business of quail-breeding cannot be conducted successfully unless pussy is banished. One may keep quail or cats, but never both.

Already, it is said, the quail has been considerably improved by domestication through the selection of the larger birds and best layers for mating. Thus it is likely that before long the domestic quail will be decidedly handsomer and more prolific than the wild

first days of spring arrive. There is no danger from the law in keeping or selling them at any time of the year, inasmuch as restrictions of this character do not apply to domesticated quail, but only to wild ones.

The above article, taken from a Chicago paper, will be news to a good many of the Nook family who know what the quail, or partridge, as it is sometimes called, really is. While it is true that quail will sometimes stay around a barnyard, especially at feeding time, he who hatches a lot of quail eggs in an incubator and succeeds in raising them need not look for the birds to be subject to his call when he wants them. They are more likely to be in the adjacent county than back in the orchard.

LOOK OUT.

MR. GEO. H. HAZARD, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes in the *Kansas City Star* of a section that will soon be advertised and which will, if Mr. Hazard's story be true, take in many an honest homeseeker.

It is officially announced by the United States land office that on and after June 15 a certain portion of California, hitherto unsettled and undeveloped, will be thrown open to entry and reclamation. This strip, which stretches from Mojave on the west to the Colorado river on the east, comprises about a million acres and may be taken up either under the desert land act or as homesteads in forty to 160 acre lots.

Now is as good time as any to warn prospective squatters not to go West and take up any of this desert acreage with the expectation of settling in a "promised land." Irrigation or no irrigation, the vast sizzling stretches of desert lands to be thrown open to settlement will never repay the bulk of those who go to the trouble and expense of "making the run," unless, indeed, they should chance to discover a mine or strike oil.

While it is true the government is making extensive preparations to irrigate certain portions of the desert contiguous to the Colorado river, both in California and Arizona, only a comparatively small area will be available under the desert land act, for the reason that no lofty dams are to be constructed, such as will irrigate millions of acres of land. It is the intention simply to divert the Colorado river waters at certain points, allowing them to fertilize, through the medium of canals, considerable land lying below the point of such divergence.

When one stops to consider that, proportionate to the whole amount to be laid open to entry, that portion of the land which can be so irrigated is not of vast extent, it is not difficult to perceive the fallacy of tenderfeet rushing in where '49ers would fear to tread.

As for those who persist, despite this warning, in entering upon claims of a homestead nature in any of the townships outside the territory to be influenced by the proposed national irrigation system, they will have to depend entirely upon the accident of striking artesian water or of finding water in wells of considerable depth. There is little rainfall in this arid region and much of the land is so stony and sandy that it would be of little value even after water had been turned upon it.

Prospectors, government surveyors, railroad builders and others who have had occasion to travel over the very country that is to be subject to entry, condemn it from east to west and from A to B.

"It would be a kind, Christian act," remarked J. B. Lippincott, resident hydrographer of the United

States survey, who says he has been all over the region, "if some one were to warn Eastern people of the real barrenness and utter worthlessness of that country. It is not now and never can be made of any value as farming land. However, it may be rich in mineral wealth; I don't know as to that; I believe it has not been thoroughly prospected. But I would most certainly warn prospective settlers against taking up any land with the expectation of establishing homes."

Picture an illimitable expanse of brown, barren, sloping, brush-covered, cactus-grown landscape, with dim mountain ranges peeking above the horizon, the whole scene sweltering under a bronze sky in which the sun, a dazzling ball of fire, swings pitilessly from east to west. Under foot coarse, gritty, pebbly sand, and gravel, and rocks; on all sides giant, gaunt, oddly-shaped cactus growths that seem to thrive upon the ozone in the atmosphere rather than upon anything in the pumice-dry, sterile soil. Little bunch-like growths, never green, stunted bushes of a desert species, afford the only shade to the timid rabbits and squirming toads, lizards, Gila monsters and snakes that crawl over this plain. The slightest wind stirs up a fine, pulverized dust that percolates, like a powder, into everything not airtight; while an occasional norther, or "Santa Ana," as they are called, brings with it a stifling, overwhelming sandstorm.

This is not a description of some one bad section, but of the whole monotonous expanse of country stretching for scores of weary miles in an endless success of reaches, hogbacks, arroyah, dry lakes and rugged, forbidding, terrible mountain ranges; a Titanic synonym for sterility.

Here, then, are to be located the "homesteads" of prospective settlers. As well offer a stone to a starving beggar, for not one in fifty of those who make the run in June will draw aught but bitter disappointment coupled with hardships untold and unimaginable. Indeed, many of the most venturesome may leave their dried bodies upon the inhospitable sands.

* * *

LAUNDERING IN HOSPITALS.

A FIRST-CLASS laundry with all modern machinery is now considered one of the first requisites of a well-equipped hospital. No longer is the linen of hospitals sent outside; the hospital has its own laundry where hygienic methods are strictly observed. There is no place where clean linen is so imperative or where so much of it is required as in a large hospital. It must be not only clean to the eye, but clean to the microscope; germless and sterile.

* * *

GREAT philosophers and statesmen have been noticed to have large and sloping ears.

A SAW THAT TAKES BIG BITES.

THE largest circular saw in the world has just been turned out of a local factory for use in the lumber section of Elk county, Pa. The saw is seven feet four inches in diameter and wears teeth, each one of which is four inches long. The saw weighs 305 pounds.

The purpose for which the mammoth saw was made is of interest. It will be used to cut pine stumps

Elk county plateaus there are millions upon millions of feet of choice shingle wood.

THE SEGO LILY, THE STATE FLOWER OF UTAH.

THE Sego Lily, the State Flower of Utah is one of the most beautiful of the lily species. It grows in wild and luxuriant profusion on the higher plateaus and foothills of all of the mountains of the State. It



THE SEGO LILY, THE STATE FLOWER OF UTAH.

into shingle bolts, thus opening to the market a vast quantity of material which until recently was considered useless.

Up in Elk county, where thirty years ago the forests of white pine were hewn down and turned into lumber, there are thousands of acres of great pine stumps, as solid as they were the day that the trees were cut. Many of these stumps stand from five to eight feet above ground, so that in the swampy regions of the

was not strange that it should have been chosen the floral emblem of the desert commonwealth for the reason that it not only gave beauty but life as well to the Pioneers of Utah, who were frequently driven to the point of starvation and were compelled to subsist on herbs and roots for weeks at a time. The sego lily was one of the most pleasant and succulent of these wild roots and saved many a person from starving to death in the early days of Utah.

WHAT A KING MAY DO.

As occupant of the throne of England Edward VII. is *ipso facto* invested with a number of prerogatives shared by neither any of his subjects nor by any one else in the world, says a writer in the *New York Commercial-Advertiser*. Some of these prerogatives are of a distinctly curious nature and one wonders how they ever came to accrue to the position of sovereignty at all. They date from very early chapters in the history of the country and their retention at the present day is a concession to sentiment rather than to any utilitarian purpose. Among such, for example, are the exclusive right of printing the Bible in the British dominions, the erecting of lighthouses on the coast and the guardianship of all infants and lunatics. It need scarcely be pointed out, however, that nowadays these particular privileges are not exercised to any pronounced extent. As a matter of fact, the printing of the Bible is placed in the hands of the University Press at Oxford, while the other matters referred to are intrusted respectively to the board of trade and the lord chancellor.

The prerogatives attaching to the crown in England may, for convenience sake, be classified under four main headings. They are: Personal, political, judicial and ecclesiastical in nature. With regard to those of the first mentioned description the principal ones are as follows: As the individual invested with the supreme government, the sovereign cannot, legally speaking, ever be considered as deceased. At the most, there can only be a "demise of the crown"—that is to say, the transfer of the royal authority to a successor. The familiar phrase, "The king is dead, long live the king!" means that, though breath is out of the body of the sovereign, there is another constitutionally entitled to occupy his place.

In the same way, just as the king can never be considered dead, he is never held to be a "minor." Thus, if by some fortuitous train of circumstances little Prince Edward of York were called to the throne to-morrow the land would regard him as being at least twenty-one years of age. Of course, a regent would be appointed in this case, but that would not alter the fact of his being held to have attained his majority.

Another personal prerogative of the king of England is that "he can do no wrong." Since, from a theoretical point of view, he makes the laws, he is naturally above their operation. On this account, therefore, should a subject suffer an injury at the hands of the sovereign, the fact is attributed to "the mistake of his advisers."

In the same way, no action for false imprisonment can possibly be sustained against the king. He is also exempt from taxation, save in respect of lands acquired by his privy purse. Thus it happens that while King Edward is not "rated" when living in Bucking-

ham palace, he was required to pay something like £1,000 a year when in residence at Marlborough house. It is also interesting to note that a species of "sanctuary" attaches to any royal building. The effect of this ruling is that, should a subject continue to take refuge in, say, Windsor castle, no judicial process could be executed against him until he chose to leave the precincts.

So far as King Edward's "political" prerogatives are concerned the most valuable is the one entitling him to withhold his assent from any bill, notwithstanding the fact that both houses of parliament may have passed it. The last occasion on which this right was exercised was so long ago as the year 1707. As head of the state, the sovereign is commander-in-chief of the naval and military forces, and he is for this reason entitled, should he deem it necessary, to let the old press gang law be enforced again. It is also a "political" prerogative to assume the ownership of all treasure trove or lands discovered by any subject. Should, therefore, an Englishman reach the North pole before a representative of any other nation, it would become the property of the crown and the finder will be unable to float a public company for its exploitation without previously obtaining the royal sanction to do so.

The judicial prerogatives attaching to the crown of England are for the most part of a highly peculiar nature. For example, every action in the court of the King's Bench division is considered as taking place *coram rege ipso*, even though the sovereign be out of the country altogether at the time. His majesty is also the theoretical prosecutor in all criminal cases, and every indictment stipulates that the alleged offense has been committed "against the peace of our sovereign lord, the king, his crown and dignity." As the theoretical plaintiff, the sovereign is accordingly invested with the power of remitting any sentence passed by a judge. He is also entitled to intervene in any case where he considers the interests of the public to be concerned. In proceedings for divorce this special duty is assumed by an official known as the "king's proctor," who, between the pronouncement of the decree nisi and the decree absolute, is supposed to prevent the occurrence of any collusion on the part of the applicants concerned.

The ecclesiastical prerogatives of an English monarch include the appointment of bishops and the patronage of all benefices that are thus rendered vacant. Since the time of Henry VIII. the king has been recognized as the head of the church. He cannot, however, create ecclesiastical jurisdiction or find a new bishopric without the assent of parliament.

THE original word translated apothecary in the Bible is believed by some authorities to be better translated by perfumer.

THE CLIMATE OF ALASKA.

"WHAT would you think if you were in Europe and some one would ask you what the climate of the United States was?" asked Dr. Calell Whitehead, a banker of Nome, Alaska, at the Riggs. "Alaska exceeds the latitude by five degrees of all the territory of the United States east of the Mississippi river, and it exceeds in longitude all the territory by many more degrees. In geographical area it is about the same as that portion of the United States. Thus there is as much difference in the climate there as there is here between Maine and Florida. Your European friend in assuming that Portland, Me., and Jacksonville, Fla., were in the same belt, possessing the same climatic conditions, would not be as much in error as you would be in asking me what the climate of Alaska was.

"Parts of Alaska affected by the Japanese current are semi-tropical, zero is rarely reached in Sitka and there have been winters without ice. The mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as that of this city, Washington, and the extremes of heat and cold are much less. While the winters of that part of Alaska beyond the influence of the ocean currents are excessively cold, the summers are correspondingly warm, affording climatic conditions favorable to the growth of farm and garden products. In all this interior country is tillable land of fine quality, and there is considerable timber. I have seen spruce trees from eight to ten feet in diameter, and there is much pine, hemlock and red and yellow cedar. All the cereals except corn can be grown to perfection, and the yield will be large. Barley, oats and vegetables can be successfully grown." Wild timothy, blue-joint and redtop grasses grow to a height of from four to six feet, going to seed in the middle of August, and this is a sufficient guarantee that wheat, oats, rye, barley and vegetables can be raised. A dozen varieties of wild fruits insure the success of domestic fruits. Red and black currants, gooseberries, cranberries, whortleberries and strawberries grow wild, the latter attaining great size. The soil will undoubtedly supply food for any population within reason which might find its way to Alaska. Successes have been made in agriculture in Canada and Russia under exactly similar conditions of soil and climate. There is abundant pasturage for cattle and sheep, and innumerable streams furnish water. North from Valdez to Eagle a strip of land along the trail has been more or less investigated for thirty miles east and west. The total distance is 453 miles. This area is south of the Yukon, and is in reality about 600 miles wide. It is safe to assume that the soil is about the same and the climate not materially different from that we are familiar with. A fine agricultural country is thus susceptible to development.

"The wealth of Alaska, however, is not confined to its gold and its agricultural products. There is enough coal to repay the United States amply for its original investment. The salmon fishing is a great source of wealth, and besides there is a great abundance of cod, herring, halibut and other fishes. Those well informed on the subject say that there are seventy-five varieties of food fishes in the streams and lakes of Alaska. The fur trade is somewhat on the decline, but whaling continues to be a profitable business. There are mountains of iron and inexhaustible veins of copper that are known, and the country is to a great extent yet unexplored. The Klondike gold discoveries brought the attention of the public to the wealth of minerals to be found there, but little is known in the United States about the other resources, not much more than is known about the climate."

♦ ♦ ♦

MAKING SALT.

THERE are three varieties of the same general method. In the "grainer" process the brine pumped from the wells flows into huge settlers or tanks, where impurities sink to the bottom and are drawn off. The fluid next passes into long, shallow, wooden vats called grainers. In several of these grainers are several coils of steam pipes connected with great boilers of sufficient capacity to keep the brine at or near the boiling point. Evaporation does the rest. The water rises in vapor and the crystallized salt drops to the bottom of the vat, whence once a day or once in two days it is lifted out upon the drip boards by workmen armed with steel shovels with perforated bottoms. After drying for a short time, the salt is shoveled into push carts and wheeled to the storehouse, where it must lie for at least two weeks before shipment, drying out. The process above described produces the ordinary coarse salt of commerce. Table and dairy salt are made by the same basic process, but these products pass through a series of manipulations to secure greater dryness, finer grain, and superior purity.

♦ ♦ ♦

WOODEN HATS.

A CONNECTICUT man has patented a machine for making hats out of wood. A log of wood, cut square, fed to the machine, is converted into fine strips of wood much resembling excelsior. It is claimed that when these are moistened they can be woven much more readily than straw, and make a durable hat. The inventor says the substance is lighter in weight than straw, and that because of its easier manipulation and lower cost it will supersede the straw now used for headgear.

STARCH AND THE FIRST STARCHER.

STARCH originated in Flanders. It was introduced into England with the big ruff in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of to-day, except that it was made in colors—red, yellow, green, blue. The effect of this was to tint delicately the white linen to which the starch might be applied.

Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffles and ruffs were made of fine Holland, which required no stiffening. Then the ruffs of cambric came, and these must of necessity be starched.

It is recorded that "when the Queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her princely wearing there was none in England could tell how to starch them; but the Queen made special means for some women that could starch, and Mrs. Guilham, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starcher."

In 1564, a Flanders woman, Frau Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the teaching of starching. The school succeeded. The Flanders frau got rich. She charged twenty-five dollars a lesson, and an extra twenty shillings for a recipe for the making of starch out of wheat flour, bran and roots.

Yellow was the most fashionable color in starch among the nobility. The fast, racing set went in for green. The Puritans used blue starch, though at first they had been against the stuff altogether, dubbing it: "A certaine kinde of liquide matter which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffles, which, when they be dry, will then stand stiffe and inflexible about their necks."

Starch is made from wheat, corn and potatoes, and starving men have often subsisted on it, finding it nourishing though not tasty.

* * *

HOW TOBACCO INTERFERES WITH DIGESTION.

THE principal effect of tobacco, or rather of its strongest constituent, nicotine, is to increase the secretion of fluids from the surface of the throat and intestines. All doctors agree upon this point.

Smoking must therefore aggravate the catarrhal affections which afflict the greater part of the population of the United States. It increases the flow of mucus from the nose and throat. It should therefore be avoided by all who suffer from catarrhal troubles.

On account of its action in increasing the flow of juices, it is believed that smoking after a meal aids digestion. If this be so smoking at other times must be extremely destructive to the digestive process. Those who chew gum before dinner find that when they come to eat and try to chew dry food, there is no saliva to mix with it, and they eat with discomfort. In this case exactly the same thing has happened to the sal-

ivary glands that would happen to the peptic glands if one were to smoke before meals during the period of rest for the stomach, for the gastric glands would be emptied, the fluids poured forth into the stomach under the stimulation, not being retained in that organ by food to be digested, would pass on into the intestinal tract, and when food was finally taken, the peptic cells would be unable to pour forth adequate solvents for the mass, and digestion would be delayed until such solvents could be formed by the forces of the body.

Meanwhile the food would be retained in the stomach in a warm and moist condition favorable for the development of decomposition germs, which must always be present in the food we eat. The result of the decomposition process is the production of acids that are extremely irritating, and cause the pains that are so familiar to the dyspeptic. Not only has the food been manufactured into chemicals hostile to the organism, but as far as future nutrition is concerned it is actually lost, for the physiological cost of reducing these decomposition products to available forms for absorption and use is more than available heat that they can supply to the body.

Thus intemperance in smoking may be as disastrous as intemperance in drinking alcohol.

* * *

AN ANCIENT BIBLE.

IN the Cottonian library in England is an old manuscript copy of a part of the Bible in Latin. The *London Chronicle* says it was used at the coronations of English sovereigns three hundred years before the "stone of destiny" was brought from Scone to Westminster by Edward I.

If this be true, the use of this Bible for the purpose dates back to the year 1000. It is a quarto of two hundred and seventeen leaves, containing the four gospels, and seems from the style of the writing and illuminations, which are very beautiful, to have been made about the end of the ninth century.

It narrowly escaped destruction in the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, of which it bears evidence in its crumpled leaves and singed margins. There is some evidence that the son of Edward the Elder, Athelstan the Glorious, who was king of the West Saxons from 925 to 940, owned this Bible and gave it to the church of Dover.

* * *

NOTHING good ever dies. Like some seed, when in the ground remains there for years before it so much as even sprouts, so the good we do in this world may show no visible return, but in time it is sure to come, even though we who have planted the seed may be far from this.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE SWEET MISS PEAS.

We're a rainbow band
With sunbonnets gay;
We're nodding and smiling
The whole summer day.

We are white with terror,
'Cause naughty boys steal
Away our sweet sisters—
Just think how you'd feel!

Some are purple with rage,
When rude people dare
To say we are common,
Or not at all fair!

Then others turn yellow
At hearing men cry—
"Miss Rose is the beauty,
For her we would die!"

And all pink with blushes
Are those when 'tis said,
These are the sweetest,
These we would wed.

But how mixed we appear
When folks want to know
How so many youngsters
In one bed can grow?

We're often quite rakish,
And sometimes in weeds;
But we never sow more
Than a few little seeds.

* * *

HUMORING MOTHER'S FANCY.

THE child was a typical "little mother." Like most families in which "little mothers" serve as proxies, there was also a "big mother," but this latter functionary went out nursing other people's babies every day and all day. This being so, what more natural than that Kathie's nine-year-old shoulders should adjust themselves to carrying the household burdens? Of course these burdens were as light as the "big mother" could make them, but even her skill could not reduce the weight of the bouncing fifteen-month-old baby, who had a penchant for crying all night and falling down all day. These proclivities on the part of his youngest were more or less disturbing to the baby's invalid father, and with deep enjoyment of his own joke he proceeded to express his feelings to baby's "little mother."

"Well, Kathie," he commented, "I think your mother showed very little sense when she went to market and bought this last baby. She surely should have

left him where he belonged. We were getting along very nicely without him and he grows crosser every day."

Instantly Kathie's cheeks burned and her eyes gleamed.

"Father," she said severely, "my mother works awful hard and she don't ever have no rides on the trolley, no picnics, no fun nor nothin', an' I think if she likes babies we ought to let her buy all she wants."

With swift step she crossed the room, says the *New York Times*, and seized an unoffending tin parrot, who suffered patiently from a slit in his back that he might better serve as a bank. This latter she shook so vigorously that even a tin bird must have regretted very bitterly having been so faithful a guardian to so thankless a mistress. Finally the last coin was out and Kathie gathered up her riches.

"There," she said, as she triumphantly waved fourteen cents before her abashed father, "I'm going to give mother all this fourteen cents an' let her go out an' buy another baby the minute she comes in."

* * *

THE PRINCE AND THE DAISY.

A PRINCE went into the vineyard to examine it. He came to a peach-tree and said: "What are you doing for me?" The tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done!" said the prince.

To the chestnut he said: "What are you doing?" "I am making nests for the birds and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." "Well done!" said the prince.

Then he went down to the meadow and asked the grass what it was doing. "We are giving our lives for others, for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished." And the prince said: "Well done!"

Last of all he asked the tiny daisy what it was doing and the daisy said: "Nothing, nothing. I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds and I cannot give shelter for the cattle and I cannot send fruits into the palace and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said: "There is none better than thou."—*Selected.*

The Q. & A. Department.

OUR LIST OF PRIZE QUESTIONS.

ANYONE may compete. The answers must bear a postmark not later than June 30. It makes no difference where the contestant gets his information. Answer the questions by number. Sign your name and give your address. The most complete list of correct answers will get the prize, which will be announced later. Study brevity and exactness.

1

How many languages did Matthew understand?

2

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the books of the New Testament, were not always arranged in that order. Who made the present order, and when?

3

The authorized King James Version,—how and why is it authorized?

4

Is baptism for the dead recognized in the Testament?

5

Was Christ an Essene?

6

What did the Jerusalem Jews do with salt around their Temple?

7

What is a gloss,—quote a likely specimen.

8

How do the Jews account for the taste of the manna not palling on them?

9

What is meant by the apocryphal books of the Bible? Why are they in the Bible at all?

10

Who was the founder of the Christian church?

11

In our measurement what constituted a baking of meal?

12

What is a canonical book, and is it necessarily a guarantee of genuineness to the exclusion of other books?

13

The high priest's robe had bells on the edge of the garment. Why?

14

Who invented the versification of the books of the Bible?

15

What nationality of soldiers crucified Christ?

16

Why was Christ baptized, and what for?

17

Does the Mohammedan believe in Christ and the Testament?

18

From what organization did the Jews indirectly gain control of the money market originally?

19

What is the first recorded instance of individual property holding?

20

In what language was the first Bible printed?

21

Why is Jesus spoken of in the Gospels as "The Christ"?

22

When do most scholars agree that Christ was born?

23

How many languages did Christ speak?

24

How old was Jesus when he legally received his name?

25

What part of the original Jerusalem may yet be seen?

26

What is a Targum?

27

What was the nature of the argument the Jews used to convict Jesus before Pilate, that is, was it religious, social, or otherwise?

28

Why did the early Christians take to the catacombs? Why were they not hunted out?

29

How is it known that Christ was a carpenter?

30

What sect acknowledges part of the Apocrypha canonical?

31

Was Christ's idea to reform Judaism, or to found a new organization?

32

What rule governs the naming of Jewish children?

33

What mistake of thought and action did the medieval monastery Christians make?

34

Were Matthew and Christ related?

35

Were the first disciples familiar with the theological culture of their age?

36

What seems to prove that there were inspired Christian writings prior to the present Gospels?

37

What language was universally understood in the early Christian church?

38

Upon what one fact does the truthfulness of the Christian religion hinge?

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY CAROLINE CULP.

ON Saturday I would do my baking and boil a ham or a piece of beef in order to slice it down cold. And upon this as a basis I would construct the following dinner:

	Vegetable Soup	
	Sliced Cold Ham or Beef	
Potato Salad		Stewed Tomatoes
Pickles		Celery
	Apple Pie and Cookies	
	Peaches and Cream.	

In cold weather tea or coffee and in hot weather milk or water.

Carrington, N. Dak.

COMMENT.—It will be seen from the above that all that will be required to be cooked are the soup and the tomatoes. The potato salad is to be made in the morning as it will be better if its ingredients are allowed to blend until dinner time. Returning from church this dinner should not take a quarter of an hour to prepare it. It is substantial and makes little trouble.

CREAMED TAPIOCA PUDDING.

ONE pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca, sugar to sweeten, a pinch of salt, whites of two eggs and vanilla to flavor. Cover the tapioca with hot water, and let soak twenty minutes. Then put in a double boiler and cook until it has absorbed the water. Add the milk and let it cook slowly until the tapioca is done. This will be indicated by its becoming clear and soft. Beat the yolks of egg, sugar and salt together. When they have become thoroughly blended, put them in a bowl and slowly beat in the tapioca mixture. Put the whole in the double boiler and cook until it becomes creamy, then pour again into the bowl.

USES FOR COLD BEEF.

A GOOD way to use left-over roast beef is to cut some slices very thin and lay in an oval dish; have ready some rice, a cupful, boiled till dry and tender, but not broken, which should be browned with frequent stir-

ring in a saucepan with a bit of butter. When done, pour over the beef, making a cover. Take the thick jelly part of the gravy of the roast, warm and dilute it, if necessary, with a little salted hot water, and pour enough over the rice to moisten it. Put in the oven for half an hour. If the gravy seems too thin, add a teaspoonful of brown thickening.—*Evening Post.*

PRUNE SHORTCAKE.

MAKE a shortcake using a regular biscuit crust. For the prune filling wash a pound of prunes and cook them according to the first recipe. Slice a couple of lemons very fine and add to the prunes when half done. Drain off the juice, add half as much sugar and boil to a thick syrup. Put the prunes into a colander and mash with a potato masher so that the pulp will go through and the stones and skins remain. Add syrup and spread over cake while both are warm. Serve with rich cream.

BAKED APPLES WITH RHUBARB.

PLACE in a baking dish just large enough to hold them, half a dozen apples that have been washed and cored, place in the oven and let them bake for fifteen minutes. Have ready half a pound of rhubarb cut into pieces, fill all the space around the apples and the centers with the rhubarb, sprinkle over all a cupful of sugar. Bake until tender, it will take about twenty minutes.

FOR COOKING CRABS.

WASH the crabs with fresh water. Drop them into a kettle containing boiling water sufficient to cover them. Add a half cup of vinegar and a handful of salt. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes when the backs will become red in color. The crabs are then ready to eat.

GINGER OMELET.

GINGER omelet is delicious. For the filling use some ginger from a jar, cut into dice and heated. Warm up the syrups, and pour it round the dish. Care should be taken not to make the omelet too sweet at starting, and to add no flavoring that would clash with the filling.

LITERARY.

The Era, for June is at hand. This is one of the best of the ten-cent magazines, and is far and away ahead in the matter of literary merit, compared with some others that are appealing to the buyer from the news stands. The illustrations of *The Era* are excellent, while the literary make-up is, as said above, of high character. There are stories, and articles of more than passing interest. There is not so much picture as there is sense in *The Era*, and this makes us disposed to recommend it to the Nook family as one of the best publications of its class.

*

The Philomathean Monthly, the college paper of Bridgewater College, Virginia, is away and above the ordinary run of college output. We take from the publication that the institution is succeeding, and clearly it appears to by reason of sheer merit outside of local patriotism.

*

Wonderland, a handsome, illustrated magazine, advertising the beauties of the Northern Pacific Railway. Six cents in postage, sent to Mr. Chas. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., will bring the sender a copy of the publication. It is very handsomely done.

* * *

OUR LIST OF PRIZE QUESTIONS.

IN accordance with our statement in a previous INGLENOOK the contest for the prize offered for correctly answering the greatest number of questions in the previous contest closes on the 30th of May. The Editor will be in Bellefontaine at that time, and on his return from the Conference will settle the matter of the prize. A number of answers have been received. All of them are creditable, but, of course, there will be only one winner, and his name will be published.

In this issue of the INGLENOOK we publish a set of Bible questions for answer. They are open to everybody who reads the INGLENOOK. He who correctly and briefly answers the most of them will receive a handsome prize, the character of which will be mentioned later.

A good many of the NOOK family think they know considerable about the Bible, and doubtless they do, but it may not be just so very easy to answer these off-hand. By the rules of the contest it doesn't make any difference how the contestant gets his answers. Nobody is expected to know them all without looking up authorities, which may be either printed or verbal.

All answers must bear a postmark not later than the last day of June. The correct answers will be printed later, together with the winner's name.

COMFORT FOR THE NOOKMAN.

DER Nookman saght er kan net greiga tsu essa was er gleicht in Elgin. Ich dour der arme man, aver wen er nach Dayton kumma dade, so kent er viele guta sacha greiga. Am marrik, do kumma de Baur ri, und bringa smokedi varst, shinga flash, sida speck, sauer kraut und maredich, smearcase, latwerk und der best butter des kamacht can warra und wan er sorg-hum gleicht, des can er au greiga. Kum tsu Dayton und meir wellen ein Korb full greiga, der no wella meir ein regular alt-fashion feast hova, der no wert dein mauga lacha, und dina draina werre all verga.

ULRICH SCHNEIDER.

* * *

"TOLD A LIE WITH HIS FINGERS."

A LITTLE boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger. I suppose the boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal and if he ever heard the result of it he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth.—*Children's Friend*.

* * *

IRELAND has the highest average number of children per family, 5.20, while France has the lowest, 3.03.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED, home for a boy of ten, healthy, bright, smart, and used to work in gardening and the like. Of Brethren ancestry, and wanted to put among Brethren where he will have a good home. Can be sent right away to a satisfactory place. State what you expect to have him do. Address concerning the boy,—*The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

*

WANTED.—Three young women to complete class in training school for Nurses. Must be between age of 23 and 35. Address: *Miss Helen H. Cust, Superintendent Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.*

*

WANTED:—Man and wife to work on farm. House furnished with garden. Thirty dollars per month to right party. Give reference and experience.—*Asa B. Culp, Eureka, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 23.

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them!
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or saber and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wondering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

* * *

THE POSSIBILITY OF A SIGN LANGUAGE.

It has been the dream of many for generations to invent some common means of communication between people of different nationalities, speaking different languages. It was thought at one time that the Volapuk filled the requirements, but it proved a failure in practice. In an account in the *New York Times* the Easter observances in the church of St. Ann's were suggestive.

The familiar anthem, "Christ Is Risen," cannot be said to have been sung exactly, for the choir was voiceless, but four young women appropriately arrayed in white surplices came forward and interpreted it by the sign language, relying wholly upon graceful and synchronous movements to express the sentiment of the hymn. The congregation was powerfully moved, and no doubt derived as much satisfaction from the rendering as would a company of persons possessed of the sense of hearing from a well-balanced quartet of trained voices. The same was true of the hymn, "Angels Rolled the Stone Away," and the stirring anthem, "Now Is Christ Risen From the Dead." It was not mere dumb show of laborious spelling by com-

binations of the fingers, but an intelligible interpretation which those who do not know the sign language found extremely interesting, though possibly capable of somewhat liberal misinterpretation.

This suggests a thought as to whether the sign language does not offer the only practicable basis for the universal language vainly sought in Volapuk and other forms of articulate jargon. If the universal language is needed at all, and must be in some sense an arbitrary creation, would not much of the difficulty of learning and using it be overcome if all complications of grammar were dispensed with and signs were substituted for words? Basic ideas are practically the same, no matter what the language chosen for their expression, and if a method can be found of expressing ideas in dignified pantomime the person addressed may translate it into words as well in one language as in another, if he understands it at all. Conversely, he may do his thinking in German or Russian, and by the sign language make himself intelligible to the Englishman or the Spaniard. This he can do to a limited extent as it is; and with a little training and the employment of a few conventional gestures, to express what may be called abstract ideas, intercommunication between persons who do not speak a common language might be made a very simple matter. The sign language would be much more easily learned than Volapuk or any new tongue, and there would seem to be no good reason why words should have anything to do with conversation of this character.

* * *

COKE AS FUEL.

TESTS in the use of coke as a fuel for locomotives in place of coal have been made by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad on some of its Virginia lines during the past few weeks and have proved very successful. With the heaviest freight trains equally good results have been obtained from coke as from coal, with the great advantage of an avoidance of the smoke and cinders attendant on the use of coal. Coke is also an economic success.

* * *

"WHEN a man is doing his best in his place and station, God always gives him approval and help."

THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

BY W. M. R. FRENCH.

THE visitor to the Art Institute of Chicago sees the paintings and statues, but gets little hint of the great school of art save by the presence of a few students in the galleries drawing from statues and other objects. In fact there are always about six hundred students in the school rooms hard at work upon the most diverse forms of the plastic arts. This school is the largest and one of the most comprehensive in the country. Besides the six hundred or more regular day

ing from casts of sculpture the student works from life, and there are always seven or eight hired models posing for portrait, costume study and figure. The life students, day and evening, number nearly four hundred. The models themselves constitute an interesting class. At the times when models are selected a singular group may be seen assembled, of Italians, East Indians and negroes, of old schoolmasters, athletes and young women. Not unfrequently the student themselves defray their tuition by posing.

By careful drawing, together with the study of perspective, artistic anatomy, composition and the like, the student is gradually prepared for the profession of artist or illustrator. The field of illustration is at



A CLASS DRAWING FROM A MARBLE STATUE.

students mentioned above, there are evening students to the number of about four hundred, juvenile and normal students upon Saturdays to an equal number, and other special classes sufficient to swell the total to 1600 or more. Last year the total attendance during the year was 2,339, this year it will be upwards of 2,600.

It is well recognized that the best training for the artist is the practice of drawing and painting from the human head and figure. This is not from any mysterious reason but because these subjects offer fine and subtle forms, with great diversity, yet with constancy enough so that the drawings may be successfully corrected. Accordingly this academic practice from the actual person may be said to be the living stem about which the various departments of art education are grouped. After a moderate period of draw-

present one of the most attractive of the plastic arts, and the illustrator needs the full education of the artist except color alone. There appears to be a general belief that the art of illustrating consists in a happy knack of pen-and-ink drawing, but in fact a good training in drawing is an absolute necessity and the effort to become an illustrator by learning commercial methods must of necessity fail.

The sculpture department is an interesting one. Here the students begin with simple forms of fragments of sculpture, such as hands and feet, which they model in clay and advance gradually till they make complete statues ten feet high. The management of the soft clay in which the form is moulded, the supporting it on frames of iron and wood while the work is done, the casting of the clay model in plaster after the work is completed, and finally the cutting it in marble, in-

volve mechanical processes of which the ordinary spectator thinks nothing when he looks at a statue. There is no school in America in which the practical art of sculpture is so thoroughly taught as in the Art Institute.

The art of decorative design is another branch which is intensely practical. Here the students learn to make designs or patterns for carpets, wall paper, stained glass, book covers, jewelry, carved wood, interior decorations, mosaic, and decorative work of all kinds. The graduates of this class, which numbers one hundred or more, find immediate employment in manufacturing and business houses in Chicago, after a course of three years. Certain branches of applied arts, or art-crafts, are pursued. Plastic decoration, that is, ornament modeling in relief, is one of these. Then there is a class in ornamental pottery, a class in the decoration of china and a class in metal work and gold and silver-smithing. The pottery is actually turned on the wheel and painted, the china receives

received, while the artistic and architectural side is attended to at the Art Institute.

In the Normal department pupils are trained to become teachers and supervisors of drawing in public schools. They do regular academic work forenoons, and give their afternoons to the special study of methods suitable to the instruction of children, including modeling, basket work, pottery and pedagogy.

On Saturdays large classes of children meet and practice drawing, painting and modeling under the



FROM LIFE.



DRAWN FROM LIFE.

the original design, the jewelry is sawed, hammered and polished all at the hands of the students who have made the design.

There is also a department of architecture, in which the training is similar to that of the great schools in the East. This department is carried on in partnership with the Armour Institute of Technology, where the mathematical and scientific part of the education is

guidance of advanced students. It is a pretty sight, the successive rooms of boys and girls of all ages, four hundred in all, intently at work drawing vases, flowers, birds, statues and objects of all kinds with colored crayons, pencil, charcoal and water colors. The catalogue is a pretty book, illustrated by one hundred or more reproductions of students' works. Students are received without previous knowledge of drawing. The course occupies about three years, and the tuition fee is seventy-five dollars a year. The cost of materials is very small until the student paints large canvases towards the end of his course. From six to twenty dollars a year would probably cover it.

(To be continued.)

* * *

"It is not wrong for a shadowed heart to prompt sunny words. Even a cat will curl up in the only spot of sunshine in the room. If our life is clouded and the clouds have a silver lining, let us wear our clouds wrong side out, or bright side out."

THE MORMONS—Part Two.

Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz: Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelations, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive the paradisaic glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men*; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

The position taken by the Latter-Day Saints, as we will now call them, is that no new system of religion has been offered to the world, but that it is a restoration

in this age, of the message of the Gospel in its fullness. In going over these thirteen articles of faith, there does not appear to be much in them that would mark the people as being so widely different from kindred religious associations. It is only when we get into a definition of their faith, article by article, that we come upon the fundamental differences between the belief of the Latter-Day Saints, and their surrounding religions. Some of these peculiarities we will refer to later, and set forth the faith and doctrine of the Church, so that it will, perhaps, be clearer understood by the reader than ever before.

The Church rapidly increased in numbers, and branches were organized in many of the States. The general center for the gathering of the people of this faith was in the State of Missouri. Here public sentiment ruled against them, and an organized mob drove them from their homes, and after a series of troubles and tribulations, not necessary to enter upon here, about 12,000 of them found what they thought would be a resting place in Illinois, and they built up the beautiful city of Nauvoo. But in less than six years after being driven out of the State of Missouri, the prophet and his brother Hyrum were killed in the Carthage jail on June 27, 1844. This did not, by any means, destroy the religious fervor or faith of the people themselves. Instead of separating them, as is the case in all religious persecution, the sufferers only held closer together and an agreement was entered into between the people and the Mormons, that they leave the State, and under the leadership of Brigham Young, as their president, assisted by the twelve apostles of the cult, arrangements were made whereby all the people would leave for a place where they could worship God as they thought fit and proper.

They started out on the trackless wilds of what was then known as the Great American Desert, and footsore and weary they traveled for over fifteen hundred miles, leaving behind them not less than a thousand of their number dead, as a result of their exodus from Illinois. They located in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and a more barren place, as it was originally, could hardly be conceived, but they marked out the site of their city, which is now ten or eleven miles from the shore of the Great Salt Lake. On one side of them is this great inland dead sea, back of them the barren mountains, and under foot a fertile soil, that needs but the magic touch of water and the force of industry to make it bright with the harvest of fruit and flowers.

Even here their troubles did not stop, for through misrepresentation the United States started an army after them, which entailed an expenditure of twenty millions of dollars, but before the army and the people met, the Government saw occasion to change its mind, and the expedition stands a monument of human folly, as a result of hasty judgment.

Salt Lake City is not now, perhaps, what the Mormons originally intended it. It strikes the writer that the original intention of Brigham Young, and the leaders who brought their people out of Illinois into Utah, was to escape persecution by an absence from all people likely to make trouble. They possibly never expected the development of the country to amount to

Salt Lake is between 60,000 and 70,000. It is 4,300 feet above the level of the sea, and is unquestionably a fine city. Brigham Young's ideas in laying out the city had nothing small about them. From wall to wall, the streets are about 132 feet wide. Along most of these streets the mountain water courses down on either side. Down the middle of the streets the tele-



STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG IN SALT LAKE CITY.

as much as it has done, and to settle up as rapidly. This does not appear in any of their writings as far as the present writer knows, but it must be evident to any thinking person, that no set of people would enter upon a fifteen hundred mile journey across a trackless wild, on account of their religion unless they expected to clear themselves from possible persecution.

At all events Salt Lake City is the present center of Mormonism, and the town has grown into a most beautiful city. The population of the present city of

graph and telephone poles are found, and there are trees and trees. The city is in squares, and there is absolutely nothing about it that would tell to an unknown tourist that it is the center of these strange people.

It must not be supposed that the Mormons are in the numerical ascendency in Salt Lake. They are about evenly divided between themselves and non-Mormons, but in the entire territory of Utah they are in the majority. There are other churches as in other

cities, and the people get along, as far as external indications show, about as well with one another, as they do in any two dissenting faiths. It is when we come to the Mormons themselves that the differences are made manifest.

One of the sights of the city is the temple, and this is the most pretentious building the Mormons ever erected. On the day of the arrival of the great Mormon exodus, July 24, 1847, Brigham Young marked out the site of the temple. The corner stone was laid by him April 6, 1853, and from its start to its finish, the temple required forty years of labor and sacrifice. It was dedicated April 6, 1893. This building is 186

open to the public, but no visitor gets into the temple. No outsider is allowed within. The reasons for this will be given later.

Within a stone's throw is the tabernacle, one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. It is an enormous structure, capable of seating about 7,000 people, and an idea of it is best conveyed to the Nook readers, when we say that the roof is without support, and resembles nothing so much as the round back of a huge turtle. The wonderful thing about it is its acoustic properties. The Nook writer stood at one end of it in the gallery, while a man in front, 200 feet away, dropped a pin upon the table from the height of six inches, and its fall was distinctly heard.



THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY.

feet long and 99 feet wide. The foundations are ten feet thick, the stones in the walls drawn in from story to story, until they measure five feet thick at the square, 100 feet above the basement. The under wall and towers are of granite, and cost enormously to get into place from the quarries twenty miles away. There are three towers at each end, bearing no relation to any known style of architecture. The last set on is 220 feet high, surmounted by the figure of the angel Moroni, twelve and one half feet high, made of hammered copper covered with gold. Perhaps from three to four millions of dollars were expended on the temple. Surrounding the temple are ten acres artistically ornamented with flowers, shrubs and trees, and in this enclosure are the tabernacle containing the magnificent organ, the assembly hall, and some other smaller buildings. The tabernacle and the assembly hall are

At one end of this tabernacle is a large organ. Its dimensions are 30 by 33 feet and 48 feet high. It has sixty-seven stops, and 2,648 pipes. Grouped in front of it and around it are seats for the unpaid choir of four hundred people, and this is frequently enlarged to six hundred. This organ was built thirty-five years ago by a Mormon still living in Salt Lake City, though now very old. They hold their services in this building every Sabbath at two o'clock in the afternoon, and no reader should go to Utah without going to the service at the tabernacle. All the seats are free. There is no collection, and the service, while not in the main unlike that of other churches, yet differs from them mainly in the fact that the address is given by some member designated for the purpose, and not by a professional preacher.

(To be continued.)

THE MOST MARVELOUS CLOCK IN EXISTENCE.

LIFE just now has few attractions for a certain German watchmaker, for he has just completed a colossal task which has occupied every moment of his time, excepting those spent in eating and sleeping, during the past nineteen years, and now that his work is ended it is of little monetary value to him, for he is unable to find a purchaser for the result of his years of toil.

The task he set himself was that of constructing the most marvelous clock in the world, an idea which suggested itself to him as he was one day gazing upon the world-famous timepiece at Strasburg Cathedral. Being a watchmaker by trade, he knew what an attempt to surpass that marvel of his art meant, but, nothing daunted, he set to work with a will.

When he commenced he was in fairly good circumstances, but, as the years passed by and no further supplies came in, one by one his worldly possessions left him. His wife pleaded and threatened but in vain. Finally she summoned him before a magistrate, who declared him insane, and he was placed in a lunatic asylum.

After a time, however, he regained his liberty, and immediately recommenced work on his self-imposed task. But his home was made so uncomfortable for him that he transported himself, his tools, and his clock to Carlsruhe, Baden. Here he interested some local officials in his work, and he was given free board and lodging. But it only lasted for eighteen months, and he was forced to move.

This time he went to his son in Switzerland, and there obtained help from many of the benevolent-minded, among his gifts being one from the German Emperor, who had heard of his wonderful clock. And now, after twenty-four years, five of which he spent in confinement, the herculean task is completed, and is, indeed, what its maker claims it to be—the most marvelous timepiece ever constructed.

To begin with, it is enclosed in glass, making every movement of the works visible, and every part—of which there are no fewer than 2,200—is the watchmaker's own handiwork. The clock indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week, date of the month, the seasons of the year, the signs of the zodiac, the rising and setting of the sun, the changes of the moon, and the positions of the celestial bodies. It also shows the eclipse of the sun and the moon.

Besides all this, the clock is beautifully decorated with all kinds of allegorical figures, which move at their own appointed times. At each quarter, excepting the full hour, two angels advance, strike a bell, and retire into a recess. At the full hour two other angels appear, the one holding an hourglass and the other sounding a trumpet.

At another part of this wonderful piece of work stands a cock, which at five minutes to twelve midday

flaps its wings, stretches its neck, and crows three times.

There are also figures constantly appearing, representing the four ages of man, while on the right-hand side of the dial is a beautifully carved statuette representing the angel of Death, who points with his scythe to the face of the clock. Every time the clock strikes twelve, Christ, with bended head, and his twelve apostles advance from a hidden corner, while below a monk appears and rings his "Ave."

As each season of the year comes round, a typical picture is exhibited—in spring, a spring scene, in which a cuckoo is seen in a tree, and is heard to utter its curious cry seven times; in summer, a fresh scene, with a quail, which likewise calls seven times; in the autumn a bull, lying at the feet of St. Luke, bellows; and in winter a lion, which lies near to St. Mark roars.

Lastly, after the striking of each hour, a chime of bells makes melody for some five or six minutes, each tune lasting about a minute, and it is claimed that the clock will last practically forever, keeping the minutest accuracy.

THE WASHERMAN.

IT may not be generally known by the Nook family that in some of the larger cities men make a business of going out washing. Just what led them to this business in the start does not appear, but the fact remains that it is a growing business. Very frequently a man and his wife go into the washing business together. Both go to the house where they are employed, the man doing the heavier part of the work and the woman the lighter. This is a combination that seems to work well.

The facts are that men become better ironers than women, and a man will do more work, by reason of his greater strength. A good man will iron about eighty shirts as a day's work, taking them as they come, white and colored, and some men have been known to get through ironing one hundred high-grade shirts in eight hours.

The white man surpasses the Chinaman when he once learns the trade. The whole system of Chinese washing is radically different from ours. For instance he uses raw starch while we do not. There does not appear to be any reason why men should not become expert washers as well as women.

WE ought to measure our actual lot and to fulfill it; to be with all our strength that which our lot requires and allows. What is beyond it is no calling of ours. How much peace, quiet, confidence and strength would people attain if they would go by their plain rule.—*H. E. Manning.*

FISHING THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

IN the years gone by the whaling vessel played a considerable part in the shipping interests of our country. Latterly whaling has about gone out of date. Occasionally there is a whaling vessel trying its luck on the high seas.

Whaling, one of the oldest forms of big game hunting known, is the one field which has not been fittingly exploited by the amateur sportsman. In a time when lion and tiger shooting are mere routine sporting affairs to hundreds of wealthy men, the whale should appeal with great force. To the man who has exhausted even the delight of the sixty-mile-an-hour automobile, there is an unlimited field. The chances are that if he once gets an opportunity to taste the unbridled and terrific pleasure of a "Nantucket sleigh ride" he will view his auto machine as a tame thing ever afterward. The Nantucket sleigh ride is so common an experience with whalers that they are prone to speak of it in disappointingly matter-of-fact language. But, for all that, there isn't an old whaler of them all whose nostrils will not dilate with zest when he thinks upon it. And the landsman who ever has had the rare fortune to experience one is not likely to find anything else in all the rest of his life that will not seem tame compared with it.

Few landsmen ever have the opportunity. When a whaleboat lowers to fight a sixty-foot whale, the business is too important to encumber the craft with unskilled passengers. And not many landsmen would really care to go into the whaleboat even if they could, when they behold, wallowing in the sea, the huge thing that is to be attacked.

The ride begins after the whale has been harpooned, and when the boat header considers it time to draw up alongside and begin lancing. The first thing that is done is to haul in upon the harpoon line until the boat is brought as close to the running whale as it is consistent with the extremely delicate margin that the whaler allows for safety. "Safety" to the whaler really means to remain just about an inch or two beyond the reach of the vast flukes with which the big beast is beating the sea.

Having hauled as far up on the whale as possible, the boat-header reaches over the bows and lifts the line out of the chocks. Swiftly he brings it around outside of the boat and passes it to the bow oarsman, who has faced around on his thwart so that he looks forward.

He at once lays back on the line, and holds fast with all his might. And immediately the boat, dragged like a railroad car by that mighty living locomotive, begins to run parallel with the side of the whale and just a few feet away from him, being prevented from running right on top of him by the oblique strain of the line.

Now, if the harpoon is well forward in the whale, the boat hangs in a precarious but sufficient arc of safety, for the swinging tail hammers the ocean behind it, and the widely sweeping jaw unavailingly searches the sea in front. The boat-header braces himself in the bows until he is based firmly as the stempost and begins to poise his long, keen, razor-edged killing lance waiting for his opportunity to thrust it into the whale's life. Sometimes the opportunity comes within a minute after hauling up on the big "fish." Sometimes it does not come until the boat has been towed for many miles. It does not require very much time to tow a mile when a sixty-foot whale is doing the towing.

As long as the whale runs in a fairly straight course, the boat will hang to him like a terrier. He may champ and bite and hammer the ocean into acres of froth with head and flukes and tail and never shake it off. His only chance for retaliation is to run deep or to "mill." "Milling" is the act of turning suddenly and so bringing the boat within reach of flukes or jaws. The position of the bow oarsman is no joy in a Nantucket sleigh ride. The chauffeur in a racing automobile is in a paradise of ease and laxation compared with him.

He must keep the boat in position by his unaided strength. From the time he gets the line until the ride is ended, he drives into a smothering sheet of flying spray. When the sea is high, every billow is hit by the boat with a smash that wrenches his arms. The strain on the wet line cuts and burns his hands. And if he lets a foot of it slip, he is disgraced. Once he is in it, he is in it for good, with no chance of help or relief till the wild adventure is done.

Often the boat is hauled so close on a harpooned whale that the harpooner leans over and steadies himself by resting one hand on the butt of the harpoon that is sticking in the great sea mammal, while with the other he drives the killing lance. Again and again the long weapon is buried deep in the black sides, until suddenly thick, black-red clots of blood well from the wound, showing that the "life" has been reached. Then it is "back," sometimes for dear life. A whale may take his death so quietly, so passively that it is pitiable to see so mighty a swimmer killed thus easily by man. Or he may fight till the boat seems only a black atom in the sudden uproar that smites the ocean and sends tons of water rising until they seem high enough to wash the sky.

The danger from a fighting whale is not only in the whale himself. The boat is a perfect man-trap of keen, deadly tools. Lances and harpoons, cutting spades, hatchets, knives and boat hooks, all sharpened to the finest edge the ship's grindstone can give them, fill the boat. If the whale gets at it and hurls it into the air, the men find themselves in murderous com-

pany when the weapons come raining down on them. The harpoon line goes hissing out—a serpent of rope far more dangerous than any cobra, for let it kink in the least and catch a man and he will fly overboard with it and out of sight as if he were a mere splinter of wood. So there are enough sporting chances in the whale to excite and content the most exacting of sportsmen. And the size of the trophy if he “bags” a whale certainly leaves nothing to be desired.

Captain Davis, one of the old-time American whalers, gives these as the dimensions of a right whale yielding 250 barrels of oil.

“The blubber of such a whale,” he says, “is half a yard thick and if put together in a strip would be sixty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The upper jaw would make a room nine feet high and twenty feet long. The lips and throat of the brute, with the supporting jawbones, will weigh as much as twenty-five oxen of one thousand pounds each. The tongue alone will often weigh as much as ten oxen.

“The spread of the lips is thirty feet. He can take in fifty barrels of water at each mouthful. When feeding, a whale as big as that sifts a track of sea a quarter of a mile long and fifteen feet wide in one run. Then he raises his head, forces his mighty tongue into the cavity of his whalebone sieve and drives the water out with immense force.

“The tail of a right whale is twenty-five feet broad and six feet deep, and the point of junction with the body is about four feet in diameter. In it lie tendons as big around as a man’s leg. The greatest blood vessels are more than a foot in diameter. The blood that is forced through them by a heart as big as a hogshead runs in torrents heated to 104 degrees.

“The respiratory canal is more than a foot in diameter. The rush of air through it is as noisy as the exhaust pipe of a thousand horse-power steam engine; and when the fatal wound is given a cataract of clotted blood is spattered over the hunters, so hot and nauseating that the crew of a whaleboat often becomes helplessly sick.”

* * *

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A PIE.

MRS. J. C. KANE’S husband is a telegrapher in New York city. He is engaged in the “Brokers’ Bureau” at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel.

Many millionaires can be met here, probably more than anywhere else under one roof.

One day, as several of these wealthy gentlemen noticed this young telegrapher eating a lunch brought from home, instead of patronizing the lunch counter, they quizzingly asked whether the Waldorf *menu* was not good enough for him. Quietly he answered, “I prefer my wife’s cooking,” at the same time holding up

a most tempting “lemon pie.” All begged for a taste and found it just as delicious as it looked. In fact, it tasted so good that they begged Mr. Kane to present their compliments to his wife and request her to bake one for them the following day.

The good little housewife declared herself quite willing, and in order that each one of the gentlemen should have a proper sized piece she baked a pie fifteen inches in diameter.

At this they were so highly gratified that they decided to send her a vote of thanks and a gift in return. The gift consisted of 100 shares of Northern Pacific railroad bonds. In a short time these bonds began to rise in value and, her husband, fearing they might fall again, begged to have them sold. They brought \$3,000.

The recipe for this \$3,000 pie is as follows: Six cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of pure lard, and one-half teaspoonful of salt, well mixed. Use the least quantity of ice-water—only just enough to keep the dough together. Put it into an earthen vessel and keep it on ice overnight. For the custard take three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Mix it with a little cold water until perfectly smooth, then stir it into three cups of boiling water. Mix in with this the juice and the grated rind of two lemons, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, sugar to taste, the yolks of three eggs and the whites of one. The whites of the other two are to be used for frosting the top. Keeping the dough on ice overnight is what makes the crust so delicate.

* * *

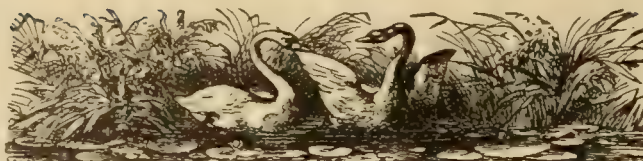
BATTLE OF THE COWS.

SWITZERLAND’S annual “battle of cows” has just been fought to a finish near the little town of Arolla, in Canton Valaise. This extraordinary battle takes place every season when the Swiss cattle which come from all parts leave the valleys near Arolla in a great herd to feed on the mountain sides. The object of the conflict is to decide which cow shall be queen. This latest fight was seen by a party of greatly excited English tourists. They watched the herd of cows which covered a space of five hundred yards, fight fiercely, and saw each cow as soon as she had been beaten, led off the “field.” When evening came the only occupants of the improvised arena were about a dozen unconquered cows, which paced the turf proudly. Then the queen of last year was led into the field. One by one the other cows were permitted to advance against her and one by one she put them out of business.

* * *

THE strength of a blessed remembrance is good. The strength of a splendid fellowship is glorious, but the strength of knowing and realizing that your life is moving in the current of the purposes of God is the best and most glorious of all.—*Dr. F. Cox.*

NATURE



STUDY.

A DOG DEAF FROM BIRTH.

HENRY N. SPRING, plumbing inspector and agent of the board of health, Leominster, has a dog that does his bidding by the language of signs. The dog is a Boston terrier. It is deaf, and has never heard a word since Mr. Spring owned it.

"Baby," for that is the dog's name, is a great pet in the family, and occupies the place of a child in the hearts of Mr. Spring and his wife. It has a little crib to sleep in every night, after being rolled in a pair of blankets.

The dog was bought when it was a puppy for \$25 and was thought a great trade. He did not know at the time that his pet lacked any of its faculties, but it was not long before he learned what was lacking, as Baby would pay no attention to a command to come to him when the dog did not happen to be looking at him. Neither would the dog get out of the way of horses behind him.

After the snub-nosed pet got run over several times, got stepped on and refused to come when called, Mr. Spring came to the conclusion that Baby was deaf. Though all felt sorry, they set to teach the dog the sign language. The animal has mastered it to perfection.

Mr. Spring does not whistle for Baby when he loses the dog for a minute, but stands still till the terrier looks around for his master, when he makes certain motions which bring it to close range in a hurry.

The loss of the sense of hearing has made the dog's sense of seeing and smelling more acute than in the common cur, and it gets around just as handily as other dogs.

Being such a pet has made Baby a dainty dog, and somewhat of an epicure, so that he will not eat dog bread, but has nicely-cooked steaks, pie and cake served up to him three times a day.

Mr. Spring has bought the pet a little crib, mattress and blankets, all complete, and every night it is put to bed in little blankets like a child, with the crib beside the big bed of Mr. Spring. If the night is cold Baby sometimes crawls out of his crib to nestle down in bed with his master and mistress.

Every day Baby goes with Mr. Spring to the board of health office, and no matter how cold or hot the day is Mr. Spring has to take off his coat, spread it in one of the armchairs for the little dog to lay on while he himself has to stay in his shirtsleeves during office hours.

Mr. Spring has had the dog's photograph taken and this occupies a prominent place on his desk. Though the dog is somewhat of a bother to him at times Mr. Spring would not sell it for any money.

He has been offered large sums, as the dog is acknowledged to be the best bred Boston terrier in Leominster, and would be the most valuable one, if it could hear the same as other dogs.

* * *

PICK YOUR FLOWERS.

WHEREVER there is a fair Inglenooker she loves to gather flowers and decorate her home or give them away to friends. The Nookman wants to say that this course of procedure carries with it a double blessing—one to the giver and one to the plant or bush. The more flowers that are gathered, the more will come, and it prepares the plant for increased flowering next year. Indeed, it would be well where a flower has been allowed to go to seed to go over it with a pair of shears and snip the seed-pod off, close to the main stem, and remove the unsightly seed vessels, and this will increase the strength of the plant wonderfully.

He or she who has flowers and gives none away suffers in a double sense. They are personal losers, and the plant is also a loser. The way to be able to cut flowers is to have lots of them.

* * *

FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

A GREAT many Nookers will doubtless transplant a great many of their flowers this fall and plants that are blooming in the garden now will be taken up and potted for the winter. Let the INGLENOOK give such of its friends a suggestion. Suppose that you want to take up a touch-me-not, or balsam. Decide first on the size of the pot you expect to put it in, and then while it is growing in the garden take a butcher knife, or some similar knife, and cut around it in the ground just about the size of the future pot, possibly a trifle less. What is meant is to thrust the knife down into the ground to the handle and saw around until every root is cut off, and yet it is left growing in its place. The idea is to cut the roots and force a lot of fibrous side shoots. Cutting it two or three times during the season will enable one to lift the plant in the fall in such a way as to allow it to go right on blooming as though nothing had happened.

THE JOINT SNAKE.

THE INGLENOOK recently had quite a discussion as to the existence of a snake that could be broken into pieces and still live. The written opinions of the correspondents were all to the effect that such a snake existed, as they had seen it. The same, or a similar animal is also often called the glass snake. Now what are the facts in the case?

In the first place there is no such animal as the joint snake, nor is there a glass snake. What there is that is so misleading is a low form of lizard life that looks like a snake. It has no feet, has a cylindrical tail twice as long as the body, and the animal has a peculiar snake-like wriggle in its locomotion. The peculiarity of the animal under consideration is that it can disjoint its tail, or the disjointing will happen, under the slightest provocation. In fact it is almost impossible to lift the lizard without the tail's going to pieces. The pieces that come off have a peculiar wriggling motion, while the animal proper glides away. The pieces never come together again, but a new tail does grow out again on the lizard, and in a recent collection of a lot of them in Southern California half of them were growing new tails. What seems at the bottom of the whole matter is a trick to deceive enemies by leaving a part of the owner's anatomy in order to get out of sight and danger. So, after all, there is no joint snake, and no glass snake. The next time the miracle is seen by any Nooker let him note, not so much the tail of the animal, as the body, and the lizard character will be apparent.

* * *

INDOOR SNOWSTORM.

A WRITER tells of an indoor snowstorm on a very clear, cold evening at a party given in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered in a single room, which became so warm as to be insufferable. The window sashes were found frozen and a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold air current rushed in and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snowfall indoors.

* * *

WHERE FROM.

DOUBTLESS many a boy Nooker, or even older persons, have wondered where the animals that are at the Zoos, and with the circuses, come from. Naturally they must be caught before exhibition, and the business of catching and selling them is in the hands of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, in Hamburg, Germany. He has the largest trade in the world of this character, and in order to keep up his stock in trade he has agents out all over the world, wherever the wild animals he wants

are to be found. His trade is with Zoological gardens, circuses, shows, and the like. Not a few private citizens, and many crowned heads are among his customers.

A good lion is worth from \$1,000 down to a few hundreds. A hippopotamus is worth between \$2,000 and \$3,000, and a rhinoceros is worth somewhat more. The prices in the animal market do not fluctuate much. Any Nooker who thinks he would like a few wild animals of any kind can readily get them if he has the price.

* * *

IF you have a piece of ground that you want to fertilize, and which you do not wish to sow in weeds, do not put barnyard manure upon it. If you do you simply sow the ground in countless weeds that will be sure to come up and vex you. Instead, use chemical fertilizer, which is just as effective, more so, in fact, if applied properly, and which carries with it no weeds to trouble you afterward.

* * *

A CATERPILLAR cannot see more than a centimeter ahead—that is to say, less than two-fifths of an inch. The hairs on the body are said to be of as much use as its eyes in letting it know what is going on around.

* * *

A FOX is dainty as well as crafty and prefers the tongues of lambs for food. He has been seen to chase sheep until they, on becoming tired, hung out their tongues, which he then tears off and eats.

* * *

CRANES, storks and wild geese fly fast enough to make the trip from northern Europe to Africa in a week, but most of them rest north of the Mediterranean.

* * *

THE common herring is the most difficult of all marine creatures to catch alive for an aquarium. A whale is the most difficult to preserve alive.

* * *

THE cry of a young seal when wounded or about to be attacked resembles that of a child in distress, and tears flow from its eyes.

* * *

THE number of leaves on a large sixty-foot high oak tree has been counted and found to exceed 6,000,000.

* * *

SOME of the cats in Liberia are of a bright red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

* * *

IT is said that the frigate bird can fly an entire week without stopping to rest.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
She will never come to you.
Go and toil within life's vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

—S. M. Grannis.

* * *

GOD MADE THE COUNTRY.

THE other day a few young Nookers, employed in Chicago, came to Elgin on a visit. They had been country raised, in fact lived on farms, and had worked in Elgin before going to the greater city. When these people left the brick and stone forests of Chicago, with its narrow canons of streets, where never by any chance any green thing grows, they wondered most of all at the expanse of green, the sward and the leafing trees they saw. All these things were common enough to them, but like a man locked in a cell when Spring comes so they felt in Chicago.

It's all a lesson to country people who live where the wild plum and the crab apple perfumes the air. There is none of it in any city as there is in the country. True there are parks, "breathing places" they call them, and they are not the real thing, but none of these equal the meadow where the tall grass grows and the yellow dandelion riots between. Instead of tall, cross-like telegraph poles, with their web of wires, there are trees like the maple, swinging their winged or tasseled flowers. In place of the endless stream of cars and conveyances of all kinds in the street there are the winding country road fringed with goldenrod, and the fence, moss grown and elder hedged. The

people of the fence corners, the trees and the fields, are not the hurrying, pushing crowds of the dusty or horribly muddy streets. There are the folk in fur and feather God made and they are no kin to the city or city dwellers. Yes, the country that God made is better than any city.

* * *

FAMILY DIFFERENCES.

THERE is, perhaps, not a family in existence that does not at times have its moments of friction and difficulty. No matter how peaceful and serene some people may seem, yet there are unquestionably times when they break the rules. The ideal life is an impossibility, but some people approach it nearer than others. There will be family quarrels and jars as long as there are people different in temperament and view.

What the INGLENOOK desires to bring out prominently in this article is the necessity for the concealment of all such instances on the part of those who are so related as to become cognizant of them. While we use the word concealment we do not mean in its hiding sense, but rather a protecting one. One of the most disgraceful things in the world is a family brawl in which the whole neighborhood is made acquainted with the evil doings. And one of the very worst things anybody in the family can do is to retail to outsiders the misdeeds and shortcomings of members of their own homes. Those who can not keep their mouths shut in regard to the failings of those nearest to them, of their own kin, need not be surprised if other people talk about them in terms of disapproval and censure.

One of the first things young people want to learn is to keep quiet what happens in their own family circle, and the older members of the family want to take to heart the importance of not parading in the market-place, before the eyes and the ears of the general public, the adverse or discreditable things that happen in their homes. Whatever disagreements there may be, whatever wrongs there may be done, let them be a thing dead and buried as far as the outside world is concerned.

* * *

"AIRLY TO BED," ETC.

MODERN science has pretty well exploded some of the old theories about going to bed with the sun and getting up with the chickens. While it may be desirable to a certain extent with children it is slow suicide with aging people.

One of the signs that people are getting on in years is their lack of long, steady sleep. They do not sleep well in the forepart of the night, and wake often when they do drop off. Toward morning they sink into their first, easy, refreshing sleep, and it is simple

and unadulterated cruelty to rout them out when they are getting their only really good rest. It is a great deal better to modify the old saying into something that allows all the sleep people want, when they want it.

* * *

WHEN TO TAKE HOLD.

WE often hear the discussion as to when a man should let go of affairs. Some say at fifty, some later. There can be no answer for reasons needless to go into here.

Then there is another question which is quite as important, but not so often spoken about. When should a boy or girl begin to take hold of affairs about them? The Nook will venture the assertion that the time for youth to enter the active lists is when he understands the past history and the present requirements of the situation and this period is not limited by age. Some people get it early, some late, and some never.

Many a young man of twenty-five might preach a more acceptable sermon at his age than a man of seventy-five. He doesn't often get the chance to do it with absolute freedom because the older ones are afraid of him, but if he *can* do it his duty lies right there. As said before, a man's work should begin when he is fit for it and capable of doing it.

* * *

THE JEWS.

JEW baiting, just now, seems to be in order in Russia. Some thousands of Jews, women and children, have been killed and crippled by an irresponsible populace, and the authorities wink at the crime. It is altogether likely that in their hatred of the Hebrew these Russian mobs will awaken the sense of justice of the world at large, and the more advanced and powerful nations will protest against the continuance of the butchery. This means that the higher Russian authorities will be forced into taking definite action looking to stopping such massacres.

In every land the Jew gets the worst of it in the hands of the rabble, and as surely he wins out in the long run. The Jew was here long enough before some of the people who persecute him, and he will be a nation when the mob that pursues him is forgotten.

* * *

THE NOOK readers' attention is directed to the Art Talk description of the School at the Art Institute in Chicago. If you would like a catalogue of this institution address The Director of the Art Institute, Chicago, Illinois. It is a very handsome catalogue and will give the reader a much better idea, after he has read it, of the great work being done. The catalogue will be sent free.

THE NOOKMAN ON GETTING OLD.

Gray hair's no sign of age, but a gray heart is.

✱

God help the children who have had no youth.

✱

Youth knows it all. Age is sure of but little.

✱

What does the Nookman know about getting old?

✱

Years don't make age. Stiffening of the heart does it.

✱

The first gray hairs set most people to thinking hard.

✱

Only the good get old. The bad die before getting there.

✱

The old woman who powders and the old man who curls his hair—two fools.

✱

A white-haired, blue-eyed real lady makes one think of a piece of rare china.

✱

There's all the difference in the world looking forward or back to the seventy mark.

✱

A white haired man with red cheeks and a young heart. What does he know of age?

✱

What a lot of experience between the crow's wing of youth and the burnished silver of age.

✱

It is a sad sight to see children with an old look on their faces. It means premature trouble.

✱

An old man with a young girl is only surpassed in foolishness by an old woman and a boy.

✱

Many people think old ones fools. Old people know young ones are. That's one difference between youth and age.

✱

The old man and the old woman at a picnic, on a log apart from the others, both has-beens, and all nature tee-hees!

✱

Of course nobody ever knows it when you dye your gray hair. You know they don't know it because they don't say anything about it.

FLOWERS FOR PERFUMES.

It has been stated on authority that the Secretary of Agriculture of Washington, D. C., intends taking up the matter of flower growing for the purpose of making perfumery. Whatever the Nook family may think of the vanity of the matter the fact remains that it will open up a field for some women and people of small capital in raising flowers necessary to carry on the business, if, indeed, it should ever attain the proportions predicted by the secretary.

That the United States can compete with the world in making all kinds of perfumery extracts, it would not take a very great deal of study to convince the most skeptical. California, Florida, South Carolina, and, in fact, almost every State, has soil and climate just suited for the cultivation of different flowers and bulbs. The first named State grows violets, carnations, and a number of other flowers by the acre, and large amounts of extracts have been distilled. The tuberose can be successfully grown in Florida and other Southern States, and it yields extracts in abundance. Jasmines grow easily and in great abundance in the warmer climates, and the extract is easily taken and worth about \$70 per pound. Southern Louisiana produces the most valuable orange trees and flowers for the making of extracts, they possessing a stronger odor and proportionately more oil than other States. The oil of neroli, distilled from orange flowers, is almost as valuable as the attar of roses, but far less trouble and expensive to make. Large quantities of lavender oil is imported from Southern France, but California can furnish every ounce which could be used in the United States and the article is said to be superior to the imported. The same is true of rosemary, it growing to perfection not only in California, but in a number of the States. In the United States, quite a large number of plants yield perfume oils in their native ground—wintergreen, sassafras, wild ginger, swamp laurel. Even the humble potato yields a valuable oil for perfume.

A very few dollars will start a business and there is always a demand for every essence or extract which can be produced. Now, as in olden times, the rose is the queen of perfumes, as it is the queen of the garden, and attar of rose is more than worth its weight in gold. In France roses are grown by the square mile, and they are culled before the bloom has lost its sweetness, the buds being boiled in pure fat for several hours, the fat strained, new flowers added, and the whole boiled again. This process is repeated four times and the pomade is considered saturated with the essence of roses. Spirits, in proportion of a gallon to eight pounds of the paste, is added and the result is *esprit de rose*. This is kept to mix with grosser perfumes, a drop being sufficient to impart an exquisite fragrance to any compound. From it are made

all the fashionable perfumes now in such general use. It requires about six hundred pounds of rose leaves to produce one ounce of attar, worth about £25 sterling. Of course, very little of this arrives in America in a pure state; it is too valuable not to be counterfeited and diluted.

"The United States claims the pre-eminence in the manufacture of the attar of wintergreen, which is used chiefly by confectioners, and keeps hundreds of perfumers busy in New Jersey. The Europeans long ago succeeded in manufacturing the essence of wintergreen from salicylic acid and wood ether, and naturally our trade was hurt, but we can produce hundreds of other things and find a market not only here, but in foreign countries. The thing to do is to get to work and do it, and I would be glad to see some of our women with plenty of money and who are anxious for profitable investments take up this work. But as I remarked I am not in a position now to 'give facts and figures,' so to speak. I have had too much on hand to take up the study, but I am convinced that it would be an industry which would furnish employment for many and bring in good interest for the money for the investors. The details must be gathered by studying the systems employed in France, Italy, Germany and other countries. If our good women are in search of something new and profitable in the way of investments and employment, the way is open right here, I am firmly convinced. The conditions are entirely favorable for growing all kinds of flowers, as I have said, and it will prove an industry which would develop and grow with wonderful rapidity.

"A great field is open for women in the perfume industry," said Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture, "for it has been clearly demonstrated that the climatic conditions of this country are such that we can grow flowers and plants here of every variety. Anything that can be grown in any part of the world can be grown to perfection in the United States, the only trouble being in finding the right spot, and that can be done as has been shown by our work of producing the tulip, narcissus, hyacinth and other rare blooms and bulbs in the far Northwest, placing us where we can successfully compete with Holland in this industry, the only trouble being in securing cheap freight rates. As it now stands these bulbs can be brought to New York and other markets from Holland at a less rate of freight than they can be brought overland from Northwest Washington. However, I have assurances that the railroads will make satisfactory rates and we will be able to give the Dutch a lively tussle.

"I have not given the matter the consideration and study it deserves, but I feel safe in saying that there is no reason in the world why women cannot make

good money and find pleasant employment by entering this new field which is open to them—raising flowers for the extraction of their perfumes. Fragrant odors have been used by people of refinement since the days of the Creator, and there is evidence that the old religions sought the aid of perfumes to captivate the worshiper, choosing the nose as one of the shortest cuts to the soul, a physiological fact not yet forgotten by the Roman and Greek churches. A love for flowers is always commendable, but a love for their essences—their souls, so to speak—is almost universal and entirely praiseworthy, for it shows civilization and refinement. It is generally understood that we in this country are a plain, matter-of-fact people, most of us busied in buildings, growing corn, running railroads, making money and careless of luxuries, but think of our ‘noses’ costing us one year with another, something like a round million dollars for foreign extracts, soaps, pomades and the like. Why, we pay out more than \$300,000 for attar of roses alone, when there is no necessity for disbursing one red cent for an article which can be made right here. We couldn’t raise tea in this country either, the croakers said, but we are now growing the most finely flavored tea in the world, and its cultivation is carrying hundreds and thousands of dollars into the pockets of the women and children of the South. Its cultivation is not only giving them spending money, but employment that is light and pleasant. I repeat that we can grow any and everything in this great country of ours, and the thing to do is to get in line and get at it.

* * *

CRABS.

BY N. E. MURDOCK.

IN a letter that I received some time ago from the Nookman, and which by the way was highly appreciated, he expressed a desire to sit down with me to a dinner of deviled crabs, so, though I have not the means of placing such a dainty dinner within reach of the sensitive palates of many of the Nook family, yet I can with permission of the esteemed editor tell how the thing is done “when the tide is out and the table set.”

It is a very easy thing to get them, and plenty of them, at a time when the tide runs extremely low, for then all along the ocean beach the “crab holes” or large pools are left like little lakes, high up on the smooth sandy beach, and entirely remote for some time from the surf.

If it has been clear north-westerly weather for a few days, and the water be clear you can without any apparatus except a garden rake, secure just as many as you may want. It is not uncommon for two or three

with rakes to pull out, and leave lying on their backs, with their long claw-like legs kicking in the air, over one hundred of those fine fellows, any two of which would make a dinner that would satisfy a very hungry Nooker.

At the most favorable season these low tides are in the early morning and a Nooker engaged for an hour or two in this vigorous exercise before breakfast, generally returns home with a fine appetite for the food with which he has so plentifully provided himself.

In early summer these crabs come into the shallower and warmer waters of the bays, apparently for the purpose of taking care of their young until strong enough to live in the colder water of the ocean, and then it is that the person who takes interest in such things has a chance to study them. You may see, if you watch them for a while, many a fight in which some lose a leg or two. You may see the little ones of very small size apparently taking care of themselves, but you will also see if you watch closely, a large crab with a smaller one in his arms and this one is watched and cared for with the greatest solicitude. It does not seem to have any anxiety at all about its own safety, lying very quietly with its legs folded carelessly, even when disturbed by any means you may use to separate it from its protector who clings to it until the last hold is broken and the little one is almost separated, and then for the first time it makes an effort to regain its place of security again. This it does with the utmost conceivable swiftness of motion and far exceeds its protector in this particular when once convinced that it is necessary for it to act for its own safety. Those who have studied them much differ in regard to this small crab. Some will tell you that it is a young one, but if so, then why are so many young ones left to shift for themselves? Some say, however, that this small crab so carefully protected is the female whose life like that of the Queen bee in a hive is so precious and is so carefully watched by its fellows.

Will some Nooker who knows tell us just what this small crab is?

Oysterville, Wash.

* * *

GIRLS KEPT IN CAGES.

It is stated as a fact by reputable travelers that there is a certain island in the Pacific the natives of which are still in the habit of confining their female children in cages until they are of an age to marry. These cages are constructed of palm branches, and the girls are imprisoned in them at the age of two or three years. They are never allowed to leave their cages under any pretext whatever except to be taken out once a day to be washed. The children are said to grow up strong and healthy in spite of their incarceration.

THE WORK OF IRRIGATION.

BY GUY E. MITCHELL.

FOR many years past citizens of the United States who gave any attention to the matter have assumed that the great public land area of the western states and territories was sufficient to meet the needs of coming settlers for at least several generations. The oft repeated statement that two-thirds of the western half of the United States is still Government land, the most of it open to settlement under the Homestead and other land laws would indicate this to be a fact. Five hundred million acres would divide up into 3,125,000 one hundred and sixty acre tracts, and a farm of one hundred and sixty acres should support at least five people, to say nothing of smaller vegetable and fruit farms and innumerable towns, villages and hamlets.

Those who have traveled in the west, however, know that such a picture is impossible of fulfillment. The major portion of the remaining public lands are and always will be unfit for farming operations. They comprise great ranges of mountains and hills, deep gulches and land otherwise unfit for any agricultural use other than grazing. There may be a hundred million acres which can be made to produce crops. All this land, however, is of an arid nature. The rainfall is slight, quite insufficient to grow crops without the aid of irrigation. Water, applied to this land, however, makes it fabulously productive, and instead of 160 acres being a unit of the western farm, forty acres is probably nearer the average. This means, then, that the proper utilization and storage by the Government of the flood-waters of the western rivers, derived from the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains and the chain of the Sierras will make possible homes on the land for a great multitude of settlers, and this work of reclamation the Government has started to carry out under the new National Irrigation Law.

To secure the greatest good for the greatest number and therefore to build up the west along right and patriotic lines, it is obvious that the remaining public land suitable for irrigation and agriculture must be kept for settlement by actual settlers and home-makers; it must not be speculated in.

The Government surveyors, however, who are making extensive surveys of the western areas, in order to determine what can be done under the new law, find a serious condition of affairs which should engage the attention of every citizen of the Republic, wherever he may live. The manufacturer of Maine, the planter in Georgia, and even the farmers of the entire Mississippi valley are directly interested in the proper administration of the land question and in the settlement of the west, for the success and prosperity of that region will benefit every other section of the

country. It is not possible that the products raised in the west can come east to compete with eastern farm products, for the growing population of the West will consume most of its own production and any surplus will go to the eager markets of the Orient.

It is found that under our present land laws, large areas of public lands are being constantly absorbed for speculative purposes, which is of course against the best interests of the nation. President Roosevelt has recognized that the land laws are not suited to the unusual conditions of the west and strongly recommends in his last message to Congress the repeal of three of our laws under which land is being fraudulently filed up on by speculators. The matter received considerable attention in the last Congress and a bill is now being prepared by members of the Senate Committee on Public Land, which will repeal the Desert Land Law, the Timber Law and the commutation clause of the Homestead Law, in accordance with the President's wishes.

If we are to preserve the rich domain of the west for the benefit of our children and our children's children we must shut off the present wholesale methods of obtaining valuable lands for practically nothing and retain upon the statute books only the beneficent Homestead law under which a family can secure a home simply by making it.

Washington, D. C.

ABOUT RADIUM.

THIS is the new mineral concerning which nobody knows much, and from which everything is affected. In an article in the *London Times* discussing the matter we learn something of general interest.

What is all this about radium? What is radium? Where does it come from? What is the use of it? These are questions which have been frequently asked during the last two or three weeks, and have sometimes been answered in very odd ways. To begin with, radium is not found in pitch, though that origin has been assigned to it in print, and a cutting has been produced from more than one pocketbook to confute the rash skeptic. It is obtained from a mineral called pitchblende, which really differs rather widely from pitch in its physical properties. Pitchblende is an ore found in Saxony, and containing iron, barium, uranium and other metals. Along with these are very small quantities of radium, the extraction of which is a very laborious and costly business. Looking for a needle in a haystack is probably a more exhilarating occupation than looking for a few milligrammes of radium in a truck load of pitchblende. Naturally the stuff is rather dear. Anybody who can get a supply fairly pure at ten shillings per milligramme would not hurt himself much by making a "corner." That price works

out at somewhere near £35 per grain, or, say, roughly, £15,000 per ounce; but, as there is not an ounce in the market, the quotation may be taken as nominal. Of course, we never know what may happen. Somebody may dig into a store of radium less horribly entangled in masses of refractory ore. But for reasons too recondite to be explained here, this is regarded as extremely improbable.

The stuff makes amends for the smallness of its amount by its remarkable properties. A little of it goes a very long way. There are some bodies that can be stimulated by light or otherwise in such a manner that they afterwards shine in the dark. Radium brought near to these bodies causes them to shine. A mere fraction of a grain in solution poured from one vessel to another leaves on them enough of itself, even after they are washed in the usual way, to give them temporarily the power of causing this light effect upon a sensitive screen. It is like a grain of musk making everything in a wardrobe smell of musk though there has been no material contact. Something must pass from the radium to the sensitive body, and the puzzle just now is as to the nature of the something. Does radium shoot off infinitely minute particles of itself to produce its effects? What explains such suicidal conduct, which, going on through geological time, might explain why so little radium is left? Or does it do something to the ether, which in turn does something to the sensitive screen? Again, why does it go on doing this, when apparently nothing is being done to the radium itself? There are all sorts of theories, but in reality nobody knows. This is not the worst, however. M. and Mme. Curie, two distinguished French investigators, have recently announced that radium emits heat, steadily and constantly. They have measured the amount and find it quite considerable. Charity begins at home, and radium does not forget to keep itself warm. It is said to be always between two and three degrees hotter than the other things in its vicinity, whereas every well-conducted substance comes to the same temperature as its surroundings. This paradoxical behavior calls urgently for explanation, but as yet none is forthcoming. There are cynics who recall the story of King Charles and the Royal Society. Before explaining why radium is hot, they would like further assurance that it is hot. On the other side it is pointed out that M. Curie has a great reputation at stake, and that the incredible nature of his announcement must have been fully realized by himself and must have made him doubly and trebly careful to verify his results in every possible way.

Radium has yet other properties which are also remarkable, though they chiefly concern the physiologist. Hold a tube containing a few milligrammes near a man's temple and he will get the sensation of a flash of

light. Most of us have seen stars at school under the stimulus of a sharp tap on the nose, and radium produces much the same effect without violence. If kept for a few hours near the skin a tube of radium raises a blister and produces a sore, which, however, does not go very deep. This effect takes place through one's clothes, therefore radium is not recommended as a pocket companion. Applied to the nerve centers, it produces paralyzing effects sufficient to kill small creatures whose centers are near the surface and therefore not well protected. The bacteriologists find that it kills some of their pets. All these things it does through glass, for nobody can afford to hand it about loose. We would unwillingly credit it with the diabolical power of shooting its own particles through glass, but the alternative is that it sends forth subtle but potent emanations of some other kind. They somewhat resembles Rontgen rays, but the difference is that we make these rays by a considerable expenditure of power, while this stuff pumps influence out of itself without any visible means of support or renewal.

It is asked, What is the use of all this? One can only answer, *more Scottico*. What is the use of a baby? As baby it is not of any use; in fact, it is a nuisance. But it will grow into a man, who is of use. In the same way it is not easy to say that radium is at present of any use from the strictly practical standpoint. It might, perhaps, be used homœopathically for the cure of photopsia, which, as we have just seen, it causes. If we had plenty of it, we might paint London with calcium sulphide, put radium in the street lamps, and get a mild moonlight everywhere, while saving on gas and electricity. But people careful of their complexions might object to its effect upon the cuticle. No, it cannot be said at present to be of extensive practical utility. But it is only a baby, and in developing our knowledge of it we are very likely to hit upon something useful, or upon something that just gives the hint required to make some other piece of knowledge useful.

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WOOD PULP.

THE discovery of wood pulp as a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper will, it would seem, soon have to be followed up by the discovery of a substitute for wood pulp. It is estimated that 800,000,000 feet of spruce logs will be needed to fill the requirements of the mills for this year.

* * *

WHEN the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body, and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

THE QUEEN OF SPICES.

CINNAMON is in itself unquestionably the most delicious of all spices, being sugary as well as aromatic and pungent. Many thousands of pounds are consumed annually in every civilized country, and it is also highly appreciated by even semi-civilized and barbarous nations where culinary art and medicine have as yet made little progress.

Its uses in sweet cookery are innumerable. There are very few fruits which are not improved in preserves, pickles and pastries by the addition of more or less of this delicate bark. It is an essential flavoring in all spice cakes and in many varieties of pies and puddings. In chocolate, confectionery, candies, cordials and liqueurs cinnamon contributes an incomparable flavor.

Its medicinal value is well known as an antispasmodic and carminative and tonic. Its use is recommended as a preventative and remedy for cholera, and in seasons when stomach troubles prevail cinnamon drops are recommended as the most wholesome form of candy for children.

The discovery of the valuable properties of cinnamon antedates recorded history, as it is mentioned in the Bible, in the book of Exodus, as one of the ingredients of the sacred oil with which the priests were anointed. So highly was the sweet bark esteemed by the ancients that even a small piece was considered a fit gift for a king. It is always mentioned as an especially choice substance by Greek writers previous to the Christian era. It is said that the Arab traders, who first brought it to Egypt and western Asia, surrounded its history and production with special tales of mystery and magic.

The cinnamon tree is a member of the laurel family, which in the tropics is represented by a large number of aromatic and medicinal trees and shrubs.

There are several closely allied cinnamon trees, but the finest bark is procured from a species native to the island of Ceylon, distinguished by botanists as *Cinnamomum zeylanicum*. In a state of nature this grows to be a tree from twenty to thirty feet in height, with rather large, oval, entire margined leaves and yellowish flowers succeeded by small, brown drupes resembling acorns in shape. The grayish brown bark is internally of an orange color, which changes upon drying to the characteristic brown which is the recognized name of a particular shade. Almost every part of the tree yields some choice substance and is especially rich in oil. The roots yield camphor and the leaves an oil resembling the oil of cloves and often substituted for it, while from the fruit a substance called cinnamon suet is manufactured, which is highly fragrant and from which in former times candies for the exclusive use of the king were made.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, while

England was for a time in possession of the spice islands, cinnamon plants were among the choice products that were imported into various other tropical regions, including the West Indies, where in Cuba and several other islands it has become a considerable article of commerce. Under cultivation it is not allowed to grow into a tree, as the richest bark is taken from shoots of from two to four years' growth. The young tree is, therefore, cut and shoots from the root are encouraged to grow. The majority of these are cut when about ten feet in height and the bark is detached in ten or twelve inch lengths. After lying in bundles for a few days, the bark is scraped by hand, both outside and in, until reduced to a thin sheet. These sheets are then made up into composite "quills" by placing the narrower and shorter pieces inside and rolling tightly, forming firm rods, which after further drying are made into bundles weighing about eighty pounds and wrapped for shipping. Grocers divide, assort and very neatly combine portions of these quills into small packets for the convenience of their customers.

The oil of cinnamon is made by grinding the coarser pieces of the bark and soaking them for two or three days in sea water, followed by the process of distilling. Two oils, one heavier and the other lighter than water, are the product, both possessing similar properties. The color varies from cherry red to pale yellow, the latter being preferred by most purchasers.

The work of distilling is light, and an oil equal to the best Ceylonese is now produced in Trinidad and various other localities in Cuba and other West India islands.

As cinnamon commands a good price and its uses are continually multiplying, there is every inducement for extending the area of its cultivation, both in the eastern and western hemispheres.—*St. Louis Republic*.



WHITE ELEPHANTS NOT SACRED.

It is a grave mistake, to which the writings of many travelers have contributed, to assert that the white elephant is worshiped anywhere on the face of the earth. Animals of that description are exceedingly rare and are of course highly valued by their possessors, but nobody thinks they possess any supernatural qualities.

The Buddhists do not recognize a material god in any form and are shocked at the idea that they worship an elephant. There is, however, some approach to it in their reverence for white animals, particularly the elephant, monkey, dove, sparrow, stork and swan. The reason for this reverence is that under the Buddhist religion each successive Buddha is supposed to have passed through a series of transmigrations and in turn occupied the forms of white animals of a certain

class. The white elephant ranks first because it is believed to be the temporary dwelling place of the soul of some great personage, a king or great general.

The wisdom and knowledge of this great personage are supposed to be retained while in this state and the elephant, therefore, knows what is best for those around it. Its presence thus prevents national calamity and promotes peace and prosperity. So it is customary when a white elephant is found to decorate it, bestow presents on it and make it in every way a favorite of the throne.

When an elephant of this sort is discovered prayers are ordered in all the temples, while the hunters go out to capture it. The bearer of the message announcing its capture has his mouth, ears and nostrils stuffed with gold, and the one who first discovered it is liberally rewarded. The elephant is received with great ceremony on the way to the capital and a path is cut through the forest for its convenient passage. At every stopping place attendants sing and dance, play musical instruments and give exhibitions of skill for the entertainment of the elephant.

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THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

THERE is always more or less of a glamour of romance attached to a mission and it becomes a very decided fact after a hundred years of use and the building is abandoned and allowed to go to ruin. There are a number of mission buildings in California of more or less interest to the general public. They were originally founded by Franciscans, of the College of San Fernando in Mexico City. These people founded twenty-one missions and they were one Franciscan day's journey apart, that is, the traveler could hear the matrus in one and vespers in the next. Or that it may be better understood by the average Nooker the journey was such that a man might in the morning hear the morning bells of the mission he was leaving and in the afternoon hear the evening bells of the one to which he journeyed.

Nineteen of these mission buildings are still in existence and originally they covered about seven hundred miles from South to North. They were connected by a highway of travel.

The first of the above is San Diego de Alcalá, which was built in 1769, considerably over a hundred years ago. The last of the twenty-one missions is San Francisco Solana which was founded in 1823. They are still the property of the church that built them and services are still held where the conditions allow.

The general form of one of these old missions is that of a large building with porticos and often surrounded by a high wall of sundried brick. The roofs are of tiling, and where they have not fallen in and broken are still in good condition. Around the mission building the priests who lived in them planted the vine, the

fig tree and the olive. They learned the language of the native Indians and taught them the elements of Christianity as they understood it. The Indian himself was a docile party as a rule, though sometimes they revolted and killed the missionaries.

However, as a very general rule, each mission became a center of religious expression which has not been lost to this day. The Indians have entirely disappeared and many of the old missions are crumbling into decay.

Life in these old places must have been very monotonous. For the most part they were in a climate where it was always two o'clock in the afternoon and it must have required considerable moral courage and definiteness of purpose for the Spanish priest to leave everything behind him in Mexico City and tramp nearly two thousand miles to his fields of labor, where he was required to learn a strange language and live out the remaining portion of his days teaching his indolent converts. Whatever unholy aspirations arose in the minds of the old padres we may not know, but to this day there is an air of romance over every mission in this country and they, taken together, form a distinct style of architecture which is universally recognized as the most picturesque in the country.

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CAPITALS OF THE UNITED STATES.

OF course every schoolboy knows that Washington is the capital of the United States, but it is not risking much to say that few know there have been nine different cities that have possessed that distinction since independence was declared. These cities are Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis in Maryland; Trenton and Princeton, in New Jersey; Philadelphia, Lancaster and York, in Pennsylvania, and New York city. The first session of the continental congress was held in Carpenter's hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774. Thereafter the American congress was for a long time something like the Philippine congress while the latter was dodging American troops—and for much the same reason. Fearing to remain in Philadelphia after the defeat on Long Island, congress went to Baltimore and voted George Washington dictatorial power for six months. Congress returned to Philadelphia two months later, Feb. 27, 1777. Lancaster and York got their sessions after the defeat at Brandywine, congress again retreating. Nine months the lawmakers remained in York; the news of Burgoyne's surrender was received there. Then six months in New York and another term in Philadelphia. Menaced by unpaid troops, congress went over to New Jersey. Sessions were held in Princeton college library. Annapolis next, where General Washington resigned his commission. Trenton had a trial then, with Henry Lee as president. Here Lafayette took leave of his American allies.

A WOMAN LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

The only woman in the world in charge of a lighthouse entirely surrounded by water is Mrs. Katy Walker. The beacon which she has in charge is situated on Robbins reef, in New York Bay.

Here Mrs. Walker has lived for twenty-one years. Her husband was keeper before her. When he died, Rear Admiral Rogers found out that Mrs. Walker wanted to be made keeper, and although it is against government regulations to put a woman in charge of a lighthouse at sea, he succeeded in having her appointed, after a three years' unsuccessful search for a man

ter, she never closes her eyes in sleep at night, for then it is that constant watching of the windows is necessary, in order to keep them from frosting. And if the day be such that the ships are lost to view in the fog, she never sleeps, no matter whether she has been up all night before, but looks after the fog whistle herself, and keeps an eye on the mechanism that rings the fog bell.

In all the years that Mrs. Walker has been in charge of this lighthouse she has never been reprimanded by the lighthouse inspection bureau, nor has a complaint even been entered against her, and her post has the reputation of being the best-kept and cleanest in the



CHILDREN'S CLASS AT THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

to take the lonely post. It is now fourteen years since she secured the appointment, and there Mrs. Walker has lived, day in and day out, with no other company than her son, his wife and children, and her daughter.

The government allows Mrs. Walker a vacation, so many days each month, and has now given her an assistant, but she has never been away from the lighthouse an entire day at a time. Once or twice a year she does a little shopping in New York City, but hurries back to her lonely post. So conscientious is she that even now with an assistant she, herself, looks after the lamps at night, not having failed to do so for one night since her husband's death. For weeks, in win-

ter, she never closes her eyes in sleep at night, for then it is that constant watching of the windows is necessary, in order to keep them from frosting. And if the day be such that the ships are lost to view in the fog, she never sleeps, no matter whether she has been up all night before, but looks after the fog whistle herself, and keeps an eye on the mechanism that rings the fog bell.

MARION has reached the age when the problems of life assume interesting proportions.

"I was born in Washington, D. C., grandmother. Where were you born?" she asked recently.

"Way out in Kansas," answered the old lady.

"Father was born in New Orleans," continued the child, "and mother in Denver. Do you know,"—reflectively,— "it seems to me people are liable to be born most any place."—*Lippincott's*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer,
Taught by my mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh, could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be recreated from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore—
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

—Eugene Henry Pullem.

* * *

CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

JAPAN must be a nice country for boys and girls to live in.

They have lots of toys and great fun in playing with them. What would you think if you saw a little New York girl sitting on the sidewalk baking little cakes in a tiny stove with a real oven? You'd laugh. That is what Miss Japan does and it seems quite proper.

She does not even have to buy her stove, but can rent it from a boy peddler, and may keep it for a whole hour for a little money.

The toy peddler also furnishes her with a lump of sweet dough, and as there is already a real fire in the stove, she has only to make her dough into little cakes and bake them, and afterward eat them, which is not the most unpleasant part of it at all.

After that she has her dolls all about her, for she usually has a very large family.

They are of all sizes and kinds and the little mother keeps them very carefully, for in Japan the doll holds a very important place. Indeed, there is a special day, March 3, set aside and called the "Feast of Dolls." That is a joyful time, I can tell you, for every little Japanese girl. And the boys? Well, the boys have good times too.

The kite is what they like best, and such kites as they have. American boys would open their eyes if they could see them. Not only are they of all shapes and sizes, but some actually sing. That is, they make music like that of an æolian harp as they float in the air.

Others look like animals, but the oddest of all are the fighting kites. These have their strings soaked with glue, into which powdered glass has been dusted, for a distance of thirty feet from the kite. When the glue hardens the string becomes as sharp as a file.

The boys try to get their strings crossed while in the air. Then each pulls his kite this way and that until one of the strings cuts the other in two.

In such a case the owner of the victorious kite is entitled to the one that has been cut.

* * *

TOMMY'S LESSON

I THOUGHT when a boy was old enough to have a slate and book and go to school, he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way that he wanted to. So I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me; but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence; and I tumbled over and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my clothes. So I had to go home to mamma. She said: "Ah, Tommy boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that." And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, 'cause I didn't go.—*Early Days.*

* * *

A SPOONFUL OF SUNSHINE.

LITTLE Kate was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm. "O, mamma!" said Kate, "think what I have just swallowed!"

"What was it, dear?" said her mother.

"A whole spoonful of sunshine!"

* * *

"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

The Q. & A. Department.

Do animals possess senses that we do not?

A number of such questions have been received lately, and there must be an unusual interest in the matter of late. Undoubtedly animals possess senses that we know absolutely nothing about. A familiar instance is the scent possessed by certain breeds of dogs. Then there is the power of cats to find their way home across miles of unknown country, and instances like these may be multiplied indefinitely. Probably every species of animal has some personal powers that we do not in the remotest understand, and our awkwardness in the matter must astonish the lower animals if they are capable of noticing our deficiencies.

What is radium?

See recent issues of the NOOK. It is a rare metal that has the property of emitting particles that produce the phenomena of light, heat, etc., but the substance of the metal is not reduced in size at all, as far as is known. It is very costly, but will likely be cheaper as the demand for it grows. A piece about the size of a buckshot is worth about \$20,000.

Would the study of a little-known foreign language, with reference to translating its stories, etc., for reproduction in English be profitable?

Hardly, the Nook thinks. Other people than our own have habits of thought so different from our own that they take interest in what would either fall flat or be beyond us. Then again a translation always takes much from the original.

What are the "Becquerel rays?"

In 1896 Prof. Henri Becquerel discovered that certain substances, unusual metals, and their compounds, had the power of radiating heat, etc., and these rays were called after their discoverer. Radium had not yet been discovered, and it is likely that radium is at the bottom of the Becquerel ray.

What is color blindness?

Inability to distinguish any difference between certain colors that are not alike to the normal eye. There is no cure. There are more color blind people than one would think.

Does the water of a long river run up hill?

Never. Up and down are only relative terms, and all such figures are based on what is known as a gravitational plane, a perfectly straight line from point to point.

Do animals think, that is, as we do?

Undoubtedly they connect ideas, but their senses are not like ours, and naturally they look at things in a different way from what we do. It would be interesting to know the dog's idea of things, and his opinion of people generally.

Is the Chicago Art Institute mentioned in the Art Talks free to visitors?

It is open every day, but on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays no admission is charged. On other days visitors are required to pay.

What does the abbreviation Mc mean in so many Scotch names?

It means "the son of." Thus "McKay"—"the son of the prophet," "McLean,"—"the son of the lion," etc.

Why is there no railroad to the National Park?

Because Congress has ordered that there should be no steam or electric railways allowed. The idea is to keep as close to nature as possible.

Is wireless telephony possible?

Yes, it is entirely possible and is successful, but not on an extensive scale. Time will come when it will be an accomplished fact in general use.

Is there any special gift belonging to the animal trainer?

Yes, perhaps, but nothing personal or secret that may not belong to others. Patience and persistence are the main things.

What is the most northwesterly point in the United States?

Exclusive of Alaska, Cape Flattery is the most northwesterly point.

Which is the oldest of our national parks?

The Yellowstone is the largest, finest, as well as the oldest. It comprises 3,312 square miles.

Is the Chinese language difficult to learn?

Parties who know say that it takes a life-time on the part of a European to master it.

Is there any cure for cancer?

As far as our knowledge goes, there is none short of the surgeon's knife.

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY HATTIE YODER GILBERT.

I LIKE cold dinners for Sunday as much as can be and so I would have cold boiled ham, apple-sauce, gravy made from the ham broth, potato salad, cold slaw, beets and pickled eggs, corn pudding, cold rice, radishes, lettuce, lemon pie, cherry pie, pink and white layer cake and cocoa.

Daleville, Va.

COMMENT.—It will be observed in this menu that all the cooking necessary is to simply make the gravy and cocoa. This should not take a half hour at the outside, when there will be every requirement for a thoroughly satisfactory dinner at little trouble. The object of the INGLENOOK in presenting these menus has been to get before the readers the general outline of a good dinner, with little or no Sabbath day work. They will be appreciated by every right thinking woman, and at the same time be entirely satisfactory to the other side of the house, demanding something substantial, even though it be Sunday.

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE.

PINEAPPLE shortcake is delicious. The pineapple should be cut up, sugared, and allowed to stand at least two or three hours before using. The cake is made of four cupfuls of sifted flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard, milk, and one medium-sized pineapple; sift the baking powder and salt with the flour, rub in the shortening, then with a fork stir in lightly and quickly sufficient milk to make a soft dough, too soft to roll; turn it into a greased pan and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes; watch to see that it rises evenly; unmould, split the cake and butter it and insert the pineapple, also place the juice over it. Place it in the oven for a minute just before serving.

CHERRY SHORTCAKE.

SIFT twice together two cups of flour, one-fourth cup of sugar, four level teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of nutmeg, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt.

Rub in one-third of a cup of butter; add one egg, well beaten and mixed with two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk. Roll out on a floured pastry board, and bake in a layer cake tin in a hot oven for twenty minutes. When done, split, spread quickly with soft butter, then with pitted, drained, and sweetened cherries. Cover the top also with cherries, sprinkle with sugar, and heap whipped cream over all. Serve at once.

BAKED CHERRY DUMPLINGS.

STONE the cherries and dust them generously with powdered sugar. Sift together one quart of flour, three heaping teaspoons of baking powder, and four tablespoons of granulated sugar. Rub in smoothly four tablespoons of butter. Stir two well-beaten eggs into a pint of milk, and pour this upon the flour. Make into a soft dough, roll out, and cut into five inch squares. Place the cherries in the centre, fold the corners well over to cover them, slash two or three times with a knife, and bake in a quick oven until done. Serve with lemon sauce.

CHERRY ROLY POLY.

CHOP five ounces of suet very fine, removing all fibre and skin. Add half a pound of flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt. Mix well, and moisten with sufficient water to make it stick together. Roll out on a well-floured board, about an inch in thickness, cover well with pitted cherries, dust with sugar, and roll up quickly. Tie in a well-floured cloth, leaving room for it to swell. Place in a kettle of boiling water and boil for two hours, or steam for two hours and a half. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

CHERRY CUP PUDDINGS.

ONE pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon of sugar, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, sifted thoroughly together. Add gradually sufficient milk to make a drop batter, and stir in lastly two tablespoons of melted butter. Butter some large cups, drop in each a spoonful of the batter, then a tablespoon of pitted cherries, and another spoonful of the batter. Steam for half an hour, and serve with cream and sugar.

LITERARY.

Everybody's Magazine, New York. The June number of *Everybody's Magazine* is before us. It has changed hands. Formerly it belonged to John Wanamaker, though what on earth John Wanamaker wanted with a magazine will perhaps ever remain a mystery. It has now passed into the hands of practical magazine people and comes to the INGLENOOK in a new dress of type, and its mouth full of promises for the future. *Everybody's* always was a good magazine and if they succeed in making it better they are sure to win out. The June number is as good as the average of any of the popular publications, and if the promise to still improve it materializes it will come very near being an ideal publication. The actual facts are that there can be no magazine suited to everybody, for everybody is not alike, but there is such a thing as getting very near to the fact, and *Everybody's* is a favorite in the race.

The price is ten cents at any news stand.

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The Era Magazine for May is here and in a very creditable way maintains the reputation this magazine has of presenting valuable information in an interesting way. This month Day Allen Willey, in a well-illustrated article tells about "The Development of the Modern Newspaper." This is a subject that interests many and, also, many may read with pleasure and profit another article, "The Ideal Newspaper." Among the other subjects that are treated in this issue are "Present Day Worship of Isis," "Railroads of America," "The Spaniards in Louisiana," and a number of very entertaining stories, as usual.

Price, 10 cents per copy or \$1.00 per year.

✱

Country Life in America, for June is at hand. This is ever the marvel of typographical excellence among all the exchanges that come to the NOOK room. Its illustrations are unsurpassed, if they are equalled, and the articles are timely and practicable. One of the mistakes a good many people make is in thinking that because a publication is high-class its contents are impracticable to the everyday reader. No greater mistake could be made with *Country Life*, as it is eminently practical and preeminently beautiful and entirely satisfactory in its matter and manner. For instance, the June number has exhaustive and beautifully illustrated articles on cherry growing, poultry raising, and bee keeping. Then there is an article on the pig that will interest, on paper, every reader everywhere. Taking it all in all, by and wide, as we say in the west, *Country Life* is without a rival in its field. It can be bought for twenty-five cents.

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It is estimated that over 600,000 gallons of castor oil are manufactured annually in the United States.

COLORADO.

THE various western lines are now announcing special low rates to Colorado points for the summer months. This presents a fine opportunity for visiting a picturesque and interesting section of the United States. The trip will afford a realization of the wonderful progress of the West in its commercial development and particularly in its railway service.

It was no longer ago than in the strenuous days of '61 that Colorado was first made a territory and its capital city named for Gen. J. W. Denver, a Kansas Governor. It was not until 1870 that the first Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line train entered the city, and six years later, in the year of the Centennial Exposition, that Colorado was admitted to the Union.

Great changes have taken place since that time. To-day Colorado is one of the brightest stars in the nation's galaxy, and thousands of visitors each year enter her borders as tourists or in pursuit of the agricultural, mining and industrial opportunities which the commonwealth affords in tempting profusion.

The passenger department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway announces a summer tourist rate of \$30.00 for the round trip from Chicago to Colorado points, and similarly low rates from all points East.

The Union Pacific and Chicago & North-Western Railways maintain a double daily train service between Chicago and Denver, only one night en route from Chicago and the Central States and two nights from the Atlantic seaboard.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED, home for a boy of ten, healthy, bright, smart, and used to work in gardening and the like. Of Brethren ancestry, and wanted to put among Brethren where he will have a good home. Can be sent right away to a satisfactory place. State what you expect to have him do. Address concerning the boy,—*The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

WANTED.—Three young women to complete class in training school for Nurses. Must be between age of 23 and 35. Address: *Miss Helen H. Cust, Superintendent Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

WANTED:—Man and wife to work on farm. House furnished with garden. Thirty dollars per month to right party. Give reference and experience.—*Asa B. Culp, Eureka, Ill.*

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WANTED.—Position as art teacher in college or other institution for coming session. Branches—oil, pastel, water-color, crayon and pyrography. Address: *Box 61, Remington, Va.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 24.

A LITTLE WAY.

'Tis such a little way we have to go
Together. Soft and low
I hear the words from your frail lips
That speak to me, and if love strips
Them of discretion I do not take
It so to heart, because 'twas some mistake.
And I can see
A day—far off, perhaps, when those small words may be
Thought of, not as wrong, but, dear,
Because your lips speak not, are no more here.

And then the touch of your soft hand
I feel it thrill, and understand.
Your little faults, I know not how to find
Since perfect love is blind.
But they would not be
Faults—just ways to you and me—
Mistakes, dear one, or less
Sweet memory's deeds to bless;
For love shall change us all, and ours to-night
Is sweeter than before, yet by another light
So cherished will it be—we must be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—Jane Wilford.

* * *

CHINAMEN LIVE BACKWARDS.

In Japan horses are backed into their stalls, then a door at the entrance to the stall is closed. The door has a feed box and hay rack conveniently attached.

But China is the land of queer doings, says the *Harness Review*. In China the left hand is the place of honor. The Chinaman rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups. He carries a pig instead of driving him. He whitens instead of blackens his shoes. His favorite present to a parent is a coffin. He keeps out of step in walking with others. He shakes his own hands instead of his friend's. He puts on his hat in salutation when we take it off. He deems it polite to ask a casual caller's age and income. His women folk are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns. A Chinaman's given name comes after, not before, "his honored family name." His compass points south, and he speaks of westnorth instead of northwest. He does not consider it clumsy, but courteous, to take both hands to offer a cup of tea.

And he says of us and our customs, as we may say of him and his, "Oh, how queer."

GOLD CANNON BALLS.

NOT long ago an old peasant was wandering in the jungle about half a mile from the city of Ahmadnagar, in India, when he found a round ball of metal. It was black and looked like an old iron round shot, but when the old man lifted it he was struck with its immense weight. He carried it home and found, on scratching it, that it was a lump of solid gold. It weighed eight pounds and its sale made the finder rich for life.

There are many more of these cannon balls, each worth a small fortune, lying hid or buried in the recesses of this jungle and their story is a curious one. At the end of the sixteenth century Akbar, the greatest emperor Hindoostan ever saw, was at the height of his glory. At the head of his conquering army he summoned Ahmadnagar to surrender. The city and its rich treasure were then under the rule of the Princess Cande. Knowing that resistance could be but short and in bitter rage against the oppressor, she caused all the treasure of gold and silver to be melted down. She cast the metal into cannon balls and engraved upon each maledictions against the conqueror. These were fired into the jungle and when Akbar entered the city, instead of the rich hoard he had hoped to win, he found a treasury absolutely empty.

That this is not the only occasion upon which cannon balls of gold have been cast is proven by the fact that in the treasury of the shah of Persia there may be seen, in the same room where stands the famous peacock throne, two small globular projectiles of gold. They were estimated by a recent visitor to weigh about 31 pounds each and are very roughly made. Their origin or purpose is, however, totally forgotten. It is only known that they are very old.

* * *

A MAN must not choose his neighbor; he must take his neighbor that Gods sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—*George Macdonald*.

* * *

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are the possessors of no fewer than nineteen pianos, every one of which was a wedding present.

THE MORMONS.—Part Three.

The members of the Mormon church, who attend services in the tabernacle, will make it pleasant for any one in attendance. Close by the tabernacle is the assembly hall, much smaller, but still a large church, and this is intended for smaller gatherings connected with the Church. To give an idea of the liberality of the Mormons, some time ago, a Catholic priest was invited to come and deliver a series of lectures upon the faith and practice of his people. He did so to large and attentive audiences, but it has not as yet come to the writer's ears that the same courtesy has been extended to the Mormons by any outside denomination, nor would it be.

Nevertheless the idea is not generally understood among people. Most people attribute the plurality of wives idea to base lust, while they, themselves, deny this most emphatically. They justify their position in the matter by their construction of life in this world and the world to come.

The idea is a patriarchal one. They hold that in the future world the saints will occupy prominent positions, the unit of which is the family and following of the patriarch. They hold that in the next world their present family goes over, and that the marital relation still continues beyond, as it does on earth, and that the larger their following, the greater the glory to which they are entitled. Without going into an explanation of the logic by which they justify this



MORMON ASSEMBLY HALL. A PLACE WHERE GENERAL RELIGIOUS SERVICES ARE OFTEN HELD.

These people are in business in the city, having their stores and personal callings the same as those of any other city, and one can not talk to them without feeling assured that there is no hypocrisy about them in their absolute and final faith in their church.

Now, referring to the distinguishing features from which the whole world dissents, let us come at once to the practice of polygamy, or as they put it, plurality of wives. It is, perhaps, the sticking point upon which the vast majority of readers at once take exception, and so does the writer of this article. Nevertheless we may still set before our intelligent constituency the facts of their belief and practice in the interest of the diffusion of knowledge among men, and deem it prudent to distinctly disavow our belief in the correctness of their position, or the truth of their belief.

plurality of wives, it is certain that in practice it is not generally understood.

The picture of wife number one wailing out her life in sorrow because her husband has brought two or three or more other wives into the home against her will, must once for all be set aside as untrue. What they, themselves, say about it is as follows: At the bottom of the whole business is the high religious fervor that dictates to and governs them in their every action. As a rule their men, women, and children believe what they profess, and polygamy was only practiced when the call came regularly that a woman should be added to the already organized family, and when the proper preliminaries were complied with. She did not hesitate to take upon herself the duties of a wife and mother, coincident with the same things character-

istic of the first wife. There was no compulsion in the matter. If any Mormon wife saw fit of her own volition to leave the faith, thousands of Gentile homes would be immediately open to her. On the contrary, she accepts it as a part of her religious life, and deems it an honor, strange as it may seem, and spends the balance of her life, once she has chosen, to live happily with her husband, hoping to dwell with him throughout all eternity.

Remembering now the patriarchal idea including the plurality of wives, it has been stated to the writer of this article that the proposition to take a second wife often came to the husband first through wife number one. Wife number one, believing in the faith of her people, believing in her husband, and wishing to add to his glory in the hereafter, suggested to him that one of her friends be added to the family. Without her consent, the marriage could not go on, and the idea often originated with her. Acting upon her suggestion or consent, the husband proceeded to a courtship not unlike that of the Gentiles, and if the proposition was accepted by the woman, and the projected marriage was indorsed by the local bishop, it was allowed to go on, and that was repeated as many times as the family and church authorities saw fit, considering always that the husband was required to support his wives.

In the greater number of instances, the plural wives do not live in the homes of the first wife. They remain in their own homes, or if it is agreeable and there is room for them, a number of them may occupy the common husband's home. In such an instance, the practice is for them to divide the work and the responsibility week by week or month by month, as they may agree, and they say, both men and women, as far as the writer made inquiry, that there is an entire absence of any general bickering and jealousy. At the same time, the Mormons themselves freely admit the human element of discord, but if there is anything serious with the conduct of the husband, the woman can be divorced from him upon application, while the man throws himself liable to a church trial for the conditions that lead to the divorce.

If anybody imagines that every Mormon has half a dozen wives, let him drop the idea at once. In the first place there are not women enough to go around, and in the second place not many men are capable of financially supporting a half dozen separate families, and an actual count of the polygamous families made recently, shows that out of a membership of quite 350,000, there are fewer than 1,000 polygamous families.

A polygamist told the writer of this article that the home life of the people is exceptionally pleasant. Each woman, he said, vied with the other in the care of the home, and of each other's children, and preserved the

sanctity and peace of the relations they had entered upon. The children referred to the other wives of the father as "our other mother," and divided their affections, as far as may be, between all of them. There is this one thing sure, that with public sentiment standing the way it does, no family need remain in any unlawful relation unless the members so wish. The second, third, fourth and other wives have no legal standing whatever, and can get away just as soon as they want to. Some of them do so leave, but the vast majority of them remain true to their faith and their religion.

Up until a few years ago such marriages were solemnized by the Church, but since the law forbidding polygamy was declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Church itself, the leaders say, has not broken the law by plural marriage. While they hold to this fact, it is out of concession to the law of the land and public sentiment, and distinctly not as a denial of their rights in the premises. The President of the Church issued a manifesto against contracting such marriages in future, in September, 1890, and this was ratified by the Church in general conference in October.

The writer cannot leave this subject without expressing a wonder as to how men and women can divide their affections, and yet be satisfied. Woman with her inherent and native jealousy, it seems to him who writes this, would not be satisfied with but one-fifth of the attention of a man, who divides himself among as many other wives, nor does it appear possible that one man can love a half dozen women equally well, and show no difference in his treatment of any one of them, yet the fact remains that it has been a practice of the Church for a generation without serious internal dissension and objection. The only explanation the Nook has to offer for this anomalous condition is that they are possessed by a religious enthusiasm that dominates every other human instinct and makes them sacrifice themselves for the advancement of an idea.

It seems to be a large part of the belief of the Mormon that this life is to be continued in the next world. Most Christian sects hold to the belief that once one has died the account is closed, and that for all eternity there is a place prepared for his eternal abode, and that he has no later chance. The Mormon looks on the life to come as a near second to the present one. He believes that his present family relation, even to detail, will go on in the next world. Hell is not construed literally, but as a probationary place where after a greater or less length of time each individual will in the end be restored, and all will finally enter into the glory of the Lord, the faithful, the Latter-Day Saints, being nearest the final and absolute truth.

Now in accord with this belief there is an unusual

practice connected with the family relations. The family goes over and is, under conditions readily understood among them, reunited in the next world. The non-Mormon man who marries a woman does so till death breaks the contract. This is the universal practice of all denominations,—all agree in the ceremony of marriage so far as the termination of the civil contract by death. The Mormon goes a step in advance of this, and believes that the sealing as it is called, for time and eternity, endures after one or both of the parties has passed away. They look for a reunion in the world to come. This ceremony in which that which is sealed on earth is sealed in heaven may be performed for the dead who have not been thus married for eternity while living. So when one of the contracting parties to an ordinary marriage dies,—the woman, say,—the remaining husband can be sealed to her so that in the life to come she will be as much his wife again as she was on this earth. This is done in the Temple, and constitutes a part of the secret work of the place, secret only in that it is a side of the religious life of the people in which the public has no part or care. The man selects a woman, one of the relatives of the family, and in the Temple the ceremony of sealing or marriage for the dead is performed. It is largely similar to the ceremony performed for this life, only that it is done vicariously, by substitute, and in such case does not constitute a marriage for this world.

The same is true in case of the death of the man. The woman can be sealed or married to him by proxy for eternity. All this is predicated on the mistake that such proxy marriages have anything to do with this life. They are solely for eternity when performed for the dead. It can be seen that while it is a beautiful thing in sentiment, it is also one that might be made dreadful to incompatibles who were yet in earnest in other matters of faith. Of this phase the writer knows nothing, nor is it, perhaps, thoroughly well known by anybody. But it will be apparent to thinking people that an enormous mass of human misery might result from a proclaimed refusal to be sealed once one of the parties has passed over.

The Mormons also hold to the belief in the baptism for the dead. The Latter-Day Saint may have had a father, a sister or a mother, who having died without opportunity of baptism is represented by the living, who is baptized for them, with all the effect accruing to possible originally performed ordinances. This is done in the Temple, and only by regularly constituted authorities of the church. This ceremony, like the sealing, is one with which the public have no part, and all are rigidly excluded.

In actual practice this ceremony is performed in all material respects with the proxy as it would be with the living were they present, and one person may

be baptized for fifty or more dead, if he so elects. There is a record kept of all this genealogy, in fact there is a regular office where the archives are deposited and the records kept. It is said that over two millions of baptisms for the dead have taken place. It may be said here that the form of baptism is that of single immersion, backward, and that children of the age of eight and upwards if properly instructed, are considered subjects for the administration of the rite in their own behalf.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE PEARL FINDERS.

AWAY out in the south Pacific ocean, where white men rarely are seen, there lies a little coral atoll known as Hikueru atoll. It is different from most coral atolls of which you read in your geography, for it is a solid ring of coral, and the lagoon inside of it can be entered only by dragging boats over the beach.

This lagoon is one of the most valuable pearl-shell lagoons and is sought every year by the dwellers on Tahiti and other islands of the south seas to fish for pearls.

The French government, which owns the atoll, has forbidden the use of diving suits, because it is feared that this method would prove too destructive to the pearl shells, and the diving is done in the ancient south sea way, by men and boys and women, who go down with no artificial help.

When the time comes for the pearl-fishing they set out from their islands, some of them four hundred miles away from the atoll. Most of the natives bring their families and household effects with them. Many bring even their houses. This is not so difficult an undertaking as it may appear at first sight, for the houses are made from light cocoanut palms and pandanus leaves. They are built up in sections, so they are easy to take apart and transport.

Most of the diving is done in water from sixty to seventy feet deep. The sea is so clear in the atoll that the diver can study the bottom perfectly with a water glass and locate the best clumps of shell before he dives.

When he is ready to go down he slips into the water over the side of the boat and, holding to the gunwale with one hand, he looks downward through the water glass. The moment he sights a good lot of shells he begins to breathe deeply, sucking in the air until his chest is inflated as far as it can be, and then exhaling it slowly through the mouth, so that it makes a whistling sound. Having thus cleaned out his lungs, he takes a long breath, filling his chest with perfectly pure air, and then he lets go of the gunwale instantly and sinks below the surface feet foremost.

After he has thus sunk about ten feet he turns

quickly and swims toward the bottom, head first, cleaving the water as gracefully and swiftly as a fish would. On touching bottom he hauls himself along by seizing clumps of coral until he reaches the shells. Then he breaks them off the reef with his right hand, which is protected with white cotton cloth.

Quickly he puts the shells into a little net of cocoanut fiber which he carries over his shoulder. Then he stands erect and immediately he shoots toward the surface as if he were pulled up by a rope. So swiftly does he ascend that he frequently seems to leap out of the water when he reaches the surface.

Of course, boys and girls of these south sea islands can swim and dive almost as well as if they were water dwellers. One of them made an exhibition dive for the officers of the United States fish commission steamship Albatross last year. He remained under the water two minutes and forty seconds and reached bottom at a depth of one hundred and two feet under the boat's keel. The water was so transparent that the beholders could see him clearly. They declare that after he had touched bottom at this enormous depth he calmly picked over the pieces of coral and shell at the bottom to select one to bring up, exactly as a man might cull flowers when working at his ease in a garden. This young diver was ready to go down again only a few minutes after he came up.

* * *

ORANGE GROWING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY WALTER R. HEPNER.

FIRST of all in an orange grove is to prepare the ground. This is done by plowing the ground from ten or twelve inches deep and then it is cultivated and smoothed. The holes which are about two and a half feet deep and twenty feet apart, are then dug. After this water is poured in the hole and then the tree is put in and the hole is then filled with dirt.

To irrigate these trees there are ridges, ridged around each tree in the form of a square. The water runs between each row in a small ditch, then each square is filled with water until all the trees have been irrigated. There is another way to irrigate. Little furrows are made between each row and the water is run down each furrow. At the end it is checked up so that it will not run off on another man's orchard. If the water should get away, which it does sometimes, it makes the other man feel bad because his ground is not fixed to be irrigated and when he gets ready to ridge his ground it is so hard that it does not work right.

Cultivating is done in many different ways. The cultivators are of all sizes and are drawn by one to four and five horses, according to the size of the cultivator. The teamsters try to drive as close to the

trees as possible without doing any damage to them. After the trees are about four years old they begin to bear oranges, averaging two or three boxes to a tree. As they grow older they bear more fruit. The oranges are picked by men. The orange boxes are hauled from the packing houses in wagons. The men scatter the boxes among the trees and then the wagon is loaded with oranges and hauled back to the packing house. The pickers clip the oranges with clippers. They pick as far as they can reach from the ground and then they get their ladders and pick the rest of the tree.

After the oranges are picked and hauled to the packing house they are prepared for shipment. First of all the oranges are run through a brushing machine to brush the dust off. But when they are too dusty and unclean, they are run through an orange washing machine. Then they are put back in the boxes, brought in the house and stacked up in rows in handy places. Then they are poured into a kind of a machine which has belts to carry the oranges up to the sorters.

The sorters look at them as they pass along and sort them into grades such as Fancies, Choice, Standards and Culls. After the oranges are sorted they run into bins where a woman stands at each bin and packs the oranges in tissue paper. This is done by wrapping the paper around the orange and twisting the ends together. After the box is filled a helper then comes and takes the box to a man who puts a lid on it and then it is ready to be shipped.

After the oranges are packed they are put into cars. They are stacked on top of each other and long slats are nailed to the boxes, so as to hold them together and to keep them from falling when the engine runs against the car. Each car holds three hundred and sixty-five boxes.

Our California fruit is shipped all over the eastern part of the United States.

Covina, Calif.

* * *

UNCLE SAM'S "GREAT SEAL."

A NEW "great seal" is being made for the United States government at a cost of \$1,250, to replace one made in 1885. The seal in use during the past seventeen years has done more work than the previous "great seal" in the forty-four years in which it did duty. The first "great seal" of the United States was made in 1782 in Philadelphia, from a design carefully worked out under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, and it was used until 1841. The "great seal" that is now being cut will be the fourth made, its three predecessors having done duty for a total of 120 years.

* * *

MORE than \$5,000,000 have been bequeathed to the Pope since his term of office commenced.

SOMETHING ABOUT GRAY HAIRS.

EVERYTHING physical being equal, it is established that the man who is engaged in professional work will grow gray sooner than will the man who earns his bread by the literal sweat of his brow. Thus by implication the man who has more and harder brain work than another—more worries, more trouble, more difficult thoughts, less vitality in proportion—this is the individual and the profession that soonest are marked by gray hairs."

"But who shall decide which is which?" asks Dr. I. N. Danforth, who has made a study of both bald and gray heads. "The doctor and the lawyer and the minister and the business man and the whole category of men are willing to go on record as being the victims of the hardest possible occupations.

"Thus far, however, one may be certain: In the professions generally there are three groups which may be taken up as suggestive of the manner in which heads grow white. First of these are the representatives who are on the outskirts of even moderate success in life. They have the burden of living more than the burden of ambitions. They have to work harder toward making the ends of things meet than they work toward attainment of their skill as professional men. These are of the class which get gray early even if there be no disposition on the part of their ancestry to become gray early in life. Just to the extent that they are susceptible to the worries and pinchings of life, to that extent they become gray and prematurely old.

"Another class are the happy men. They are capable, of bounded ambitions, and are content with the successes that come to men who bore with small augers and learn well the philosophy of living for ease and comfort. They have horizons that are wide enough, they have learned to avoid cares, and between working well and not worrying they never grow gray; you will see them long after the allotted span of life scarcely with any gray hairs and with small trace of baldness.

"That third type of professional men belongs to the top of the professional ladder the world over. Their brains are filled with surging ideas; there is no rest for the gray matter within their skulls; before blood nutrition can get to the hair it is cut off and subverted to the use of the brain until the logical result of years of this is either gray hair or no hair at all. There is a disposition to baldness instead of to grayness, but in many ways the two conditions are brought about by the same causes.

"In general the man who thinks will be gray before the man who works without thinking. To the extent that the thinker fails to take exercise, is sedentary in his work and habits, and allows his system to lapse in tone, just to that extent he will become prematurely gray.

"As a factor in grayness, however, heredity has more to do with it than anything else. In my own family everybody had been in the habit of getting either gray or bald at forty and as a result I am a good deal of both."

Logically and naturally gray hairs may be expected to appear on the temples at thirty-five to forty years old. Brown-Sequard is an authority for the statement that the first of these gray hairs turn white in a night. His observation is based upon the white threads that appeared in his own beard. Looking in the mirror one morning, he discovered a single white hair that was not there the night before. He not only pulled it out but before going to bed again he made a careful search for other white hairs. Satisfied that none was left, he went to sleep again, only to find that while he slept two other hairs had turned white in the same area where he had marked the first.

In this way Dr. Brown-Sequard became to an extent sponsor for the story of the man whose hair turns white in a night, caused from fright. This is the story which dermatologists in all time have shied at, but which at the same time has been on a much stronger footing than anything in the line of ghosts, sea serpents, or mermaids. At the present time, perhaps, nothing in medical history is more tangible on this subject than the report of an experience of Dr. Parry of Dublin, reported in the *Medical Press* a number of years ago. The doctor says:

"On Feb. 19, 1859, the command of Gen. Franks, operating in the southern part of the kingdom of Oude, had an engagement near the village of Chamba, meeting a body of rebels. Several of the enemy were taken prisoners, among them a sepoy of the Bengal army aged about fifty-four years, who was led back before the authorities to be questioned. I then had occasion to observe in the man, at the moment when they took place, the events that I propose to relate.

"The prisoner seemed to be for the first time conscious of his danger when, deprived of his uniform and completely nude, he saw himself surrounded by soldiers. He began to tremble violently, terror and despair were depicted upon his face, and, though he responded to the questions that were addressed to him, he seemed actually in a stupor from fright. Then, under our very eyes and in the space of scarcely half an hour, his hair which we had seen to be a brilliant black, turned gray uniformly over his whole head. A sergeant who had made the capture of the prisoner, cried out, 'He is turning gray!' and so called our attention to a singular phenomenon which we as well as many others were then able to follow in all its phases.

"The discoloration of the hair took place gradually, but it became complete and general in the short space of time mentioned."

There have been stories of the hair turning white

from terror, told for generations, but this case cited by Parry is regarded as one of the most circumstantial of the kind. That hair has turned white from paralysis is recognized; that deep mental trouble may precipitate it is certain; and in the study of these hairs under a microscope the physical reason has not been hard to find. In every case the bulb at the root of the hair has been engorged with blood and pigment, indicating that the hair has been drained, and in the whit-

The other case cited was that of a young miner who staked \$1,100 worth of gold dust upon the turn of a single card. All day the young man had been full of excitement, and in the gambling game with which he closed the evening he was nervous almost beyond control of himself. In the final turn of the card, he won; but the next morning he was surprised to see that his hair had turned from black to white.

With most men who are gray it is worthy of note



PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

ened portions not only is the coloring matter absent but minute air cells have taken its place.

Two stories of hair turned white in a night have been credited to the old Boston Medical and Surgical Journal of 1851. Each of these stories is vouched for by competent authority. One was of a miner in California, who, being sick one morning, was left alone in camp while his comrades went away washing gold. They came back in the early evening to find that a grizzly bear had been standing over the sick man for hours and that before the creature left the hair of the victim had turned white. He had not been touched by the animal, however.

that in cutting the hair the grayness is diminished, showing that the hairs toward the ends are whiter than they are next to the scalp. Sometimes it has chanced that a person who for some reason has become prematurely gray, may get back the color of his hair and beard. Where sickness has been responsible, a restoration to health not infrequently restores the missing pigment to the hair follicles.

It is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and London to carry 1,000,000 fans of all kinds as a single item of its cargo.

MORE ABOUT "POWWOW" SCIENCE.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

THE NOOK of May 10 has a good article from "Kathleen" on the science of "Powwowing." I am glad the Nook is a real exponent of true sense,—another word for science. In this twentieth century every person who wants to keep abreast of the times must keep his ears and eyes open, and not allow prejudice or preconceived opinions to rule judgment. If he does he will grow into a "Mossback" and be of little use to the world.

What is called powwowing is not all a superstition or an imaginary dream. Only the ignorant class the good resulting from the practice as the outcome from the evil one. Not since the world began is it known that the Old Serpent went about seeking whom he may bless.

The writer believes the readers of the Nook are an intelligent class and willing to think good thoughts along reasonable lines, and thus become wise even in matters that have been ignored, largely, by great minds.

The question might be asked in regard to powwowing, Why is it? Its simplicity of explanation is one of the astonishing things about it. Who is it that does not know it is thought that sends the crimson fluid to the face causing a blush, or that it is thoughts of a startling nature that instantly drives the blood from the surface back toward the heart, causing the cheeks to pale, the strong physical body to become weak, and not infrequently causes death? It is a fact, in the science of life, that the mind is a powerful agency for weal or woe. Is it not a Bible truth "as a man thinketh so is he," and that "out of the heart (mind) are the issues of life"? It matters not so much what is the *modus operandi* used in order to concentrate the mind on the thing to be accomplished, as it is to get a fixedness of purpose registered in the mental faculties. As each mind is but a factor of the whole of the eternal mind, each person is a representative of mind force, therefore may affect the mental status of a patient, even a small infant, so as to cause an entire revulsion of the circulation and assimilation of the life forces throughout the functions of the body. A reasonable and logical revelation along the line of law, is it not?

COMMENT.—The truth about powwowing probably lies pretty well covered up. A thousand people will say that there is nothing at all in it. Another thousand will tell you that it does all it promises, and prove it beyond a question. Where lies the truth? Who knows? Personally the Editor has not the slightest faith in it. That does not at all mean that others have not been helped by it.

Looking at it impartially it seems that there is not a single thing in the words or the act, but that the ef-

fect on the mind of the believer is such that what he has sought comes to him beyond a question. The act is not remedial in the laudanum sense, but is helpful through the mental effort of the afflicted. If a man is lamed in his arm with what half a dozen doctors pronounce rheumatism and he sneaks around the back way to some old woman who mumbles a jargon while she draws a pot lid up and down the arm, and the man finds the pain gone, what explanation can you give? The Nook refers it to the effect on the body through the mind, and laugh as you will, the fact of the helping is often a certain and sure enough fact. There is a good deal in this world that we do not understand.

* * *

GREAT POWER OF MAGNETS.

ONE of the practical uses of a magnet, but to those immediately concerned a highly important use, is that in which it is sometimes employed to withdraw small pieces of iron from such out of the way places as the human eye. Another use of the tractive force of magnetism on a much larger scale was that to which it was put by Edison in his magnetic ore separator, in which the ore, previously crushed to a fine powder, is dropped down a chute past the poles of powerful electro-magnets, in passing which the iron particles of the ore are deflected to one side, while the nonmagnetic stone dust continues undeflected down the chute. Still another instance of the employment of magnetism in a small way is that in which a magnetized tack hammer is used in the manufacture of strawberry baskets on a large scale in conjunction with a mechanical device which presents the tacks, one at a time and head up, to the operative, thereby greatly facilitating his work.

It is a far cry from lifting a tack by means of magnetism to the lifting of massive iron and steel plates weighing four, six and twelve tons by this same force, which is now being done every workday in a number of large steel works. Electro-magnetism, of course, is utilized, the form of the magnet being usually rectangular for this work and presenting a flat surface to the plates lifted. The magnets are suspended by chains from cranes and pick up the plates by simple contact and without the loss of time consequent to the adjustment of chain and hooks in the older method. It is also found that the metal plates can be lifted by the magnets while still so hot that it would be impossible for the men to handle them.

* * *

I CAME for nothing! I am of no use in the world! Philosopher of a day! knowest thou not that thou canst not move a step on the earth without finding some duty to be done, and that every man is useful to his kind by the very fact of his existence?—*Carlyle*.

ABOUT FASHIONS.

A CHICAGO paper, writing about fashions, has this to say of bonnets:

It is little short of a crime in these days to be old-fashioned, but there were some styles in vogue long ago that still have claims for those who remember them. There is at present some talk of an effort being made to revive the bonnet for young women. The little puritan capes and deep collars, the discreetly gathered skirts, the girlish simplicity of some of the new hairdressing pave the way to this revival.

There was a period when it was not considered correct for women to wear hats after early youth and many who now never dream of wearing other than hats and toques remember with amusement that they bought their first bonnet when they were about eighteen. The modern elegants knows absolutely nothing of this form of headgear and alludes to it as something archaic.

There are a few good old-fashioned souls, however, who still "hark back" longingly to the old style and lament that we continue to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to the quaint charm of the bonnet. One of these women rhapsodizes on the subject after this fashion: "I was born just in time to remember the bonnet, even in time to wear the bonnet in my teens. People in their teens did so then. In one's teens one may do many things—most of them inappropriate. So one wore a little princess shape, all of violets, with little prim ducky velvet strings tied under one's chin or what practically came to a wreath of pink ribbon and scored over the girls in their teens of to-day, who are condemned to big hats and nothing else in the way of headwear!

"The bonnet had a charm all its own. It was quakerish, a savor of 'thee' and 'thou' being about it. It was 'pretty behaved,' it could be mischievous and it could be absolutely adorable. Now we only see it on the variety stage adorning a mock Salvation Army lass of pantomime madness, a white satin coal-scuttle, with wild ostrich feathers and strings a foot wide. We have forgotten the bonnet and we are the losers."

* * *

WHERE ASPHALT IS CHEAP.

Not far from the town of Ardmore, in Indian territory, and partly within the corporation limits is an asphalt mine which is thought to be extensive enough to pave all the streets in Indian and Oklahoma territories. Ardmore proposes to build her streets of native asphalt. She will be prodigal in the use of asphaltum, for the reason that it is more economical than crushed rock and cement. The plan is to take the asphaltum as it comes from the mine and make a foundation six inches thick. This will be pounded and rolled until compact. Upon this will be spread a coat-

ing of the same material crushed into coarse gravel size, mixed with the powdered material that results from the crushing.

This also is thoroughly tamped and rolled. The last coat is made of the same material ground to a powder and then heated. No wagon ways have been made, but many sidewalks have been built in this manner and they are giving most satisfactory results. The crude asphaltum can be laid upon the streets at about half the cost of crushed stone.

* * *

MAKING STRAW HATS IN CUBA.

STRAW hats of excellent quality can be bought in Cuba at exceedingly low prices. The hats are made by hand, mostly by the women, while the men work in the fields or lounge about in the shade. Every Cuban residence in certain of the farming districts of the poor is a hat factory. Here girls in their teens toil throughout the day interweaving the straw into the form of tiles. Remarkable skill is possessed by some of these feminine hat-makers, but a remuneration of thirty cents a day is considered good returns for their labors. Cooking, eating and sleeping are often done in the same room where the hats are made.

Tropical Truth says: The farmhouse is a hut of one room with a lean-to for a kitchen, which is freely shared by pigs, chickens, cats, dogs and whatever other animals the farmer owns. The ponies and cattle have no shelter, and need none.

* * *

TOLD IN FIGURES.

BUT one-eighth of an iceberg is above water.

There are 4,500,000 miners and quarrymen in the world.

Massachusetts has 1,899 prisoners per million population.

Nearly 11,000 tubercular patients are now in sanatoria in Germany.

The Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics shows that 45,000 persons have retired from business on small competencies, and, strange as it may seem, 3,500 of them are farmers.

Fishing in the mouth of the Susquehanna at this season of the year is done with nets operated from floats by steam engines. The record catch is 1,000 barrels of herring and shad at one haul.

The immense quantities of oak staves used in the wine districts of Spain all come from the United States, and most of them from New Orleans. One cooperage concern in Andalusia buys 175,000,000 staves a year.

There is one physician to each 600 inhabitants in the United States—in cities it is one to 500. Death and increase of population make room for about 3,000 new doctors a year, but the 156 medical schools are turning out over 5,000 a year, making a surplus of 2,000.

NATURE



STUDY.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HERD OF BUFFALOES.

THE largest herd of buffaloes in the world has just changed hands. There are seventy-five of the animals in the bunch, the nucleus of which was five small buffalo calves in 1882, when they were caught on the great plains and placed in captivity. At that time the Dupree family were hunting and captured the calves. They were with an immense herd on the Little Missouri River, and after being taken were hauled in a wagon to the Dupree ranch. They were carefully reared, and after the first five years the increase has been very heavy. At different times animals have been sold to menageries and zoological gardens throughout the country, but in the main they have been allowed to roam over the one thousand acre tract upon which they are confined, and consequently have lost none of their shyness where man is concerned.

James W. Phillips, a wealthy ranchman, has purchased the entire herd and has removed them to his ranch, twenty-five miles above this town. He has enclosed an immense tract of fine grazing land with a fence twelve feet high and very strong. The posts are placed three feet from each other, and every precaution made to properly care for the big animals.

Phillips, the new owner, is himself one of the characters of this part of South Dakota. Coming to Dakota when a boy of sixteen with nothing but the clothes on his back, he is now a millionaire several times over and has made a success of the cattle business. He has been a resident of this country almost thirty years and knows every man, woman and child in it. His early life was replete with adventures with Indians and outlaws, and while still a young man he has seen much of life.

Just what he intends to do with his new purchases is not clear. It is reported that he intends to take the entire herd to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, that being his scheme to attract attention to South Dakota. From this it is said he expects to sell thousands of acres of land which he owns but for which there is no market at present.

This is by far the largest herd of buffalo in existence, the second largest being that owned by Buffalo Bill in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming. Here Colonel Cody has a herd of about forty buffaloes, six or eight of which he takes with him with his Wild West Show.

In the foot hills of Montana is located the only herd of wild buffaloes known. The band contains only

twenty or twenty-five animals and is slowly decreasing. There is a strict rule against killing them, and they are not molested by hunters, but occasionally a mountain wolf succeeds in pulling down a calf or a heifer. In this way the herd is gradually losing ground, and within a few years will have disappeared.

But the Dupree herd is fast gaining in number, and in a few years Mr. Phillips will have more buffaloes than he knows what to do with.

FISHING WITH THE HANDS.

It is hard to believe that human beings can become expert enough at swimming and diving to be able to catch fish in their water home; yet it is so.

The native Hawaiians are the ones who did it, and it is a common sight in the districts that are not densely populated to see men, women and children engaged in thus catching fish, shrimp and crabs.

Sometimes they crouch in shallow water and feel around the coral and lava bottom for the creatures. So skillful have they become by practice that even the swiftest fish rarely escape. They can seize a crab and jerk him out of his rocky lair before he can use his claws.

The Hawaiians are assisted in this mode of fishing by the fact that many species of Pacific Ocean fish hide themselves in clefts in the rocks and lie there when danger threatens.

This habit is utilized by the men and boys to catch those fish which live in deep water. They tie a bag around their waists and dive straight down to the bottom. There they hold fast to a rock with one hand, to keep themselves on bottom, and with the other they feel or grope in the crevices or under the overhanging rock ledges till they get their hands around a fish. Then they put him into the bag and grope for another one until they have to ascend for air.

A daring kind of fishing is that for the octopus. The Hawaiian dives to the bottom and pokes a stick into crevices and holes in which the octopus loves to hide. When the stick touches one of the ugly things it invariably takes hold so tightly with its tentacles that it can be drawn forth. The moment the fisherman has thus hauled it out, he lets himself ascend. He goes up so fast that he reaches the surface before the angry and stubborn devil-fish has made up its mind to let go its hold on the stick. When he reaches the surface the Hawaiian grabs the octopus and instantly bites deep into its head, thus killing the brute at once.

Another rather daring form of fishing is that for the ula, a species of lobster. When the fisherman is ready to go down for this creature he wraps his right hand in a long piece of cloth. Then he dives and feels around with his bandaged hand until he finds the ula. Frequently he will work so fast that he will bring up two or three ulas from one dive.

Now and then the fisherman finds a puhi in a hole instead of an ula. Then the bandage does not save him from being badly bitten, for the puhi is a great sea eel of immense strength and with jaws set with immensely sharp teeth.

* * *

IN THE DEPTHS OF OCEAN.

THE idea that has prevailed up to a very recent date that organic life does not exist at great depths in the ocean has been exploded by late scientific investigation. As a matter of fact the pressure of water is so great that ordinary articles of wood are compressed to half their original size if lowered to a depth of 3,000 feet. If a human being were suddenly exposed to the pressure of water at that depth he would be compressed to the thinness of paper. A diver at the depth of 10,000 feet would have weight upon him equal to several hundreds of the greatest and heaviest locomotives. There are depressions very much deeper, however, and soundings have been made establishing depths of more than 22,000 feet near the island of St. Thomas, in the Atlantic, and of almost 27,000 feet near the Japanese coast.

Great forests of seaweeds cover the bottom of the ocean and reach from the greatest depths to the surface. In these forests there is life more diversified than in the primeval forests of the tropics. Spiders and wormlike animals of enormous size, infusoriae, crabs, sea urchins, shells, crustaceans, starfish, turtle and millions of other living things of all kinds find their food in the equally varied plant life of the deep sea.

Deep sea fish have been brought up in the deep sea dragnet invented by Prince Albert of Monaco. A curious circumstance connected with deep sea fish is that none of these has ever been brought up alive. Recent deep sea explorations reveal the fact that the ocean still contains immeasurable treasures which await development and utilization by human invention. The most fertile acre of cultivated land is a sterile desert compared with one acre of the surface of the deep sea bottom.

* * *

TRAINING WILD ANIMALS.

"SUPPOSE," said Mr. Bostock, "that I am about to train a lion to perform certain tricks. If I went at once into his cage and attempted to drive him I would probably be killed. But I don't do that. Before I

try to teach him anything I let the lion get used to me. I hang about his cage day after day, calling to him and keeping in his sight. He would see me late at night and early in the morning. I would give him his food and water. Occasionally I would pat his head, and gradually the lion comes to have a friendly feeling toward me. I become, as it were, an acquaintance of his, and from becoming accustomed to me the lion grows to like me and I begin to like the lion, too, just as you would like any big pet, a horse or a big dog. Then I go into the lion's cage without being obtrusive or brusque. The big, dangerous beast, having got used to seeing me outside, scarcely notices the difference when I am in his private domain. I gradually approach him and drive him about the cage, cracking my whip so that he will know that I mean business. The lion probably believes that there is much greater power in that whip than there really is. If I hit him with it I do not hurt him. There is a knack in cracking a whip so that it will not give much pain. I could swing a whip on you and strike you with a 'crack,' but you would scarcely feel it.

"The general principle of animal training is to proceed easily and gradually, being gently persistent, but not aggressive, overcoming opposition, by persuasion rather than by direct opposition and force. It is the same course as that which applies to men. You first become acquainted with the man from whom you wish to obtain a favor. Then, as a feeling of friendship grows between you, he is at last glad to do as you wish."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

* * *

ANIMALS LIVE FOR YEARS WITHOUT TAKING A DRINK.

THERE is a parrakeet at the Zoological gardens in London that has lived for over half a century without drinking anything. Many naturalists have a theory that hares never drink, or, at all events, that water is not a necessity to their existence; the dew on the grass is supposed to be sufficient liquid for their wants. There is a certain breed of gazelle that never drinks, and the llamas of Patagonia live for years without taking water. In France there is a particular class of cattle near Losere that rarely touches water. This is all the more remarkable because these cattle give milk of a rich quality, from which excellent cheese is made.

* * *

JACKALS ARE BLOODTHIRSTY.

IT is not generally known that the jackal is a greater destroyer of humanity in India than the tiger. Statistics published by the government of India show that while 928 persons were killed by tigers more than 1,000 children were carried away by jackals.

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"The soul alone, like a neglected harp.

Grows out of tune and needs that Hand divine;

Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,

Till every note and string shall answer thine."

IN THE MATTER OF STRIKES.

COUNTRY people who are removed from the centers of industries can not understand the situation of people where there are strikes on hands all the time. If there is a guild of working people without its Union the Nook does not know it.

That people have the right of combination for peaceable purposes is not to be denied, but like all other matters in this world of ours, when it comes to carrying out an idea, unthought of things happen. For illustration, the other day, in Chicago, at a restaurant, we noticed a printed circular beside the bill of fare, requesting patrons not to note the condition of the linen too closely on account of the laundrymen's strike. Then in an Elgin paper was an account of how work was sent out from Chicago on account of a strike, and the local Union saw that it was not accepted. In another restaurant, where a band is hired to make music during meal times the musicians, belonging to the Musicians' Union, could not eat at the restaurant because it was on the "unfair" list.

Of course things look different when viewed from different angles of observation, and from the desk point of view the man at the forge appears in a different light from what he would if positions were reversed. But with every newspaper full of strikes, walk-outs, and the like, the wonder is where it is all going to end finally. When everybody and everything is raised a dollar who is profited any? Sometimes

the Nook thinks that the old way of catch as catch can, and do as you please about it, had its advantages as well as "organized" labor methods.

MORBID CURIOSITY.

WHEN the Nookman was on his Idaho special issue of the INGLENOOK, somewhere out in one of the western States the train, early in the morning, struck a hand-car with two laborers on it. These two people were badly hurt. The train backed down to the place where the wounded men were lying, and they were picked up and carried into the tourist sleeper. They were carried on the car to the nearest company hospital.

The exhibition of morbid curiosity was a lesson hard to understand. Women crowded each other on the platform of the cars that they might see a couple of broken up human beings. Several women, who ought to have known better, held up little children that they might see the bloody spectacle. What possesses people with a morbid desire to see the unnatural and erotic is not very clear to any right-thinking person. In fact it is the part of good sense to avoid such things as much as possible, for when a sight is once impressed upon the mind, through the eye or ears, it can never be entirely got rid of. Yet it is a remarkable fact that in the case of any unpleasantness, physical or moral, the majority of people like to stand around and feast their eyes on that which ought not to be. We trust that every right-thinking Nooker will voluntarily look at nothing which he does not desire to remember.

OUR ONLY DAY.

SITTING in the Union Station in Chicago, not long ago, the Nookman overheard two young people planning trips over the city. They seemed like brother and sister, and evidently were country bred. It appeared that they were en route to some distant point, and that they had practically the day before them, and were arranging to get the most out of it. The girl, in the course of the undertone talk said, "Remember, this is our only day." It set us to thinking.

Come to think about it, and this very day is our only one, and this is true of all of us. The past is out of reach, the future unborn, and, after all, the day we live in is the only real one we have. What we do not get out of the present day we never can get again. So it behooves us to remember, as we go along, that the things we do this very day are the ones that count in the final addition of our deeds or our omissions. We can never have the same chance, at the same time again, and once missing is missed forever. Therefore, let us do what we can for the betterment of this sad old world, for nothing is surer than that we have this day only in which to do it.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CONTEST.

THE prize contest for correctly answering the list of questions in the NOOK has brought an unprecedented number of replies. The Nookman is proud of his constituency. Though but one can get the prize, yet all who have tried have also won, that is, they have brightened their knowledge of Nature Study just in proportion as they have studied or learned about the subjects covered by the questions.

Those who fail to get the prize should take the result with good nature. All have done well. Only one can win. Whoever gets the prize, and it is not known at this writing where it will go, will be barred by his success from entering later lists during the year. Once a winner is regarded as enough glory.

The list now before the scholarly readers of the NOOK will test the biblical knowledge of the Nook family. The answers should be in at an early date. Later than the last of June will throw out the contestant. As in the case of the Natural History questions, refer to the list by number.

The answers of the Nature Study list will have the answers printed as the winner gave them, and all will be interested in examining them. They will appear in the first available issue of the INGLENOOK on the return of the Editor from the Ohio Conference.

* * *

RELIGION THAT WEARS.

A GOOD many people are Christians mainly on Sundays. On every other day of the week there is nothing in their demeanor or their conversation that proclaims them as being apart from the world. Unfortunately this is a too common form of religious expression, and while the INGLENOOK does not want to sit in judgment upon the shortcomings of others, nevertheless it desires to call the attention of its readers to everyday religion that knows no days in the week or months in the year.

To him who is a friend of God and who tries to advance his cause and extend his kingdom here upon earth, his walk and talk will be such as in the main will reflect this desire in the heart. It is not enough that we say we believe, but we must also *do*, or, as St. Paul puts it, if we have faith we should put it into works, and these works should not be spasmodic, but should characterize our every act, and all that we do should be governed, more or less, by what we profess to believe. So it comes that an everyday religion is one that will wash, and not lose any part of its color, every day of the week. And some who do not have it are earnestly requested to secure it, for it is theirs for the taking, and nobody can take it from them.

* * *

It is calculated that more than 25,000 New Yorkers dine every day in the underground restaurants.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

All honest work is honorable.

✱

Doubt is the devil's personal slave.

✱

The plant Love grows best in the soil Content.

✱

We miss our chance and then blame Providence.

✱

If you don't take things as they come, others will.

✱

Truth sometimes requires frills to make it attractive.

✱

Talk is cheap, but sometimes it costs a lot to someone.

✱

If you hap on the hero's pedestal, stay till you are down.

✱

Put a fool in authority and he will be an expensive luxury.

✱

If we really are born free and equal we soon get over it.

✱

There are many unseen tollgates on the road to success.

✱

The fool and his money have always a certain kind of friends.

✱

True, beauty is only skin deep, but very few men are much as diggers.

✱

After all, barring accidents of station, we are very much alike at heart.

✱

Take care of your misfortunes and they will live to grow up and vex you.

✱

Ever see a woman who handled an old coat without diving into the pockets?

✱

Christianity never makes anybody sour. It is some people's religion that does.

✱

A man can always have something in an empty pocket if it is only a hole.

✱

Real punishment consists in having your wife read your old love-letters to you.

✱

We see a great many of the virtues that we ourselves lack in others around us.

OUR ART TALKS.

HERE and there is a boy or girl who has a talent for "making pictures." They have been at it ever since they were big enough to hold a pencil. They are more or less successful, and here and there is a genius. The rest of them, for the most part, have to be content with what they get of drawing in the public schools, or what they can get out of the cheap book that teaches "The Complete Art in Twelve Lessons." All of them might do well if they were in touch with people who really know, and were in reach of the real thing. Some of them might, indeed, become famous. Very few know how to get at it, even though they have the disposition and the means. This article is intended to tell how it may be done. Of course there are ways and ways, as there are also many ways, and widely different lines, in which Art finds expression.

And now what is Art? A harder question to satisfactorily answer is not easy to find. The painting, the real thing, is a work of art. The vine-covered cottage is a work of art. The home-made chair may be a work of art. A kitchen stove, and a yacht may be artistic. What is it that makes them so? The Nook will venture the definition that it is the marriage of beauty to utility that makes art. It is not a matter of money, for some inborn artists will make a picture of the cottage in which they personally live. In fact these things tell their own story. Suppose that we pass a little cottage home on the edge of town, or it may be away up on the side of the mountain. In one corner of the garden there is a great clump of fragrant lilacs. A clambering rose riots over the porch. A massive growth of wild ferns is in the damp corner of the portico, where it joins the house. There is a fragrance of the old-fashioned hyacinths, and the pale green of the clove pinks tells the story of a quiet Sunday afternoon when the bluebirds are nesting in the lilac, and the wren is in its overturned flower pot, set in place for her. Enter the house. Note the plainness, the exquisite cleanness, the color scheme, and see the etching on the wall. There is nothing costly, nothing that takes money from the necessities of life, but what there is comes from brains and taste. The people of the house need not to be in at the time of our visit. No matter what their countenances are like, beauty is in their souls. The story is one that tells itself.

The next house on the road! A square, unpainted, open-yard house, the animals at the very door! On the floor an ugly carpet, on the walls screaming, swearing paper, and over the mantel a lithograph! We will not say a word. It is their misfortune. Nothing that could be said would help. They do not read these articles. They do not know, and do not want to know. We will pass in silence.

Now comes a man with pencil and paper. He draws these two houses, and he does it well. He is an artist, in the mechanical sense. He knows the trade. But it is not art. The real artist is he who sits, whether in a corner of a lace-curtained window, or in the corner of a garret, and makes a picture, true in detail, ennobling in sentiment, so well drawn as to please the technical critic, and so pleasing that people are silent before it, as they drink in the sentiment, the poetry without words. It has no existence in all the wide world, yet it is true to nature. This man is an artist, a real artist, and he has made out of his soul a picture that pictures, that has a story to tell and tells it.

Now what the Nook wants to get at in this whole business is not to have everybody become an artist in fact, for the truth is that for most part the professional is unfitted for the mad scramble and daily grind of life, but what is desired is for every reader to catch on to the underlying principles of the expression of beauty, and to so become an artist that he or she can picture the highest form of beauty adapted to their compelled surroundings, and then proceed to make the mental a physical reality. So in the presentation of art and artistic matters a wide field will be covered, and not only the picture on the wall will be considered, but other phases of art will receive attention.

There is not a home in the land that may not be bettered, no matter where it is, or how it is situated. If this were not true it would argue a perfection that does not exist, and never will. And there is many a home where Nookers dwell that would be helped with an artistic touch to brighten it. It should be remembered that it is not so much a matter of money, as it is of taste and intelligent perfection of the fitness of things. True art is always simplicity itself. The highest expression of natural art is in the unstudied forms it takes on. A great many readers of the INGLENOOK have, no doubt, the idea that artistic expression means an outlay of money beyond their reach. Such, however, is not the case, and there is not a girl or boy who reads these articles who may not brighten up their homes very appreciably at little or no expense. Unfortunately it is one of these things that may not be told in a magazine article. The size of the room, the shape of it, and its unchangeable accessories, all combine to make a description of it, its betterment, artistically speaking, a thing utterly out of the question. Each home and each room will require different treatment, and only those who make a study of the thing know the possibilities of any place whatever. It is altogether likely that before these articles have been concluded we will take up the matter of home decoration and consider some sample instances of artistic furnishings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAMING THE BABY.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

NAMING the baby is usually considered quite an important matter, but as to what the baby's last name is to be is never considered a question among Americans. But, strange to say, in this country, Sweden, it is somewhat of a question. In the cities it is quite general now to follow the same custom which exists in America, but out in the country at many places, is found another custom.

As an example: A man's name is Per Jonsson.

No. 1 will be Olsson.

No. 2 will be Johansson.

No. 3 will be Svensson.

No. 4 will be Eriksson.

No. 5 will be Andersson.

As most people think most other people are a little queer, so here is what some people will consider a queer custom in some other people.

Malmö, Sweden.

* * *

PEOPLE grow old by thinking themselves old. When they reach the age of forty, fifty or sixty, they imagine



AN ART CLASS MODELLING IN CLAY FROM LIFE AT THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

Now instead of the children being called Jonsson their last name is Persson, after the father's first or given name. If the father's name is Sven Persson the children are called Svensson. We have an elder in the church whose father's name is Jons Olson. His name is Per Jonsson, and his children's names are Persson. So it is entirely useless to try to follow family relationship by name. Now see what a combination this gives. Suppose a man's name is Jons Persson.

Son No. 1 is Ole Jonsson.

No. 2 is Johan Jonsson.

No. 3 is Sven Jonsson.

No. 4 is Erik Jonsson.

No. 5 is Anders Jonsson.

Now the grandchildren of Jons Persson will be as follows:

that they look like others of the same age and that they soon will be useless, unfit for work and unable to perform their wonted duties. As surely as they think this it will come true, for thought is creative. We believe it perfectly possible for people to remain young in thought, and so in large measure retain the physical appearance of youth.—*Success.*

* * *

WHEN we turn away from some duty, or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man and we shut out the angel who had sent him on to open the door.—*Edward Garrett.*

THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN.

BY LEVI D. MOHLER.

THE conductor takes your ticket, but the engineer and firemen take the train, and you with it, plunging through the dark of night or flying across the track by day. This hardy pair, with the lives of all in their care, usually go together, each engineer having his fireman. They understand each other and work together to keep the train up to schedule with the least consumption of coal. Keeping up to time and regaining time lost is the never relaxing demand upon the engineer and fireman.

Every few minutes' delay from accident, break, or disorder with the engine, must be reported to the Superintendent of the Division with the description of method employed for repair or correction. It is referred by the Superintendent to the Master Mechanic, who employs and discharges engineers and firemen. If the quickest and best methods are not employed by the engineer it is entered against him for incompetency. His actions must be quick and right.

The pay is by the mile and weight of engine, with more per mile for freight than passenger trains. But the monthly total on passenger engines is more because of more miles on passenger trains for smaller engines. Passenger engineers get from \$3.50 to \$3.90 per hundred miles. The firemen from \$2.25 to \$2.50. On freight engines from \$4.00 to \$4.70 for engineers, and \$2.25 to \$3.10 for firemen, per hundred miles. An allowance of ten miles per hour, is allowed the engineer and fireman for the time the passenger train is held waiting for connections, wrecks, or any cause. Overtime allowance of thirty-five cents per hour for the engineer and twenty-five cents for the fireman applies on freight trains when the time for crossing the division exceeds a stated number of hours, usually ten hours for one hundred miles.

Once across a division is a day's work, but it is common to run out from headquarters and back, as nearly as possible, and take the entire day off at headquarters, where the railroad man's family lives, if he has one. Regular time gives several more hours off than on duty. Many extra trips are made in busy times, drawing the same rate of pay as the regular run.

The time is kept by the engineer's "Trip Slip," which gives names of conductor, engineer and fireman, with the number of the engine and train, time of leaving and time of arrival on both the outgoing and incoming runs. The engineer's "Trip Slip" is checked up with the "Train Sheet" of the train dispatcher, who keeps track of all engines.

The coal and different kinds of oil,—head-light, coal oil, signal oil, which is coal oil and lard mixed to use for light around the engine where it is hot, valve, or cylinder oil, and engine oil, are all charged

up to the engine using them. This is done by a receipt given by the engineer for all supplies as he takes them on the engine. On some roads account is kept of coal used by each engineer and fireman, to see if more is burned than necessary as a basis of reprimand or approval.

However, the requirements in coal vary greatly with running conditions. Lost time must be made up as far as possible, and this means more steam, and more coal per mile. The delays from loading and unloading large lots of baggage or numbers of people also cost steam and coal, because the train must start quickly, requiring a large amount of steam that is coughed up the smokestack, creating a draft that would jerk the fire off the grate if it were not heavily loaded down with coal. Every puff of steam up the smoke stack pumps air through the grate, so that quick starting, perhaps with drive wheels slipping and running fast after starting to make up time, requires a large volume of steam, all of which is discharged through the "exhaust" with the smokestack drawing air through the grate like a tempest rolling out black smoke, half consumed, wasting half the coal for lack of time.

Windy weather requires more coal than calm. There are no good winds for railroading. A side wind is harder than a head end wind. The latter exerts back pressure against the train, but not over a large surface. A side wind pushes the cars over, causing flange pressure of the wheels against the rails. A quartering wind is the hardest. It exerts back pressure and side pressure. A run of one hundred and fifty miles, requiring six tons of coal in calm weather, would require eight or nine tons with a bad quartering wind.

The tanks of the largest engines hold 5,500 gallons of water. The engines ready for the train with water and coal weigh about one hundred and forty tons. A light engine with four or five coaches will use four or five tons of coal in one hundred and fifty miles. The largest passenger engines will use from six to eight tons. A large engine will carry twelve tons of coal in the tender. The smaller engines half that amount. The largest freight engines use a ton of coal in eight miles of hard pulling.

There is some plain, hard work about the fireman's job. He must close the door after every shovel of coal is thrown in to prevent cooling the boiler, and he handles many tons.

Between the engineer using steam to advantage and the fireman's working the draft dampers, and spreading the coal rightly over the fire, and at proper intervals, there are some nice points of economy, that the management try to have worked up as closely as possible. But to work up to schedule time is the one necessary demand upon the fireman and engineer, and

an account must be given for every failure, whatever the cause.

In the engineer and fireman are required nerve, courage, skill, quick resourcefulness, along with faithful hearts for the trust of human life, and treasures committed to their keeping. We owe more to them than we know. It is a beautiful but fitting act upon the part of our President, when he stops to thank the engineer and fireman after a safe trip by rail.

Ellison, N. D.

* * *

"STAFF"—THE WHITE CITIES OF EXPOSITIONS ARE MADE OF IT.

STAFF, a plastic material that hardens almost to the density of true stone, is that of which modern exposition buildings are constructed. The framing of the structures is of iron, steel or wood, but the surface or covering is always of staff, a substance of recent invention. The staff of to-day is simply long fibre soaked in simple plaster of Paris, mixed thin with water. Manila hemp fibre such as is seen in rope is ordinarily used. Flax, silk or long hair could probably be used as effectively if not as economically.

Plaster of Paris is the sculptor's material for casts. It is, however, too brittle for building purposes. A slight blow shatters it, even when "green." Paris, the city of art and expositions, saw its availability for the facades of exposition buildings, and unsuccessfully tried to correct the brittleness by means of cement, glycerine and dextrine. It remained for American staff workers at the Chicago Fair to introduce the fibre to act as a mechanical bond to hold the brittle plaster together.

Joseph Eastman is credited with introducing the fibre into staff. It was the result of progressive experiments. Burlap was used at first. It was effective so far as it went, but it failed to permeate the substance of the cast. Then came the shredded hemp fibre. Experiments demonstrated that the fibre could be kept from showing at the surface of the cast by first sprinkling the mould with a thin layer of plaster of Paris and then slapping the plaster-soaked fibre into the mould. Next came the fibre-picker, to shred the fibre expeditiously, and so modern staff-working arose. The plaster—the base of the work—remained the same during the experiments.

* * *

MOST COSTLY DISH IS MADE OF BIRDS' LEGS.

THE most expensive dish in the world consists of the fat legs of four small birds, rare and expensive, no bigger than juvenile pigeons, enclosed in a quail, which is placed in a teal, itself wrapped inside a capon. A goose, the fattest and tenderest obtainable, and a fine turkey also play important parts in the preparation of

this dish, but the four small legs from the inside of the quail alone are served up, the other birds being employed to add their flavor to that of the four legs, in which duty they are assisted by liberal basting with rare wines.

This dish is said to be sufficiently delicious to soften the heart of the most callous epicure, but, of course, the greatest thing in its favor is its prohibitive cost. It is occasionally served in a certain London restaurant and a single order costs about fifty dollars.

Peacocks' tongues form the basis of another fashionable dish, and though they are sufficiently expensive for most people, it is really the things added to them and their treatment which makes the dish so costly. It takes a dozen peacocks' tongues to make a dish large enough to be clearly visible to the naked eye, and such a dish would add anything from five to thirty dollars to a dinner bill, according to what other delicacies were employed in "creating" the dish.

Turtle-fin soup is yet another choice course, calculated to allure a man into the bankruptcy courts, though its cost is comparatively trifling, enough to cover the bottom of a soup-plate being obtainable in many hotels for a mere bagatelle of ten dollars, unless it has been elaborated, as it often is, when it occasionally runs to twenty dollars per head on the bill. Bird's-nest soup is not yet really appreciated by westerners, despite the fact that it is even dearer than turtle.

Probably the most expensive soup to be had is that for which the talented—we were almost writing "inspired"—chef of a Paris restaurant is noted. Much mystery (as is usual with French dishes) exists as to what it is made of, but one of the chief constituents is woodcocks' legs, stewed very gently until the flesh falls off the bone.

* * *

ORIGIN OF OLD SAYINGS.

THE Honeymoon.—For thirty days after a wedding the ancient Teutons had a custom of drinking a mead made of honey.

The Bridegroom.—In primitive times the newly wedded man had to wait upon his bride and the guests of his wedding day. He was their groom.

Sirloin of Beef.—King Charles I, being greatly pleased with a roast loin of beef set before him, declared it "good enough to be knighted." It has ever since been called Sir Loin.

A Spinster.—Women were prohibited from marrying in olden times until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings on the spinning wheel; hence, till married, they were spinsters.

Cabal.—This word was coined in Charles II's reign and applied to his cabinet council. It was made out of the initials of their names, which were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauerdale.

GOOD FORM IN GETTING MARRIED.

It is the duty of everyone, man or woman, to be married, all things being equal, and while nearly every wedding comes off all right, no matter how crudely its elements are assembled, yet there is such a thing as good form and at the request of an Inglenooker this article has been prepared for the guidance of our readers. All people desire to do the correct thing and it is not at all to their discredit that they do not know what is the right thing to do. For the benefit of that class this is written. And what is said here may be regarded as being correct as far as it goes and will apply to any part of the country where there are no unusual local traditions to be observed.

In the first place after the engagement and the fixing of the day of the wedding, which latter is the privilege of the bride, the invitations are sent out. It is better to have these invitations printed from a plate made for the purpose by parties who are engaged in that business. It can be done at any printing office but never as well as when the plate is engraved. The following is a faultless form of an invitation:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
Request the Pleasure of your Company
at the Marriage of their Daughter,
Jennie June
to
Mr. William White.
on Wednesday, June 17, 1903,
at 7:30 P. M."

The bride's parents send out the invitations to the bride's relatives, while the bride herself selects her maids and invites her personal friends. The bride often chooses her maids from the female side of the bridegroom's friends, though this is not imperative at all. The invitations in every instance must be made to suit the circumstances. If Mr. John Smith is a widower they should read, "Mr. John Smith requests, etc.," and the same change should be observed in the case of Mrs. Smith being a widow.

Great care should be exercised in sending out these invitations. If any error is made it should be on the side of too many in place of too few, as a mistake in this way can never be subsequently rectified and the list should be most carefully scanned and no relative omitted. An omission will be remembered years afterward, though nothing may be said about it.

The recipients of the invitations should briefly acknowledge their intention of attending, or their inability to do so. And once the word is passed that they will be there or not be there the conditions should be observed. A good form of acknowledging is as follows, which need only be written in the form of

a note: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown regret their inability to attend the wedding of your daughter and Mr. William White on June 17, as previous arrangements render it impossible." Or, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your invitation to the wedding of your daughter and Mr. William White, and expect to have the pleasure of being in attendance." This will enable the proper parties to know about the amount of preparation required.

The matter of presents is a source of considerable thought and sometimes is difficult to settle satisfactory. As a rule linen should not be given, as that constitutes a part of the house furnishing which belongs to the bridegroom. Silver is always in good form and there is no reason why an invited person should not ask the bride or bridegroom quietly what presents they have received so that there will be no conflict or duplication more than is unavoidable. A score of sets of teaspoons is not desirable. The parties can quietly explain to the bride or bridegroom their desire to be represented in the matter of presents, and to ascertain, not what they would like to have, which should cut no figure in the inquiry, but as to what has been given as far as they know. As a rule the presents should be of utility as well as beauty, and not so very expensive.

All the presents, both to the bride and the bridegroom are assembled on a side table at the home of the bride, so arranged with the cards of the donors that each presentation piece may be identified with the giver. Unless in the case of close relatives checks or money should not be given. Whatever may be the character of the gift they should not be paraded or deprecated by the recipients. And if there is an exchange desirable, which is sometimes the case, there is no good reason why supernumerary gifts may not be subsequently exchanged quietly at the jewelers', who have had experience enough to understand the situation and who will in all probabilities keep perfectly quiet about it.

There is sometimes trouble about the selection of the "best man," by the bridegroom. It used to be the case that he should almost invariably be an unmarried man. Such is no longer regarded as being absolutely good form. The bridegroom may select his own father, or brother, or any one who is acceptable to the bride. The bridegroom should have an understanding with the best man as to the disbursement of money to the officiating minister or any other expenses that may be encouraged on his part. They should settle that in a previous quiet confab, and the bridegroom should not trouble himself further about it.

On the day of the wedding the bride should be arrayed in her wedding garments in ample time, and every part of her outfit should be of her own purchase and selection. There is a tendency, perfectly

legitimate and readily explained, why the bridegroom may sometimes offer to defray some of these expenses, but it is always best for her to resolutely refuse any such assistance. And it may be added, in passing, that the best form in the best society seems to favor the greatest simplicity and purity of design on the part of all of the bride's trousseau. In fact the highest art consists in the greatest simplicity.

All the guests should arrive a short time, say a half an hour, before the time appointed for the wedding. And there is no reason why they should not have with them well-selected bouquets for use around the house and as gifts to the bride. The bride and the bridegroom should be invisible up to the moment of the ceremony. In the meantime and immediately preceding, the best man, assisted by the parents and the bride's maids, should arrange the invited guests. The minister should be in place and two vacant chairs reserved for the bride and bridegroom. When the moment arrives these two should come in quietly and take their places, remaining standing. At a church wedding, of course there is a procession and music, but in the private wedding there may be music, but the procession is naturally a very short one and very select.

Once the ceremony is over the minister first congratulates the young couple. The parents and immediate relatives should follow, and thereafter the invited guests in the order of the nearest proximity to the newly wedded couple.

After the ceremony and congratulations are all over the wedding breakfast, dinner, or supper, is ready to be announced. This should all be attended to previously to the last detail, and the parents of the bride should quietly and rapidly place the guests at the table. After grace has been said it is in good form for the bride to cut the cake, though the time of doing this may be varied under different circumstances. She cuts one or two pieces and passes one of them to her husband and others to her mother and father. The bride's maid or the best man may then complete the cutting, either then or later, each guest taking a portion. The balance of the cake, which should be a liberal one, should be preserved for portions to send to those who have been invited and could not attend, not to those who would not attend, but to those who could not attend. After the dinner, or breakfast, which should be a deliberate affair, and the guests withdraw from the table, the bride and bridegroom quietly repair to their rooms, where they divest themselves of their wedding clothes and attire themselves in their traveling dress. They then come down and mingle with the guests in the house. To all intents and purposes, the newly married couple are now practically "old married folks," and should be so recognized by everybody.

The time of the guests going away should be governed by circumstances, but the rule is not to remain any great length of time, as there is usually a confusion about the house and things have to be readjusted and a great deal of work done. If the parties go away on the train a few of the nearest friends may accompany them to the station, and the less old shoe business and rice throwing there is the better for everybody concerned. It used to be the custom to remain away from home during the honeymoon, but it is no longer considered indispensably good form and the absence of a day or so will fill every social requirement.

Any Inglenookers who are contemplating committing matrimony will not go out of the way if they remember that the salient facts of a successful, good-form wedding, consist in simplicity and elegance. This, coupled with quietness and an utter lack of boisterousness, will answer every requirement of good taste. And should any reader of the *INGLENOOK* be invited to a wedding and not know just exactly what to do with himself when he gets there it is the *Nook's* advice that he keeps out of people's way and does not intrude where he is out of place, and all of this may well be learned by observing others who seem to be at ease and complying with the directions of those in authority.

Getting married usually happens but once in a lifetime and there is no reason on earth why that once should not be correct and in good shape, remembering always the eternal proprieties.

* * *

THEY who imagine that self-denial intrenches upon our liberty, do not know that it is this only that can make us free indeed, giving us the victory over ourselves, setting us free from the bondage of our corruption, enabling us to bear afflictions (which will come one time or other), to foresee them without amazement, enlightening the mind, sanctifying the will and making us to slight those baubles which others so eagerly contend for.—*Sacra Privata*.

* * *

PUT a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—*Professor Drummond*.

* * *

"How thankful the flowers should be that they cannot fret and so spoil their beauty! Their whole life is a growth in simple gladness and sunny faith. If souls could only be as serenely trustful, as well as faithful, what loveliness would character display."

* * *

THE Lord Mayor of London wears a badge of office which contains diamonds valued at \$600,000.

HOW SHE DID IT.

Dear Mina:—

You know that I told you about the people who were to come out from town and visit us. There were four of them, that is, there were Kate, and the two New York girls and their city brother. You know Kate, and as for the city girls they were not so terrible, after all, but that brother was,—oh my! I'll tell you.

The way of it was as I told you. They were coming out for an afternoon on the farm, and it was for me to do the right thing. Ma just washed her hands of the whole business, but she told me that I might have all I wanted to give them a good time. How I did it is what I am going to tell you. The fact is that we did have a good time, and I wish you had been here. That city boy was too funny for anything! He kept talking about "N' Yawk," as he called it, while I kept talking country. He was pretty fair as long as he was in the parlor, but outside the questions he asked would have made our old horse laugh had he heard. For instance, when we were out in the meadow where Pa has a lot of yearling steers, he asked, "Ah, but I say, are these yeh cows? I don't happen to remembah seeing them in N' Yawk?" I said the cows that gave milk were in the other field, and wondered why he hadn't seen them in N' Yawk. When I come to think about it now those steers had not yet been in N' Yawk. Kate just laughed in his face. The city girls knew there was something gone wrong, but said nothing. Kate told them afterward.

But I want to tell you what I had for tea. First, I had the table dressed in Ma's best linen, and talk as they please I don't believe there was or is any better, not even in N' Yawk. Then you know that red honeysuckle out in the garden. Well, there were flowers enough to go around on it, and I gathered a lot of the opened flowers together with some of the leaves, and wove them into a long chain and twined it around and around all over the table, among and about the dishes, and even the city girls said, "Oh my!" over it. It was nice, Mina.

Then I had made a lot of the nice, thick, sweet, juicy cherry pies, and I served a third of a pie on a plate, and beside it, on the plate, was a mound of rich, yellow, vanilla ice cream. And I know that they don't have that kind of either pie or ice cream in N' Yawk, even though I have never been there. Then I had two kinds of sandwiches. One was the old-fashioned fresh bread and buttered ones with minced boiled ham, and the other I made by spreading thin slices of brown bread with peanut butter, with a crisp lettuce leaf between the pieces. There looked to be an awful pile on the table, but when that crowd got through with them there was one lonesome sandwich left on the plate, and that city fellow would have taken that one, if his

looks meant anything. But I suppose that it was N' Yawk good manners not to take the last piece. They all took another helping of cherry pie and ice cream, and what with the sandwiches that disappeared they were not one little bit hungry. I forgot to say that I had some olives and other things.

After the early tea we all went out on the front porch and sat around a little. Then the girls said they would take a walk, and would you believe it, that city chap said he would not go, but stay and talk with me. The other girls looked at each other, but said nothing. When they were all gone he said:

"Miss Marie, this is very unlike N' Yawk."

"Yes," I said, "How do you mean?"

"Why in N' Yawk there is no such quiet, and no such other things, and the girls in N' Yawk are not so pretty as in the country."

"So? And are the men in N' Yawk all as handsome and smart as those who come to the country?"

At this he stumbled a bit, and looked at me. I never let on but chewed at a honeysuckle flower. At last he said,

"Miss Marie, there is such a soft, appealing effect in the country."

"Yes," said I, "There is surely something soft, but how does it appeal?"

And then he went on to tell how it was in N' Yawk, but he never told how it seemed to appeal to anybody. Then the girls came back, and all went along smoothly. When they all went home after a while I got to thinking about some things, and if I ever had a notion of wanting to go to N' Yawk it is all gone now. I think more of George now than ever I did, and if he is awkward, I know all about him and his people, and if he has never been in N' Yawk he knows the difference between an alderney cow and a common red steer. That's more than some N' Yawk people do, and I rather guess people around home will be good enough for me from this on.

Yours,

MARIE.

A DUBLIN, Ireland, workman has produced a novelty in the shape of a kettle, cup, saucer and spoon made out of a farthing. He hammered the bronze coin till he had obtained a very thin sheet of metal, from which he fashioned a complete and workable kettle, with a swing handle, removable lid, etc., together with a cup, saucer and spoon. He can boil water in the miniature utensil and pour it through the spout. The weight of the kettle, cup, saucer and spoon is forty grains. The weight of a farthing is forty-eight grains.

ONE in eighty-one men employed on sailing ships was drowned last year, while of those employed on steamship the proportion was one in 343.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Grandmother, tell me why your hair is white.
 —Snows, child; the snows of many a winter night.
 Those wrinkles, grandmother, how came they there?
 —They are the barren furrows drawn by care.
 Grandmother, why does your head keep shaking so?
 —A wind from heaven blows chill, dear. I must go.
 And the dark spots in your eyes, grandmother dear?
 —Ah, the strain, perhaps, of some too happy tear.
 And why do you stoop so low towards the grass?
 —Better to see the ground, whither I pass.
 And what do your lips keep murmuring and saying
 Even while I hug and kiss you?—I am praying.

TWO ORIOLES.

Do you want to know just the cunningest thing that ever two little birds did? Let me tell you—because it's true.

The birds were orioles, and you know the curious, pretty nests the orioles make, swinging like a soft, gray silken bag from the high branch of some elm tree.

Just three springs ago, the orioles had come to this grand old elm tree that shaded the porch of a quiet farmhouse.

They had picked out the very branch they wanted, and now they must hunt for material to build their pretty home.

So they flew about, chirping and calling and busily gathering stray threads and moss—when—oh, joy! What was the beautiful, long, white, silky stuff on the porch just under their elm-tree home? They flew down very cautiously. They flitted this way and that. Dare they take some of it for their airy home? One more peep—yes—grandpa was sound asleep. There was no doubt about it. But how should orioles know that the long white whiskers belonged to him? They ventured nearer. They pulled one hair. They grew bolder and pulled another. Two long, beautiful silky threads for their nest! They flew off to the tree and then back for more. Grandpa still slept. The little rogues were having such a good time, when Aunt Lucy happened to spy them. She laughed aloud, and of course that frightened the birds and grandpa awoke. But wait—just hear the rest. Aunt Lucy was so pleased at what the cute little orioles had done that she determined they should have all the pretty threads

of hair they wanted. So that very afternoon she took some of Mary's golden locks, a few more of grandpa's and some of her own glossy black hair and spread them on a bright cloth on the porch. Then she warned the family to keep very quiet and see what happened. In less than an hour the orioles had taken every hair and carried it to their tree. Before many days the pretty nest was done and the birds were enjoying their new home.

In the fall, after the orioles had left their elm-tree home, Aunt Lucy had someone climb the tree and get the nest, and there, so curiously woven into the lining, were the soft, white, golden and black hairs.

Aunt Lucy keeps the nest in her parlor and counts it as one of her greatest treasures.—*Bertha B. White*, in "Primary Education."

HER KITTEN.

THE *Watchman* tells the story of an odd contribution made to a regiment of Union soldiers by a loyal little citizen of the republic. The army was encamped on a hillside near the Staunton river in Virginia, when there came the cry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Several of the more curious among those who heard ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble might be. Presently everybody knew that the intruder was no enemy. A little girl about ten years old, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the camp fire-light.

Two soldiers were conducting her with ceremonious courtesy. The men gathered about her to hear her story. Even the colonel was among them.

She lived near by, she said, with her father, who was sick and poor. They were Northerners and "Union folks."

"I wanted to give you something," she concluded, "but I hadn't anything except my kitten."

So the kitten was formally presented and the colonel kissed its little donor and made a gallant speech of thanks. Then the child, loaded with gifts, was escorted home.

The kitten stayed and became the pet of the regiment. It was the particular joy of the colonel; and when the war was over, the kitten went home with him.

BEWARE of giving your younger brother or sister a silly pet name. It is likely to stick in later life.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is a good remedy for prickly heat?

This petty but exasperating disease is something dreadful in practice and often causes much suffering. There are many cures, all successful and all failures at times. Try a strong solution of salt, common table salt, made thick to pastiness with water. This will often give relief. Then bicarbonate of soda, common baking soda, in strong solution, will cure. In the absence of either rubbing with water-melon rind, or even cucumber juice will help. All the things named are to be used externally.

*

What is a good way to arrange flowers for shipment?

They should be arranged so as not to crowd one another and should be wrapped in oiled or paraffined paper, after having been slightly sprayed with water. They should then be put into a box as nearly air-tight as possible. This method will carry them through as well as any, and is the one employed by florists. A bouquet of flowers may be preserved a long time if it is kept in the ice-box. Thousands and thousands of peonies are kept this way by wholesale florists.

*

What does the writing on the Chinaman's laundry ticket mean?

On each slip of paper there are two similar numbers. The Chinaman puts one with the clothes and delivers the other to the customer. When the customer returns the ticket containing the number he simply finds the corresponding number on the clothes. Thus, if your number is 38, he hunts bundle No. 38 and the transaction is ended as far as the ticket is concerned.

*

What is passepartout?

Passepartout is a long strip of paper, about an inch wide, of a variety of colors on one side and gummed on the other. It is used to fasten a picture to glass or other substance, by moistening the gummed side and pasting it over the edges. It costs about ten cents a box.

*

Will the magnolia grandiflora grow in central Illinois?

It is probable that it will grow in a half-hearted way, but will not likely flower or make much of a tree. The magnolia tree has its roots very near the surface of the ground and is not adapted to stand cold weather. In its native home the magnolia is a tall forest tree.

*

Have carrier pigeons been used for practical purposes?

Yes, for a long time they have been used in the German army.

Were all flowers at one time or place wild?

In a certain sense, yes. That is to say the original rose was a wild plant and was probably of few colors and simple in form. Cultivation and hybridizing have made the many varieties.

*

What is the right length of time to wear mourning?

A year, say people who know what is due to "sassiety." It does not appear that regard for the dead cuts any figure in the whole proceeding.

*

What will a good, all-around canoe cost?

If you get it new, made with all the modern attachments, it will cost from \$175 to \$250. You can get one made at home just as good for much less money.

*

I have trouble in using my camera facing the sun.

Shade your lens in some way, as with an umbrella, or even your hand, and you can take a good picture facing the sun, avoiding the reflection that prevents good work.

*

Does the codling moth actually eat the plant on which it lives?

Yes, the moths actually eat the leaves of the plant, though not to any serious extent. It is their larvæ that make the trouble.

*

Is there any cure for pear blight?

No remedy is known save to cut off and destroy the diseased parts of the tree.

*

Are camping outfits manufactured for sale?

Yes, many different kinds of them are made, at pretty nearly all prices.

* * *

THE PRIZE.

THE prize for correctly answering the most of the list of biblical questions is a handsome Bible. It is a Bible such as might best be used for reading purposes. Some Bibles are for the teacher's purpose, having references, maps, notes, etc. The prize Bible is in plain print, intended for continuous reading for the sake of the text. It would cost about \$1.75 to have it sent by mail. It is a valuable prize, one that will last a lifetime, and it will be sent the Nooker who comes the nearest to answering all the questions in concise phrasing.

The Home



Department

OUR SUNDAY DINNER.

BY MRS. JOSEPHINE B. RINEHART.

I THINK there is too much valuable time spent after coming home from Sunday services. After having received food whereupon our spiritual bodies have feasted, we seek to satisfy the appetite to such an extent that we are not able to meditate and digest what has been given us in morning services. Now, being a member of the Nook family ever since its existence, I will offer a few suggestions. Here is my average dinner: Beef or ham, a beef roll, or other kind of meats, having been prepared on Saturday, bread and butter, cheese, pies, cakes, fruit and pickles of various kinds, and a good dessert. By the time we have these placed on the table the water is boiling for tea or coffee. All may be done in one-half an hour. Potatoes may be prepared so that they will also be ready in this time if desired. This takes little time, and we can use the rest of the day for reading, meditating, and entertaining visitors if we have any.

Union, O.

SERVING TOMATOES.

THE tomato will soon be in evidence all over the country,—at the groceries, where it is brought from the South, and in many places where the INGLENOCK goes tomatoes are now ripe, and they will be ripe in all parts of the country where they grow at all before the season is over. We append a few unusual recipes for the treatment of these vegetables, for the benefit of those who know only one or two ways of serving tomatoes.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Choose tomatoes of equal size. Plunge them into boiling water, rub off the skins and cut out the small hard portions left by the stems. Arrange in a baking pan, stem side up. Cut a gash in each one and in this insert a two-inch square of bread. Put a dab of butter on each, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and bake in a quick oven until the bread is brown and the tomatoes tender, though still unbroken. Serve with the juice found in the pan poured over them.

TOMATOES A LA BENGAL may take the place of meat as a breakfast dish. Cut large ripe tomatoes into

thick slices and sprinkle lightly with salt and curry powder. Make a batter by beating one egg until light and adding half a pint of milk, a little salt, a pinch of pepper and one and one-half cups of sifted flour, beating until smooth. Dip the tomato slices in the batter, drain and arrange on a buttered baking pan. Cook for ten minutes in a moderate oven. Cut as many rounds of bread half an inch thick as there are tomato slices and fry them crisp in deep, hot fat. Drain on brown paper and keep hot. Spread the toast with butter, and place a slice of tomato on each piece. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

TOMATO SAUCE.—To serve with meat or fish. Cook six large tomatoes with four cloves and a small slice of onion for ten minutes. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and season to taste. Pour this mixture into the tomatoes and strain.

CHERRY SOUFFLE.

WET two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little cold milk and stir it smoothly into one pint of hot milk. Cook it over the fire until it thickens, then set it aside to cool. Beat the yolks of four eggs very light, add two tablespoons of softened butter, and a pinch each of nutmeg and cinnamon. Mix in with the thickened milk. Add the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs, one pint of pitted, drained cherries, and a gill of thick, sweet cream. Flavor with almond. Turn into a souffle tin and bake in a quick oven. Serve immediately or it will fall.

GOOSEBERRY FRITTERS.

MAKE a batter with two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder mixed with flour. Use enough flour to make a drop batter. For every one and one-half cupfuls of batter use one cupful of gooseberries. Cook the berries, sweetening them well. Mix the fruit with the batter and drop by spoonfuls into hot, deep fat, frying to the light brown stage. Add grated maple sugar to the fruit juice, cook a little and serve as a sauce with the fritters. Nutmeg is a good additional flavoring to the sauce.

LITERARY.

The Price of Industries in Elementary Education. This is a book put out by the University of Chicago Press, written by Katharine Elizabeth Doop. It is a small volume of about 200 pages, and is intended for the advanced teacher who has to do with primary grades of schools. It deals with the philosophy of early education, and is not a book that would be of great use to the average primary grade teacher. It is designed more for the use of those who are interested in advanced thought in the domain of pedagogy. It shows the relation between the possibilities of early education and industrial activities of the past and the present. The industrial activities of man in the past are pretty well traced down to the present, and the relation between the hunting and fishing periods of the human race, down to the complex system of labor and its output of to-day, and the possibilities of their use in elementary education are well shown. But it is not a practical book. It is given over to general fields, out of which the teacher must work up his own methods. True, the book is not intended for schoolroom use, but it cannot fail to be of use in the hands of an intelligent teacher, and its purchase is recommended.

*

The World's Work, New York. The June issue of this sterling monthly is largely devoted to vacation subjects, and is just as interesting to the reader who has no week or month off, as it is to the people who take to the woods. The illustrations are excellent, and are of the woods woodsy, or along the stream where the trout hides, or both. Then there is the usual number of well-written articles of general interest, and, all told, *The World's Work* is worthy of the house that puts it out, and a great many interesting and beautiful publications bear its imprint. The general tone of the publication is in presenting current happenings the world over in condensed form, for the busy man and the general reader, though this is not done in a dry, statistical way. The whole magazine is of permanent interest and value

* * *

THE NATURAL HISTORY QUESTIONS.

THE Nookman showed the list of prize Nature Study questions to a friend and asked an opinion on them. The reply was that they were "University questions" and would never bring an answer,—that they were too deep and broad. The Editor said he knew his people, and that the answers would come all right enough.

They did come, scores of them, and the answers utterly surprised the Nookman, for some of the questions are not easy to answer, simple as they appear. It all goes to show that among the thousands of Nook readers are those of as high intelligence and wide information as any others anywhere.

EN DEUTSCHER BRIEF.

Uncle Howard:

DINA Dicha breiflin im Nook hut mine brode varsht hunger auf gavecta. Now Mr. Nookman doo prought net dina carpet sock tsu packa oon noch Myersdale tsu ga fer gasmokedi varsht tsu essa.

Doo ve ich hob hites taugh. Kauf seva pfound goodes shoulder sifleish und grind es. Mix enein vos du glicha dusht. Solts, pepper und onder gavants vos doo vilt. Von doo ken si kasing husht doo koncht dar kase injecta in oldar shtrimp. Oon sie shmoka mid greena ebbel nesht in am oldar solts barrel.

Ich denk doo kensht mina essa midout injecta oder shmoka. Sie sin good substitute for Pennsylvania broad varsht.

Yaw, Uncle Howard, die Myersdale brode varsht und die Salisbury shpotza sind good. Ich hob sie feel mole gahobed fiertsich yore tsurick ven dar greek om gang vor in the south.

Dar bishop Lint schoffed mid mina aulta schweshter in Myersdale ninetsa yore tsurick vo ich hart vor.

Die butcher here doona auch fremdes shtufft in die varsht so sie net good sin tsu Pennsylvania shtumachs.

Uncle Howard ven dar broad varsht hunger ivver dich koomt doo yusht tsu Kansas koomma. In Kansas doosht doo net dar Pennsylvania Deitch hoffer hara robbla, und here is pfenty sifleish tsu hovva.

Doo dich provida mid an glana sock grinder und an pon. Kauf an pfound wacher tzugar. Don husht doo besser shtufft als substitute for Salisbury shpotza.

* * *

"BE sure to give us a special issue. We would sooner be cuffed than not noticed at all."—G. R., *Mis-souri*.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED, home for a boy of ten, healthy, bright, smart, and used to work in gardening and the like. Of Brethren-ancestry, and wanted to put among Brethren where he will have a good home. Can be sent right away to a satisfactory place. State what you expect to have him do. Address concerning the boy,—*The Editor of the Inglenook, Elgin, Ill.*

+

WANTED:—Man and wife to work on farm. House furnished with garden. Thirty dollars per month to right party. Give reference and experience.—*Asa B. Culp, Eureka, Ill.*

+

WANTED.—Position as art teacher in college or other institution for coming session. Branches—oil, pastel, water-color, crayon and pyrography. Address: *Box 61, Remington, Va.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 25.

FROM PURER CLIMES.

The endless marvel of rebirth
Evades us. Still we question why
And when the waters of the earth
Become the waters of the sky.
From stream or sea their flight begun
Ascends unseen and unpursued,
Till lo, they trail across the sun,
A many-tinted multitude!

Another day they come, the same,
But every refluant drop is new.
A strong libation bears their name;
They shine celestial in the dew.
Some element of finer strain
And more ethereal mode we know
In the clear sweetness of the rain,
In the white glory of the snow.

Aloft where astral life is given
The liquid wanderers soar, and wait.
Till, swift returning, fresh from heaven,
They meet us through the rainbow gate.
Forevermore they rise and sink
For us between the Here and There,
And all earth's sordid acres drink
The crystal of the upper air.

So falls love's holier sacrament,
In dreamy call and spirit kiss
Of the dear sainted souls who went
To dwellings of diviner bliss.
Still ours, they haste on snowy wings
Below at memory's fond command,
And every tender visit brings
A sweetness of the Better Land.

—Theron Brown.

* * *

THE NOOKMAN ON MARRYING.

Marriage is a sacrament; ever know that?

*

Marriage is a trust, with babies for assets.

*

A good rule for getting left,—marry for looks.

*

If you have missed it keep quiet about it—grin and bear it.

*

*

People who marry in haste often live to repent in the court.

To marry a man to reform him is the biggest fool act of a lifetime.

*

Ever notice how old married people come to look like each other?

*

A man's always in a hurry for the day, and he gets over it first, too.

*

Get into your own home as soon as you can, if it's only a box in a field.

*

Three important times in a man's life,—being born, marrying and dying.

*

A real, bona fide engagement livens up the old maid as nothing else will.

*

The man with a rough face must be a smooth tongue to win out with her.

*

A woman always wants to put off the wedding day. It's worth more to think about.

*

Consolation:—if they didn't invite you to the wedding you don't have to give a present.

*

If you want the girl begin with the old folks. It is easier wading down stream than up.

*

The way to prevent a marriage is not to separate the parties but to pen them up together.

*

A good woman is beyond price, and a bad one has no like for badness through and through.

*

If neither you nor she has anything when you marry it is no sin, but it will be mighty unhandy.

*

If she has beauty and money the combination should not count against her. Generally it doesn't.

*

Mixed racial marriages usually entail an inheritance of the vices of both sides and the virtues of neither.

THE MORMONS.—Part Four.

ANOTHER feature of the faith is the tithing. This means that the Latter-Day Saint is expected to contribute one-tenth of his earnings to the common fund. This is the teaching of the church. The teaching and the practice is that it may be in kind. Thus the man who receives a money salary is expected to contribute one-tenth of the money to the church. If he is a farmer, raising wheat, he may contribute the tenth part of the crop to the church cause. He usually does this once a year, if he is a farmer, which a large part of them are. This is tithing, and as strange as it may seem the practice is age-old. The fund accruing is used for the poor, and for the extension of the gospel of Mormonism. The accumulated products of tithing are handled in the sale, etc., by several people set apart for the purpose, and these receive pay for their services, and their salary is said not to be large. It is stated that about three-fourths of the church population pay their full tithing, the rest paying more or less, down to nothing, but he who does not do his part is not regarded with favor.

The strong point of the Mormon church is its organization. There is nothing like it in the history of churches. It is a large part of the secret of their success. It is as follows: Each individual group of members, and the territory occupied by them, is called a Ward, something like a parish, in other words. Each Ward has its officials as follow: A bishop and two counselors, a corps of teachers acting under the Bishopric to visit members in their homes, teach them their church duties and settle difficulties among them. The Bishop with his counselors form a common court, as to church fellowship and the conduct of members. A given number of Wards are united into another division called a Stake of Zion, and the Stake is presided over officially by a President and two counselors. A High Council of twelve high priests forms an appellate tribunal to which decisions of Bishops' courts may be taken. These officers have jurisdiction over all church matters in the Stake, and Home Missionaries visit all the wards thereof. The sum of all the Stakes of Zion constitutes the entire church. The church is headed by a President, and two Counselors. In early times Joseph Smith was the head, then Brigham Young, next John Taylor, then Wilford Woodruff, followed by Lorenzo Snow. Now it is Joseph F. Smith, assisted by John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund. There are Twelve Apostles, the Seventies, and possibly other officials. There are two sets of officials, the Aaronic priesthood, and the Melchisedek Priesthood. The former consists of Priests, Teachers and Deacons presided over by the Bishops. The latter of Elders, Seventies, High Priests and Apostles. Seventy Elders form a quorum presided over by seven of the number. There are 140 quorum of Seventies at

present, the whole presided over by a Council of seven Presidents. These under the twelve Apostles are to travel in any part of the world and preach the Gospel. The twelve act under the direction of the First Presidency in all the world. That body stands next to the First Presidency in authority over the whole church and in case of the death or removal for cause of the President, the twelve apostles take the place of the presidency of three, and act in that capacity until the First Presidency is reorganized. The Elders and High Priests are standing ministers in Zion and branches of the church.

Another feature of the Mormon church lies in its mission service. It may be news to our readers to know that at the present writing there are about two thousand missionaries abroad proclaiming the Mormon faith. A man is sent for and reports at headquarters. He is told that he has been selected to go out into the world and warn others of the situation. He receives full instructions as to his conduct and bearing while he is away, and these instructions are of the most emphatic and positive character so far as they affect his relations to the people with whom he is thrown in contact. Of course, they are not always carried out, the same as they are not carried out among other denominations. The black sheep must always be reckoned with. But if they obey these instructions, and presumably the vast majority of them will do so, they will not give offense wheresoever they go. The country is pretty well covered with them and foreign countries constitute a large field of operation.

These missionaries rarely excuse themselves from duty, though there are conceivable conditions when an excuse would be heard and favorably acted upon. It is said that the great majority of them go willingly and deem it an honor to represent their faith. They are sent to a given field, and bear their own expenses to their post of duty. Nothing but such voluntary aid as their friends may supply is given them. They go literally without money and without scrip. They live upon the country and one of the most eminent men of the faith told me that he has asked for shelter at eighteen different places in one night before he found a place to lay his head.

These people remain in the field for two years, or more, (sometimes three to five years) working in season and out of season, preaching on the street corners, as they have done here in Elgin, or visiting the homes of people wherever they may be. They do this without pay and without means, and must live on the country, and do it honestly. Their term of service is determined by their presiding officer. At the expiration of that time a return ticket is furnished them, when they take up the thread of their previous daily life. When one is recalled by reason of the expiration of his term of service another is ready to

take his place. Can any who reads these lines doubt the element of faith that overcomes and dominates the lives of these people?

As a result of this wholesale missionary effort the church has its members in all lands, and it is a mistake to imagine that each new recruit is required to become a resident of Salt Lake City.

The auxiliary organizations of the Mormon church are the Relief Societies consisting of the elderly women thoroughly organized with branches in every Ward; the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Societies, similarly organized and extended, the primaries for the little folks and the Sunday schools in which they take pardonable pride, as they are conducted in every part of the church and are claimed to

who wish to go farther may attend one of the three collegiate institutions of the body." These are distinctly Mormon from beginning to end. There must be an enthusiasm born in these schools the like of which few other sects can boast. How many people are there among our readers who would go to a college of our own and be imbued with the idea, that they are not only ready but willing to apply practically, of going out into the world and giving their time and their life for the cause they represent without money and without means? Indeed our own people might learn a lesson from the Mormons as to the effectiveness of religious training that begets an enthusiasm that stops at nothing, not even death and the grave. At various times in the history of the Mormon faith



John R. Winder.

Joseph F. Smith.

Anthon H. Lund.

Photo by Savage.

FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

be superior to anything of the kind in the world. Thus every class and age among them have opportunities for training in religion and in moral conduct.

One thing that very largely enters into the bottom reasons for this devotion to the cause is the Mormon system of education. Utah has a splendid public school system. As far as the elementary school is concerned it is patronized by the Mormon people, and these public schools may or may not be taught by members of the faith. They have no religious bias. Finishing the public school the Mormon boy or girl attends a high-school or academy attached to the Stake of Zion, and these higher schools are Mormon throughout. Having finished the Mormon academic course, those

between seven thousand and eight thousand of its people are reported to have been in jails and penitentiaries for their faith.

The teaching of the Mormon church is peculiar in another respect. It discourages working for others and encourages the idea of a home. As a result of this ninety per cent of the Mormons own their own homes and the remaining ten per cent are working in that direction. It seems to the writer that a pastoral, or, at least, an agricultural life is the preferred occupation. They have sought out almost every available place where anything will grow in the territory of Utah, and they have literally made the desert blossom as the rose. On the road from Ogden to Salt

Lake City, the railroad is strung with Mormon towns and villages as beads are strung on a string.

The question frequently arises as to the reception an outsider may meet among these people. The so-called Gentiles do live among them and get along very pleasantly, as a Mormon is not disposed to be aggressive in his faith or insistent upon others accepting it. As would be perfectly natural with people as much persecuted as they have been, a clannishness has developed among them. Those who have had dealings among the Mormon people respect their honesty and integrity as being equal in quality to that of any other people. That they meet with bitter opposition from many outsiders is what might be expected, and that they are assailed in public, justly perhaps and doubtless often unjustly, is expected by them as a part of the bargain. They are, perhaps, numerically, the controlling element in a political way, yet it does not appear that it is carried to the extent of influencing their votes beyond their reason. The judges of the Supreme Court in the State are Gentiles. On the other hand it has been reported to the writer that in their courts an outsider will be beaten every time when opposed by one of the Saints. The facts the writer does not know, but the records it is claimed prove conclusively that this is not the case.

One very good thing connected with their faith is their care of the poor. They have no paupers. Once a month there is a day of fasting and prayer on which every member brings the cost of the day's living, either in money or in kind, for the benefit of any poor or helpless there may be in their midst. If there is no occasion to use this contribution it is either retained for an emergency or passed on up to another treasury. In connection with this there is a phase of human nature, most unfortunately too common in this world, that impeaches every suggested good motive and loses no opportunity of crying down the so-called dupes who contribute to the private wealth of a few unscrupulous leaders. However this may have been in the past, or whatever it may be now, there is this fact to consider: There is a Biennial Conference, as well as a great Annual Conference, when the men at the head of affairs are elected and an explanation of every expenditure is made. If there is a system of duplicity abroad among them, it is most admirably organized and has escaped the detection of many business men who are found in the church. There are banking institutions, department stores, and no end of individual enterprises managed by these people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

THE organ which Handel is said to have used in composing "The Messiah" may still be seen in St. Michael's Church, Dublin.

THE ORIGIN OF FLAGS.

WHERE in the whole world is another thing, meaningless in itself, that has signified so much or served so greatly in the dramas of national life as the flag? One tradition says the Saracens first carried an orthodox standard into battle, and thus gave the idea, as they gave so many others, to the Crusaders. But, obviously, the flag is far older than this, and it is interesting to note its development from the first inanimate object borne aloft on a staff, so as to be generally visible, down to the complicated blazonry of a royal banner in our own ages. The Egyptians thus carried before their hosts the figure of a sacred animal in a spear, and the Assyrians, as their carvings tell us, inspired the hopes and centered the attentions of their soldiers in the same way.

The royal standard of the Persians for many centuries was a blacksmith's apron, and it is said a local prince, in passing a hermit's cell on the way to battle one morning, asked the inmate for his blessing, or something expressive to put on that artless cognizance. The hermit, possibly a little touchy, as even saints will be when disturbed at breakfast time, threw the chieftain the flat round cake he was eating, which was duly added to the apron—hence the Persian "sun." The lion was an obvious afterthought. The Turks used a horse's tail, the rank of a pacha being known by the number of tails he carried, and probably this suggested the much bifurcated pennon of early western chivalry, familiar to every one who has studied the Bayeux tapestry or early illuminated missals.

In the middle ages, devoted to display and military arrogance, the flag stood in relationship to the great captain's army as his personal armor stood to himself; it insured recognition in the melee, and supplied a rallying point for the fighters such as nothing else could have done. This led to an etiquette of flags, which apportioned shape and size to every rank of the peerage, from the royal standard itself down through a varied array of banners, gonfalons, pennons, ensigns and other "bits of red rag," and kept the herald's college busy, besides supplying the poets with admirable local coloring for their battle pieces. Does not Scott tell us in some famous lines:

Then fell that spotless banner white,
Lord Howard's Lion fell;
But still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.

* * *

—London Globe.

A WELL-KNOWN English woman pays \$4,000 a year to be made beautiful. Her treatment lasts from six to seven hours every day. She is kept in a bath for one hour, a dark room for four, and for the remainder is bandaged from head to foot in chemical preparations.

MISS "CA'LINE'S" BOUQUET.

AN amusing case of mistaken identity is described in *Lippincott's Magazine*. A certain good physician whose doorbell rang late one night, supposing that the summons was from someone who needed his services, rose from bed, put on his dressing-gown and went down to the door.

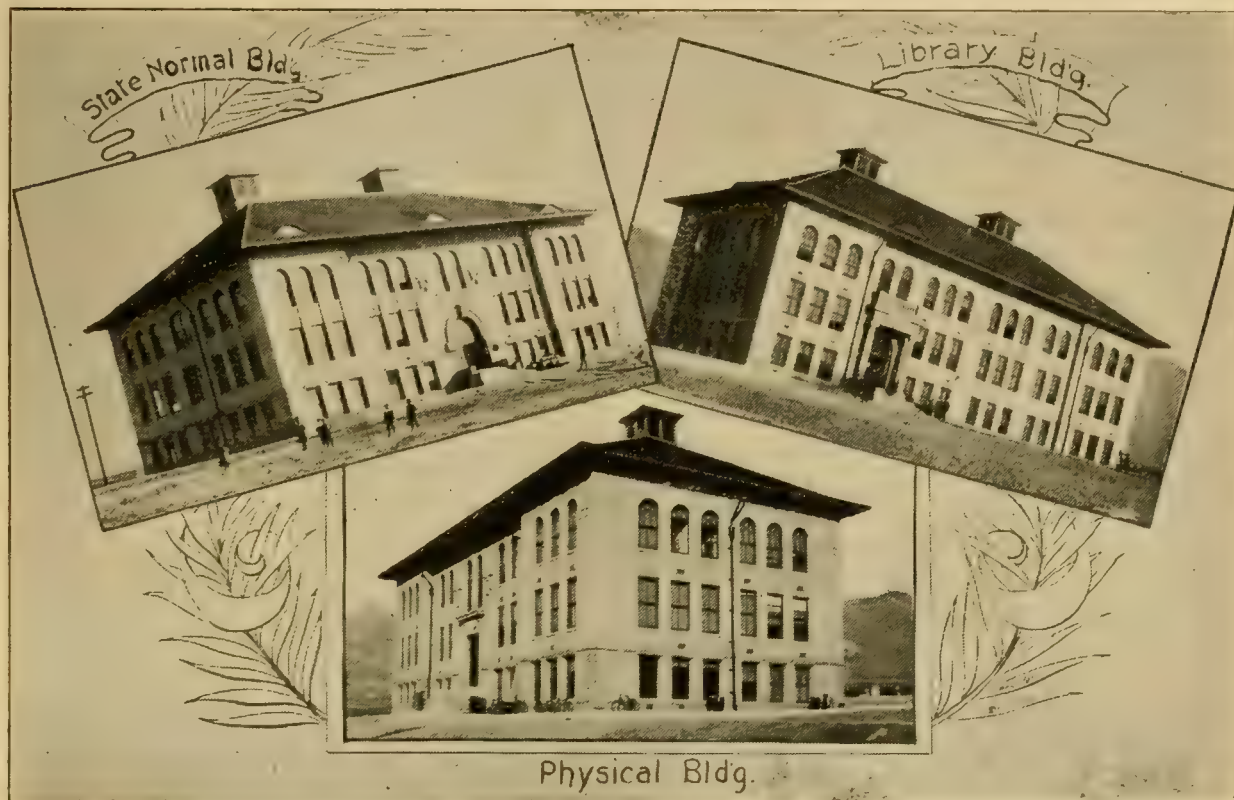
A colored man stood there, holding a huge paper package, from which buds and leaves were protruding.

"Is Miss Ca'line Ward in?" asked the man.

"I'd empty de kittle on 'em! I'd jes' like to know who put my new hat in de dishpan—dat I would! I'd scald 'em for sho!"

THE INTRODUCTION OF FORKS.

FORKS are articles of such common household necessity to us that we hardly realize that there was a time, and not so long ago either, when forks were entirely unknown. A knife was used at the table to cut up food, but the food so cut was afterward conveyed



SALT LAKE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss "Ca'line" Ward was his colored cook.

"I's sorry, sah, to call so late. Dah was a jam in de street-cars. I'll leab dis fo' her, sah, ef you will kindly gib it to her in de mo'nin'."

"Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle carefully, closed the door, and carried the flowers to the kitchen. There he placed a dishpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water, and went back to bed, thinking how pleased Miss "Ca'line" would be.

The next morning he went into the kitchen early, to find the cook holding a dripping bundle. Her manner was belligerent and her tone was in keeping with it.

"Ef I had de pusson heah dat did dat," said she,

by the fingers to the mouth. Rich and poor alike were accustomed to this method and so thought it perfectly correct.

It was about the year 1600 and in the reign of James I. when forks were first introduced into England. This "piece of refinement," we are told, was derived from the Italians.

LOUIS KAUFFELD, a Bavarian glassworker, makes extraordinary claims for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. It is a glass of such nature that it will not break, that can be moulded into any desired form, that can be hammered without catastrophe—in short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal.

GIANT STATUES.

NEARLY every reader at one time or another has seen the giant statues at the fairs and expositions of one kind and another, and has wondered how they were made. It is really a matter of great interest to know just how a woman twenty feet in height, with a flaming torch in one hand and a proclamation in another, is constructed. So the Nook will tell, taking from one source and another, how this is done. Take the instance of the St. Louis Exposition for illustration.

The work of the St. Louis World's fair is under the direction of Karl Bitter, the man who had charge of the department of sculpture of the Pan-American exposition, and who is now the chief of the department of sculpture of the St. Louis fair. The workshop is an old roundhouse belonging to the Erie railroad in Hoboken, N. J.

Roughly estimated, there will be about 350 groups, including fountains, monuments and single figures. Work started last February, and the contract calls for the statues to be finished and on the fair grounds about one year from now. More than 2,500 barrels of plaster of Paris will be consumed in the construction of them, and sixty-eight men are employed—carpenters, pointers and plaster boys, not to mention some fifteen sculptors in and about New York city who have been deputized to model certain features.

On account of the size of the statues it is difficult to imagine an artist capable of modeling a figure of such giant proportions with any accuracy. They are too big for the eye to take in except at a great distance, and no sculptor attempts to work on anything like the generous scale of the figure. The first thing they do after the "inspiration and conception" of the idea the statue is intended to convey is to make a small model in green clay. It may vary in size from two to three feet high. When it is finished a plaster of paris replica is made of it and sent from the studio of the sculptor to the roundhouse under the hill on the other side of the Hudson.

Then it comes under the charge of Gustav A. Gerlach, the superintendent of the building. He is a veteran in his line of work, having occupied the same position under Karl Bitter for the Pan-American exposition. In the shop where the statues are made the little model is cut in two or three pieces. If the enlargement is going to be great it is cut into three pieces, if small the whole is used direct. The actual enlargement is done mechanically by a device called a "pointograph" or "phonograph," named from two points from which the men work.

The machine consists primarily of two vertical posts set about twelve feet apart. They have a cog wheel at the top connected by a roller chain like a bicycle chain. They rest on the floor on a pivot, so that when you turn one post the other turns also. The model,

or that section of it which is to be enlarged, is securely fastened to one of these posts, midway between the ceiling and the floor. The enlarged statue is to appear against the other post.

Suspended from the roof, midway between the two posts, is a horizontal bar. At both ends of this bar, protruding at right angles to a distance of a foot and a half, are two other bars, ending in sharp points like needles. By a system of weights and balances this bar is so worked that when the needle point is placed against the model attached to one post the other needle point at the far end of the bar, will register on the enlargement a similar spot.

The device works on the same principle as the pantograph used by artists in enlarging drawings and was invented and adopted for enlarging models by Robert T. Paine, one of Mr. Bitter's assistants. Mr. Bitter is loud in his praise of it, saying: "It secures for us exactness and speed in reproduction that would otherwise be difficult if not impossible to attain."

There is no doubt about its exactness, for so well does it work that when the first half of the enlarged figure is finished and set to one side, and the second half also completed in its turn, and the two parts are reassembled, it is found that they invariably fit to perfection, so that, when the top coat of plaster of Paris is placed over the joint, no one would ever be able to detect the fact that the figure had been made in two parts.

But to revert to the pointing machine. When the needles have been adjusted until they point to the right places the carpenter is called in. He usually starts at the base and builds up. The man at the model end of the machine points to the lowest part of the pedestal; the needle on the other end shows where it should begin and the carpenter lays down his board at that spot.

Then he goes to the other end of his board and the man with the pointing machine moves his needle over to the other end of the pedestal, and the carpenter knows just where to saw his board. If the model is that of a figure sitting in a chair on top of a pyre of steps the carpenter builds up his steps and fashions wooden upright supports for the chair, being careful to pin the whole fabric of woodwork together by means of a long 2x2 piece of lumber running vertically through the center of the figure and coming out of the top of the head for a distance of a foot or so. In this upright piece of lumber he bores a large hole, so that a rope or chain can be passed through it when the figure is completed and needs must be lifted into the car.

When it is finally placed in position on the fair grounds this timber is removed with a saw, so that nothing of the woodwork is seen, but if one could get up above the fair grounds and look down upon all the

statues with a strong field glass one could see the end of this wood imbedded in the head of each statue. As all the figures are placed so high up, that little detail going to show how they are made escapes observation. And then, again, if by chance any of the casts are so situated as to be seen from the top, the blemish is easily covered over with a little plaster of paris.

But right here, at the very beginning of the process, that beam is put into place. After the carpenter has done his work and the frame is finished the "burlap, wire and excelsior" man appears upon the scene, for these giant figures are built up from the inside just like a rag doll or a base ball.

Truly, like human beings, they are "fearfully and wonderfully made." The "burlap man" wraps the sticks the carpenter meant for the legs and arms of the figure with a mixture of excelsior, plaster of paris and burlap until they take a sort of resemblance to their final form, and all the time he is working the "pointing man" is busy with the needle, indicating the spots to see that the growing figure remains an inch or so under the final size.

When this operation is finished and hardens the finishing touch is given, and this consists of a hammer and nails. The "pointing man" puts the needle against the chin, forehead, eyes, back hair, arms, waist, legs, etc., of his little model, and each time the man with the hammer drives a wire nail half way into the figure.

As his fellow at the other end brings his needle to a point of rest against the model he at the other needle finds that there is a distance of an inch or so between the excelsior burlap figure and his needle, and so he proceeds to fill up the distance by driving a nail just deep enough for the needle in passing barely to touch the top of it. When they get through with the enlargement it looks as though it might be intended for the big white ghost of a short haired porcupine.

But the nails have their purpose; they show the man who finally covers the outside with its coating of plaster of Paris how thickly he must lay on the white stuff. The nails being driven and the result of the work having been examined and verified by the superintendent the half finished enlargement is taken down and placed upon a sculptor's table. There are heavy castors under the table so that the giant half figure can be pushed from one part of the building to another with the greatest ease. Then the sculptor is called in.

Some of the sculptors do their own work upon the enlargements, but usually an assistant is intrusted with it. If, however, the figure is an important one and to be used from which to cast ten or twenty other heroic figures, the sculptor of the model does his own work, only he works in cement instead of plaster of paris. But whether the assistant or the sculptor himself does

the work, the process is the same. The enlargement is wheeled to that part of the building where there is the best light and the sculptor sets up a cry for "plaster!" at the top of his lungs.

Presently, with all the hesitation of a messenger boy, there appears from somewhere in the heart of the building a picturesque Italian boy, covered with a slight coating of white plaster from head to foot. In his hands he is bearing a tin dish full of the stuff. It is swimming with water, and he carries it for all the world as though it might be soup, but he leaves a trail of white to mark the way he came. There are five or six of these boys kept continually busy answering the cry for plaster which comes from the throats of fifteen sculptors at work at one time on as many different pieces of statues towering above them. Having secured this plaster, the sculptor goes to work on his figure, laying it on so as to cover the nails.

The figure before him is a sorry sight, to be sure. It has no face or fingers or modeling at all and looks very little like the trim model. But the coating of plaster changes all that very soon. Referring to the model, the sculptor works patiently on. He reverses the carpenter's process and begins at the top. The face and arms seem to be the next interesting parts to him and he completes them first. He models away from morning until night, building up the edge of the drapery, hacking away at the burlap and the excelsior, when the men have been careless or when he wishes to change the original sketch for a new bit of modeling which he believes will improve the model, and presently the thing is completed.

It takes about three weeks or a month to make a figure—that is, to make the model and the enlargement. The enlargement, it seems, with the facilities they have at hand, is a simple matter. It alone can be done in a week, while it sometimes takes the sculptor two and three weeks to make the original model. He usually makes a number of what he calls "sketches," and submits them to Karl Bitter, who decides which translation of the original conception is best. The one selected is then worked up to a finishing stage and sent to the "shop" to be used for enlargement.

* * *

IN the tower of the Presbyterian Church, in Glen Ridge, Pa., has been placed a bell which for several centuries called the faithful to a shrine of Buddha in Kiolo, Japan. It is over 300 years old and was purchased by a member of the church during a recent tour of the East.

* * *

THE highest point to which a man has ever climbed is 23,080 feet to the summit of the Andean peak, Aconcagua. The feat was accomplished by two men sent out by the Royal Geographical society.

UNCLE SAM'S GOLD.

FRANK FAYANT, in *Success*, tells about a goodly pile of gold in the United States treasuries.

Nearly one thousand three hundreds tons of gold lie to-day in the vaults of the treasury of the United States—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in the history of the world. Four hundred tons of this gold are piled, like bags of salt, within the four walls of the sub-treasury in Wall street, New York. Outside the treasury hoard, there is in circulation through the country a nearly equal amount of gold coin, making more than two thousand five hundred tons of gold in the United States, bearing the imprint of the eagle. The value of this coin is more than 1,260 million dollars.

One of the remarkable things about this gold is that, despite the fact of its forming one-half of the country's circulating money, it is rarely seen in the course of ordinary business. One may live in New York or Chicago or San Francisco without seeing a single gold coin for a year. This is in striking contrast to conditions abroad, where gold is everybody's coin. The gold sovereign of England is as current as the five dollar silver certificate of this country. There, a man with a small income may not have a piece of paper money (the five-pound Bank of England note is the smallest) in his hands for months. What becomes of all our American gold? The mines of Colorado, California, Alaska, and other gold-producing regions of the West add eighty million dollars a year to our hoard of gold, and three-fourths of this output goes to the mints. The yearly coinage of gold actually approaches in value the entire circulation of silver dollars.

The treasury holds in trust, against outstanding gold certificates four hundred million dollars in gold coin. These gold certificates range from \$20 to \$10,000. They are issued from the treasury in exchange for gold coin or bullion, and are just as good as gold. The Englishman wears his pockets out carrying gold coin around with him; the American prefers to have his money in the form of representative paper that can be folded compactly in his waistcoat pocket. In the sub-treasury at New York, recently, I picked up a handful of gold certificates of the value of \$3,600,000; the bundle could be stowed away in one's hip pocket, but it represented seven tons of gold. Stored in the vaults of the building at the time was a hoard of gold coin of the value of two hundred million dollars. In one vault, no larger than the bedroom of a New York flat, was an aggregate of seventy-eight million dollars in gold. This was stored in little white bags stowed away in scores of steel boxes, covering the four walls of the vault from floor to ceiling. Every box was sealed, and some of the seals were dated several years back. The first thought, at sight of this gold hoard,

is that it is idle money, but it should be recalled that all of it is in circulation by proxy in the form of gold certificates.

* * *

MONEY WITH A TAINT.

It is a well-established fact in the religious world that it is necessary to have money to meet the current expenses to manage any organization whether secular or religious. This money is almost always the result of free-will offerings, or contributions of various kinds. The question often arises as to whether or not the way the money was secured by the donor should affect the recipient to the extent of rejecting it. Some people argue that no taint is attached to the money itself, and it does just as much good whether offered by saint or sinner. For all practical purposes this aspect of the case is true, but whether or not it is morally correct the INGLENOOK will not fully undertake to decide.

Suppose a man engage in the sale of liquor and in keeping one of the worst places imaginable, patronized by young men and young women, does it seem quite right that money he has so earned should be accepted if offered to a church for religious purposes? Such a thing as this is not at all an uncommon act, as a good many men and women who engage in wrong doing frequently seem to be possessed of a spirit of generosity that leads them to contribute to a religious cause. It does not affect their life at all, and after the giving they go on in their evil ways just as they did before.

We will not undertake to discuss the course of reasoning that leads them to make the gift, but the thing under discussion is whether or no their money may be taken and used in religious work. There is a nice question of morality in it and without offering to settle it finally the INGLENOOK thinks there is a taint goes with such money that would forbid its being used for a holy purpose. This, it should be remembered, is simply an expression of opinion, and is not to be regarded as final and authoritative. Nevertheless we believe if a considerable gift is being made from one whose life is not what it ought to be, and the money has been made in a life of sin, it would be a most emphatic sermon if the gift of it would be refused, for the reason that it is not right to use anything in the cause of evil for a hallowed purpose. The church that would refuse a gift from a rumseller on this ground would be taking a high and unimpeachable position, and yet delivering a sermon that in the end of all would carry with it more weight than all the arguments that could be adduced, or words that might be said.

* * *

THE greatest depth to which a ship has been anchored is 2,000 fathoms, considerably more than two miles.

A CURE FOR SOUL-SICKNESS.

THERE are times in the history of every life when everything seems to combine against our comfort and well-being. We stand up under it a longer and a shorter time, and then sometimes begin to doubt the prevalence of justice and of right and lose our faith and our grip on good things. In other words a sick-

loyalty to Christ. Added to this it should be remembered that it is a fact that all things interwoven into our life are doubtless of design and are intended to better us in every way if we only seek the good embodied in them. These seeds of good may be so overlaid with hampering conditions that we may doubt their existence at all. Nevertheless they are there and we can always find them if we search for them aright.



SPIRIT GUARDING THE SECRET OF THE TOMB. A STATUE IN PARIS.

ness overtakes our souls and spreads with rapidity through all our being until we are as spiritually sick as he who has the small-pox or any other progressive disease.

There is a specific cure for all such mental ailments, and unlike remedies for the diseases for the body, it is not hard to take and is surely effective. It lies in our renewal of our faith and taking a better hold of our

There is no condition so wholly bad but that it might be worse, and if we have visited upon us the unpleasant and seamy side of life that seems irreparable and unavoidable, we should remember that the very fact of its not being worse than it is is a matter for congratulation. And indeed it may be said that no person may consider himself a tried Christian until he has passed through the dark valley of trouble.

NATURE



STUDY.

THE WATER HYACINTH.

MANY Nookers have had, or may now have, the water hyacinth growing as a house plant, and they will be interested in the way it has taken possession of some of the Florida rivers.

The beautiful pest is known to botanists as *piaropus crassipes*, and fair specimens of the plant are usually to be found in the lily ponds of Chicago parks during the summer season. But an examination of these samples would afford little understanding of the dangers and difficulties of the unique situation where, under favorable circumstances, practically no limit is set to the increase of the plants. The water hyacinth, aside from its natural beauty, is remarkable chiefly for its wonderfully rapid reproduction. Its propagation is by seeds and by branches, or stallons, which lie along the surface of the water and from certain joints, send roots downward and leaves upward to form new plants. The new plant is bound to the parent stock by the stallon, which is not easily broken, and thus one plant may reproduce itself into floating islands of vegetation which are difficult to be torn apart and which are driven to and fro by every wind that blows.

A mathematically-inclined Floridian made the statement some years ago, after a careful study of the plant and of its possibilities, that a single healthy stock by successive generations of similar strength and fertility, the entire reproductive power of each being fully utilized, would increase in one season to 14,000,000 plants. The long open season of Florida's climate allows the development of three generations each year. Whether the statement be true or not, the fact remains that in a dozen years commerce in the river and its tributaries has been seriously incommoded or ruined by the increase from a very few plants. The leaves of the hyacinth are a rich dark green in color and grow in clusters on stems eighteen to thirty inches long. Certain branches or stems run out from the plant along the water and these expand into air cells of several inches in diameter and serve to buoy the plant in an upright position as it sails majestically along, and no wind can disturb its dignified equilibrium or overturn the plant. The roots are fibrous masses, extending a foot or more beneath the surface, but they rarely become attached to the muddy bottom of the river, even in shallow places.

Under such conditions it is possible to imagine some of the dangers that menace the industries which

depend upon an unimpeded stream* for their success. Navigation by small craft through the denser masses of this vegetation is impossible, because the interlocking stems bind the plants too closely for penetration. The wheels of steam vessels are clogged quickly and often are completely stalled. When the full power of propelling machinery is applied the plants pile up in front of the advancing vessel and become as impenetrable as a heavy ice floe. Frequently it is necessary for crews literally to cut a path with ax and pike pole and to push to one side or the other the impeding plants. Hidden logs are a source of danger and not infrequently the water moccasin, whose poison is hardly less virulent than that of the rattlesnake, lurks in the mass of vegetation, ready to attack the unwarned and unwary.

How the plant first found a home in these waters is a story told in various ways. The origin more commonly credited is that about 1890 a wealthy citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., brought a few specimens of the hyacinth to ornament a fountain basin in the grounds of his winter home, a few miles above Palatka. So great was the increase from these plants that the basin speedily was choked and the surplus was thrown into the St. John's river, which flowed a few yards away. From the present beginning, it is asserted, has come the present remarkable accumulation, which extends many scores of miles from its starting place, and which is growing each year more formidable.

The dangers from the masses of the plant are to the navigation of vessels, to the logging and lumber business, to the fishing industries and to the health of cities.

The first of these difficulties is experienced in all branches of the river and in the main river more especially at and above Palatka, where the influence of the ocean's salt is not felt and where the second of the big railroad bridges spans the river. This bridge is carried for most of its length on piling. The cross bracing of this foundation prevents the passage of the plants and the proportion that escapes on the sluggish tide movement under the open spans is comparatively small. Above Palatka these conditions are more exaggerated than below and in the narrower parts of the river every wharf or other fixture in the water becomes a lodging place for the hyacinth.

A second danger has been to the fisheries of the river, which are of great commercial value and of greater possibilities. For days at a time fishermen

have been unable to set their seines because the floating plants driven by strong winds or carried by the tides have carried away the nets. The remains of dead plants accumulating on the bottom of the river have formed layers in many places several inches and occasionally some feet thick, thus destroying the feeding grounds and driving shad, mullet and other profitable game to other streams. The logical result must be the abandonment of this important industry and the throwing out of employment hundreds of men whose homes and investments are along the river. Already this has been accomplished to a considerable extent.



HOW SOME FISH MANAGE.

"PEOPLE who labor under the impression that fish have only sense enough to stay under water and gulp down the tempting bait thrown them are sadly off on their calculations," remarked one of the learned men of the fish commission. "There are fish which are possessed of a great deal of good horse sense, as the saying is, and some fish have wonderful judgment. Take, for instance, our common old catfish and study him awhile. They are 'bullheaded,' but they have sufficient sense to build a nest for their eggs and carefully watch their young when they are hatched out. If you will go out at any time during the month of August in this latitude you will see in the streams and ponds big catfish of the common sort, each one accompanied by a swarm of small fry. In each case the old one is a male, and he is engaged in taking care of his young while the mother fish floats around and takes things easy, not having the care of her offspring to interfere with her pleasures. The male catfish is more thoughtful of his frau than are a great many men. Should an intruder come near the little catfishes there will be trouble, for the daddy fish is all ready to do battle for them.

"How did we find out that the male fish do the caring for of the young? Easy enough. We simply put a pair of catfish, male and female, in an aquarium and watched results. At spawning time eggs were laid, and one of the fish kept constant watch over them. When the eggs hatched and the little fish began to frisk about the same old fish looked after them, not permitting the mate to come near them, and this continued until the little fellows grew large enough to take care of themselves. We then took the fish which had so carefully guarded and cared for the young and dissected it, and the result was that it proved to be the male fish.

"This fact we have found to be true in the habits of other fish. The catfish, when in their native ponds and brooks always find a quiet place in the water near the bank to lay their eggs, building a nest in the sand and covering it with a thick spawn. The male fish will

hover around the nest and force fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of its fins. This continues for a week or ten days—not longer—when the eggs hatch, and the father fish at once assumes his duties as caretaker of the young fish.

"In the sea a species of catfish is found which takes the eggs in his mouth as soon as they are laid by the female, and there he will keep them until they hatch. After this they are looked after by the mother fish, the daddy fish feeling that he has finished his part of raising the family. He does the frolicking while the mother fish cares for the young, but he is always present to take part in fighting off fish which would destroy the young.

"The common sunfish also takes care of its young as do other species of its family which are peculiar to North America, such as the black bass and crappie. In the early spring a pair of these fish will come near the shore and carefully clear away a circular spot a foot or two in diameter, removing all the weeds and stones, and in this clearing the female lays her eggs. This done, the male immediately takes charge, hovering over the nest and driving away all intruders. This he continues until the babies are hatched and able to hustle for their own living, when he is at liberty to roam around until the mother fish is ready for him to again go on duty as care-taker of another hatching of eggs.

"In the case of all fish which take care of their young, a curious adaptation of natural law to circumstances is found. Those which take the greatest pains and care in sheltering their offspring have the fewest eggs, perhaps fewer than one hundred at a lay, while on the other hand, other species of fish which pay not the slightest attention to their young, produce hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of eggs at a single lay. The extreme in the other direction is found in the gigantic devil fish of Southern waters, which fish will grow to twenty feet in width. The devil fish bears only a single young one at a birth, the mother retaining it inside her body until it has grown to be four feet broad. The youthful devil fish coming into the world so big is in but little danger of an enemy. There are many kinds of fish which bring forth their young alive."



A TRAVELER who has just returned from German East Africa tells about seeing the natives drive tame young leopards attached to light carts. The animals are taken when very young and grow thoroughly accustomed to human companionship.



PROF. LAWRENCE BRUNER, State Ethnologist at the University of Nebraska, has a collection of sixty thousand grasshoppers, among which are to be found twenty thousand distinct species.

THE INGLENOOK

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But when alone one seeks the best to know,
His skill is weaker and his thoughts are slow."

TWO PRIZES.

THE Editor of the INGLENOOK will send two prizes for the best short articles on the following subjects:

The Kind of Young Brother I Like Best.

The competitors must be sisters under twenty-five.

The Kind of Young Sister I Like Best.

The competitors must be brethren under thirty.

The conditions are as follow: The article must be in the Nookman's hands by the Fourth of July, 1903. It must be signed, and not longer than a column. Count the words. Both winners will be printed, side by side. The name must go along with the piece. Anything funny or silly will throw the article out. What we want is the picture of an ideal brother and sister, seen from opposite sex sides. The Editor reserves the right to make extracts from unsuccessful competitors. The decision will be based on the sense of the communications, and the way they are put together. Send them on.

THE STRIKERS.

PICK up any daily paper and it is full of strike happenings, the protestations of Unions, and all sorts of labor troubles. People in the country have no idea of the annoyance of this condition. No manufacturer knows when his hands are going to make some preposterous demand, and walk out pending the settlement.

There ought to be some way of getting at this busi-

ness without hampering the interests of the public that have nothing in the matter at stake. That labor has its grievances is beyond a doubt, but that the best way is to stop every wheel till they are settled is another story, and a serious one it is. If matters go on as they now indicate, there will have to be some drastic measures of prevention to protect the interests of the innocent public. What they may be probably nobody knows, as yet, but it must come, in some shape.

WET WEATHER.

DURING the past few weeks there has been an exceptional rainfall, all over the country with the result of raising the waters of the more important streams away beyond the danger point. In Topeka, Kansas, and Kansas City, the loss of life and property has been considerable, and the suffering and privation are not to be computed.

Then there is another feature of these floods that is not usually thought of at the time. It is the resulting sickness and discomfort. Naturally every cellar is full, and when the waters recede, each home, having a cellar, is over a pond of water that must gradually seep away if not pumped out. The result will be an immense amount of sickness and subsequent trouble that does not at first appear as a consequence of the floods. Those who live high and dry have occasion to congratulate themselves on their positions.

WHAT THE CONFERENCE DID.

ABOUT all that seriously affects the individual as a result of the last Annual Meeting is as follows:

The idea of an insurance company in the church was set aside. There is to be no using any part of the church name for commercial purposes, and there is to be some method arranged for in the matter of our young people's meetings. Ministers can carry a church certificate when traveling. The next meeting goes to Carthage, Mo. Many queries were returned, as previous decisions covered their ground.

THE LIGHT FINGERED.

JUST as we predicted, the pickpockets got in their work. Some of them were arrested, and doubtless others were not. There is no use talking about it now. The man who takes the papers, reads their warnings, and then goes ahead, secure in his own ability to take care of himself, is the one who gets taken in by the professional thief.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

THE Annual Meeting is over. It is a good thing that there is an Annual Meeting, and it is also a good

thing for those who attend, that it comes only once a year. Those who are its most active workers are fagged out before the end, and all are glad to get started home. At Bellefontaine it rained, and then it rained again. The variety consisted in the length and heaviness of the showers. Naturally there was much mud. And it was cold at times. But the people took it all in good nature, which was the Christian way, as it always is where we can not help ourselves.

THERE was an unusually large missionary contribution. This shows an increasing interest in the work of missions, which is just as it should be. The rain probably helped swell the amount. People sheltered under the roof of the tabernacle, and there was a larger constituency to collect from. Then there were the missionaries, present and prospective. It all had the undoubted effect of the personal presence of the workers. That the amount has increased argues increased interest, and, as said above, all this is just as it ought to be.

THE social side of the Conference is worth a lot, a great deal more than is generally considered. People have a habit of looking forward to the great annual meeting as a place where they will meet again, compare notes, and talk over old times. And the idea is an excellent one. It stands for auld acquaintance sake. It means a great deal in keeping in touch with each other, for that means union and strength.

WHAT will the Annual Meeting of fifty years to come be like? Who knows? Still, if the past is worth anything, and it is, the outlook is not very encouraging to one who believes in the old way. There is too much of what people call progress. It is only another name for the ways of the world. There is only one true progression in religion, and that is toward the Cross, and not in the direction of the world's allurements. True, there is an element in the church that looks only on the present, and all that they judge by is their present feeling. But there is also another and a more thoughtful view. It is that we who now hold the torch, when it comes to passing it on to those who follow us, should see to it that it is not dimmed in its luster, and not grimed with money and its belongings.

THERE is nothing more deceitful than riches, nothing that kills out true religion quicker, nothing that so deadens the sense of what is in line with the teachings of the Nazarene, than money getting and money holding. Nothing breeds money like money. For it men are selling their souls as they have sold them in all ages. The thirty pieces of silver, for the silver's sake, is as operative to-day as it was in the days of him who held the bag. How it grows on one! It is a

good thing to watch, this love of money, for out of it grows all evil imaginable.

SHE was there! Reference is had to the woman with a bonnet on her head, a gold watch in her pocket, and a silk garment on her back. Blessed be consistent plainness. And her brother! In some cases all the difference between him and a high church Episcopalian clergyman would be hard to define as far as looks go. The Nook suggests for this class a monocle and a gold-headed cane.

THEN, thank God, there's another kind, the class that are not masquerading, the ones who are plain people in principle, and plain in fact. It is this class that makes the name of the church a good one. They believe in plainness and they live it out. Everybody respects them, and it could not be otherwise. The world hates shams, and is compelled, in the very nature of things, to admire consistency. It is just this class that holds the church together and makes it what it is.

SPEAKING of plain people there were some who were not plain in one sense. Here and there was a woman, and not always a young one either, whose cast of features and general contour would have won out at an exhibition of handsome women. In every such instance it was interesting to note the fact that the features were clearly the index of the soul. Some had passed through the suffering that refines, and others showed that the peace that passes understanding was theirs. It is doubtful whether there is any abiding real beauty that is not born of the soul and the soul's experiences. These were to be seen, not many, and not often, but still they were there, and their faces shone with the blessings God gave them.

ONE thing struck the Nookman. Here and there were old folks, so old that it is pretty sure that they will be at rest when the church meets again. It is not sad, not to be mourned over, not to be regretted. It will simply be a home going, a passing over to where there are no aches and no gray hairs, no troubles, and where, most of all, there is rest. "There is rest for you."

ATTENTION is called to the form of the magazine. The date of issue has been changed, and the Nook will probably reach the reader at a different day of the week from what has been usual. One object is that time and space may be gained for the presentation of subjects of general interest, and current happenings the world over. In short, the Nook will be made more of a newspaper than before, and it will be of more than passing interest, or at least, this is the object sought.

OUR ART TALK.—The Last.

For some weeks back we have been running a series of Art Talks that have been intensely interesting to us and, doubtless, of profit to the readers. But not to protract them to the point of satiety, and as all things must come to an end, so we will bring them to a close with this number of the magazine.

Doubtless a great many people have often thought that they would love the work of an artist. Many of such may really have within them the true love of art that must always accompany the successful worker in the realm of imagination. But they do not know how to go about it, and doubtless many an artist is thus lost to the world.

One of the ideas that are prevalent almost everywhere is that any one can learn to draw accurately by copying objects which are placed before him. There is nothing further from the truth than this very thing. Thousands and thousands of people can "draw," and other thousands consider these students of art. But really very few people ever learn to draw accurately and rapidly. The reason for this is that no one can ever become an artist unless he understands the principles that underlie the work. This cannot be had out of a book at home, nor, indeed, can it be learned by everybody, even under the most favorable conditions. Anybody can dabble in art, however, few become artists. Therefore attendance at a good school under competent instructors may be considered as the very foundation of art knowledge.

A great many of our Art Talks have been the result of inspiration had in walking through the galleries of the great Chicago Art Institute. It is one of the largest things of its kind in the country, and doubtless many have seen the substantial stone building down by the lake. Many have wandered through its corridors, open-mouthed, and with retentive mind and seeing eyes. It is a sight of itself to see the thousands of people who pass up and down before the world's greatest pictures. It is a mistake to believe that only the cultured and educated appreciate art. It is not an uncommon thing to see a group of Italian laborers, talking rapidly in their musical language, as they pass from sculpture to picture and from picture back to sculpture again.

The institution is an educator. And it may not be generally known that while upstairs there is a large and valuable collection in every domain of art, down below in its vast space is an art school at which over twenty-five hundred people are in attendance, coming and going, passing in and out, unnoticed by the casual visitor.

It is to some institution like this that he or she who loves art should go. Like everything else in the world there are some well-established principles that

must be possessed by him who would paint, draw, or model accurately, and it is infinitely better that the learner should be taught these things than that he be allowed to discover them himself, or, indeed, as is often the case, miss them entirely. If there has been a single one of the INGLENOOK family especially interested in this work we confidently recommend such the Art Institute course of instruction. A handsome catalogue is sent free to those who ask for it, and if the reader will address a letter to Mr. W. M. R. French, Director Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Illinois, mentioning the INGLENOOK, they will doubtless receive an illustrated copy of the publication. We advise it for those who are interested in art and art topics.

There are some things in this life that are not wholly utilitarian. There are some phases of our existence away beyond the reach of money and which no money can buy. Reference is had to the artistic sense present in greater or less degree in every one of us. It is this that sees unworded beauty in the single geranium planted in an old can set in the window, or it is the idea that leads people to cut out the better illustrations in the magazines, framing them and hanging them on the wall. Instead of being an idle and useless dream it is really the exponent of all that is best and desirable in life, and while our perception of what is really beautiful is rare, the fact remains, without qualification, that he or she is the happiest that sees the most of beauty in every phase of existence. Giving freedom to this form of beauty is getting nearer to God in that it makes this life so much more beautiful as we pass through it. Good Bye.

OUR RELIGION.

ONE of the reasons, if not the main reason why people are Christians, is that they are selfish and expect to get something out of it, a great deal in fact. They act as though they expected to be rewarded for being Christians. They behave themselves because they think it is going to pay in some unknown way in the future.

The idea is an incorrect one. It is the case of the person who hires, not that he expects to do anything worth while, but he keeps his mind on his wages, and his eye service is about all the benefit he renders. Now while the reward is, as a matter of course, not to be lost sight of, the better thing to do is to do all the work possible, and never think of the pay. That will take care of itself, and it is nowhere stated in the Book that the reward will not be equal or inadequate. On the contrary we are promised more than is coming to us. And the right thing to do is not to be eternally considering our "reward," but to think of our work, as a reward, if it can be so called, will be sure to follow.

"THE CHILD OF THE STATE."

THIS picture is on canvas, height $40\frac{5}{8}$ inches, width $34\frac{1}{8}$ inches, and was painted by Harmenszoon van Rijn Rembrandt, the greatest painter and etcher of the Dutch school. It is signed in full by him dated 1645.

It represents a young girl, wearing the picturesque costume of the orphans of North Holland, appearing at a window, her eyes turned to the left as if looking at

tion we present but the original painting contains much for the artist lover to read.

THE lava streams from the eruption of Vesuvius in 1858 were so hot twelve years later that steam issued from their cracks and crevices. Those that flowed from Etna in 1787 were found to be steaming hot just below the crust as late as 1840. The volcano Jorullo, in Mexico, poured forth in 1759 lava that eighty-seven



"THE CHILD OF THE STATE."

somebody. Her collar, close at the neck, is relieved by a coral necklace of two strings of beads. Her costume is composed of a dress of fustian, and an apron. The waist is confined at the opening by lacings of red cord. The chest is protected by a plastron of red stuff, and the sleeves of the same color reach to the fore-arm. These signs indicate that this young woman is assisted by the Asylum, and is placed under the guardianship of everybody, and for this reason the picture has been called "The Child of the State." The rays of the warm sunlight strike a part of the head and the left hand, adding to the cheeriness of the picture. These details are not distinctly shown in the reproduc-

years later gave off columns of steaming vapor. In 1780 it was found that a stick thrust into the crevices instantly ignited, and not the slightest discomfort was experienced in walking on the hardened crust.

A FOREIGN paper tells of an experiment made to see how quickly a tree could be turned into a newspaper. At 7:35 A. M. a tree was sawed down. Just two hours later it had been converted into pulp and paper. At 10 o'clock the first printed and folded copy came from the press. In 145 minutes the tree had been turned into a newspaper.

NOT AFRAID.

To a certain extent a reasonable amount of fear is but natural, but some people are so afraid of anything that their life is one continual subdued terror. They are afraid in the dark, of things they know not what. Nothing has ever happened them and nothing is ever likely to, but to go into a darkened room strikes terror in their hearts.

The Nookman knows a place where a little girl about eleven years of age shows a daily, or rather a nightly, exhibition of courage that would send ninety-nine hundred of our women into a fit. She is the daughter of a city morgue keeper. A morgue is a place where unknown dead are taken to remain a time for identification. They are kept as long as sanitary conditions will justify, and are stripped and laid on a marble slab with a light spray of water playing on their faces. Sometimes mechanical causes operate to prevent this spray working and it must be turned on again. There may be one or two, or a dozen dead, on their respective slabs. Before retiring the morgue keeper must be sure that everything is working right in the gruesome room. Our little girl will go into this dark room at night and pass along the row of dead and note, by passing her hand between the face and the spray, whether it is working all right. She thinks nothing whatever of what she is doing. How many Nook readers would like to do that, and yet, when you come to think about it, there is absolutely no danger whatever.

Another case showing courage of a different kind came to the Nookman's notice some years ago. It was at a lonely station, along a transcontinental railroad, out in the arid country. The regular telegrapher was married to a young woman; also an operator, who occasionally took his place at night. The nearest house was thirteen miles away, and she was the only person present. It became necessary for the writer to remain at the station until the passing of a through train, which had been directed to stop and pick him up. The night was dark and it was cold. The stove was redhot. The young woman was sitting in her chair in front of her instrument reading a book when she was not talking. Presently there was pressed against the windowpane, on the outside, the evil-looking face of a tramp. It was in the arid country where the tramps followed the railroad with the purpose of jumping the trains, and these had been put off there. Going outside with a lantern, five tramps were found hanging around the house. They were not allowed by the rules of the Company to enter the telegraph office, though apparently there was nothing to prevent their doing so. And this young woman was alone there. On being told what had been seen she simply laughed, and being asked whether she was not afraid answered by pulling open a drawer in the table beside her where

there were two loaded revolvers within easy reach, and she remarked in an ordinary business tone of voice that "Any tramp who crosses the doorway gets it." At all events the tramps never tried it. This looked very much to the Nookman like what you would call courage.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

IN the manufacture of ice ammonia is used, because it can readily be converted from a liquid to a gas and vice versa. In a factory the mode of operation is divided into three parts, a compression side, in which the gas is compressed, a condensing side, generally consisting of coils of pipe in which the compressed gas is circulated, parts with its heat and liquefies. The expansion side also consists of coils of pipe in which the liquefied gas is allowed to expand or vaporize. The three sides are connected in the order mentioned. The liquefied gas is allowed to flow into the expansion coils through a very small opening under a pressure of one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds per square inch, and expands into a pressure of from ten to thirty pounds per square inch. In order to expand, the gas must get heat from somewhere and if the pipes through which it flows are immersed in salt water, it extracts the heat from this. The extraction of this heat from the brine or salt water cools it far below the freezing point of ordinary water, and a can of pure water placed in this salt water is soon frozen solid. The ammonia gas passes on through the brine or salt water into the compression side, where it is compressed and forced into the condensing coils under a pressure of one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds per square inch, is liquefied again, parting with the heat abstracted from the brine and is again forced through the minute opening into the freezing coils, where it extracts more heat from the brine. The process is a continuous one, the ammonia being compressed into a liquid at one stage of the process and being converted into a gas at another, the result being a continuous extraction of heat from the brine or salt water if ice is manufactured or from the air in a cold storage plant. Various methods are used in the cold storage houses. In some the cold brine is forced through pipes. In others expansion coils are placed as in a freezing tank, the heat being extracted from the air instead of the salt water.

It is impossible for any of the ammonia to get into the water used or into the ice. It is enclosed in pipes that must stand a pressure of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. The slightest leakage would prevent the making of ice. The water to be frozen does not come in contact with either the ammonia or the salt water or brine. It is poured in large cans, which stand in the salt water as do the milk cans in a spring, with less chance of

getting salt water in them than has the spring water of getting into the milk.

A good pure water is always selected for making ice, but to make sure that it contains nothing of foreign nature it is treated as follows: First, it is converted into steam and then condensed or distilled, then filtered, then boiled hard. The boiling tank overflowing all the time floats off any foreign matter which may rise to the surface; then it goes through another filter, then is cooled, then passes into a settling tank once more and is then ready to be frozen. All the air and all the impurities have been removed. The water is now placed in a steel can and is suspended in the freezing tank, surrounded by a brine through which pass a number of coils in which the ammonia is circulating. The freezing process is simply that of removing the heat contained in the brine. The fact that an article is cold does not prevent the removal of more heat and making it still colder. The expanding ammonia requires heat for the expansion and gets it from the brine which gets colder than the freezing point and extracts the heat from the pure water in the freezing can, thereby converting it into ice.

* * *

THE OLD-FASHIONED BROTHER WHO STAYED HOME FROM ANNUAL MEETING.

Brother Nookman:

It wasn't because I liked to that I stayed home from Annual Meeting. We'd have liked to go, both of us, Margaret and I, taken the children, met old acquaintances, made new ones, heard some of our able ministers tell us of our duties, and joined the great congregation in singing and prayer. There were questions coming before the meeting in which we felt interested. But as we couldn't go this time, we thought we'd do the next best, send for the daily; and so we did.

It came, and I suppose it was intended to give an account of our meeting. It told about a "Conference" with a whole lot of "Revs.," most of whom I know used to belong to our church. Now I knew these brethren, heard them preach some years ago, good old-fashioned brethren, but they didn't have any "Rev." to their name then.

Yes, it must have been our Annual Meeting; but the reporter must have forgotten that at one of these meetings the Brethren decided in substance that "reverend" is a term belonging to God rather than man. And then I wonder if he had read the 7th verse of the 23rd chapter of Matthew lately.

Something was said too about the members of the rural districts. Well, I guess that hits a good many of us. But because a large percentage of us live in the country, I don't see why that should be any reason for saying that the decisions of the meeting don't always represent the sentiment of the church.

The report of the good missionary collection, and of the sending of the ten new missionaries gave us much joy.

Now I want to belong to the church which I joined when I was a boy. I don't want to see her do her work in just the same way that she did it then; but I do want to see her have the same spirit and separate from the world, her members plain, humble, every-day brethren and sisters, and her preachers without any "Rev." to their names.

OLD-FASHIONED BROTHER.

P. S.—Give Margaret credit for part of this. O. B.

COMMENT.

I want to thank the writer of the above in this public way for what he has said. The church that I joined was not a place for Reverends. It had plain, God-fearing, respected men that had the love of their people and the esteem of outsiders. Now some of their followers, and a good way in the rear, at that, are Revs., and Pastors, and the like, and have their pictures printed. The Rev. part may be the work of the reporter and the printer, but not so with the picture. I would like to write the "signature" as it is technically called, under the pictures: "The above is the Right Reverend Eugene Clarence Smythe, Pastor of the First Brethren Church, at Lily-by-the-Sea." How does it strike the readers in the "rural districts?" Humph!! And there are other things that need equally outspoken comment. Thank God for one unsolicited and outspoken pricking of bubbles.

THE EDITOR OF THE INGLENOCK.

* * *

MEN OR BRUTES.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* tells this of Edgar Allen Poe:

The late John Sartain, the eminent engraver of Philadelphia, knew Edgar Allen Poe intimately. He was free to admit that Poe in his youth had been somewhat profligate, but he always denied stoutly that in later life the poet was anything like the drunkard gossip paints him.

"At the University of Virginia," Mr. Sartain once said, "Poe did drink too much. In the middle of his freshman year there he gave a peach and honey party. Peach and honey was the drink of those days—a mixture of honey and peach brandy that was as overpowering as it was sweet and pleasant.

"Poe sat at the head of the table. 'Boys,' he said to his guests, 'shall we behave like men or like brutes?'

"'Like men, of course,' a senior answered in a rebuking voice.

"'Then,' said Poe, 'we'll all get drunk, for that is something brutes never do.'"

CHANGING THEIR NAMES.

It very frequently happens, especially among foreigners, with unpronounceable names, that when they come to this country they find it to their advantage to have their name changed. This is not done from any desire to escape their being known, but because the foreign character of their name is such that they cannot well be pronounced in this country, so Skeobelofsky Schwanborskey calls himself Isaac Smith, and is done with it. To go about the thing regularly, according to the *New York Times*, involves quite a course of procedure.

For a man to change his name necessitates the unwinding of many yards of official red tape. Still, that particular part of the law's machinery whereby the change is effected is not so complicated as many imagine. It is put in motion by an affidavit, in which is set forth the present name of the petitioner, the name desired, and the reasons for wishing the change, together with a brief personal history, which includes a clear statement as to the financial standing of the plainant. The law is very strict in the observance of the last-mentioned point. A man does not have to be rich in order to secure a new name, but he must be able to take oath that his account is not big on the wrong side of the ledger and that he is free from all entanglements of a pecuniary nature.

The affidavit thus made out is duly presented to court, and is published once a week for six weeks in two local papers. Having run through these preliminaries, the case reaches the judge of the county court. He takes it under advisement. If the petition convinces him that the plainant has sufficient cause for wishing to carve a new name for himself by crosscut legal methods and that the change will benefit him and his posterity and harm no one, he grants the request and decrees that on a certain specified day, not far distant, the petitioner and his wife and children, and all the rest of the family mentioned in the affidavit, shall cease to be called by the cacophonous patronymic with which heaven and their forbears endowed them and shall be known henceforth by the name bestowed by the courts of New York.

Now and then there is a deflection from the ordinary course of procedure. There are exceptional cases where the authorities deem the applicant a suspicious character and insist upon time to look up his record. But this is rarely done. As a rule, whatever investigation is considered necessary is left to the lawyer in charge of the case, and when he assures the court that his client is making no false representations his word is accepted as sufficient guarantee for the petitioner's probity.

The reasons given for wishing a change of name are many. The one most frequently assigned is conveni-

ence in business matters. It is not pleasant to trade with a man whose name you cannot pronounce. No matter what the nature of the transaction, whether it be buying or selling, paying old bills or running up new ones, the relationship between the contracting parties is much more amicable when each can call the other by name. Tradesmen with names around which no Anglo-Saxon tongue can possibly twist have come to realize that, and if they are ambitious and wish to extend their trade beyond the confines of their own transplanted colonies they gladly avail themselves of the constitutional privilege of christening themselves anew.

Social ambition is sometimes at the root of the desired change. When an expatriated European makes a strike on American soil or in American markets the society bee may lodge in his wife's bonnet and set up a mighty buzzing there.

"I would like," she announces one day, "to be a patroness."

"What is that?" asks her husband, with his mind intent on the latest cut of shoes and collars.

She tells him. "The minute you get to be a patroness," she says, "you are It. I want to be It."

He thinks it over. "How much will it cost?" he asks.

She names a figure. He thinks again. "Very well," he answers at length, "you shall be It, but before you can become so I think we will have to change your name. As you stand at present, you have too strong a hold on the alphabet. You do not look well in print. It would take too many lines of type to set you up, figuratively speaking. I will see the lawyer about it this morning."

He does see the lawyer, and two months later he and she and all that is theirs emerge from the chrysalis of Jbourovski and blossom into Browns.

Again, new names are acquired through adoption. Or it may be that family pride or financial consideration inspires the change. Of the last two reasons the former usually denotes deterioration in lineage on the paternal side of the house. A man's progenitors may have started out several generations ago with a very high sounding appellation, but through a series of marriages of his female ancestors the man himself may be recorded in the tax books or the police courts as plain Bob Green. When Green takes down the family tree and peers through the branches, as he does at odd times when things look particularly blue, he reflects sadly on the fact that his great-great-grandfather answered "here" to the call of Irving Cadwallader. The contrast between past aristocracy of name and present plebeianism pains Bob Green. "I should like to be Irving Cadwallader, too," he says, and the upshot of his cogitations is that he, in time, calls on a lawyer and sends up an affidavit.

In all cases similar to those mentioned the court is very indulgent. It is particularly so when financial questions are involved. For example, legacies are sometimes bequeathed on condition that the beneficiary adopt the name of the testator. A judge who would turn down a petition in which a reason of that kind was set forth would be inhuman. The records, fortunately, are blackened by the trail of no inhuman judges.

For obvious reasons Russian Jews head the list, numerically, of those who pray the courts for relief from their present names. These baptismal names are, almost without exception, hard to spell and harder still to pronounce, and are, according to the affidavits of the petitioners, the source of endless taunts and persecution on the part of Americans and other nationalities with Anglicized names.

The country whose sons are most loyal to native nomenclature is China. An exhaustive search of the records shows but one Chinaman who lost faith in the name of his fathers. He started out in life as Eng Ten Lung, but after shuffling along with that handicap for thirty years or so he decided that he could get along better as somebody else, so at his earnest request the courts gave him permission to do business under the name of Charles E. Poos.

The surname chosen by the expatriated Chinaman was not particularly euphonious, but it sounds as well as those selected by many others. The choice of new names is erratic, yet a study of the records impresses one that there are three distinct types in high favor. Many foreigners, even after having resided in New York long enough to become pretty well acclimatized, retain so much affection for the fatherland that they dislike the idea of destroying all reminders of their nativity, so whenever the first syllable of the name admits of Anglification they merely drop a few unnecessary letters from that and lop off one or two succeeding syllables and rejoice in a hybrid appellation that has English sounds grafted onto foreign roots.

Most of the surnames chosen by the petitioners are monosyllables and all are short by contrast with the discarded name. That rule applies equally to the Christian name. That very frequently is not tampered with, but when it is changed some blunt Anglo-Saxon name, such as John or Frank, replaces the unmanageable polysyllable.

Tastes differ so widely in regard to names that members of a family sometimes find it difficult to agree upon the one they want. Even if all are tired of the old one and think a change desirable they wrangle indefinitely over the substitute and wind up by worrying along under the present burden; or, if all have arrived at years of discretion, by each choosing the name which suits him best. The case of four brothers who came here from Roumania several years ago and went into business on the lower east side illustrates

that point. They passed through many gradations of good and bad luck, and finally worked up a thriving trade in boots and shoes. When they at last found themselves securely fixed financially they decided to change their name. All were eager for the change, but each held out for what tickled his ears most pleasantly. Finding it impossible to come to an agreement, they set up two separate houses, with the two older brothers in charge of one and the younger in charge of the other, and applied to the courts for redress of nominal grievances. Their request was granted, and to-day one pair of brothers under different names manages the first shop in partnership, while the other pair runs the second shop.

The only trouble with a manufactured name is that nobody ever knows how it is going to turn out. Its owner may not be satisfied with it after he gets it. Occasionally he is not, and then he wants to change back again. The second petition, however, is usually disregarded. One notable exception was made in the case of the woman who obtained a new name for her children on the ground that their father was a convicted criminal. Afterward it was found that the man had been unjustly sentenced, and the children resumed the name that had been discarded in dishonor.

Not all people who seek another cognomen are actuated by a desire for euphony and convenience. Now and then a man with an agreeable name and an unbalanced mind seeks to change the former to some outlandish appellation which, according to his perverted reasoning, shall serve as a sort of trademark and boom business. But few of these curious applications are passed upon favorably by the courts, although as an exception there is on record the case of one Goldsmith who, for some inscrutable reason, was given permission to call himself and his heirs and assigns by the name of Gneitenheuther.

It is interesting to observe that most native Americans seem satisfied with the name providentially assigned them, or if not satisfied they manfully stifle their discontent and say as little about it as possible. Such courtesies of the law are of course extended to Americans now and then, but usually in cases of adoption or divorce. The unpleasant arrangement of the letters of the name has nothing to do with the case.

Not every person who finds himself in need of a new name bothers with the formality of a legal change, but in case the malcontent expects to retain his standing in the community the more ceremonious procedure is advisable. It entails the expenditure of some time and a little money for lawyer's fees, but it will prove a good investment in the long run.

* * *

THE lowest priced vehicle at the New York automobile show was \$500; the highest \$1,800.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CONTEST.

A LARGE number of answers has been received in the Natural History Contest. The winner of the prize is James M. Shull, of New Carlisle, Ohio.

The questions and their answers are given below. Every paper showed more or less intelligence and perception of what was required. However the most complete and accurate statement, all things considered, in the opinion of the committee, constitutes the winner named above as having the best paper.

Every competitor is entitled to credit.

The answers below are signed and are taken from the various papers. The answers to some questions are much more complete than others and the best answer, all things considered, is printed.

Those who have set their hearts upon winning this prize should not be discouraged, nor should they feel angry or hurt about the outcome.

The readers of the INGLENOOK are invited to contribute articles along the line of any of its questions, but these should be the result of observation and authority, and should be, if possible, literally correct. Communications upon the questions are invited and may appear in some form in the Nature Study pages.

The Nookman congratulates the competitors. There is a much wider acquaintance with natural history subjects in the Nook family than anybody would have believed possible, and the Editor feels proud of his constituency.

1. What common wild plant blooms every month in the year?

The dandelion.—*Mrs. Eisenbise, Virginia, Nebr.*

✱

2. What bird mates for life?

The pigeon.—*Aaron C. Ellenberger, Prowers, Colo.* Other birds have been named, but the pigeon certainly fills the requirement.

✱

3. How does a fish or a snake, frozen solid for months, maintain its vitality?

Protoplasm is not killed by freezing, and, being cold-blooded animals their internal organs do not suffer injury by temporary suspension of activity.—*A. F. Shull, Osborne, Ohio.*

✱

4. How did chimney swallows manage their nesting before there were chimneys?

In hollow trees.—*U. R. Hollar, Hardin, Mo.*

✱

5. Why does a double flower generally produce fewer seeds than a single one?

Because they have been bred for flowers at the expense of the reproductive organ.—*Mrs. Minnie Rexroad, Darlow, Kans.*

6. What common pest is as big when born as it ever will be?

The house fly.—*Mattie R. Jones, Carleton, Mo.*

✱

7. What is the difference between a plant and a weed?

A plant is of use and must be cared for and cultivated, while a weed cares for itself and is useless.—*Grace Baker, Baker, Ohio.*

✱

8. Where did the potato bug come from?

From the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.—*F. E. Miller, South English, Iowa.*

✱

9. How does the red grain of corn get into the yellow ear?

The pollen is carried from a stalk of red corn to the silk of the yellow, thus producing the mixture.—*Noah Allaman, Trotwood, Ohio.*

✱

10. What is the real cause of scabby potatoes?

It is the work of spores of a fungoid growth.—*A. K. Graybill, Washington, D. C.*

✱

11. How does the worm get into the apple?

The mother deposits the egg in the blossom, and the worm therefrom enters the young apple.—*John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

✱

12. When does an apple begin to color up, before or after attaining its full size?

After attaining its full size.—*Effie E. Holler, Hagerstown, Ind.*

✱

13. A's corn is full of smut. B's field has no smut. Both used the same seed, but B did something to prevent it. What might he have done to prevent it?

Soaked his seed in a solution of corrosive sublimate.—*John Knife, Troy, Ohio.*

✱

14. What is the cause and the cure of the red rust on the under side of the raspberry leaves?

A fungus, no cure known but to dig and destroy infected plants.—*James M. Shull, New Carlisle, Ohio.*

✱

15. What misfortune always overtakes a blue-eyed white cat?

Deafness.—*Burt E. Jones, Onsted, Mich.*

✱

16. What animals have no marrow in their bones?

No animals but mammals have marrow in their bones.—*Della Peifer, Waterloo, Iowa.*

✱

17. What can a little "green baby" do with its toes that it cannot possibly do when it is a grownup?

Wiggle its toes, one after another.—*Nettie M. Senger, Panora, Iowa.* This has been uniformly missed.

✱

18. How many upper front teeth has an old sook cow?

None.—*Della Brallier, Greenville, Iowa.*

19. Seeing the skeleton of an entirely strange animal, how could you tell whether it got on its feet when lying down as a horse gets up, in front first, or as a cow does, from behind first?

All animals with parted or cleft hoofs get up like a cow, and with solid hoofs like a horse.—*Grace Foreney, Phoenix, Ariz.*

20. What is the cause of water being hard or soft?

The presence of minerals, mainly lime.—*Amanda L. Groff, Bareville, Pa.*

21. Do the leaves of evergreen trees fall off?

Yes.—*Alma Slabaugh, Riga, N. Dak.*

22. Has a toad teeth?

No.—*Ira Strickler, Octavia, Nebr.*

23. How many species of poisonous snakes are there in this country?

Three. The rattler, the moccasin, and the copper-head.—*A. V. Brubaker, Lebanon, Pa.*

24. What makes leaves green?

A coloring substance called chlorophyll.—*Mrs. D. P. Stoner, New Nork City.*

25. How does rain cause a plant to grow?

By the solution of plant food in the ground rendering it available for use.—*A. F. Shull, Osborne, Ohio.*

26. What is smoke?

Vapor from fire.—*Ruby M. Long, Burtville, Mo.*

27. Do fish hear?

Yes.—*J. W. Vetter, Delphi, Ind.*

28. Is a sponge a plant or an animal?

Animal.—*Earl F. Brubaker, New Paris, Ohio.*

29. How do mushrooms and toadstools propagate?

By spores.—*Cleveland I. Hollar, Hardin, Mo.*

30. An apple seed planted, would require years to make a bearing tree. How can its fruiting be hurried?

By grafting it on a bearing tree.—*Angie Clark, Johnson City, Tenn.*

31. How many kinds of houseflies are there?

Scientists say six. No reply gives this.

32. Why are plants white when grown in the dark?

Chlorophyll, the coloring matter of plants, is not developed in the dark.—*John H. Nowlan, Mulberry Grove, Ill.*

33. What prevents certain kinds of good cooking being done on a high mountain top?

The rarity of the air makes water boil at a low temperature.—*Peter Brower, South English, Iowa.*

34. A white squirrel is called an albino. What is the word for a black one?

A melano.—*A. K. Graybill, Washington, D. C.*

35. What causes curly hair?

A curly hair is flat, not round.—*Laura M. Shuey, Rockwell City, Iowa.*

36. Are toads born alive or hatched from eggs?

Hatched from eggs.—*John Murray, Heizer, Iowa.*

37. Are the eggs of all the animal and insect creation round?

Yes, with variations of roundness.—*Mrs. Emma Carstensen, Elgin, Ill.*

38. How do insects breathe?

Through holes or spiracles in the sides of their bodies.—*James M. Shull, New Carlisle, Ohio.*

39. Do stones grow or diminish in size as time passes?

Usually diminish.—*Nettie M. Sanger, Panora, Iowa.*

40. What makes the dimple in the baby's cheek?

A depression between two muscles.—*Miss Mary Abernathy, Wilson, W. Va.*

41. Why will not a plum tree sucker make a good tree if transplanted?

Because it has the sucker habit.—*Nyrus Funderburg, New Carlisle, Ohio.*

42. How do you account for the multitude of small toads after a warm summer rain?

Not correctly answered, but they are supposed to be released from hiding places by the rain.

43. Have snapping turtles teeth?

No.—*D. V. Angel, Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

44. What is natural selection?

The operation of natural laws by which individuals of a species best suited for competition in struggles for existence will survive and reproduce their kind, which will inherit the advantage of progenitors.—*A. F. Shull, Osborne, Ohio.*

It was intended at first to print the answers of the winner of the prize, but it was found that too much space would be taken up in that way, and it was deemed best, finally, to take the answers from those who sent in lists. This has been done, enabling us to shorten the space required.

HOMEMADE FOODS.

THE NOOK has been in the receipt of a good many letters of inquiry in regard to the manufacture and sale of articles of food made at home. Answers have been given from time to time that such industry will always pay if certain conditions are observed.

There is always a demand for the best food that is to be had, and there are always people who are willing to pay any reasonable and often unreasonable prices for what they want, provided it suits them. Whoever supplies this demand will make money. And there are always chances in every city, and for a hundred miles around it. Take the city of Elgin for illustration. Elgin has a population of over 20,000, of all nationalities. There are butcher shops galore, but at not one of them can you buy a pound of sausage such as you will find in any Pennsylvania home, and we do not discriminate against any other State by saying Pennsylvania. We mean to say that country sausage is not to be had, and for that matter the Nook knows no place in Chicago where it can be had. At one Elgin first class grocery they get a country sausage at times and it sells for twenty cents a pound against the twelve cent butcher shop kind, and it goes off immediately. At no place in either Elgin or Chicago does the Nookman know where to find a piece of country cured ham. It is an impossibility. A hog goes by Elgin in a car on Monday, and on the Saturday following its "cured and smoked" ham may be on sale a hundred miles away. In its season paan-haas is utterly unknown and a brick of mush is unheard of. Of catsup there is no end from five cents a bottle to twenty-five, and not one of them containing the thick, fragrant, homemade catsup so many Nook readers regard as commonplace enough. When one buys eggs they are represented as "insured," or not, as the case may be.

Now the Nook does not want any reader to understand that anybody can make any of these articles named and find a ready sale at fancy prices.

ALASKA A GREAT COUNTRY.

THE present collector of customs at Sitka, Alaska, Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis, formerly in the revenue cutter service, has recently been in Washington conferring with treasury officials. He says: "The only trouble with Alaska is that the people of the United States do not know what a country it is. A campaign of education in the United States would add to the population of Alaska by many thousands, and would soon make it one of the great countries of the world. The possibilities of the territory are beyond comprehension. Leaving out mining—for everybody knows that Alaska is rich in gold and silver—the future of the territory will be a brilliant one of com-

merce, cattle-raising and agriculture and fishing. There is the greatest ignorance about Alaska. Why, some of the rich islands of the territory are larger than several of the small states of the United States. There is a coast line to Alaska of twenty-five thousand miles.

"The people in the States associate Alaska with seals and icebergs, and whenever Alaska is mentioned that is about the first and only thing that comes to the mind, unless it is something remote about gold discoveries. All winter at Sitka the thermometer never went below 8 degrees above zero. I believe the weather reached that point a number of times the last winter in Washington. There are two thousand miles of coast in southern Alaska where the temperature is never below eight degrees above zero and where it is as mild in the dead of winter as in half of the United States. Just think of that!

"The grass in spring and summer grows temptingly green, and cattle and sheep grow fat and contented. As to vegetables, there is hardly a place in Alaska where they will not attain splendid growth. Of course the interior of Alaska, far back from the coast, is cold and the summer short, but there are hundreds and thousands of the most fertile valleys in the interior where vegetables will grow easily. Sitka is no further north than Glasgow, Edinburgh or Copenhagen and its climate is more temperate than any of them."

HOW ROCKETS ARE MADE.

PROBABLY few children who shoot sky rockets on the Fourth of July ever stop to think how they are made, or that they are made for another purpose than Independence Day displays. They are largely used for signalling, both on land and sea. For signals the charge consists of twelve parts of niter, two of sulphur and three of charcoal. The decorative rocket is the only one used on Fourth of July. It is composed of one hundred and twenty-three parts of finely pulverized powder, eighty of niter, forty of sulphur and forty of cast iron filings. The main part of the rocket is a case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked" or brought tightly together with twine. The paper case thus made is placed in a copper mold, so that a conical copper spindle will pass through the choke and the composition is then poured in and packed by blows from a mallet on a copper packing tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is then closed with a layer of moist plaster of Paris, one inch in thickness, with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part or "pot." The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted in the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow.

The Home



Department

CHERRY TART.

COOK two cupfuls of pitted cherries with half a cup of water and one cup of sugar to a rich preserve. Line a pie plate with good crust, pour in the cooked cherries, twist three narrow strips of paste across it each way, and bake in a hot oven until done. Serve with whipped cream.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.

TAKE one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one pint of huckleberries. Flour the berries well before mixing into the dough. Bake in a hot oven and serve with cream or any soft sauce preferred.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.

CREAM three-fourths of a cup of butter with two cups of light-brown sugar, add one cup of milk and the yolks of four eggs well beaten. Make a stiff batter with three cups of flour in which has been sifted two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Now stir in one quart of huckleberries and bake in a well-greased pudding dish for three-fourths of an hour. Serve with liquid sauce.

BAKED APPLES WITH BANANAS.

PREPARE the apples as for ordinary baking, but make the hole from which the core is removed large enough to hold half a banana. If the banana is very large around, it may be shaved down a little. Stuff each apple in this way, lay a teaspoonful of sugar over each apple and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice in it. Bake in a moderately hot oven. The flavor of the banana is imparted to the apple, making a pleasant change from the ordinary baked apple taste.

POTATOES AU GRATIN.

SIX cold boiled potatoes, one-half pint of cream, one tablespoonful of four, yolks of four eggs one-half pint of stock, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four heaping tablespoonfuls of grated cheese,

half-teaspoonful of salt and saltspoonful of white pepper. Melt butter; add flour; mix until smooth; add stock and cream and stir continually until it boils. Take from fire; add cheese, the yolks well beaten, salt and pepper. Put layer of this sauce in baking dish; then layer of potatoes, and so on, having last layer of sauce. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top and put in quick oven ten minutes. Serve in same dish.

CHEESECAKES.

MAKE a rich puff paste, using a pound of butter to a pound of flour. Sift the flour into a bowl and cut two-thirds of the butter through it with a knife. Pour in just enough ice water to make the flour and butter stick; then put it on a well-floured pastry board and roll it out lengthwise an inch thick; then put the rest of the butter over the paste in flecks; dredge it slightly with flour, fold the paste up with buttered side in; flour the board again and roll out the folded paste and then fold it up again and stand it on the ice for two hours; then roll it out until it is a quarter of an inch thick. Brush it over with cold water and sprinkle one-half of the paste with grated cheese; lap the other half over and pass the rolling pin firmly over it. Cut the paste into strips four inches long and two wide, and bake them in a quick oven.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

HINTS FOR THE COOK.

THE richer the cake the slower should be the oven. Lima beans are delicious fried a golden brown after being boiled until tender.

You can improve the flavor of Brussels sprouts by boiling a bunch of parsley in the same water.

To prevent eggs cracking while boiling pierce with a pin in the broad end before putting them into the water.

A Japanese custard is made with baked apples. Press through a sieve until a teacupful of the frothy pulp is got. Stir in one teacupful of powdered sugar and the stiff whites of two eggs, beat for twenty minutes and eat with whipped cream.

When pan-broiling chops always stand them for a minute on their ends, that the fat edge may be cooked crisp and brown; instead of remaining pale and unsightly.

LITERARY.

"*The Conemaughers*," by E. H. Detwiler, Johnstown, Pa. This is a pamphlet devoted to the history of the Brethren church in Cambria County, Pa. It contains a great deal of interesting family history in its seventeen pages. For anybody who has ever lived in the Johnstown neighborhood, and such are many and are scattered far and wide, this little pamphlet will be of the utmost interest. If there were more local historians of the church, much valuable information would be saved to the world. Any interested in the locality, or the subject, should address the author as given above.

* * *

HOW FIRES MAY START.

DAMP lampblack will ignite from the sun's rays. The same can be said of cotton waste moist with lard or other animal oil. Lampblack and a little oil or water will, under certain conditions, ignite spontaneously. Nitric acid and charcoal create spontaneous combustion. New printers' ink on paper, when in contact with a steam pipe, will ignite quickly. Boiled linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts on cotton waste will ignite in a few hours under a mild heat, and will in time create enough heat to ignite spontaneously. Bituminous coal should not be stored where it will come in contact with wood partitions or columns or against warm boiler settings or steam pipes. This coal should not be very deep if it is to be kept on storage for a long period. If piled in the basement of a building it should be shallow and free from moisture and under good ventilation. That liable to absorb moisture should be burned first. If on fire, a small quantity of water showered on this kind of coal cokes it and retards any great supply of water reaching the fire, thus necessitating the overhauling of the pile. Iron chips, filings or turnings should not be stored in a shop in wooden boxes. The oily waste which is not infrequently thrown among them adds to the danger of fire from this source. The sweepings from the machine shop, if kept on hand, should never be placed over iron shavings. This mass of disintegrated iron is enough to incite heat and combustion. Iron and steel filings and turnings when mixed with oil will ignite spontaneously after becoming damp. A steam pipe against wood will cause the latter to ignite spontaneously after being carbonized, particularly if superheated steam enters the pipe, this increasing the temperature.—*J. H. L. Coon, in Cassier's Magazine.*

* * *

MORE COMFORT.

Mr. Nookman:

Mear kenna dear shmokedi varsht gaver tzo essen man eavel op is. Ich haba ine groosa kfeel for dich,

es ish tzo orick dos mencher in dem gooda lont shear forhungerer missn.

Koom kusht mole nuch Reserve, Brown County, Kansas. Mear veller dich visser lossen dos Pensilfona vite hinner no is mit olles.

Mear kent dear shmokedi vaisht gaver tzo essen all as do vilst, unt maredich so frish int so storrich os es ame de nossa noof gate, feller shear gor es von mear hiler kenta, fo frater, so gude sin unser shmokedi vasht unt maredich.

Mit Bruderlich Leeve,
ANAS LANDAS.

* * *

At the present writing the field of labor is full of the noise and confusion of strikes. If there is a guild of workmen that has no organization the NOOK does not know it. Each of them is striving to get what it calls justice, though it looks very much like an effort to get all there is going without much reference to the rights of capital. One of these days, after the matter has become intolerable, there will be a wiser method of arriving at the right.

* * *

AN epidemic of hydrophobia in Chicago is feared. Over a thousand worthless and homeless dogs have been caught and destroyed, and the dailies send forth a note of warning to the people about keeping away from dogs of all degrees, curs or pets. The horrible death incident to hydrophobia makes all precautions advisable.

* * *

THERE has been an unusually dry season in parts of the East this year, and this together with the late season, the cold weather and the killing frosts, will make certain fruits and vegetables high in price, and likely the apple crop will not be as large as usual.

* * *

A MAN died and went to heaven, and there he found, to his astonishment, that all that let him in were a few little things that he had forgotten about. The so-called great things that he depended upon did not count at all in the settlement.

* * *

AFTER you have read the INGLENOOK a good thing to do, if you do not file your numbers, is to give it away, and thus do missionary work.

* * *

THE NOOK is a marvel of continued freshness and originality.—*John E. Mohler, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Want Advertisements.

LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 26.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign.
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

* * *

THE NOOKMAN PREACHES.

God's love never fails us.

*

Cripples are God's children.

*

Would you die for your youth?

*

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

*

Bad luck is often nothing but laziness.

*

It will all be made clear on the other side.

*

It is easier to pay compliments than debts.

*

To live for time only is but a sordid matter.

*

True beauty is only the reflection of the soul.

*

Everybody ought to be in love with his work.

*

Above the worst storm the stars are shining.

We never need hunt for trouble with spectacles.

*

Faith means something more than mere assent.

*

A gift without a pinch to it is valueless, morally.

*

To cheerfully do without what we want is power.

*

Courage! God lives. Pass the word along the line.

*

Happiness is like a ray of sunshine in a clouded sky.

*

An education that unfits a man for labor is not a good thing.

*

It takes a vast deal of courage to do right sometimes.

*

A good man or woman's actions are always transparent.

*

The Bible as literature is losing its place. More's the pity.

*

A good newspaper is a good preacher and reaches more people.

*

O, Lord, judge me the way I would do and not by my blunders!

*

As we look at a picture in its best light so let us observe our fellowmen.

*

Some men so love fame and notoriety that they sacrifice everything for it.

*

There's a big difference between asking God to help and asking him to do it all for you.

*

Strict integrity does not always mean commercial prosperity. It means God's approval. Which would you?

THE MORMONS.—Part Five.

ANOTHER feature of their life lies in their view of amusement and recreation. Brigham Young built a large theater in the city for the use of the Mormon people and incidentally for occupancy by traveling troupes. The writer cannot help expressing himself in terms of surprise at the idea of a people claiming such close relationship with the Most High, that they would deliberately place themselves on record with a theater where, oftener than not, objectionable features abound. Nor does it appear to him a proper place for a saint to be found in front of a scantily clad, bedizened and painted woman dancing upon the stage.

They also indulge in dancing and other amusements, but these are usually under the direction of committees to preserve decorum and are opened and closed with prayer. Lectures, concerts, social parties, where music, recitations, readings, etc., are features, are common especially in the winter season.

In fact the amusement idea receives a great deal of attention in many ways. Shows and dancing and that sort of thing are encouraged. Once a year there is a free theatrical performance for everybody. Then some of the expressions of the amusement idea are excellent. Annually there is an outing for people who are over seventy years of age. They are taken upon a free excursion, and on that day, wherever they may visit, in whatever Mormon towns, everything is wide open for them free of cost.

Finally, while we dissent emphatically from the faith and practice of the Mormon church, let nobody delude himself into believing that they are a set of ignorant dupes. Their average of intelligence is as high as that of any other church. They have their scholarly men and women, and, however much we may disagree with them as to their belief and practice, due credit should be given to them for earnestness and persistence. It should be added before closing that there is quite an extensive pro and con Mormon literature, some of which is not creditable to the people. Books have been written by those who are not members, but who once were, and what they say, if true, is not at all to the credit of the people. As to the truth or falsity of these adverse statements the writer of this article has nothing to say, because he knows nothing about the facts. What is set forth here is largely the Mormon view of things and we cannot help but admire the zeal of these people, no matter how we may differ from them, and we do not believe in their doctrine. Their history in the past shows acts of the sublimest heroism, and death had no terrors for them in the days past and gone. That they have made mistakes and done wrong in some instances is simply saying in other words that they are human.

The Mormons preach plainness, but have no dis-

tinctive expression of it. They deprecate secret societies, but do not make membership with them a test of fellowship. They believe in personal revelation, through visions, inspiration and the like, but are not Spiritualists. The individual accepts his revelation as applicable to himself and his own affairs only, but the head of the church has revelations, or may have them, affecting the entire church. They believe in the laying on of hands by authority, in anointing with oil for the recovery of the sick, and in helping their poor. All members are urged to become owners, and to get out of tenant places as soon as possible. Politically they are not dominant save numerically. So-called Gentiles are elected to political office by Mormon votes, though it is very likely that an outspoken, violent opponent of the faith would stand little chance at a popular election. They stick together, and are not, at home, insistent on matters of their faith with non-members. Their idea of everyday life has nothing of the austerity of the Puritan about it, and dances and the like, are common. They are not required to deal at the Mormon store, which is a stock company, and not a church establishment.

Finally, there is a genius and spirit of the faith, whether for good or bad, that no outsider can ever get hold of no more than he can with that of any other people who hang together as closely as they do. This inside feeling counts for a great deal, for most in fact. Now and then some member perverts, and says hard things about them, but for that matter so do some of all denominations. It is not intended to justify anything they do, but to set forth what they are in the main, from their own standpoint. The writer does not believe in their doctrine, and a large part of their practice, but neither do they believe in his faith. But it is undeniable that Mormonism is a big fact, and our end is accomplished in setting forth the salient facts and features of belief in the lives of this strange people.

* * *

BIGGEST GUN FIRES THE BIGGEST SHOT.

IN New York a short time ago the biggest gun ever built successfully discharged the biggest projectiles with the biggest charge of smokeless powder. The bore of the gun is sixteen inches. The projectile weighed 2,400 pounds and the powder discharged was 640 pounds. The predicted velocity was 2,300 feet, with a pressure of 3,800 pounds, and the realized figures were 2,306 feet and 38,000 pounds respectively. Experts say that there could be nothing more remarkable than the accuracy of the prediction, as the three shots fired were experiments without any attempt at accuracy or range. The plan is to build twenty-two batteries with forty-four of these guns for coast defense.



VIEW OF BEEHIVE AND THE LION HOUSE, WHICH ARE A BLOCK EAST FROM TEMPLE SQUARE, AND AT HEAD
OF STATE STREET AND BY EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

NIECE'S ANSWER TO HER UNCLE JACOB'S LETTER.

My Dear Uncle Jacob,

Your letter published in the *Nook* of May 10th is before me. And judge of my surprise, Uncle, when I read your answer to my question, "Do you see any harm in a plain hat?" to have you answer at such length, and with so much zeal, yet never citing me to a single text of Scripture to sustain your position in condemning my course in putting aside the "characteristic garb of the church," and wearing a hat.

Since writing you for information in regard to my action, my thoughts ran something like this: "What will Uncle Jacob *think* anyway, and what will he *say*?" And then my previous training seemed to answer my question and say, "Why, he will think and say just what he quotes from the Scriptures, of course, for that's the only place to get information on that subject." Then I thought if that is so, why disturb Uncle with my troubles? Why not go direct to headquarters? And suiting the action to the word I took father's Bible from the mantle, opened it at Jer. 17:5, and read: "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." "Well," I said, "for consulting with man instead of God I owe Uncle a confession, and the Lord, also."

I have settled the account with the Lord and have my receipt, and now I confess my wrong to you and ask you to forgive me, for I really had pinned a good deal of faith on what you would think about the matter. Then, as I turned the sacred leaves and meditated, my eyes rested on that passage in 2 Tim. 2:7, "Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things." "Well," I thought, "the garb of the church and the hat question are under consideration. Let's see! Where is it found?" I remembered having heard it preached on again and again, but the Scripture I failed to recall. But as I continued my study, as we are admonished in 2 Tim. 2:15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," I came to Mark 7:7 where *our* pattern, Jesus himself, taught professing church members, saying, "Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." I read the eighth and ninth verses too,— "For laying aside the commandment of God, ye hold the traditions of men." I said that this is the Scripture that applies to the "church garb" question, unless Uncle Jacob produces something more applicable in answer to this letter.

It is good of you, Uncle, to speak of the "church garb" as a "custom" (or "tradition," as the Lord speaks of it) and not as a command. The Lord seems to hate church traditions (or customs) having no scrip-

ture support, and speaks of the church-members that obey and endorse them as hypocrites.

You speak of the church "customs" as "time honored." Now, if *time* adds honor to a *tradition*, or custom, then the Roman Catholic Church's customs, and those of the idolatrous heathen, hold high honored precedence over our "characteristic garb."

You say, Uncle, that "everybody thinks well of the order of the church." Then my suspicions are well grounded, for the Lord says in Luke 6:26, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." You seem to be very much exercised over what the *people* will say. My study of the Scripture teaches me that it's much more essential what the Lord thinks and says, and the Lord says in Matt. 5:11 in that memorable sermon on the mount, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." I shall see to it, Uncle, that the derision of the scorner will not apply to me, for, although I have "laid aside the garb that characterizes the *church*," I shall retain the garments of *salvation*, and robe of righteousness, and, like the prophet in Isa. 61:10, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

YOUR AFFECTIONATE NIECE.

COMMENT.

Now the first thing is, what scripture there is for compelling the sisters to wear the bonnet. Outside of the direct order to not be fashioned according to the world, there is none. There is no direction, that is no direct word, against attending a prize fight, or a horse race, to be found in the Bible. Shall the church, therefore, not legislate against them? The church has the right to make its own laws in its own way, no matter what it does. No matter how lopsided or lacking in sense the decisions may, or may not be, the church has the legal right to make them. The right to legislate by the rule of the majority can not be questioned.

As to the sense of the thing, that is another matter. Now let us look at it from that angle. The object of the garb is to prevent the ever-changing fashions of the world getting a hold on the church and the church members. The Bible teaches plainness, and it has been found that liberty of interpretation and private construction results in a swift shading into the world and its foolish and often silly fashions. The church steps in and lays down a uniform rule of dress, the use of which prevents the inroads of foolishness. No two people have the same idea of what constitutes a plain head covering. Two women might select ultra fashionable attire, and each claim to be plain as they understood the word. And they would be honest about it, too. There would be no end of confusion. The church steps in and defines the matter. It has

the right, and in practice it has worked as well as any purely human affair generally does.

Then there is another, a sentimental side, to it. Generation after generation of women have worn the bonnet till it has become a part of church life. Untold associations of the most sacred character are interwoven with it, and there are many women and a good many more men who would not willingly see it kicked through the streets and the silly creations of a milliner substituted for it. Here and there may be a man who would rather see his wife rigged out in the invention

methods? The answer to that will settle the desirability of tinkering with a tried order of things. The bonnet has acted with many as a red rag, and though generation after generation of women has worn the bonnet, with honor to themselves and credit to the church, there are a few who would do away with it and in its place let loose the world. Let me say that the women who are honest in their wearing of the garb, especially with alien and adverse surroundings, live lives that are poems, and when they have passed, if they have been true to their convictions, a halo shall



BELLEFONTAINE; LOOKING SOUTH FROM TOP OF THE COURT HOUSE.

of a Parisian courtesan than wearing the bonnet, but there are not many. Here and there is a sister who chafes under the requirement, and is often tempted to ape the cheap lot of the streets on a factory pay night, but there are not as many as one would imagine.

Originally a mere matter of policy it has passed into the stage of a credential. It is a mark of character, and any sister, in the garb of the church, may walk the worst streets of the worst city and escape insult. The habitudes of the abiding places of vice recognize it as a mark of character that inherently forbids undue familiarity. Would you that the sister should exchange head wear with the street walker, or that the street walker might adopt the bonnet and the sister's

take the place of the bonnet, and their last resting place under their grave turf be hallowed. Moreover, there never was a woman with features as perfect as ever artist dreamed whose beauty was not enhanced by the simplicity that is the highest art.

• It will be a bad, bad day, when the sisters' side of the house abandons the characteristic garb of the church for the liberty and license of the world, and mark my words, when that time comes through the machinations of the caterer to the world, who even now would destroy the characteristics of the church, there would be a remnant of God's people who will walk with both hands in those of Christ, and not with one on the church and the other on the world.

TAKING CARE OF AN ELEPHANT.

THOSE of us who have seen the elephant in the street parade have no idea of the care required in keeping the animal clean and in good trim physically.

To go over a herd of forty elephants takes ten or twelve weeks. Thousands of square feet of hide must be completely cleaned and softened. Of course these big beasts are washed during the winter at short intervals, but the annual toilet just before the show leaves is a more elaborate and serious undertaking. Of course the men do not work on the same elephant all these weeks. It takes several days for the different baths to take effect and prepare the skin for the next treatment.

In order to keep the skin soft and clean it is first carefully oiled. The oil is rubbed well into the hide, and as a rule six or eight men are set to work on the same animal. The oil is applied with swabs of cotton waste and thoroughly rubbed in. Some of the workmen attack the elephant's legs, while others climb ladders and rub the upper reaches of the huge back. A keeper stands beside the elephant's trunk with hooked stick in hand ready for any emergency. Should the elephant kick up in any way the ladders would be overturned, and the oily back would be bad holding for those on top. After the elephant is massaged with oil he is left alone for a couple of weeks. The next treatment consists of a thorough scrubbing. By this time the hardened layers are ready to come off.

The last treatment consists in sand-papering the entire surface. The hide, first softened by oiling and massage and afterward cleaned, is likely to still remain rough. Of all the operations this sand-papering is the most tedious. At best it proceeds very slowly. As many men as can work about the elephant without getting in each other's way are detailed to sandpaper the same animal. They attack its legs, the trunk, even its ears, all rubbing vigorously. Again the ladders are brought out and leaned against the elephant, while workmen perch themselves upon its back or the top of its head and proceed to smooth out the wrinkles. When this is complete the elephant comes forth to all outward appearances as good as new.

The manicuring of an elephant's great toes is an art in itself. The old adage that one can tell a gentleman by his finger nails is true in a limited sense of wild animals. No well-groomed elephant appears in public without his nails carefully trimmed. If you look closely at an elephant's foot you will see that the nail of each foot is covered with skin growing far down, not unlike that of a human finger. In a well-kept elephant the skin is trimmed and pressed back as much as one's fingers. The nail itself is carefully filed down to the proper length. It should never be cut.

EMOTION AMONG THE BIRDS.

LIFE in the woods is not one roundelay of song. The birds have their hours of happiness and of sorrow. They are capable of the extremest emotions. Their range of activities is very wide. They quarrel and fight and forage; they find employment on the ground or in the trees or in the air; they watch for enemies every minute; they organize mobs and they toil as do no other creatures except men. The bird nature never permits monotony to reign in the woods. The red bird, whose bright color makes him the mark of every shaft of danger calls peace, peace, peace. A thousand unrecorded tragedies have taught his race this plaintive call. But there is no peace for any bird; the life of strife predominates in the woods. Birds are capable of intense excitement and anger and their voices give expression to their various emotions. The mood and temper of a bird may be known by its voice as unmistakably as the mood and temper of a child may be known by its cry. If you go near a catbird's nest you will be greeted by the most spiteful sounds. The catbird is a good singer, but there must be something villainous in his nature, or he would not be capable of the harrowing tones that come when he thinks an enemy is near. The shriek, for that's what it is, is not unlike the wail of a cat in distress. The bird gets his name from this sound, which cannot be heard a tenth as far as can be heard his matin song. His nest is never higher than a man's head, but he sings from the tree tops. The brown thrush is second only to the mocking bird in the beauty of its song. But the brown thrush has a bitter, bitter language of denunciation. Disturb a pair of thrushes—you will find them in pairs—and you will hear the rasping sound of a rusty hinge.

A bird mob is an interesting phase of bird life. Any frequenter of the woods must have seen those exhibitions of bird fury. An owl, a hawk or a house cat in a tree will furnish occasion for the assemblage of a posse committatus of crows from all the crow tribes in a township. An owl is the ideal target for all crow animosity, and often a luckless owl will be surrounded by a crow mob for half a day at a time. A hawk that is being mobbed will fly into the "upper deep" and escape. The cat also will not remain long when the mob begins to arrive. But the owl is clumsy on his wings and cannot see well in the daytime. He cannot always escape and so becomes the sport and butt of crow hatred. The crow has a special mob call, and it is used freely when an owl is found in the woods. Every crow in hearing will repeat the call and at the same time start for the scene of action. The call is repeated in an ever widening circle and the mob grows from hour to hour by the arrival of crows from a distance. Sometimes such a mob will number many hundred crows and the uproar can be heard for miles.

The crow, however, is not the only bird that forms mobs. I came upon a screech owl drowsing on a low branch under a canopy of wild grape vines. A screech owl impresses one as an undeveloped joke. This screech owl was so stupid and blinked his yellow eyes so indifferently that I made a dash for him, hoping to capture him. He barely escaped and sought a somewhat higher position.

He was not much afraid of me. But he was in the midst of enemies and he knew it. His only desire was to escape the observation of his feathered foes. But a jaybird on police duty in that region and on the lookout for anything exciting or sensational gave the alarm. The other birds in the neighborhood paid no

everywhere manifest. Now and then a bee martin, the bravest of all birds, would swoop down and strike at the hateful foe, but always missed him. Other birds annoyed the victim in the same way, but there was a healthy respect for the owl's beak. After a while the owl took to wing and everybody gave chase. The owl flew to the broken top of an elm and disappeared in the cavity, where his home was. The mob dispersed without comment or ceremony.

* * *

ATMOSPHERE OF CEYLON.

WHEN visitors enter Horticultural hall, in Philadelphia, they pant. The heavy air, stagnant and warm



VIEW OF BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO, LOOKING WEST FROM THE COURT HOUSE.

attention at first. They knew the woods were not on fire. But when the grackle and the chat joined in the alarm there was commotion in every tree. All the birds of every species in that part of the woods gathered in a great mob around the unabashed screech owl. The mocking bird, the rain crow, the vireo, the song sparrow, the woodpecker and all tribes and tongues joined in the furious onslaught. No human mob could rage more fiercely. The uproar increased every moment and it seemed that the poor little owl would be torn to pieces. But his equanimity was admirable. He was fully awake now and his head turned as on a pivot whenever he deigned even to acknowledge the presence of his tormentors. It was agreed on all hands that the owl ought to die; he was accused of eating young birds at night. Hatred was

and moist, oppresses their lungs. But the tropical plants in the hall would die without this kind of air, and a man said of it the other day: "It is very much like the air of Ceylon. Ceylon has just such a heat, and just such a crushing, prostrating humidity as this. Do you know that every European house out there has among its servants a clothes airer—a man whose sole duty it is to air and beat the clothes, which otherwise would become covered with a thick white coat of mildew in a few hours? I took a hundred and fifty dollar camera with me to Ceylon. The dealer had warranted the wood to be perfectly seasoned, but I had not been in the island a week, before my camera had warped and fallen apart. The Ceylonese, in their horrible climate, are healthy because they eat no meat and drink only water."

NATURE



STUDY

HABITS OF THE CROW.

"THE common crow has long been known as a thief of the cornfields,' having been so named by the aboriginal inhabitants. The greatest damage is done in the spring, when the birds pull up the sprouted grain. Dry corn is not palatable to the crow, but that that has been sweetened by the process of germination is a favorite food and eagerly sought. In the earlier days, when crows were more numerous and cornfields less so, the farmers had a constant struggle during the first two or three weeks after the corn appeared above the ground to save it from the crows. Various devices, in the shape of scarecrows, were designed to frighten away the marauders, but most of them were only indifferently successful. More recently the plan of coating the seed with tar has been extensively used, and in an experiment made by the department not a single kernel of tarred corn was disturbed, while rows of untarred seed immediately adjoining were almost entirely destroyed. It has been asserted that crows pull up corn for the sake of the grub that may be found about the roots and not for the kernel, but careful investigation has disproved this assertion. They do eat the sprouted kernel, although they also devour the grubs unearthed at the same time, but the result to the farmer is the same, and it is poor consolation to know that if the corn had not been eaten by the crow it would have been killed by the grub.

* * *

SOME FACTS ABOUT FROGS.

A FROG is a queer specimen at best, and a writer in the *Woman's Home Companion*, describing the subject, gives some very interesting information.

The frog's skin is so important as a breathing apparatus that the creature would die at once of suffocation if the pores were closed by a coat of sticky varnish, by dust or in any other way. While we are speaking of his breathing you will notice that his sides do not heave as ours do at each breath we take. A frog has no ribs and cannot inhale and exhale as we do, but is obliged to swallow his air in gulps, and if you will watch this little fellow's throat you will see it continually moving in and out as one gulp follows another. In order to swallow, his mouth must be closed; just try to swallow with your mouth wide open and you will see what I mean. A frog, then, always breathes through his nose, and if you held his mouth

open he would suffocate as surely as though you gave his skin a coat of varnish.

Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size and if we were to put a finger inside it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding; they often leap open-mouthed upon larger prey, which includes besides insects, small fish, mice, small ducklings, polliwogs and tiny frogs.

* * *

FACTS CONCERNING YOURSELF.

EACH ear has four bones.

The body has about 500 muscles.

The human skull contains thirty bones.

The lower limbs contain thirty bones each.

Every hair has two oil-glands at its base.

The sense of touch is duldest on the back.

The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.

The cerebral matter is about seven-eighths water.

The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five; the fingers have fourteen.

The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds.

The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch.

Hair is very strong. A single hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains.

The enamel of the teeth contains over ninety-five per cent calcareous matter.

Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical; curly hairs are elliptical or flat.

The only involuntary muscle composed of red or striped fibers is the heart.

The weight of the average-sized man is 140 pounds; of a woman, 125 pounds.

The brain is supposed to contain over 200,000,000 cells, in which thought works out problems.

One hundred and thirty-seven million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

GEM LORE.

NOT until India was discovered were diamonds known to the western world. The Indians called rock crystal an "unripe diamond," and up to the eighteenth century India was supposed to be the only country where that precious stone could be found. Yet as far back as 500 B. C. a "didactic history" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote: "We drink out of a mass of gems and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds."

It is difficult to determine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations which traded in them were afraid of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definite locale.

"Diamon" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substances to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus, but saved from him by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem, whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine color and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from intoxication.

The pearl was thought to be a dewdrop the shell had opened to receive. Amber was said to be honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea and congealed.

* * *

LONG FLIGHT OF A BIRD.

DURING a recent voyage of the whaleback steamer Forest Castle an owl, evidently from the arctic regions, fell flat on its deck when off the coast of Newfoundland. The bird made a desperate flight from an iceberg to the ship. It was "dead beat" when it floundered aboard, and without a great deal of trouble was made prisoner.

The sailors were utterly astonished at the arrival of the passenger. Someone saw the peculiar object coming laboriously through the air, making a line fly for the whaleback. Away off on the horizon line was a great iceberg, which had worked its way farther south than these terrors of the northern sea are wont to do.

When the "berg" parted company with the ice field of the far north it probably carried with it the owl, which clung to its raft of crystal until flight was useless, a stretch of open sea forming a barrier over which the bird did not dare attempt flight. Like a sensible owl, it held to the refuge in sight, hoping for a better one by and by.

When the Britisher Forest Castle appeared on the horizon the bird made its one last dash for life. It was probably half-starved and ill prepared for such a long chase—a stern chase, too—for the vessel, well to the south, was also plying steadily in that direction. However, the race was won by the owl.

SNAKES WASTE LITTLE TIME EATING.

A SERPENT will go for weeks, sometimes even for months, without feeding. Then it may take three rabbits or ducks, one after the other, at a single meal and afterwards become torpid while digestion proceeds. When, after a sufficient period of fasting, it gets disposed to eat and a rabbit happens to be introduced into its cage, it may plainly be seen that the rabbit's presence is quickly noticed by it. The snake will begin to move slowly about till it has brought its snout opposite the rabbit's muzzle. Then, in an instant, it will seize the rabbit's head in its mouth, simultaneously coiling its powerful body around it and crushing it to death at once.

The action is so instantaneous that it is impossible for the rabbit to suffer. Certainly it can suffer no more than when killed by a poulturer. The snake does not immediately uncoil its folds, but continues for a time to hold its victim tightly embraced, sometimes rocking itself gently to and fro. Then it slowly unwinds its huge body and once more takes the rabbit's head in its mouth and swallows it.

* * *

MUMMY GRAIN.

SCARCELY a season comes and goes but some paper prints an account of the raising of wheat from seed found in the pyramids, where it had lain for anywhere from 2000 to 4000 years. Sometimes the particulars are given of the "find," and of the strange characteristics of the sprouting grain, and it is not altogether new for firms which were considered reliable to advertise varieties of grain supposed to be grown from seed found in this way. Committees from the British association and investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture have shown these accounts to be fictitious. Seeds of many species of plants have been found in mummy cases, but in no instance have they proved fertile. Wheat seldom preserves its vitality beyond ten years. These Egyptian seeds like the mummies, have been oxidized to the center.

* * *

SERPENT WORSHIP IN INDIA.

SERPENT worship, once very widely diffused, survives in India. Sometimes when Hindoos find a cobra in some crevice in the wall of their house, it will often be revered, fed and propitiated, and if fear or the death of some one bitten by it induces them to remove it they will handle it tenderly and let it loose in some field. When Hindoos are bitten, they have far more confidence in their magic spell or "muntra" than in any medicine, even if they do not scruple to make use of medical aid.

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Thou primal love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words.

—Coventry Patmore.

✱ ✱ ✱

WE SHALL LIVE AGAIN.

MANY a weary age has passed since the man of many troubles asked the question whether a man who died should live again. It has been asked millions of times, and out of the depths has come no audible word of either affirmation or negation. Ask of the sphinx and you are met with the stony stare of the silent stone. Ask it of the forest flower and it is motionless. And yet, after all there is an answer that may be read without words, heard without ears, and understood by all who think,—it is the deep impress of fact that we shall live again. Everything tells the same story, and it is told in such a way that we can not get away from it.

✱

There is a man, and there a woman. They live, think, feel, talk and act. As they are before us they are not so greatly different from the dog that follows the man, or the caged bird of the woman. If it stopped there, and if it was simply a struggle for something to eat, a mere existence in the world, there would be no more reason for a future life of the man and the woman, than there would be for the dog or the bird.

✱

But there springs up between the man and the woman something that defies all analysis. They sit side by side along the sea shore and watch the great waves come combing in and breaking on the beach. Or they

watch the mountain casting its shadow in the valley, and note the stars wheeling in place. They feel more than they think, think more than they can word. It is clear outside of their existence physically and personally. Cut it short and call it love if you will. What is that? It is something eternal and undying. It is the greatest thing in the world, and it is great because it is not of this world.

✱

The lovers sit in the wood, by the side of the gurgling stream that courses down the mountain side, fed from the springs high up on the slope. At their feet, unnoticed, is a little flower. It opens its petals unseen, and it lives its day and then withers. Its presence passes, and it is forgotten among flowers. The plant has died, as we would say.

✱

Then come the long, dreamy, autumn days that shade off into the cold of the early winter. Then, in the night, comes the first snowfall, and all through the cold, dreary winter, the flower sleeps, unseen, forgotten, perished off the face of the earth. Then the snows melt, the warm sun shines, the winged and furred folk begin to make themselves known and seen. The plant is resurrected, and all over the broad-backed mountain the miracle is being reenacted, as it has been in the ages agone. And the flower blooms again, in its own colors, larger, sweeter, and brighter. If the good God that sent the flower again was kind to it, and to the little people who slept while the snow fell over them, how much greater his love for the man and the woman?

✱

The man and the woman go down in the valley and cast their lot together. They joy and they sorrow, they laugh and they are silent together. One night there is a feeble cry in the house, and they think that all of the earth that is worth anything in this life lies there before them. And, strange, and inexplicable, when the splendor of the autumn is on them, there, in the darkened room lies the child, white, still, and what they call dead. They make moan and out on the hillside the little one is laid to rest.

✱

One afternoon the woman steals out and transplants a handful of earth on the little mound. It is as dead as we say the child is. Then come again the warming sun, the kiss of the dew, and the gentle fall of the rain on the grave. Out from its bosom springs the green shoot, it pushes out, and from its center springs the forgotten forest bloom again, for all its transplanting. The wild bird nests at its roots, and the good God watches the bird, and the plant is not forgotten. Shall he forget the child? Not so! It is not within the bounds of reason that it should be so. It is wholly within reason that he who gave, shall call

to him the early wanderer away from the home in the valley. And the reason? Who knows? Does the bird know why the warm sun comes? Does the flower fathom the secret of the dew and the rain? Do we know the why of infinite knowledge and infinite goodness? But as we know that the bird and the flower come again to us, so we know that the child that has passed shall not be forgotten, and that in the sheltering arms of the King that once blessed children for all time it waits our coming in the few days that are ours here. Yes, once we have died, so shall we live again, and in some near or far existence we shall see the goodness of God to us, while we dwelt in the earth state, and we shall say, "Perfect and true are all His ways."

* * *

THE WINNER.

DOUBTLESS some curiosity is abroad as to who James M. Shull is. He is the winner of the book in the Natural History Contest. He has received it and is very much pleased with it.

James M. Shull is a school-teacher, unmarried, thirty-one years old and was raised on a farm. He comes of a family of school-teachers, and received his education in the common schools of the country, supplemented by home-study and reading. He says that if he had books he could dispense fairly well with all other teachers. He also says that he did not have to go away from home for his answers and no reference was had to any library, or other source outside of his own home. And here is something in his own words that cannot fail to interest the reader.

"Perhaps you would be interested to know that many years ago two older brothers, then mere lads, had saved enough money, penny by penny, to purchase a gun or a dictionary. For a long time the decision hung in the balance. Both sides were fully discussed and after days, or almost weeks, the dictionary won, and the gun never was purchased. From that on every spare cent went into books. Thus our collective library grew to some proportions including encyclopædias and other reference books, and even a fair group of scientific agricultural works."

The INGLENOOK had an idea that it would go to somebody living in the country and not to our schools. And in this we were right. Without a doubt the winner of the prize is a man given to study and reading as might be expected from one who would choose a dictionary in place of a gun.

* * *

KILLED.

ON June 11th King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered in their beds. Prince Peter Kara-georgévitch has been proclaimed king.

Servia is a small country belonging to the Balkan peninsula, Europe. Its area is only about 18,760 square miles, which would allow it to be comfortably stowed away in some of our larger states and there be completely lost. Its population is estimated at about two millions. It is a country very much like the eastern part of the United States in the matter of temperature. The thermometer will sometimes reach as high as a hundred in the summer time and sink to twenty, or more, below zero in winter. Corn and other cereals are successfully cultivated. The topography and climate are not unlike the mountainous section of Pennsylvania.

It appears that the King and Queen were personally unpopular and that a revolution had started, but it was not thought to be of serious importance. However, the explosion came. The army, or part of it, surrounded the royal residence, broke in and killed both the king and queen, together with five others. It appears that the king was a good deal of a tyrant and did not have the subjects' interest at heart, which resulted in a revolutionary party that made way with the royal family June 11th. Truly uneasy rests the head that wears the crown.

* * *

CRUELTY AGAIN.

EVERY now and then the NOOK feels constrained to preach a sermon on the necessity of being kind to animals. As long as man considers himself a superior being he should exercise his knowledge and supposed kindness of feeling toward the less favored animals about him. A person may make all the professions of Christianity that he pleases, but if he is cruel to animals it shows that there is a large part of his nature that needs reassembling and conversion. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, the Good Book says.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK pictures of this issue are of Bellefontaine, Ohio, where the last Annual Meeting was held. Our thanks are due to the Index Printing and Publishing Company for these cuts and we regret that we did not receive them in time for our last week's issue. Their presentation will give those who were not present an idea of what the city is like. It is really a very pretty place, and in many respects resembles Elgin.

* * *

BETTER hold back the cruel speech. Once let go it is not to be called back.

* * *

NAY, son, life is too short to quarrel, and the thing to do is to look for the good.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

JUNE 11, the king and queen of Servia were assassinated by the revolutionists of the country. It was the work of the army and not of individuals. The immediate and remote cause was the marriage of the king to a disreputable woman who thus became queen to the disgust of the people. Servia is a small, and of itself, unimportant kingdom in Europe.

COMMENTING on the Servian horror the Pope says that thrones stained with blood are not worth having.

THE Servian authorities have elected Karageorgevitch King of Servia. The law-making body of that country has practically indorsed the killing of the king and queen. The new king is known as King Peter.

KING PETER, of Servia, has had a very exciting life. He has been a valiant soldier, a plotter and a diplomat. Whether his reign will be the best for all concerned remains to be seen.

THE woman in the case was exemplified in the king and queen killing in Servia the other day. If there is nothing like a good woman, there is nothing as bad as the other kind.

IT is said that King Peter of Servia will be more of a figure-head than a ruler. The people want a republic, which is altogether doubtful.

FOR some unknown reason there has been an unusual list of disasters this year as a result of flood. In several parts of the United States, and in France, and other parts of the world, disaster after disaster, accompanied with loss of life and property, have marked the season. It may be purely accidental, or there may be some hidden law governing the matter.

HIGH water at Topeka, Kansas, Kansas City, Kansas, and St. Louis, Missouri, has caused great havoc and some loss of life. The Union Station at Kansas City, which many of our Nookers have seen, was under water so that trains could not enter it, and all the surrounding low-lying parts of the city were submerged. Large losses of property and some lives are characteristic of the flood, the greatest in many years.

ON June 15, at Heppner, Oregon, there was a cloudburst by which probably five hundred people were drowned. Three hundred of the dead have been recovered. Heppner is the county seat of Morrill county, and has about 1250 inhabitants.

IN Montana a cloudburst happened upon the 15th inst. in which a solid wall of water, twenty feet high, carried everything before it.

THE later reports show a list of about five hundred dead at Heppner, Oregon, as a result of the flood that swept down Willow Creek.

IT appears that the immediate cause of the flood at Heppner, Oregon, was a cloudburst in the vicinity, which raised Willow Creek so that a wall of water twenty feet high swept down stream, carrying pretty much everything before it.

THE results of the floods around Kansas City and Topeka are as troublesome and undesirable as the actual overflow itself. Cellars full of water, all sorts of merchandise ruined and the almost certain siege of sickness and death are a sure following.

THROUGHOUT the entire country various weather conditions prevail. Up in some parts of New England they are having a dry spell. Around St. Louis and Kansas City everything is under water. The size of our country, however, makes a famine an impossibility.

SEVEN thousand people were left homeless in Kansas City, Kansas, and their clothing and household goods were washed away. Those having charge of the relief work have asked aid for these flood sufferers. The present outlook for these people has a very serious side to it.

THE general Government has been appealed to for several thousand tents for the St. Louis flood sufferers.

THE weather conditions this year show an unusual precipitation, and the rainfall seems to have been general over the middle and western section of country, even to the extent of the most disastrous floods.

THE waiters' strike in Chicago resulted in practically closing a number of the largest hotels in the city. More wages and fewer hours was the cause.

COAL dealers who conspired in the price of coal during the recent strike were roundly fined in Chicago the other day, and served them right.

As we go to press it looks very much as though the waiters' strike in Chicago would fail.

THE strike in the anthracite coal fields, that promised a renewal of the past season's troubles, has been averted by careful and wise management.

THREE thousand tanners of Wisconsin are having labor troubles of their own.

FARMERS at Marion, Indiana, will form unions to secure dollar wheat.

WORD from Los Angeles assures us that the fruit crop of that section is something out of the ordinary in the matter of size and quality. This means prosperity for the Nookers out in California.

UP in the Dakota country the outlook for a heavy crop is very good, and unless something comes over it, it is likely to be a record breaker.

THE crop reports for Manitoba show up well for the coming harvest.

THE study of the strawberry market is a good lesson in geography. In some accessible parts of the tropics, down in Mexico, they have ripe berries every day in the year. Then the first of them in this country come in from Texas, slowly following the season North. At this writing, the middle of June, the local markets are supplied with home-grown fruit. Later the northern states will come in, and finally Canada.

THE city council of Chicago is advocating the selling of skimmed milk from red painted cans to distinguish it from the unskimmed milk.

THEY had an examination of milk at Louisville, Ky., some time ago, and out of fifty samples submitted forty-eight were impure. Then the other day they tried fifty samples again, and every one of them was all right. That's the result of strict examination into the ways of some people. It straightens them out.

AFTER an extended trip in the West, President Roosevelt finds himself at home in Washington City, ten pounds the lighter for his strenuous outing. President Roosevelt says that the thing that struck him most on his western trip was the unity of the American people. Those of us who have traveled far and wide know this to be a fact. The people at East Port, Maine, and San Diego, California, opposite extremes, are one people, speaking one language in one way.

COLLEGE President James, addressing the Senior class at Northwestern University says that only five or six graduates he knows ever regretted going to college. And this out of hundreds and hundreds. Why should they?

THE Jews have appealed to President Roosevelt in behalf of their persecuted brethren in Russia. Outside of diplomatic protest this country can do nothing.

AT Eau Claire, Wis., while a large number of people were watching the illumination of the town at a street carnival, the bridge on which about two hundred were standing went down and about twenty were injured, but none fatally.

AT Harvard College Dr. Van Dyke, of Princeton University, preached a forcible sermon against the follies of Christians of to-day and urged a return of the old-fashioned primitive puritanism in the American household.

THE Pope's health is rapidly declining, and there will soon be a vacancy to fill.

MME. TSILKA is expected at Bloomington, Illinois, this summer. She recently landed in the United States with her baby which was born in captivity.

THE University of Virginia offered its presidency to Grover Cleveland, who declined.

THE Catholic minister at Waukesha, Wis., created a sensation by preaching a sermon against what he called "peekaboo" dressing. A good many of the congregation, with but little between them and the world, criticised his sermon severely. All the same the preacher was right about it.

THE post office investigation is being directed by President Roosevelt. It appears that a great degree of culpability rests upon the post office department, both in the disposition of supplies and the dealing out of patronage. The President has ordered a thorough investigation of the situation.

THE Free Methodist Church in their conference at Greenville, Illinois, talked about the removal of the ban on labor unions, the organization having excluded all secret societies hitherto.

THE Turkish authorities object to an American publishing firm printing the word "Macedonia" in Thesalonians, Chap. 1, verses 6-8, and chap. 4, verses 9 and 10.

A FARMER at Red Bud, Ill., claims to have found gold on his farm.

EXCURSIONISTS are flocking to Kansas City to see the sights after the flood there.

PEOPLE in Kansas City are agitating the erection of a Music Hall. There are no adequately equipped buildings at present available in that city for great musical conventions.

THE Illinois Supreme Court has decided that clubs, picnics, and similar places must have a license to sell liquor. A vast deal of underhanded drinking at such places will now have to pay for the privilege.

THERE is a prospect of a rate war among the western railroads. The eastern roads are doing all they can to prevent it.

THE Baltimore & Ohio authorities at Chicago have discovered an extensive conspiracy to rob cars. Much property has been stolen and many arrests have been made.

MORE than a quarter of million of acres in Montana, illegally fenced by cattlemen, will be reclaimed by the Washington authorities.

THE sea-serpent has turned up again, seen this time by sailors from Santiago.

THE GIRL KNEW HOW.

Nor long ago in the city of Chicago the Nookman saw something "too funny for anything." In one of the dairy restaurants, where they sell dairy dishes, and where they have a very large trade, the proprietors had added to the attractions by putting a young alderney calf in the window. There was a large plate-glass front and the rear had been fixed up with a lot of temporary bars. There was a couple of inches of sawdust on the floor and a beauty of a calf in the miniature pen.

Of course there was no cow possible in the limited enclosure and it became necessary to feed the calf. A young man of about twenty-three or twenty-five was undertaking this arduous task when the Nookman came along. There is always more than a little humor in watching the performance, even at its best. A crowd of forty or fifty people gathered around on the outside to see the show. Probably half the crowd knew just how to go about it theoretically, while the other half had no knowledge whatever of the subject. The young man in the window, who started in to teach the calf to drink, belonged to that class that never did it but knew all about it, of course. He looked as though he might be a cashier, or one of the clerks, as he was well dressed and had a sprightly air about him that seemed to say, "This is a soft snap. Anybody can feed a calf."

He had a pan of milk which he put down on the floor before the calf, which took one look at him and then raced around the circle like mad, upset the milk and nearly upset the man. She then stopped just as suddenly, without rhyme or reason, and stared intently at the crowd on the outside, which steadily increased. More milk was furnished and this time the young man determined to do or die. He grabbed the calf by the scruff of the neck and tried to force its head down into the milk. The calf executed a few maneuvers and this time it was the young man that was spilled. After a few bleats and a circus race or two around the enclosure the young man pulled himself together and determined this time to put an end to the foolishness. His black suit had sawdust all over it, his cravat was around under his ear and, judging from the look on his face, he was saying things that wouldn't do to print.

—He placed the milk in a convenient corner, dragged the calf by the neck with both hands and soused its nose into the pan, a proceeding to which the calf, apparently, did not object. And then, in a second, the calf backed out, raced around the enclosure in opposite directions two or three times and this time upset both the milk and the man. The crowd outside cheered and perhaps a dozen offered advice through the glass, and made suggestions that covered pretty nearly every phase of teaching a calf to drink.

The proprietor came up on the inside and said a few earnest words to the young man, who crawled over the enclosure and disappeared. The crowd thought the show was over and prepared to go away. Then knowledge stepped to the front. A trim, dapper, young woman, evidently a waitress, clambered into the pen. The crowd closed up again and waited quietly for the show to begin. The young woman went up to the calf, stroked it, looking over the crowd outside with supreme indifference, picked up the pan of milk, wet her fingers, and stuck them into the calf's mouth, which calf-like, it proceeded to take hold of. A few deft motions and in about the time it takes to tell it the calf was drinking the milk through the spread-out fingers of the girl who knew how, while she held the pan up to the calf's mouth. The crowd yelled and



COURT HOUSE, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

cheered the successful effort and broke up and passed on feeling everything was all right. It was so clearly a case of a country girl's "knowing how" that the Nookman smiled broadly and said to himself, "That's good enough for the Nook," and here it is.

* * *

THE CORRECTNESS OF YOUR WATCH.

A good many people who have an ordinarily good watch are unusually willing to declare that it runs right on the dot and does not gain or lose a second. They will tell you how they set their watches by a certain standard and then after the lapse of two or three months in time assert that there has been absolutely no change between the standard and their own watch. Now the facts are that no watch goes exactly right, and a writer in the *Louisville Herald*, illustrating the fact, tells the following:

Two well-dressed Main street business men stopped

in front of the store of a Fourth avenue jeweler yesterday afternoon, and compared their watches with the chronometer in the window. Then they stepped inside for a few minutes. When they emerged one passed the other a roll of bills. They shook hands, laughing, and separated.

"It is strange," said the jeweler a few minutes later to a reporter, "how persistently men will bet on their watches. As a matter of fact, there is about as much certainty in it as in placing money on one of the races out at the Downs. The difference between these two watches a minute ago was just two seconds, and twenty-five dollars changed hands on my decision.

"And that is by no means an infrequent occur-

rected by heat and cold. And yet, with all these precautions, deviations from the correct time still occur. The Swiss watches have long been considered the most accurate timepieces made anywhere. They are so yet. But I wouldn't risk my money on any one of them.

"That chronometer in the window is the only one of its kind in Louisville, and is generally acknowledged to be the best timepiece in the city. Hosts of policemen set their watches by it. It has an interesting history. A wealthy New York expert constructed it for the Paris Exposition chronometric contest, and it was awarded the first prize there. It was then placed in the window of a prominent jewelry store in Maiden



BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO: LOOKS LIKE A BUSY DAY.

ence. I have to decide bets of that kind constantly. Very often a man buys a watch of expensive European make, and thinks it can't go wrong. But a perfect watch never has been made, and he is sure to get fooled after a while. The most carefully constructed watch is liable to all sorts of freakish performances.

"Not long ago fifteen was considered the full jewel of a watch. Now they are making them with twenty-three jewels. The processes of watch construction grow more complex and expensive every day, and still the perfect timepiece seems a long way off. My advice is, don't bet on your watch. No absolute test for the main spring has ever been devised, and one doesn't know what may happen.

"Watches are regulated for various temperatures and for various altitudes. Allowance is made for how much the wearer may move about, and for the position of the timepiece in the pocket. Sometimes the works are even made of gold, because that metal is least af-

Lane, where it remained for years, and where I purchased it.

"It became quite famous in New York, and very frequently traveling men from the metropolis stop in and inquire if this is the same instrument. It is the most accurate timepiece I have ever seen, and even it loses or gains the fraction of a second occasionally. But we watch it very carefully, and the men who so often lose their money on it can always rest assured that it is not far wrong."

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COMETS LIGHTER THAN AIR.

PROFESSOR BABINET has proved that comets, instead of having a solid body with a gaseous tail, are much lighter in weight than our air. Even if a comet were to strike the earth it would hardly penetrate its atmosphere.

MOVING TRICK PICTURES.

Trick photographs are almost as old as the art of photography itself and pictures of animals with the heads of well-known persons, or of the same man seated around a table in different attitudes, are mysterious only to those who do not know how they are made. The purveyors of moving pictures, which, though capable of such extensive use in instruction, seem lately to have degenerated into a rather mediocre form of amusement, have not been slow to realize the possibilities that are offered in this direction. Some instances of these are given in the *Philadelphia Times*.

One of the latest mystery pictures is "The Human Incubator." A man is represented standing before a table on which there are six eggs and a plate. He takes up one egg, breaks it about a foot above the plate, and, as the contents strike the latter, a little chick picks itself up and runs over the table.

This he does with each egg in succession. When the six chicks are running about, he holds the last broken shell above the plate, a chicken runs back and apparently jumps into one of the shells, which is placed on the table again whole.

This is one of the simplest of all the pictures. In reality the man stands before the camera and breaks an egg into the plate. He then reaches out for a little chicken, which is handed to him, and puts it on the plate. Naturally, it immediately runs off on the table. The same thing is done with each of the six eggs, until the same number of chickens have actually been put on the plate.

When the film is developed ten or fifteen feet of it represent the man reaching out and putting the chicken on the plate. This part is cut out of the main strip, and the section of the film representing the contents of the egg striking the plate is attached to that showing the chicken picking itself up from the center of the plate, where it had been placed in the interval. The apparent impossibility of the tiny fowl returning to the egg is accomplished merely by reversing the course of the film—that is, making the picture operate backward.

Two similar pictures are "The Tramp's Miraculous Escape" and "The Photographer's Mishap." In the first one two tramps meet on a railroad track and exchange embraces. One produces a bottle and goes on, leaving it with his colleague of the road.

The tramp who received the bottle sits down on a railroad tie, takes several good "pulls" at it, and finally goes to sleep. Suddenly a fast express makes its appearance, and being unable to stop in such a short distance, strikes the unfortunate man and scatters "fragments of him" in every direction. The train is stopped and train hands return to gather up the remains. After carrying them for a short distance on a stretcher the tramp jumps up alive and makes a dive for his bottle, which has been left behind.

An invariable groan of horror comes from in front of the canvas when the train strikes the body, for it seems impossible that it is not a reproduction of an actual catastrophe. A man is really photographed on the tracks until the locomotive gets near.

Then the camera is stopped and the man steps out of harm's way. Another picture is taken with a dummy in the same position, and this time the locomotive is permitted to mangle it. The camera is again stopped, the real man substituted for the remains of the dummy, and the third picture represents the marvelous resurrection. When the three films are adjusted so they run continuously the affair is extremely realistic.

One of the most humorous of the mysterious pictures is "The Mysterious Doctor." A cripple enters the doctor's office, hobbling along on his hands, both legs having been taken off just below the hips. The doctor places the man on the table, and taking two legs from a closet, places them in the proper position on the patient.

The latter finds to his delight that the new legs adhere firmly, and he jumps from the table and dances around the room. The doctor then places a sheet around him, and, with the idea of bettering his countenance, takes a huge saw and saws the man's head off. He takes another head from a near-by table and puts it on the patient. This also works to perfection.

The man who really enters the doctor's office is really a cripple without legs. After the wonderful surgeon brings out the two legs, and apparently affixes them to his unfortunate patient's body, the lens is closed, while a man with two sound legs is substituted. Of course, only the substitute of a dummy is required before the doctor saws off the head, and then a restitution to show the live man with the new head.

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IDEAS IN THIBET.

A WRITER in *Collier's Weekly* tells of Thibetan ancestor worship:

The worship of ancestors is curiously carried on among all tribes. Twice a year their bones are dug up and religiously washed, it being ludicrous in the extreme to watch the preternatural gravity with which the natives about this stupendous operation, carrying huge pots of water to the open graves and religiously scrubbing the bones. When I first saw this operation it struck me as being remarkably funny, but to the natives themselves it is an intensely solemn and sacred ceremony. As the possession of a large "bonery" gives to the fortunate proprietor great power in the tribe, these bones are seized upon for debt or on the inauguration of a feud, the persons or family so deprived of their sacred relics being shunned by the others until the bones shall have been redeemed.

One of the most remarkable of all the strange myths believed in by this curious people is one pertaining to

the sun, moon and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak-meat and fat, whereon the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast, which dropping to the earth give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon they conceive to be a less ball of similar texture, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow, and the non-appearance of the sun or moon on cloudy or stormy days being accounted for by the fact that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and religious abnegation. The parched and desert condition of sterile re-



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gions is ascribed to the fact that many thousand years ago this immense ball slipped from the hands of its keepers, and, descending too near to the earth, scorched those parts with which it came in contact before it could be recovered.

WAX CANDLES.

THERE is a popular impression that wax candles are manufactured from beeswax. No doubt some of those on the market can be traced to the busy little insects, but not many. Ozocerite, a product of the earth, is the composition of which the bulk of them are formed. In the United States the mineral is dug in Utah and in California, the European beds being located in Wales and Galacia and Roumania. When found in its natural state ozocerite appears in translucent, dark brown, thin films, which, upon being refined, resembles beeswax closely.

The wax mines of eastern Galacia, leased and oper-

ated by a syndicate of American capitalists, form one of the most curious fields of industry imaginable. They are located around Boryslav, which is also the center of the eastern oil district of that part of Austria. The entire wax fields are but fifty acres in extent, but more than a thousand shafts have been sunk in that limited area, and almost 6,000 men are at work on the tract. The veins of the mineral frequently are sixteen inches thick and it is dug with shovels and hoisted from the shafts by windlasses. Many uses are made of this wax besides molding it into candles, and fortunes have been made by the men interested in these curious mines, the value of the crude product being eight cents a pound at the mouth of a shaft.

The wax candle—or, speaking more correctly, the ozocerite candle—is again becoming fashionable in the homes of the wealthy. In the mansions of the wealthy as well as in the rooms of the poverty stricken, candles may be found to-day, though for widely different reasons. To the poor candles are indispensable because science never has discovered a cheaper mode for lighting. And to the rich the flood of light emitted by a forest of candles is a boon because science has not and probably never will discover a softer and more mellow light than that shed by the yellow flame at the end of the ancient wax cylinder.

Both health and comfort are other points taken into consideration of any city folk who burn candles in their bedrooms and in other places where brilliant light is not essential. In the first place, what little odor is caused by a candle flame is neither injurious nor disagreeable, and in the second, the flame requires but little oxygen to keep it going, nor does it heat a room to an appreciable degree, a double advantage too obvious to be dwelt upon.

But outside of our big cities the candle is used extensively. In country homes, where gas is not available and where oil lamps must be used, the candle is found frequently as an agreeable and safe substitute. The wax candle of to-day, however, is widely a different thing from that of olden times. The busy bee may hum and collect honey and turn out all the wax she likes, except that her product is used for the candles in Roman Catholic and "high" churches, she contributes little or nothing to those found in the markets.

GOD has not given us vast learning to solve all the problems or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' lives; but he has given to every one of us the power to be spiritual, and by our spirituality to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch.—*Phillips Brooks*.

YOU can't buy a home. A man buys a house, but only a woman can make it a home. A house is a body, a home is a soul.—*The Outlook*.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The round trip of the park stage route, as ordinarily taken by visitors, is 150 miles and is made in six days at a cost of \$49.50; it is a startling fact that \$49 is not enough and that \$50 is too much—you must spend \$49.50 and you can't spend \$50.

To this stage route and the formality of hotel meals and brass bedsteads, however, have been added the comforts and the dallying possibilities of the wall tent, until the Yellowstone park as a summer resort is taking on a new meaning and attractiveness. In this is another of the anomalies of the park; that a spot where steam heat and hot water are turned on for every month in the year should have summer resort possibilities, suggests the Jim Bridger stories of forty years ago.

But in the park there are frosts nearly every night through the summer and on many days the warmth of a camp fire is grateful to chilled bodies. The warmest station in the park is Fort Yellowstone at Mammoth Hot Springs, and there a July maximum of 88 degrees and an August maximum of 83, against a common minimum of 34, suggests the small part that volcanic fires play in the mean temperatures. The atmosphere showing this wide range may be regarded as fit only for the fit, but to the constitution which may stand it for a season of rest there can be no doubt of its refreshing influences.

The diversions for the visitor who may wish to spend a month or two in the park are many. First is the fishing, the only sport that comes to the citizen who may have a taste for the chase. There is an abundance of water in which flies may be cast, and in which the coyness and fickleness of the western trout family may be thoroughly tested. The Firehole river and its tributaries at the Upper Geyser basin are full of trout, but they bite only at night or when there are clouds and the surface of the water is ruffled.

The lake is especially full of salmon trout, and it is possible for two men in a boat to bring in fifty fish in an hour, the average being more than a pound. As food they do not compare with the brook variety, but as game fish they have no superiors; frequently a man with a light rod may have to play a two pounder for fifteen minutes before it is brought to net. In the Yellowstone river, too, as far down as the falls, fish are caught in great numbers.

Shooting in the park is forbidden. Visitors must leave weapons at the entrance with the soldiers, or else have them put under seal. But camera "shots" are tolerated to the limit, and, as some one has said, it requires a good deal more skill to get a camera shot at one of the park animals than to get a rifle shot at it.

For camera shooting the mountain sheep is most difficult as a target. In the winter season, when they are

fed in the neighborhood of the post, it is possible to drive a load of hay within a few feet of them, but in the summer season they are almost impossible of approach. The moose is another of the shy creatures of the park, and seldom lends his outlines to the camera. Elk, however, take kindly to the lens, and in some cases as many as sixty of these great creatures have been photographed in one group.

The park buffaloes number about twenty at the present time. They are about as tame as ordinary range stock, and a man on a horse may ride within ten yards of a herd. They lend themselves to the camera in an effective manner.

Those persons who have looked upon the bear as a fierce, carnivorous creature, seeking whom he may devour, will be surprised at the attitude of the bears in Yellowstone park. Those varieties include the black and cinnamon bears, of which the cinnamon is



LOGAN COUNTY CHILDREN'S HOME.

the larger and tamer. On one occasion, while the president was in the park, a pair of these immense creatures came to the rear of the camp to feed upon kitchen refuse, and they were so persistent as to become nuisances before they finally were driven off. It was suggested by a member of the party that some one with a hand organ might come into the park with profit, leading these animals away to the tune of the bear dance.

At the hotels in the park these great creatures are nearly always rooting in the garbage boxes and quarreling among themselves, half a dozen at a time. At first many visitors are badly frightened, but after awhile those with cameras learn that they are the easiest of all the great animals of the park to take away on a sensitized plate. There are stories of these animals that point to the possibilities of being "cross as a bear." Last summer it was said that a big cinnamon bear resented the curiosity of a Frenchman who came too close to an especially savory pile of garbage at

which the bear was feeding. A "hug" followed the interruption of the meal, and it required a vial of ammonia held to the nose of the great beast to induce him to relax his half nelson lock.

Two years ago a cinnamon bear came into the kitchen of the hotel at the cañon and refused to leave. The chef and his following made an attack upon the animal, but he held his own doggedly until a squad of soldiers was called and shot the creature.

In the main, however, there are few animals in the

cut twigs from the banks, swimming with mouths full of them or diving to the bottom for the mud used in plastering. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, can such a sight be had of these animals at work.

This and these are some of the things belonging to Yellowstone park, the wonderland of the world.

THE REASONING OF ANIMALS.

A GREAT many people of superficial knowledge, or insufficient power of observation attribute an intel-



SOUTH AND EAST FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

park that are inclined to look for trouble. Every year the soldiers in the park shoot a few gray wolves, wildcats, and mountain lions, but this is more for the protection of the natural quarry of these animals than for the safeguarding of visitors. There is a story told by Lieut. Doane of the time when Truman C. Everts was lost for a month in the park. This was in 1870, and when the searching party finally found the man he was up a tree, where he said he had been all night, guarded by a mountain lion. The next day the party

ligence to the lower orders of creation that they do not possess. That the animal and insect creation do things that seem to be the result of intelligence is for the most part a simple happening, or the result of senses and development of which we know nothing. The puppy soon learns, automatically, for the most part, that with his sensitive nose he is able to follow the track of a rabbit, or the footsteps of his master. There is no reasoning about it. Or if there is it is not human fashion. He does it simply because he



NORTH AND WEST FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.

killed one of these lions, which Everts identified as the animal which had been skulking after him for several days. Evert's food in all this time had been the roots of thistles, boiled tender in the hot pools.

Another animal which always has been of prime interest to man is the beaver, and at Willow park especially the little creatures may be seen working after the fashion commonly attributed to them. Experiments have been made in tearing down portions of their dam. But all undaunted they take up the work of repair, and under the eye of their persecutors they

can. The drunken or crazy man steps over the fallen log, or goes around the pond, without the slightest semblance of intelligence, and what he does is purely a matter of automatic instinct. It is very much the same way with the animal creation all through, and that they occasionally do a bright thing is probably purely accidental.

"WHAT helped you over the great obstacles of life?" was asked a successful man. "The other obstacles," he replied.

INK THAT WILL NOT FREEZE.

SELF-RECORDING barometers and thermometers are always taken to the polar regions or are sent up to great heights in balloons. This is necessary in order that records may be kept, for members of any given party cannot be present to jot down the frequent changes in conditions. It is very important that the ink with which those instruments are equipped shall not freeze. The lowest temperatures ever recorded on the surface of the earth, observed in Siberia, have been in the vicinity of 81 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Some time or other that record will probably be beaten in the vicinity of the south pole, which is believed to be surrounded by land. No such severe cold has been found on arctic seas, even in the highest latitude reached. By unmanned balloons sent up last winter in Europe a temperature of 87 below zero was recorded.

With this preface one can partially understand a communication recently published in "The Monthly Weather Review" and "The National Geographic Magazine," both of Washington. R. C. Mossman, meteorologist of the Scottish antarctic expedition, now exploring the region southeastward of Cape Horn, mentions his preparations for sending up instruments with kites, but adds: "There is some possibility of losing a record by the freezing of the ink, as we have not the newly-invented ink containing tonsol."

As to what "tonsol" is the dictionaries do not tell. Mr. Mossman is at present inaccessible. Leading chemists in the metropolis have never heard of it, and this is the way in which Professor Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau in Washington, answers a query concerning it:

"We regret that there has been some delay in making this reply, occasioned by our efforts to ascertain, if possible, some particulars concerning the substance 'tonsol.' The only information in the possession of the weather bureau concerning the particular ink mentioned in Mr. Mossman's letter . . . is that contained in the letter itself. An inquiry of chemical experts and a search for references to the substance 'tonsol' fail to develop any further particulars. Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture, informs us that in very cold climates it is customary to add a certain portion of glycerol or calcium chloride to inks to secure fluidity, and it is possible the term 'tonsol' may be a trade name for some of these bodies."

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IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION A HELP?

A MAN in Chicago has written a book intended to show that a college education is not really a help but rather a hindrance in business. In order to enable him to get at something like a common opinion upon

the subject he addressed an elaborate series of questions to the heads of the large manufacturing establishments and others who employ a number of people, and their replies constitute the above book. The conclusion of the writer is that the college is not the help it is supposed to be.

Now what are the actual facts in the case? Take two young men or young women, one who has a college education and the other who has scuffed around first at one thing and then at another. Put these two side by side in some business at which they are both equally expert, so far as knowledge is concerned, and how they succeed will determine the value of the college education. After a longer or shorter period, the one who has had the experience in the world will get ahead of the college graduate. The non-graduate will work up to a certain point and stop there. The graduate will soon catch on to the requirements of his job, and as each new problem comes before him, being accustomed to study and trained more or less in that, he will see through it quicker and master its requirements sooner than the unschooled person beside him. While the one who has not been at school is pegging away doing his work satisfactorily to his employer the graduate is reaching out and is learning to understand the needs of the one next above him. When there is a vacancy he will be qualified to fill it, while the non-graduate is working away in his appointed groove.

There is nothing in the college course that is in and of itself of great value, or anything of any value in all ordinary business ventures. The general public do not understand this, and think that a college education means knowing things, and only to a limited extent is this true. The entire make-up of the course is disciplinary and the good that is gotten out of it is in the training of the mind to buckle down to a subject and see it from all angles of view and see it at once. The college man or woman will win out in the long run and surpass the untrained man or woman in the end.

* * *

A TANK holding 40,000 gallons of water became too weighty for the beams which supported it on the roof of a large building in Chicago. It crashed to the cellar, making a hole of about forty feet square through six stories of the building.

* * *

THERE are 2,655 counties in the United States. Texas has the largest number, 246, and Delaware the smallest number, three.

* * *

ABOUT 500 of the 1,200 locomotive engines used on the railroads of Japan were manufactured in the United States.

Aunt Barbara's Page

MY DOLLY'S ASLEEP.

"My dolly's asleep," the wee bit maid
Sat on the doorstep and cheerily played.
The skies above her were dark with a frown,
The rain fell fast o'er the dismal town.
It drenched her frock and dripped from her hair
But the little mother did not care.
And she hadn't a mother to look at her,
As she sat on the doorstep and did not stir.
A light of love in her happy face,
And dolly close in her fond embrace.
But what do you children, with dolls to spare,
Beautiful dolls with golden hair,
Dolls which open and shut their eyes
And look so gentle and cute and wise,
Suppose was the dolly this wee bit maid
Cradled and cuddled as there she played?
You needn't be sorry. I tell you true
The child was contented the whole day through,
Though her doll was only a bottle, found
In an ash heap in the wet, cold ground,
Fancy and love had joined together,
And the dear little heart was light as a feather.
Though the wild wind blew and the wet rain fell,
Her dolly and she were happy and well.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Youth's Companion*.

* * *

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.
I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks.
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.
He smiles the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.
No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—Sunbeam.

THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly, one might think
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts!
First at one and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now now one
Now they stop and there are none;
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers by,
Clapping hands with shouts and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

—William Wordsworth.

* * *

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I.
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put:
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Q. & A. Department.

Will the Nook suggest some needed invention for me to work on?

There is perhaps nothing you may see in a mechanical or man-made way that is not susceptible to improvement. For a good, first-class, fortune making proposition, simple enough when you know how, invent a substitute for a cork, something that will be equally effective, and as cheap. You will then be on the way to become the richest man in the world.

✱

What is a simple definition and illustration of a trust?

A trust is a combination, either by agreement or purchase, of several or many industries, under one management, for the purpose of profit. If all the flouring mills in the country united to control the output and price of flour it would be a trust. In practice the concerns that will go into the arrangement are undersold and forced out of business. They are a serious menace to the welfare of the country.

✱

Will the Nook settle this for us, as we have agreed to refer it for a verdict? Can a train be driven so fast that it will not round a curve?

Yes. If it goes fast enough it will go straight ahead at the curve. The curves are so arranged by the elevation of the outside rails, and the shape of the wheels as to be adapted for the speed likely to be used. In practice fast trains are "nursed" around curves.

✱

What was the "Trent Affair?"

In 1861 Capt. Wilkes, of the U. S. Navy took from a British steamship, the Trent, two Confederate commissioners, accredited to France. They were imprisoned, and afterward turned over to the British government, on demand. It created great excitement at the time.

✱

Why does not the rotting out and hollowing of the inside of a tree prove its death?

Because the growing and essential parts of the tree are just under the bark, the heart being in no sense necessary to its life. The only harm likely to overtake it is the liability to be overthrown readily in a storm.

✱

Is there any cure known for a deaf person?

If the auditory nerve is paralyzed, or wanting in important respects, there can be no hearing. If the nerve is all right, recent developments in science will enable many people supposed to be incurably deaf, to learn to hear.

Where and what are the Dry Tortugas?

A group of ten low coral islands at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, about 120 miles from the southern point of Florida. There is a lighthouse there, and one was used as a military prison during the civil war.

✱

How do insects injure vegetables?

There are two classes—biting insects that actually eat the plant by chewing it, and sucking insects that suck the juice of the plant. In their destruction each requires a different method of procedure.

✱

Who invented Italic letters?

They are said to be an imitation of the handwriting of Petrarch, and the style was first used in 1500. In all later time the italic has never been modified or much changed.

✱

Are the colossal statues sometimes seen at expositions, etc., solid?

No. They are not. Read the article on the subject in the INGLENOOK, and you will learn how it is done.

✱

What is the Tammany society in politics?

A powerful political organization, in New York, named after an Indian sachem or chief.

✱

What is the hottest place on the earth?

Death Valley is said to be. The temperature rises, in the shade, to 140 degrees.

✱

Please let me know the process of etching on glass.

It is too complex for the brief answers we give here. Buy a book on the subject.

✱

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know where he can get pure rattlesnake oil. Will some one who knows tell him through the Nook?

✱

How far will a long distance telephone work?

It is, perhaps, not accurately known; over a thousand miles to a certainty.

✱

What are the facts about the poison of the upas tree?

It is an invention, pure and simple, without any foundation whatever.

✱

Is disease transmitted by house flies?

Nothing is truer. It has been fully demonstrated.

The Home



Department

COFFEE MAKING.

You can not make good coffee unless you have the very best coffee berry to begin with. Cheap coffee bought at the store will not make a good drink. You can make bad coffee out of good coffee berry and do it very readily, but you cannot make good coffee out of a bad berry no matter how you try it. Let us tell you how to make good coffee. There are several ways.

Suppose you have the very best Java and Mocha, share and share alike. One way whereby you can make a very good coffee is to take one heaping cup of ground coffee to six, or at the outside, eight cups of cold water. Put the coffee in the water and place on the stove until it just comes to a boil. Then put it on one side where it will not boil but steep. The longer it steeps the better it will be.

Another method of making good coffee is to have the water boiling when you put in your ground coffee, of the proportions named above, and allow it to steep, without boiling, for one-half hour or more. The INGLENOCK prefers the first method.

If the coffee so made is too strong each cup may have hot water added to reduce the strength within the desired limit.

Good coffee requires good cream, if cream is to be used. The coffee pot must be perfectly clean each time it is used.

It will greatly facilitate the excellence of the final product if the amount of ground coffee is thoroughly heated in the oven of the stove before being used.

TO SERVE WITH MEATS.

WITH roast beef, grated horseradish.
Roast veal, tomato or horseradish sauce.
Roast mutton, currant jelly.
Roast pork, apple sauce.
Roast lamb, mint sauce.
Roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly.
Roast goose, tart apple sauce.
Roast quail, currant jelly, celery sauce.
Roast canvas back duck, apple bread, black currant jelly.

Roast chicken, bread sauce.
Fried chicken, cream gravy, corn fritters.
Roast duck, orange salad.
Roast ptarmigan, bread sauce.
Cold boiled tongue, sauce tartare, or olives stuffed with peppers.
Veal sausage, tomato sauce, grated Parmesan cheese.
Pork sausage, tart apple sauce or fried apples.
Frizzled beef, horseradish.
Pork croquettes, tomato sauce.
Corned beef, mustard.
Lobster cutlet, sauce tartare.
Sweetbread cutlet, sauce, Bechamel.
Reed birds, fried hominy, with celery.
Cold boiled fish, sauce piquante.

HOW TO CLEAN FEATHERS.

BY MRS. J. W. CHRISTIAN.

Put your old feathers into a flour sack (fill it about half full) and have a wash boiler on the stove full of clean suds; dip your feathers into the boiling suds until thoroughly soaked, then rinse them in a tub of clean suds (warm), then continue to rinse as long as the feathers color the water. Then empty them out of sacks into a tub or washing machine and rinse them as you would clothes, and then run them through a wringer and put them into clean sacks and hang them on the line to dry.

This process will make the old feathers as clean and lively as new ones. I use this method and find it very satisfactory.

Payette, Idaho.

A CORRECTION.

THE recipe No. 809, on page 173 of the Inglenook Cook Book, given as ginger cake without milk or eggs—should be *cakes*, and should be mixed and cut out like cookies. If the sisters will remember this, or make a note of it in their cook books, it will save them a disappointing experience. These cakes are excellent for school lunches and the coffee gives them a good flavor.

LIZZIE D. MOHLER.

Falls City, Nebr.

LITERARY.

There is no lack of variety in the make-up of the June *Narrative of Reviews*. Aside from the interesting editorial comment on current events, there are four important illustrated articles on the latest methods of treating consumption, emphasizing the open-air treatment especially; an article on "The Renaissance of Non-conformity in England," by W. T. Stead; a paper apropos of the Wesleyan anniversary, by Dr. J. M. Buckley; a sketch of the late Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, by Warren Upham; an account of the Government's experiments in "Forest-Making on Barren Lands," by Charles M. Harger; "An American's Views of Patagonia;" and briefer articles on "The College of the City of New York and Its New President" and "The Well-Governed District of Columbia." There is also a *resume* of the report of the Mosley commission of British trade-unionists on American industrial conditions, showing why our manufacturers are winning in the race with those of England. The number concludes with an interesting review of "The Oldest Code of Laws in the World,"—those promulgated by Khammurabi, King of Babylon, B. C. 2285-2242, and recently translated by C. H. W. Johns.

✱

Country Life, for June, is at hand, and it keeps up its reputation for being one of the finest illustrated periodicals in the country. Its literary make-up is as good as the best, and its lines of exploitation are not the impracticable ones of some of our publications that set forth their home-making projects. On the contrary, *Country Life* is preeminently practical, and thoroughly high-class in the handling of its subjects. There are good papers on cherries, chickens, bees and the like. It is as good for the cottage as it is for the suburban villa. We think *Country Life* the finest thing of its kind in print. It can be had at any news stand of the better class, and a single copy costs a quarter, and it is worth it.

✱ ✱ ✱

HOW MANY OF THESE CAN YOU ANSWER?

Do rabbits run?
Where is the oyster's mouth?
Why do horses turn their ears?
Why does a cat have whiskers?
How many legs has a house fly?
How can a fly walk on the ceiling?
Why does a rabbit wobble its nose?
Do robins and chickens walk alike?
Which end does a wasp sting with?
How many legs has a garden spider?
How does an elephant dig in the ground?
How does a horse use his legs in trotting?
In what order does a fly move its legs in walking?
Why is the tiger striped, the leopard spotted?

Why is a fish dark in color above and light underneath?

Do pigs grunt as an expression of pain or pleasure?
Do little pigs show any sign of affection for each other?

How many times does a crow fold its wings after alighting?

When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their fore or hind legs first?

✱ ✱ ✱

A MATTER OF PEDIGREE.

"MARCUS," said Rastus Bivins to his son, who had just returned from college with a great, bushy head of hair, "Marcus, what in the name of common sense did you learn at school, anyway? You can't saw the wood; you won't plough; you won't go to work; you won't do nothing but sit around here and read. I'm getting tired of it! I'm getting tired of it! If you don't do something, young man, and that pretty soon, I'm going to enter you at the State fair in the Hog Show. That hair of yours might help you some there."

"Don't worry about that, father," said Marcus affectionately. "Don't worry about that; I wouldn't take any prize, because, you see, I have no pedigree."
—*Lippincott's*:

✱ ✱ ✱

THE Baltimore & Ohio Railway will run an excursion from Chicago to Boston by way of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, for the National Educational Association, which meets in Boston July 6-10. Any Nooker contemplating taking advantage of this trip can get the details from Mr. B. N. Austin, G. P. A., B. & O. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

✱ ✱ ✱

"MANY thanks for the many interesting and elevating stories in the NOOK from week to week.—*Lillian Domer, Ohio*.

✱

"I CLASS the INGLENOOK with the best of magazines."—*Belmer Beery, Ohio*.

✱

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK."—*A. W. Filson, California*.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Sister desiring to do housework in city Good wages, good church privileges. Address: 1026 Third Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

✱

LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. V.

JUNE 30, 1903.

No. 27.

THE WAGES OF WAR.

What are the wages? "Here," he said,
And he pointed down to the ranks of dead—
Down to the field that shrank, blood-red.
From the stars of love in the sky o'erhead—
Pointed to scenes that men's hearts abhor.
And answered, "This is the cost of war!"

But how for the lips that ask in vain
For the one who will never come again;
The longing face at the window pane
That sees no breast with a crimson stain?
For hearts are broken as lives are lost,
So count them up in the battle's cost.

Nay, count them not! You can only say
As the field lights up with the dawn of day.
That many were lost in the bloody fray;
Not counting mere tears nor lips that pray.
Not counting the hearts with sorrow filled,
But only the wounded ones and killed.

—Hartford Times.

* * *

THE NOOKMAN DELIVERS HIMSELF ABOUT BOOKS.

For gifts give books. They don't wear out easily.

*

The rarity of a book is no mark of its real merit.

*

Not one book in a hundred is a permanent success.

*

Buy a book for reading on a long trip on the cars.

*

Don't struggle with a book that is out of your line.

*

Very few translations equal the originals in beauty.

*

The majority of printed books are not worth reading.

*

If you borrow a book keep your word about returning it.

*

Let your books be bound as well as your money albums.

If you lend a book expect to go after it when you want it.

*

It is not the many books that you read, but their character.

*

Buy as good books as you can afford, that is, as well bound and printed.

*

A book's better than a yawping, babbling friend. Choose accordingly.

*

The best friend you can possibly have in a quiet hour is a good book.

*

Do not ask the loan of an expensive and rare book your friend may have.

*

Don't read a book that you do not like. There's too many really good books.

*

Read the so-called classics of literature, but not unless you see something in them.

*

Beware of how you loan out a good book, unless you want to go after it yourself.

*

The best books are not those of the hour. It takes years to settle the place of a book.

*

It is not only the character of the books you read, but how intelligently you have read.

*

Put your collection of books away carefully, in a place where the dust will not reach them.

*

Watch the second hand book stores. In a wagon load of rubbish there is now and then a gem.

*

If you make a mistake and get a poor or bad book by mistake, do not put it in your book hoard. Chuck it.

ARID LAND RECLAMATION.

BY GUY E. MITCHELL.

THE recent announcement of Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, that the first irrigation works which the Government will build under the new National Irrigation Law—they are situated in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada and Arizona—will cost on an average about eleven dollars an acre, has called forth some comment by newspapers on the fact that this is a larger amount than it was stated when the Irrigation bill was pending, will be the average cost of the reclamation of arid America.

Various estimates have been made as to what certain projects will cost, but it is hardly possible to make any close guess as to what would be the average cost of constructing irrigation works for the entire seventy-five million acres of desert land which can be reclaimed. In fact estimates vary largely as to how much land is reclaimable. The amount depends upon conditions. Land may be worth when irrigated \$100 an acre. If it cost \$125 an acre to reclaim it, it would under these conditions never be reclaimed. If, on the other hand, a town should be built up near it, so that it should become valuable for a market garden or a fruit orchard, it might be worth three times \$100 an acre; it might come to be worth \$1,000 an acre, as many sections in California are to-day. The present generation will never know how much land will eventually be reclaimed in the western half of the United States. Suffice it to say, there is a vast area, enough land to make comfortable homes for millions of people.

Now the question of just how much it is going to cost to reclaim these lands from a condition of aridity and desert to highly productive small farms is one that need cost thinking people no worry whatever. Under the National Irrigation Act the Government is to build the irrigation works, but every dollar of their cost is to be returned again to the Government by the settlers and home-makers who go upon the land and use the water from the irrigation works. The land must bear the cost of its reclamation. The law does not provide for Government expenditures for irrigation which bring no direct money return, such as River and Harbor and Lighthouse appropriations and expenditures of that class.

National irrigation simply means that the Government will advance money to build irrigation works and that it will sell these works to settlers for their bare cost, relieving them from paying the profit which private companies would charge and at the same time assuring them absolute and perfect title to the water.

The Government dam which is about to be constructed in the Salt River Valley, which will be known as the Tonto dam, because the site is near the juncture of Tonto Creek with Salt River, furnishes an example

of the manner in which the National Irrigation Law will be administered. The dam, which will be an immovable wedge, jammed in between the precipitate walls of the narrow canyon, will rise to a height above its foundation of nearly three hundred feet. It will form a great artificial lake with a capacity greater than any other work of the kind in the United States. The cost of this dam and the accompanying canal will cost in the neighborhood of two and a half million dollars, impounding water sufficient to irrigate perhaps 200,000 acres. Should it do so, each acre would have to bear \$12.50, its pro-rata of the cost. This amount must be paid back to the Government in ten annual installments; each acre will have an annual payment of \$1.25 for ten years. After that each acre will own its water right and will simply have to bear the slight cost of the maintenance of the reservoir and canals.

Washington, D. C.

* * *

BRIQUETTES.

BRIQUETTES are a species of fuel well known in European countries, although they are not well known here. Not many of the Nook family know how they are made. Mr. William Holder, of St. Louis, tells in a St. Louis paper how it is done. He says he assisted in constructing and erecting several plants for the manufacture of briquettes in England, Ireland and France, the product there being known as "Patent Fuel."

Fine coal or coal refuse and pitch previously ground in a pitch mill are separately elevated by endless transmission to the second floor of a two-story building, and there delivered into separate hoppers of a distributor. This distributor can be adjusted to discharge these ingredients in any required proportion, the usual formula being seven per cent pitch. The mixture then passes through a chute to first floor into a disintegrator or pulverizer and thence to the mixer, a vertical tank on top of the press, containing revolving arms, also steam jets to soften the pitch and render the mass of the proper consistency for pressing into blocks.

The mixture now enters molds on a circular table and its compression is effected by means of a steam piston acting directly on the dies working in the molds.

The finished briquette is then automatically delivered onto an endless carrier and conveyed to a convenient place for stacking. They become hard and brittle in a short time, according to outdoor temperature.

The presses proper are usually made in capacities varying from twenty-five tons to one hundred tons per day of ten hours.

* * *

THE oldest magistrate in active service in the United States is said to be Thomas Poe, Justice of the Peace at Rushville, Ind. He is now in his ninety-third year.

JAPAN A CURIOUS LAND.

"THERE is no land that I have ever seen so curious as Japan," said Robert W. Brinkley, of Yokohama, to a Washington reporter. "I have lived in Japan for the past twenty-two years and it is to me still a sort of wonderland.

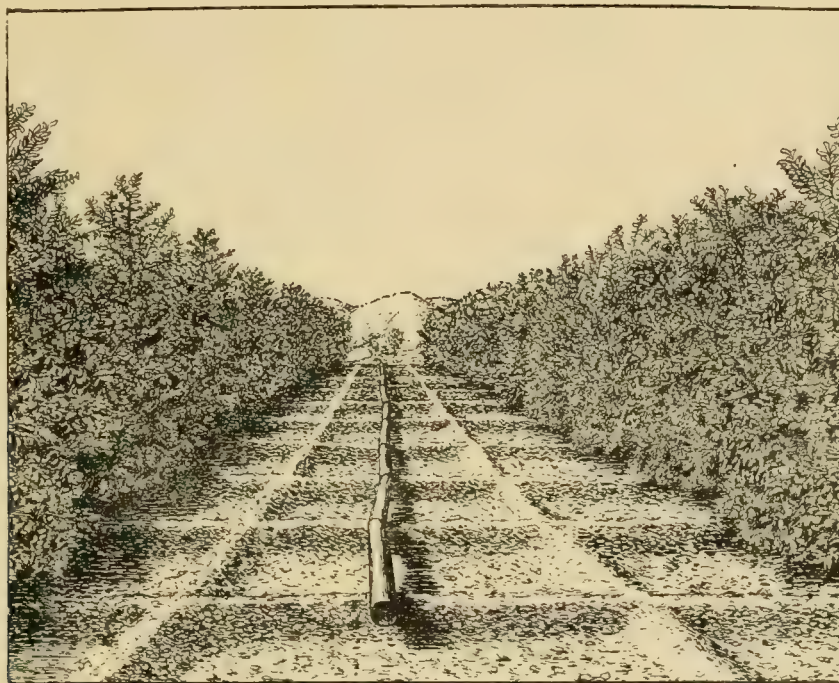
"One of the strange features of the country is that all crops and fruits are almost certain to deteriorate. I have seen beautiful peaches grown the first year from stock imported from the United States. The second year they were still fairly good; the third season poor and after that unfit to eat. Nothing in the vegetable world would seem to retain its excellence for any

NOVEL INSTRUMENT.

THE lumbermen who drive logs along the swift rivers of northern Maine have devised a novel piece of mechanism for finding bodies that lie below the water. The instrument is called a water scope.

It consists of a molasses hogshead with one head removed and a pane of window glass cemented above a hole cut in the remaining head. The hogshead is set on end, with the end containing the glass in the water.

Two green and heavy logs are then lashed to the sides of the hogshead, causing it to float as deeply as possible in the water. The logs are held together by spiked cleats fore and aft, so a man can stand on the



PIPE IRRIGATION IN CALIFORNIA.

length of time. It is a bamboo country and everything reverts to the bamboo. Beautiful lush grass covered many a plain and yet it gives no nutriment to cattle. Garden vegetables look as fine as any grown in the United States, but when cooked they have no taste. The flowers are of gorgeous hues, but they are without perfume.

"But even with these imperfections it is a very interesting corner of the earth and many things recommend it. Its inhabitants are in their way a fine people. In the rural districts particularly the natives are the most honorable beings I ever met. In the cities they are sharper mentally, but not nearly so scrupulous."

THE waters of the Dead Sea, where no rudder has been seen for centuries, are now being plied by German motor boats.

improvised raft and scull it back and forth. As soon as the mechanism is completed a small man gets into the hogshead, which is closely covered at the top, to exclude the light.

When the man has been inside a few minutes his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, so that by looking through the pane in the bottom, the only point where light is admitted, he is enabled to see to a depth of twenty or thirty feet and distinguish objects lying upon the bottom of the waterway.

AFTER several unsuccessful attempts and three years labor, the unparalleled feat of cutting a ring out of a single diamond has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

THE GHETTO.

ONE of the places which the country man visiting the city ought to see and understand is the Ghetto. Every considerable city has it. The Ghetto is simply a place where the Jews predominate, and where they live among themselves. Outsiders know very little of Ghetto life. It has its joys and its sorrows and its peculiar conditions that the outsider, or the so-called Christian world knows nothing about. A writer in a New York paper, in speaking of the different ways whereby women in the Ghetto earn a little money, describes picking poultry among other things.

A fowl that is plucked after having been immersed in scalding water is as impossible to an orthodox Hebrew as one that has not been slaughtered according to rabbinical rules. The stringent enforcement of the sanitary laws limit the operations of the *schochet* (licensed butcher) to the great abattoirs nowadays. No longer does he go about from shop to shop with his keen, bright knives of assorted sizes, wrapped in woolen cloths to preserve their edge, killing a chicken here or a turkey there, according to the customer's demands. Thursday afternoon used to be a time when he and the "dry picker" were equally in evidence among the busy people concerned with preparations for the Sabbath which begins on Friday evening, but now he is represented wholly by the huge stacks of poultry which await the nimble fingers of the pickers in the East side shops.

The "dry pickers" are recruited from all ages and stations of East side womanhood, from the young housewife who wants to make a little pin money in the leisure intervals of her home work to the aged crone who has grown gray in the service and could not turn her hands to any other labor. Mothers of young children find it profitable to put them, for the time, in some one of the numerous day nurseries and pay the trifling fee, while they earn a comfortable little sum that will aid with the week's rent. One pious old grandmother wraps her small earnings in a corner of her handkerchief as she receives them each week and carries them to the treasurer of a burial society. She is thus assured of a decent funeral, proper mourners, and all the rites and observances of her faith. Her daughter, with whom she makes her home, is hopelessly poor, and her son-in-law has all he can do to provide for the living expenses of his numerous brood.

Though the fee is small, three cents for a chicken, five for a duck, seven for a turkey and ten or twelve for a goose, many of the women manage to make from \$1 to \$2.50 of an afternoon. Chickens and turkeys are most easily plucked; whole handfuls of feathers can be removed at one grasp; but in case of ducks and geese much greater care is required, and the task is especially difficult and tedious when they have been

permitted to grow cold after slaughtering. Then only the most skillful handling will prevent the tearing or breaking of the skin. The picker who can be relied upon to turn out a fowl with a smooth, unabraded surface is the one whose services are in greatest demand and who often receives double rates.

There are star occasions among the "dry pickers." All the world loves a lover, and east side women dote upon a wedding. They beguile the tedium of picking out the pinions one by one by rehearsing all the present and prospective splendors of the bride's home, especially if it is to be in that enchanted region known to them as "up town." Jewels they are not so covetous of. Nearly every one of these women, sitting about in their dingy wrappers, with their heads tied up in cotton handkerchiefs, has a pair of diamond earrings or a brooch for festive occasions. They are small and not free from flaws, but they satisfy a feminine craving, as well as the enormous sunburst and thickly-studded bracelet which one of them has been shown as the bridegroom's nuptial gift to his bride. But what they particularly delight to dwell upon is the number and size of the rooms which are comprised in the new home. This appeals to them in a way that mere jewels and fine raiment never can. The crowded and congested conditions of east side life make plenty of space and breathing room the thing which is most conducive to happiness. So they vie with each other in endowing the bride and her family with spacious halls, and spare chambers, as evidences of the wealth and social station which is to be hers.

"Vun room, she ain't goin' to use it at all, yet," says one of them, picking up a bird from the pile beside her. "She will nothin' put in it but two trunks and der wash basket. Und id's a room mit a window in id; how's dat?"

In the intervals of poultry picking many of the women occupy themselves with a kindred branch of work—feather stripping. This consists of pulling away the filaments from the stiff central quill, in order to make a sort of down. For thus the wing and tail feathers of the duck and goose as well as the choice ones of the turkey are used. Those of the chicken are rarely used in the Ghetto. A prejudice, amounting almost to a religious tenet, discriminates against them, and the fine real down of the fowls is the kind most commonly used. This is plucked from the breast in such a careful way that nothing adheres to make it odorous. It is made up into pillows and bolsters, while the secondary or artificial down goes to fill the huge feather beds upon which so many of the older people still sleep, though the younger generation have adopted the American custom of the mattress. The fashionable down coverlet is a sort of descendant of the big, cosy, comfortable feather-filled tick in use among recently arrived Russians or Poles. Indeed,

when a woman who had fallen heir to her mother's pillows employed an upholsterer to work them over into down quilts, he could not refrain from expressing his delight at the quality of the filling, saying it was fully equal to the best in his shop.

It was once the custom for the parents of a girl baby to begin the accumulation of feather ticks and down beds as soon as she was born, so that when she arrived at woman's natural estate she might go to her new home suitably provided. But cupboard space is too limited nowadays, in the quarter, to be taken up by the huge bags and bales of plumage, and thus it is that an engagement or two gives a fillip to the feather stripping industry.

The "goose stuffer's" trade is also governed by seasons of festivity. This is, practically the manufacture of abnormally fat fowls with abnormally enlarged livers. The goose is confined in a coop so small that it literally has not room to move about. It is then fed twice or three times a day, with a mixture of bran and water made into a sort of finger roll and slightly toasted in an oven. These are moistened and forced down the throat of the animal. About three weeks suffices to produce a liver the size of a tea plate and a carcass from which the fat fairly oozes. These livers find a ready market at any price from \$1 to \$1.50, and are used for making a sort of paste, chopped fine with onions, garlic, etc., or fried in a batter of cracker crumbs. The goose is flayed and the skin cut up into dice, which yield a rich thick grease, called schmaltz, which takes the place of lard in the Jewish dietary and is also spread upon sandwich bread where the filling is meat, as the Mosaic laws forbid the use of butter and meat together. The bits of crackling that remain are known as a delicacy under the name of "grieven" and are sold at so much a pound, and when they are on the menu of a Kosher restaurant the fact is announced by a placard in the window, as planked shad or softshell crabs are advertised in other eating houses. Three or four dollars can thus be realized from a fowl costing originally about a fourth of the price, including the bran stuffing.

The professional mourner is almost always an aged woman of great piety, who pays strict attention to the letter as well as the spirit of the law. When the death of a woman or female child is imminent, she is promptly sent for to recite the "Schmah Ysrael" (Hear, O Israel), or prayer for the dying. She assists in washing the body and attiring it in grave clothes, perhaps lays it upon the floor on a bed of straw, if truly orthodox. Then she takes up her vigil, day and night, never leaving the body except for a few brief naps. She sits by the coffin, prayer book in hand, reading the Psalms and litany, or relating the virtues of the dead to the other professional mourners, who strive with each other in recalling instances of her piety and

goodness and commending her to the beneficence of the Lord.

At the funeral they cut a small gash in the clothing of the bereaved family, to typify rending of the garments, and tender bread and salt and hard-boiled eggs to the mourners on their return from the grave, as a latter day substitute for the bread of affliction.

For these services there is no fixed charge. The family give according to their means and sense of obligation, but \$2 a night is about the minimum sum offered (unless in cases of extreme poverty), and frequently as high as \$8 and \$10 is given, and the professional mourner sometimes carries home with her in addition a lot of half-worn clothing or bedclothes belonging to the departed, which the family consider it unrighteous to use in other ways.

An occupation combining peddling and canvassing in a way is that of the woman who goes about taking orders, collecting and displaying jewelry and dresses for installment houses. She usually operates as an amateur, appearing at Kaffee Klatsches or other social gatherings in elaborate shirtwaists or natty wraps, and adorned with a showy watch and chain, while her hands sparkle with many colored rings. When her gorgeous attire is commented upon, she obligingly gives prices and other interesting facts in connection with it, and it is seldom that she goes home without one or two commissions. She also makes a slight percentage in addition by purchasing bridal trousseaux or house fittings, such as curtains, mantel scarfs, table and bed linen, and occasionally a piano.

The "Sabbath Female" is a one day worker. She finds employment from sundown Friday till three stars twinkle in the sky on Saturday evening, during which time no truly pious Jewish housewife may kindle a fire or light or extinguish a lamp. She goes about among a certain number of the orthodox, attending to these necessary duties and heating the Sabbath dinner, prepared the day before. She washes dishes, makes beds, and banks fires to keep them going till her next visit, looking in at regular intervals during the day.

♦ ♦ ♦

A CURIOUS device is the dispatch boom invented by an army captain. Its object is to carry messages between armies in cannon shells so arranged as to burst at the right time, thus disclosing the message.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Gulf stream flows at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour. Five miles is exceeded in some places, and the rate varies much with conditions of weather and tide.

♦ ♦ ♦

TRACKWALKERS for certain Massachusetts railroads are now required to wind a registering clock at certain points every hour, and records are kept, to be examined weekly by the superintendent.

SOMETHING NEW IN GOLD BRICKS.

THE United States treasury is defendant in a most remarkable suit at law to recover \$1000 alleged to be due for a cubical chunk of money pulp, for which payment was refused when it was presented. The plaintiff explains that he bought the object in question not long ago from a Chicago concern, which widely advertised that it would furnish such cubes of macerated paper cash, representing \$1000 each, and that they would be redeemed by Uncle Sam at that rate.

There seems to be no limit to human credulity, especially where money is concerned. As a matter of fact, the pulp into which the paper currency is converted at the treasury has no recognized value except for paper stock, though a small part of it is purchased by persons who make a business of molding it into busts of the Father of His Country, crude replicas in miniature of the Washington monument and other objects suitable for sale to curio-gathering tourists. Only four persons enjoy the privilege of buying the raw material for this artistic purpose, and the articles they make out of it are marketed all over the United States.

These four (one of them is a woman), who compose the money-pulp trust, pay the treasury \$42.50 a ton for the stuff, which, as they get it, is moist and "gobby;" as one might say, being four-fifths water. It is, also, full of ink and chemicals—the first from the printing on the notes and certificates, and the last from the solution of acids in which the paper cash has been boiled. Accordingly, it has to be washed thoroughly before it can be utilized for the purposes here described.

The commercial manufacture of macerated money objects may be said to date back to 1879, when an ingenious person named Hertford obtained a patent for making them. But the patent did not stand, because certain employes of the treasury claimed, and were able to prove that they had molded such things at an earlier date. So others went into the business, and the woman above mentioned finds a market for her wares as far away as Maine and California.

Money is the most interesting of all things to the average human being, and hence the demand for a species of merchandise which, while no longer resembling any form of cash, was once upon a time the veritable circulating medium. It is this kind of value, purely sentimental, that attaches, say, to a crudely molded bust of Abraham Lincoln, which is alleged to represent \$1000 in greenbacks—though, in very truth, it is composed of unrelated particles from such a vast number of notes of different denominations that the appraisement is purely imaginary.

Though the objects made of this macerated money are for the most part crude enough, a merit really artistic attaches to some which are turned out from the "atelier" of one of the four persons mentioned.

These are medallions and plaques representing the immortal George, the Capitol, the White House and other subjects, which are rendered much more interesting by actual pieces of bank notes stuck upon their surface. There are the figures of denominations, and the words, "National," "Pay," etc., easily recognizable as scraps of real money—so that the articles in question possess a high degree of verisimilitude as crush-remnants moulded under pressure.

It happens that all of the national bank notes, after being redeemed, are chopped up by two hundred and fifty-six revolving knives in a large churn at the treasury, instead of being boiled with lye and acids, like rejected paper money, of other kinds. Though they are steamed incidentally to the chopping, and are finally passed through a sieve to prevent large fragments from escaping, many recognizable pieces of small size are left. These are carefully picked out of the pulp by the artist and pasted upon his plaques and medallions wherever they will be most conspicuous.

Twenty-five years ago all of the paper money condemned to destruction was burned in an air-blast fire of great heat. But Congress, perceiving that the stuff reduced to pulp would be valuable enough as paper stock to pay, at least, the expenses of the operation, passed a bill decreeing that a process of maceration should be adopted.

So now the national bank notes are chewed up and steamed in the manner described, and the treasury notes and certificates, after being cut in halves with a huge knife, are sent over to the bureau of engraving, where they are reduced to a mud-like mass.

* * *

ORIGIN OF SCHWENKFELDERS.

ONE of the smallest religious organizations in the world is engaged in a noteworthy literary enterprise. The Schwenkfelders of Pennsylvania, although comprising not more than 1,000 members, trace their origin back almost four centuries, to the dawn of the reformation. Few sects possess a nobler or more interesting history, says the Boston *Transcript*, and to collect the widely scattered facts and documents relating to their remarkable career and to preserve them in an adequate form, these few people, mostly farmers living near Philadelphia, have already contributed nearly \$30,000 and promise as much more as may be necessary to complete the undertaking. Dr. Chester D. Hartranft, president of the Hartford Theological seminary, of Hartford, Conn., who is in charge of the work, is now in Europe, pursuing his investigations among the old libraries and universities.

Casper Schwenkfeld, the Silesian nobleman who founded the sect, was a prominent figure in the reformation period. He sometimes agreed with Luther,

but more frequently rejected doctrines to which the fiery Saxon leader adhered. In upholding his views during the religious agitation that stirred the world in the sixteenth century, Schwenkfeld wrote nearly a hundred treatises and pamphlets. His letters in addition, filled three folio volumes when printed. All his writings were at times confiscated and destroyed by the authorities. Many of Schwenkfeld's followers, too, were learned men who contributed extensively to the controversial literature of the period. These writings, many of which shed new light on reformation history, are hidden in obscure corners throughout Germany.

worshiping secretly in the homes of members. When the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, ended the thirty years' war between the Catholics and the Protestants, both sides renewed pressure on the Schwenkfelders to induce them to abandon their beliefs. Their civil privileges were forfeited and they were even denied the right to marry. On the slightest pretext they were imprisoned and their property forfeited.

Finally they abandoned most of their belongings and fled to Saxony. After a few years protection was also withdrawn here and the remnant of the sect then departed for America in 1734 and settled in the fertile lands of the Perkiomen valley, twenty-five miles from



ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Schwenkfelders' belief somewhat resembles that of the Quakers, although the latter are of more recent origin. Schwenkfeld laid great stress on the necessity of heeding the teachings of the Divine Spirit in man, declaring that this indwelling Guide is superior to the written Word. The sect rejects ceremonies, opposes litigation and warfare and encourages simplicity of speech and garb. Silence, however, is not a feature of their worship, nor is music discarded, the hymnology of the German Lutheran church having been retained, while many additions were made by their own writers. Within the last fifty years, moreover, the Schwenkfelders have re-established the rites of baptism and communion. Schwenkfeld's action in dispensing with these was the chief source of the determined opposition to him and his followers.

Not until after Schwenkfeld's death, in 1561, did his followers establish congregational organizations,

Philadelphia. All the Schwenkfelders are now comprised in seven congregations in southeastern Pennsylvania.

ABOUT sixty thousand water-wheels are used for manufacturing in the United States, yielding 1,300,000 horse power, or one-quarter to one-third of the whole power used. Of this total, 250,000 horse power is used by the two thousand mills in New England.

PARIS now has two fire engines propelled by electricity. They are capable of rushing to a fire at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. They cost \$3,000 apiece.

THE Japanese, up to forty years ago, had a very silly custom. They vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

NATURE



STUDY

THE HUMMING BIRD.

A WRITER in the *Kansas City Star* tells an interesting story of the humming bird, which we take pleasure in reproducing here.

The humming bird earned its name by the hum of its wings. Its tiny size, its graceful form and the unrivaled beauty of its plumage all conspire to attract and hold the attention of even the most careless and listless observer. The humming bird is found only in North and South America and adjoining islands. An English woman visiting in this country for the first time in a town not far from Kansas City last summer stood one morning near a trumpet vine. A ruby-throat made its appearance and her astonishment and delight knew no bounds. She had never seen a humming bird before. The little winged wonder made obeisances in front of each saffron trumpet and dipped his long bill to the bottom. Not for a moment did the tiny wings cease to purr and buzz and vibrate. The lady was charmed. She marked the ease with which it moved forward or backward, upward or downward or sidewise with equal promptitude and facility, hovering from time to time in the air over the nectar cups. No other bird can perform such feats on wing. The humming bird's backward movement is instantaneous and perfect in grace. The tail renders the movement possible, acting efficiently as a rudder, even performing the functions of a third wing. No other bird, large or small, has these accomplishments of sidewise or backward movement. A few strong-winged birds, such as the hawk or eagle, can hover over a given spot, but they do it infrequently.

The humming bird has the best equipment of wings of all the feathered folks. It is a strong, bold flyer and it makes astonishing journeys in its migrations. It is capable of the gentlest and most unhurried performances on the wing and yet can flash away at a speed to cheat your eyes almost. It will linger about a rose bush, rifling the flowers in a restless, excited manner, while you view at close range the nervous little sprite. It is unafraid of your presence and you are tempted to put out your hand to capture it. Suddenly your eyes are bereft of the charming vision. The visitor to the roses has flown and you have been unable to trace its flight.

A creature so wee and so fairy-like might well be possessed of a modest, shrinking, timorous nature. It is not so with the humming bird. It is unabashed on all occasions and is exceedingly pugnacious. It will

fight a duel to the death with its own kind and will enter the lists with any bird that flies, if its nest is threatened. Its plan of attack is to strike with its bill at the eye of its foe. Its audacity is as remarkable as its beauty. I have seen one when disturbed in the neighborhood of its nest alight on a twig and ruffle up the feathers on the back of its head and neck in a grotesque and comical effort to look fierce.

The humming bird's nest is an architectural marvel. It is a little larger than a thimble, the inside of it lined with thistle down and spider webs. The outside is shingled with lichens exactly similar in color to the limb the nest rests upon. The nest contains two eggs, perfectly white, the shells so delicately thin as to be almost transparent. The nest is difficult to find because of its diminutive size and its mimicry of color, but the male humming bird is so proud of the nest and so fond of his mate on the nest that his indiscreet attentions openly proclaim the location of his treasures. The intense love of the humming bird for mate and for young ones is a pleasing characteristic. The humming bird possesses almost every good quality that any bird has, excepting musical ability. It has no song and almost no voice, the only sound ever coming from its throat being a feeble "tweep."

Having once made a humming bird, nature went on to produce nearly 500 different species, according to the tabulations of the ornithologists, all exquisite, bee-like, flower-loving creatures, found principally in South America.

The humming bird sips honey from flowers, but it cannot live alone on this nourishment. The insects which frequent flowers supply the humming bird with some variety of food. It is very fond of spiders. Perhaps it derives its boldness and strength of character from its spider diet, while its ethereal nature arises from the essence of flowers.

* * *

INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

THE following is from the letters of Lady Mary Boyle, who was a witness of the fact and therefore can be relied on:

One day, while walking with my mother (in London) over the bridge, we were attracted to a small, poor cottage by the exquisite singing of a thrush. The old couple who lived in it were very poor and their richest possession was the thrush which sang outside in a wicker cage. After listening for a few moments my mother asked if they would be willing

to sell the thrush to her. The bargain was made, the double of the sum they named was paid by my mother, who sent a servant next morning to claim her purchase. The cage was placed in a large and cheerful window in our dining-room, but not a sound or a note came from the melancholy bird, which drooped and hung its head as if moulting. We fed, we coaxed, we whistled, but it remained silent, motionless, and moping. My mother felt as much indignation as was consistent with her gentle nature. She was not suspicious, but it looked as if another bird had been palmed off upon us. She waited several days, when her patience was exhausted and she sent for the late owner. The door opened and my mother advanced to meet him, but neither of them was allowed to speak, for no sooner did the old man make his appearance in the room than the bird leaped down from its perch, opened its wings and broke into so triumphant a song of joy that it seemed as if the whole room vibrated with the melody. "Why, my pretty lady," said the man, approaching the cage, "you know me, don't you?" and the thrush kept flapping its wings and moving from side to side, one might almost say dancing for joy. There was no doubt about it; it was the same bird that had charmed us in the lane at Wolsey, but, like the Hebrew captives, it could not sing its song in a strange land. "Take it back," my mother said, "I would not part such friends for all the world," and off together went that loving pair. Pretty bird, full of song.

* * *

A KINGFISHER'S NEST.

ONE day I found a kingfisher's burrow in a high bank near a river. The hole was perhaps five inches in diameter, and throwing off my coat, I thrust my arm in up to the shoulder. I could not reach the nest, so with a sharpened stick I picked away about two feet of the soft soil, and tried again. This time I distinctly felt feathers, and thought there must be young birds in the nest, until something closed on my fingers like the jaws of a steel trap. It was the bill of the kingfisher, who evidently did not approve of my meddling with her private affairs. I tried to pull away, but she held on tight, and when I finally did pull out my arm, the angry bird, with raised crest, was still hanging to the end of it. I took her in both hands and tossed her into the air, and then turned around and put my hand back into the hole. There, near the end, I could feel that the burrow was widened into a sort of a chamber, and from the bottom of this chamber I took eight eggs, ivory-white and highly polished. The nest was merely a mass of fish bones and fish scales, which had been disgorged by the parent birds. Of course I put the eggs back, and a few days later they were hatched.—*June Woman's Home Companion.*

UNCLE SAM BREEDING RARE BROWN PELICANS.

UNCLE SAM now has an aviary of his own where he is breeding brown pelicans. The reservation was acquired by the government several weeks ago, but nothing was said about it, as visitors were not wanted.

Pelican island, on the east coast of Florida, in Indian river, has long been the home of the brown pelican and has been overrun by hunters. It is the only place on the east coast where the birds breed in colonies, and as the slaughter almost equaled the increase there was danger of the species becoming extinct. So Secretary Wilson secured an order making it a government reservation, appointed a warden and gave him instructions that no one should be allowed to land on the island without an order from the Secretary of Agriculture.

After the birds leave the island they are protected by the game laws of Florida. The birds for years have been sought for their beautiful plumage for feminine decoration. The brown pelican is found only on the coast of Florida.

* * *

ALLIGATORS SING.

SEVERAL years ago one of the leading scientific journals of the country printed a long illustrated story of the singing or roaring alligators in the Berlin zoo, says the *Washington Post*. The narrative was interesting, but it describes nothing more than what takes place every spring at the Washington zoo. In the center of the main animal house of the zoo of this city there is a large tank, in which are kept about twenty alligators of all sizes, the largest being a monster over nine feet in length. During the winter season the zoo alligators are drowsy and dull, but with the coming of spring they begin to show signs of activity. Then it is that they utter their peculiar roaring noise. Singularly enough, here, as in the Berlin zoo, one certain alligator begins and leads the roaring, and the others join in and stop when he ceases bellowing. This is the big saurian, the largest 'gator in the zoo, and there are few sights more interesting than to watch the saurians when they are all bellowing together.

* * *

TREES WITHOUT LEAVES.

THERE are great forests of leafless trees in Australia. They are acacias, or wattles, as some people call them, and their being leafless is simply an adaptation to the dry climate. They have leaves while growing, but when their growth is complete they shed the leaves and breathe through the little stem that remains, because moisture is too precious to them for the free evaporation that leaves always cause.

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HOARDING.

THERE is a hoarding that is too common. Reference is had to the classes that hide money, or some similar valuable thing, and who think they are doing right in adding to a pile of accumulation that they will never use. This sort of hoarding, within limitations short of miserliness, may even pass for economy and prudence. Whatever it may be we have nothing to do with that sort of hoarding in this article.

Then there is another sort of hoarding that presents so many anomalies that it is worth discussion and consideration of the most serious character. I refer to laying up treasures where there is neither rust nor moth. You remember the reference to it in the Book. One queer thing about this sort of hoarding is that he who thinks the least about it has the most. And he who gives away the most finds most. It is a certain fact in ethics that what may be true in the physical world is not true in the world of morals and religion.

A man who dies rich in gold and silver, no difference how he gets it, is said to be well off, no matter how really poor off he is. He is rich only as far as what he has stopped others from getting is concerned. Anybody can get rich. All there is to it is in everlastingly working away at it, saving every cent, and taking advantage of the needs and exigencies of the individual, and setting money to earning money. In the long run, in the course of an ordinary lifetime, there is a

certainty of ultimately becoming so-called rich. But is it worth while? The majority of people seem to think so. At least they put in all their waking hours at it, and doubtless dream of it. In the end they win out. It may be said that anyone may find anything findable if he only hunts long enough for it. Then there is another way, and thank God for it.

This other way of hoarding is in helping out others less fortunate than ourselves, in giving to others who have not, part of what little we have. When such people die they take with them all they have given away. And it is all that does go along. What is hoarded remains, often to prove a curse to the heirs. What of good we do here, and what we put out in this way, is money loaned to the Lord, but not as many people as ought accept the security. We see what God thinks of money by the kind of people who have the most of it. Uncle Russel Sage, and Hetty Green, are good examples of pilers-up on the earth. There are thousands of unknown people who are a blessing to the poor around them. I would like to know how the Lord will look on the two lots. I really do know, but I would like to see the actual workings of the court of last resort.

And there is not a reader who cannot give to others. Money, indeed, they may not have to disburse, but money is not the most valuable thing in the world. There are some things that have no money value, things that the output of all the mines of the world cannot buy. When a neighbor sits up through the long night watch beside the bed of one who by no human possibility can ever repay in any way, and who is going to die anyway, do you think money could buy that? Your money perish with you, if you do.

Thank God, there are people who are not out hunting for chances to add dollar to dollar. They are looking for places to do good, and they are finding them on every hand. One woman going over the hill of an afternoon to help a sick neighbor is worth a parlor full of women whose only thought is something new to wear, or some new way to attract a lot of fool men around them. One man who seeks out the poor in the back alley, who is helpful to all who come within his sphere of influence is worth more in the long run, more in the sight of God, than the whole lot of bulls and bears on Wall street. That is, if you think there is a hereafter, such is the case.

Now the moral of the whole business is to go ahead and do all the good you can, wherever you can, and however you can, and never think of the reward at the end of the trip. All that you have ever done is stacked up at the end of the journey and when it comes to winning in, figuratively speaking, you may be surprised at the littleness of your passport and the magni-

tude of some unknown neighbor's hoard that had piled up without the owner's knowledge. And like yourself, the wonder on the neighbor's part may be about the high value that has been set on what he held so lightly here. Yes, there is a hoard and a hoarding, a keeping of treasure and a laying up of treasures. You have your choice. Which will you?

* * *

LABOR TROUBLES.

THE world of labor, and the experience of employers, is perhaps the most vexed field of any now in existence. The thing has been carried on both sides to the verge of distraction. Labor has its troubles and its wrongs, and capital is engaged in a perpetual fight with the employed. There is not a calling or a trade that has not its Union. Go to the city. The train men are in a combination. The engineer and the fireman are united in their several orders. When you get to the city, the hackmen, the street car people, and the very bootblacks are in combination.

At the hotel the waiters are in combination together. Sit down to a table, and you order a steak furnished by the butcher's union, hauled to the hotel by a member of the teamster's union, cooked by the union chef, and if you notice that the napkin is of flimsy paper you are informed that the laundry people are on strike, and the very egg you have ordered, if it comes from the commission houses, has passed through the hands of the egg candler's union. There is nothing that is not mixed up with the various orders and different unions.

While labor has its undoubted wrongs, and capital is often conscienceless, yet there is the fact that the uninterested public have some rights in this world. Shall the baby die because milkmen will not deliver milk, or the invalid be denied an orange because of a lot of squabbling teamsters? This thing is overdone. There is a time coming when measures will have to be taken to prevent the suffering of all because a few cannot agree.

* * *

THE WRONGS OF THE JEWS.

THE persecution of the Jews in Russia elicits the widest sympathy in the civilized world, and yet it is only in keeping with their early history. They have been the under dog throughout all history, or since the beginning of the Christian era. And the opposition to them has been without sense and without mercy. And, after all has been said and done, against them, they have maintained their unity as a nation and will probably continue to do so until the end of time. In spite of the persecution that has always followed them the Jews have been in the front of every endeavor. They have been first as physicians, and bankers, and the world of

letters owes a debt to the Jewish people. There is perhaps no field of effort in which they have not excelled, and yet, strange to say, every civilized country has trampled on them. While they have been driven from the four corners of the world they have maintained their national characteristics, and while suffering under their persecutions, they hopefully look forward to the time when their nation shall be recognized as one of the powers of the earth. Who knows when that time will come? Hitherto there has been political cohesion among them, and when a strong man unites them and they have strong leadership, the chances are that if the Jews are gathered together they will be, both in numbers and in desirable characteristics, one of the great nations.

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OUR NEWS.

IN harmony with a very general demand there has been added to the Nook a few pages of news. These news pages will reflect the general happenings of the world and will be as carefully scanned and edited as the other parts of the paper. Of course they will be only of a general character, and of such kind as a cleanly home and mind care to be informed. The point that we want to impress is that the news is true, as far as we are able to understand, and that is something in these days of yellow journalism. That an item of news is short, and to the point, is not to be taken to mean that it is comparatively unimportant. The endeavor of the Editor is to get as much as possible in the space at command.

It will require a few weeks to get our news service in thorough working order, after which it is hoped that the resume of events will be of interest to our many readers.

* * *

THE Committee of Arrangements for the last Annual Meeting at Bellefontaine, Ohio, feel that some statement ought to be made in print in regard to their attitude to the INGLENOOK reunion. It was stated in the INGLENOOK that no arrangements could be made with the committee for the meeting. There seems to have been a misunderstanding, as all the Committee declined to do was to set apart a time for the meeting. They had no objection to an arrangement for a reunion made along such lines as we might arrange for personally. As members of the committee are favorable to the INGLENOOK, and the INGLENOOK has but the kindest of feelings for them, the matter may be considered closed, with a regret that there was ever a shade of disappointment. We had the pleasure of meeting some thousands of INGLENOOK friends and everybody seemed to be happy.

* * *

THE fine art of living is to draw from each person his best.—*Lilian Whiting.*

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

A peace order has been issued and the waiters of the Chicago hotels and restaurants, who participated in the strike of last week, are resuming their work. They met defeat, and deservedly so. The day of compelling obedience to imperious demands, by trampling on the rights of the public, belongs to the dark ages. This strike should never have been. Thousands of dollars have been lost, much inconvenience incurred, and no good done anybody.

Three preachers who arbitrated the stockyard engineer strike in Chicago sent in a bill of \$1,000 to the Union. The other ministers censured them for this wrong course.

A man by the name of Waltz has sued John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, for \$200,000, on the ground that he furnished the plan whereby the great strike in the coal region was settled.

It is stated in a dispatch from London that negotiations are in progress between the United States Steel Corporation and European corporations, looking for a world-combination in a common trust in order to increase prices.

Out at Heppner, Oregon, the town that was swept away by the flood, they have settled down to the belief that about two hundred lives were lost. The town is built in a gulch. Willow Creek came down with a wall of water twenty feet high and swept the whole business away.

The food inspectors of Kansas City have great difficulty in preventing large quantities of food damaged by the waters of the recent flood being put on the market, either in that city or sent to other places. A vast amount of food stuff was necessarily in the cellars of business houses, submerged, and instead of dumping it in the river some of them, though not many, are trying to sell it either locally or abroad.

The residents of the flooded districts are making a determined effort to clean up their homes, and are assisted in every way by the authorities of Kansas City and St. Louis. In addition to the money loss there is danger of an epidemic of sickness as a result of the overflow.

From Numan Grove, Nebraska, comes the story of one of the worst storms that ever visited that part of the State. About four o'clock in the afternoon a cloudburst let loose and between four and five inches of water fell in about ten minutes. Hail also fell and a terrific wind prevailed. Much damage was done.

By the time this is read by the Inglenookers the first carload of cantaloupes will be shipped from the Lar-

edo, Texas, district. The meat in the Laredo cantaloupe is not as thick as in those raised by our friends at Rockyford, Colorado, but they are just as sweet and juicy. They sell in the shops at twenty cents apiece. Part of them are raised in Old Mexico, just across the river.

Oklahoma peaches are being sent to London. The first lot will be sent to Southampton. The ocean trip requires from seven to nine days. The Oklahoma peach crop this year will be the largest ever grown, and the people will find difficulty in marketing them on account of the extended crop.

With favorable weather Kansas will have about eighty per cent of a corn crop. Much of it has been washed out by reason of the overflow and has been replanted.

Wheat in Kansas is fairly good this season. There is a great demand for harvest hands throughout the West, and many people are taking advantage of it.

The mosquitoes of Louisiana have forced a government surveying party to abandon their work and flee for their lives. Professor J. B. Baylor, of the United States coast and geodetic survey, went to Louisiana a short time ago to survey the oyster reefs on the coast, and, after several days on the coast, he found it impossible to continue the work because of the mosquitoes. He says the lives of the men were at stake, therefore the work will not be resumed before winter.

BISHOP McCLOSKEY, of Louisville, Kentucky, has caused the calling off of a big Catholic Knights Picnic. He gives as his reason the shocking, indecent style of the modern dance, intoxicating liquors, etc. Good for the bishop!

Some of the Indians are protesting against the Government's plan of changing their names. They prefer the ones they have always had, no matter how they appear to the white man.

Rufus Herbut, a negro tobacconist of New York, is gradually turning white. His hands and portions of his body are slowly changing color. The doctors cannot account for it, as no symptoms of disease are present. It is not uncommon for an occasional case of this kind to come to the notice of the public, and in their most pronounced forms the subjects of the change never really become like white people.

The plans of President Harriman, of the Southern Pacific Railway for shortening the route of the transcontinental trains are being realized. One of the cut-offs in Nevada has been completed and the order has been issued to use it. The bridge crossing Great Salt Lake has been nearly completed and its use will result in an enormous saving to the railroad.

Bishop Potter delivered an address at the Commencement exercises at Lawrenceville, N. J., in which he claims that the present system of education destroys our manners.

Grover Cleveland is being resurrected as a possible candidate for the presidency as opposed to Roosevelt.

Glen Bales Peck, a bright-eyed four-year-old boy living with his parents in the depot at Perry, Oklahoma, is the youngest telegraph operator in the world. All the operators along the Rock Island Railroad know him and can testify to his ability as an operator. He reads messages, not by Morse letters, but by the sound of whole words, and although he does not know a single Morse letter, he can send messages at the rate of twenty-five words a minute.

The Brethren Publishing House, at Elgin, Illinois, will be enlarged this year by the addition of a building in the rear of the lot now occupied, and the raising of the back part of the building to the third story. The increase of the business has rendered this necessary.

The postal investigation at Washington, D. C., shows a deplorable condition of things. It appears that the authorities in that department of the Government, or some of them at least, were in the habit of collecting money from those who rendered service to the Government. The corruption appears to have ramified far and wide.

The Socialist party in Germany at the election last year showed a gain of about 400,000 voters over the election of 1898. It should be remembered that Socialism in Germany does not mean what it does in America. It will be of interest to the INGLENOOK readers to know what they really do believe. The following is their platform:

One vote for every adult man and woman; a holiday to be election day; payment of members (of the imperial diet and state legislatures);

The government to be responsible to parliament (at present the emperor can dissolve parliament at will); local self-government; referendum;

Introduction of the militia system;

Freedom of speech and freedom of press;

Equality of man and woman before the law;

Disestablishment of the churches;

Udenominational schools, with compulsory attendance and gratuitous tuition;

Gratuitousness of legal proceeding;

Gratuitous medical attendance and burial;

Progressive income tax and succession duty.

King Peter of Servia is having the time of his life. After heading a revolution which resulted in the killing of the king and queen and a number of others in the royal palace, and having himself been installed as king, now finds that the adjoining countries are calling

for the punishment of the assassins. As he was at the head of the business himself, he will find it a very difficult thing to placate the countries demanding this punishment. And if he does not, his kingdom may be parcelled out among them for being taken as a protectorate, while he stands a chance of being a prisoner in one of their capitals.

A new invention in typewriters is a novelty and a decided advantage. Three or more typewriters of standard make are geared together, one behind the other, each one worked by the keys of the first, thus practically having one operator do the work of three.

One of the difficulties in the way of handling aluminum has been that there has been no known way of soldering the metal. It is now announced that E. C. Mellard has discovered a new metal called selium. As its production is very cheap he thinks that it will work a revolution among metals.

It appears that the Jews in Russia are still being mercilessly persecuted.

The "American fever" is at a high temperature in Denmark. The emigration figures of that country show that more than twice as many Danes have come to America during the month of May this year as during the same period last year. And the fever shows no signs of abating.

There is a famine in Kwang-Si, China, which is steadily growing worse. The starving population is estimated at 200,000. A Japan report says that cannibalism is practiced and that human flesh is publicly offered for sale. England has been furnishing aid for two months.

In July work will be begun on a new railroad in Alaska. It is to be 413 miles long and will form a part of the Alaska Central Railway System. This will mean much for Alaska because it will make the interior of that country accessible every day of the year, thus saving much hard travel. And it will open up a country rich in coal, gold and copper. Climatic conditions in the vicinity of the new road are such as to foster agricultural industries. Thus the opening of the new road may prove to be the dawn of Alaska's day of pleasant homes.

The INGLENOOK wants the news from your section of country. Anything of general interest is desired. If Mr. John Smith of the adjoining congregation, preached in your church last Sunday, that is not of general interest. If Mr. John Smith and his family are going to California this Fall, that's news. Send us that. If crops are excellent, or a failure in your section, tell us. That's news. Add your mite and address the Editor of the INGLENOOK straight on the news items.

SOMETHING ABOUT SPELLING.

ONE of the most difficult things in the world for some people is to spell accurately and correctly. To some it comes easy enough, for others it is simply impossible. To one who sits in the Nookman's chair it soon becomes apparent that the majority of people do not know how to spell correctly. Speaking of this, under the head of "Pity Sake Spellers," the *Chicago Record Herald* in an editorial gives the following:

There is a mutual condolence class at the Evanston university. It is composed of "pity sake" spellers, students who failed in the orthographic admission test. They are required to sequester themselves at definite hours until they make up in good spelling the words they failed on at the opening of the year.

Misery has proverbially loved company, and the bad spellers have been giving one another a good time. One result of their sociable isolation is a number of marriage engagements. Whether this type of consolation prize shall prove of enduring value only time can tell. Bulwer Lytton was convinced that—

In the lexicon of youth which fate reserves
For a bright manhood there is no such word as fail.

But he never participated in a spelling test for admission to the university.

Such trifles as spelling tests are unheard of in universities with ivied towers. The preparatory school finishes the student in elementaries. His later years are reserved for more advanced studies.

The general failure of American students in spelling amounts to an indictment of our preparatory schools or argues a more determined demand for good spelling in this country. Spelling has come to be looked upon as among universal obligations. This was not true in former generations. Manuscripts on both sides of the ocean demonstrate not only wide divergence in spelling by contemporaries, but a disedifying indifference to any standard.

If the dictionaries of to-day were applied to what was called "polite epistolary correspondence" of Dolly Madison's time, whole academies and colleges would have to be conditioned in orthography. There was no fixed or immutable form of spelling for many words.

Former orthography was in part phonetic, in part etymologic. Mostly it was according to individual illiteracy or learning and there was no ill-bred assumption of superiority by those who followed a more antique spelling as compared with the rapidly changing spellings which were coming in with new ideas in printing.

Even family names were spelled differently by members of the same family and nothing was thought about it. Family name spelling has been variable in every country and in all ages. The right of a man to change his spelling was conceded as spontaneously as his right

to alter any other of his belongings when the alteration inflicted no injury on anyone else.

Occasionally amusing controversies arose over family names, but as even the bard of Avon had several spellings for his name it was deemed rather fashionable for families to divide their orthography. This was especially noteworthy where a family had lived in divers places at different times, local phonetics often materially modifying both the spelling and the pronunciation of names.

Alteration of spelling without submerging the identity of the family was especially admired. The variants of many old names can be counted by the dozen and it was cause for boast when a younger generation could trace the family name through labyrinths of initials and finals, through Grimm's law of consonantal change and into the more subtle succession of vowel substitutions.

George Buchanan, the distinguished scholar, had a momentary difficulty in recognizing kin in the Bohannons, but the latter showed conclusively that their spelling was a phonetic reproduction of the original Gaelic. Unintentional alteration of family names was much commoner than intentional ones; immutable spelling was generally unknown; nor did fixity of orthography arrive in even a moderate degree until distribution of dictionaries made it feasible.

Dictionaries, however, have no jurisdiction over family names. Variations are bound to continue and to propagate new ones in new places. Many immigrants come to the United States unacquainted with the written style of their patronymics. Too young to spell or unschooled, they often unconsciously begin spelling their names differently in the home of their adoption, thus sometimes causing legal complications or social riddles not easily solved.

Bad spelling is not a mortal sin except when intended for publication. Its veniality is clear when a dictionary of the first half of the century is placed side by side with the latest. Excepting a small number of roots, mostly of one syllable, spelling has been a progressive science whose elasticity is continuous, although but slightly perceived.

As the ear gives no help in English orthography, teachers should cultivate visual spelling to the highest degree of proficiency. In a laborious acquisition of the present conventional spelling the student will be richly rewarded by excursions into the origin and career of words, in many instances discovering important historical leads in unexpected spots and a poetic lore of extensive and absorbing charm.

* * *

BERNE has the reputation of being the most honest town in Switzerland. It is said that not a single article has been lost within the city without being recovered.

THE SAUERKRAUT PEDDLER.

THE regular and popular visitor to the German inns and taverns of New York is the sauerkraut man. He brings his calling with him from the old country and finds a more profitable field in New York than in Berlin or Hamburg. His equipment is quite curious. He wears a blue or white apron, running from his neck nearly to the ankles, and from his shoulders is suspended a circular metal box which goes half around his waist. It has three large compartments, two of which are surrounded by hot water. In one are well cooked frankfurter sausages, and in the other thoroughly boiled sauerkraut. In the third compartment is potato salad. He carries in his hand a basket in which

in Germany. The metal is some variety of pewter, and the fitting of the compartments and of the entire affair to the body is very accurate. The covers are so well hinged and snug at the edges that when the owner falls down he is not liable to spill any of the contents. The contrivance costs some three dollars in Germany, and about five dollars in New York. A few of the peddlers appeal to educated palates and carry with them cervelat, bock, reh, leberwurst and vienna, as well as frankfurters. These fancy sausages usually bring ten cents instead of the regulation five cents.

The forks are washed after the customer has finished his little meal, and from repeated cleansing and use are as bright as silver. The plates, on the other hand,



UTAH'S FAMOUS SALT PALACE.

are small plates and steel forks. One sausage and a generous spoonful of sauerkraut and potato salad cost five cents. All three articles are of good quality, well cooked and seasoned. He finds his best customers in the bowling alleys, where the exertion demanded by the game produces large appetites. Next to these are the taverns which do not supply food with their drink. Last of all are the halls and meeting rooms where different societies assemble. His nightly stock consists of fifty sausages, seven pounds of sauerkraut and as much more of salad. On bad evenings he takes only half as much stock as on fair ones. Some of the more fortunate peddlers have arrangements with clubs which pay them a very fair profit upon their goods. Others are free lances who visit every place where they think they can effect a sale.

The metal boxes are very ingenious and are made

are so banged and bruised that they might be easily mistaken for crackle ware.

OUR bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop, or weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry—why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our own wills.—*Shakespeare.*

HE that finds God a sweet enveloping thought to him never counts his company. When I sit in that presence, who shall dare to come in?—*Emerson.*

THERE is a genuine piety in simply being happy.—*Zion's Herald.*

WILD ANIMAL BUSINESS.

"A WILD animal dealer has to take all the risks," said one of the most experienced wild animal collectors in the United States. "The shows and menageries and parks that buy from him don't pay for an animal until it is delivered. Generally they want it delivered in the place they have set for it. Sometimes they will take it at the ship or at the train, but usually they expect us to deliver the beast right in their place.

"Consequently the risk is enormous and we have to charge a price that will make up for the danger of loss. We cannot insure our beasts during transportation except in rare instances. If they die during a voyage or are washed overboard or thrown into the sea to save the ship, the loss is ours. The only insurance we can get as a rule is insurance as cargo, which we can collect only in case the ship itself is lost.

"Now we have just had one experience that illustrates my point. We shipped an immense lot of exceptionally fine animals in Calcutta—four baby elephants, five tigers from Bengal, four leopards, and about two hundred cranes, some of which were so rare that they had not even been identified by Indian zoologists. We also had thirty-five serpents, among them a python twenty feet long.

"Well, our animal men who accompanied the shipment got them through all right for thirty-three days until we struck the Newfoundland banks, when a sleet storm hammered the ship, and for a night she labored through tremendous icy seas that swept her deck continually.

"Canvas and straw were piled around the animals and everything was done by our men that was possible, but when morning came three elephants, three tigers, all the rare cranes, and every one of the snakes lay dead and had to be thrown overboard.

"This shows why wild animals cost so much. And there are many other risks. Last year one of the big American animal dealers heard from a beast catcher in Rangoon that he had seven full-grown rhinoceri in perfect condition.

"He sent a cable message at once accepting the animals and then hurriedly had timbers cut and shaped to build the great pens that are necessary to hold powerful beasts like these on a steamship.

"Well, the expense of these pens and the freight charges for shipping them from America more than half way around the world, made a big item in themselves. Then there were the expenses of the dealer and the three assistants whom he had to take with him.

"After their long voyage to Rangoon they found a difficult trip into the interior before them. They had to drag the heavy timbers for the pens with them, knowing from bitter previous experience that the Oriental animal catchers would be provided with noth-

ing except bamboo cages—tough and strong enough so long as they are stationary, but almost sure to work apart when they are moved over bad roads.

"At last they reached their objective point, and then, after all their work and expenditure, they found three small, sickly and poor specimens.

"Not one of them was in condition to be shipped even to the coast, not to mention the long ocean voyage to America. So here were almost four months wasted, many thousands of dollars lost, and, worst of all, no rhinoceros at the very time when a dozen menageries were offering big amounts of money for specimens.

"But we have no redress. Wild animal dealers, in the nature of the case, have to do business with native hunters, who are neither amenable to law or responsible financially, however honest their intentions may be.

"You can't send the police out to serve a warrant or papers in a damage suit on a man who lives a couple of hundred miles away from civilization in a jungle with tigers and panthers and boa constrictors around him for friends and neighbors. If he fails to keep his contract with us, we simply have to grin and bear it.

"Shipping the beasts is always a hard job. Sailors are afraid of wild animals, and they handle the cargoes with such unwillingness that they often drop a cage into the hold and kill or injure the beast because they are afraid to get near enough to it to guide or swing it properly.

"I have often put my arm into a cage and rubbed a tiger or a lion merely in order to show the crew of the ship that they need not be apprehensive. But they generally don't do anything except to grin sheepishly, and say, 'All right, mister. You're welcome to do them kind of foolish things all you please. We'd rather not.'

"The consequence is that when a storm comes and the seas sweep the vessel and tear a few cages from their fastenings, the wild animal men rarely get any help from the crew and many a rare and valuable beast has been lost merely because everybody was afraid of it.

"It is a sight to see the trouble and excitement that attend the shipment of a giraffe. We can't drive the tall, frightened brute up the gangplank, of course. The giraffe generally is so nervous that it would leap into the sea.

"So we haul it up in its crate, with its long neck sticking out. And every minute of the time we watched with fear lest it should get so excited while it is being swung on board that it will thrash its head against the side of the ship and either break its neck or fracture its skull.

"The least excitement drives a giraffe so frantic that it leaps with uncontrollable fear. The greatest

danger is that it will break its legs. They are so long and thin and the brute is so ungainly and awkward when confined in a small space that the least trip or stumble will bring it crashing down and then it is 'good-bye giraffe!'

"This is largely because a giraffe needs a good many yards of space for one step. Therefore, although it is so graceful and swift when it lopes over an open plain where its long legs can spread far out as it runs, it is a poor shuffling, clumsy thing when it has to move in a pen.

"A giraffe catches cold easily, and it is no fun to dose it when it has to be done on a rolling, staggering ship.

"The giraffe is a bad sailor, too, although not so hard as camels that usually act like spiteful, fretful, vindictive children. They get homesick and moan and complain like selfish human beings.

"The elephant is a good old sailor man. He takes whatever comes along and never says a word. It is a little hard on him to get no green food on a long voyage, and sometimes the dry food spoils his stomach. Then we have to give him mighty doses of physic. He doesn't like that, and as there isn't much room to jump around on a ship, there are more comfortable jobs than being a doctor to sick elephants on the ocean.

"No, the wild animal dealer does not have an easy and delightful life as all the young folk think when they read about his romantic beasts. It's a hard calling, and only a few grow rich from it. Yet none of us ever seems to want to leave it once he gets well into it."

EATING CHOP SUEY A FAD.

THE eating of chop suey, the national dish of "the heathen Chinese," is becoming quite a fad in the United States, and, although the taste for it must be acquired by assiduous cultivation, it may yet become a popular article of diet. There are some sixty Chinese restaurants scattered over the different boroughs of greater New York whose chief attraction is this popular composition, and several American restaurants have endeavored to take advantage of its popularity by adding it to their daily bill of fare. There is a ridiculous amount of mystery concerning the dish. It is simple, economical and easily made. The general formula is as follows. One pound of moderately lean fresh pork cut into pieces a quarter of an inch thick, a half an inch wide, and an inch long; two chicken livers chopped up to the size of dice, two chicken gizzards cut into slices the size of a nickel and each ring pinked with the lines almost meeting in the center.

The heat of cooking causes the fibers to shrink, and converts the circle into a many-pointed star. A quarter of a pound of celery cut into slivers, a quarter of a pound of canned mushrooms, and a quarter of a

pound of green peas, chopped string beans, asparagus tips, bean sprouts or salsify. These are thrown into a fryingpan over a hot fire, covered with a cup of water, four tablespoons of peanut oil, olive oil, or melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a clove of garlic, grated salt, white pepper and red pepper.

If the fire is hot enough these will cook in five minutes. The contents of the pan should be stirred to prevent burning and the moment the water boils out, fresh water should be added in small quantities to prevent frying. The dish should be served promptly and is not only palatable, but wholesome and easily digested. In place of pork, mutton can be employed, while chicken liver and gizzard may be replaced by those of the turkey. Some Chinese cooks use the Indian soy, which is sweeter. The effect can be imitated by adding a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and another of brown sugar or a teaspoonful of molasses. An agreeable modification results from the use of asparagus tips along with the other vegetable ingredients, while the Singapore variety is obtained by stirring in a tablespoonful of curry paste. In the Chinese restaurants the cost varies from 10 to 25 cents a plate, the more expensive dish containing a fair amount of the best imported French mushrooms.

QUEER NAMES FOR CHURCHES.

AN English schoolboy was paying a visit to Rome and was greatly interested in the sights of the eternal city. The churches especially interested him. One day he started out alone to view the city and on his return was asked what sight-seeing he had been doing that day.

"Oh, churches."

"And what were their names?"

"Well," said the boy, slowly, "I am not quite certain, but I think one was called Vietato fumare Maggiore (Smoking-Is-Forbidden the Greater) and the other was called Santa Maria si prega di non sputare" (St. Mary You-Are-Requested-Not-to-Spit).

MALTA is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,360 people to the square mile. Barbadoes has 1,054 people to the square mile.

LONDON employs over 16,000 policemen to keep order, and most of them are on night duty. It costs nearly \$6,000,000 a year to maintain them.

AMONG any 100,000 people, 15,000 experience during the year an accidental injury of some kind severe enough to cause a claim on an accident policy.

TATTOOING.

THE process of being tattooed is an interesting one, and there is always more or less romance and adventure about it. The people who are given to it do not know what may happen when the time comes for them to regret being marked up. We hope no INGLENOKER will get it into his or her head to want to be tattooed. It is an everlasting advertisement of foolishness, which cannot be gotten rid of without much trouble, if, indeed, the marks can be removed at all. A writer in the *Times*, in telling how tattooing is done, says that many people imagine the passion for having the skin marked with emblems in india and colors is confined to sailors and natives of the far east. He says that seamen and orientals represent only about one-fourth of his patrons. The balance is made up of Americans and Europeans from every walk of life.

When a patron has selected a design the operator carefully washes the surface of skin which is to be operated on, then sterilizes it with alcohol. As soon as the cuticle is prepared he attaches the wires to one of his ingenious machines. The next instant half a dozen tiny needles, dancing up and down so rapidly that one can hardly see them, are puncturing the skin and forming the outline of the design. The ink splashes and falls in big blots and one fancies that the result will be merely an unsightly blotch, but when the smear is wiped off, only the curves and spirals that the needles have made are to be seen. When the details of the design have been completed the wires are attached to a color machine, which is of smaller construction, but contains more needles, and blues and reds are worked around the black with wonderful accuracy. The finishing touches are made with a shading machine which operates by clockwork instead of electricity. It is larger than the others and is provided with fifty needles. Through the medium of this last instrument the design is filled in with delicate lines, which complete the picture.

During the Spanish-American war one hundred and thirty naval reserve men visited the "studio" in one day and each of them went away with a design tattooed on his arm.

The majority of the Jack Tars choose designs of a patriotic character, but the tastes of some run to dragons, serpents and demons. Men of religious tendencies select the crucifixion or the Madonna and many Catholic seamen request that scapulars be reproduced on their breast and back. The Jackies are very good customers. They vie with each other in securing designs intricate in detail and complicated in color and do not hesitate to pay as high as thirty dollars for an emblem that strikes their fancy.

He states that the tattooing of twelve square inches of skin at one sitting is as much as the patient can bear and it takes from two to three months to make an all-

over tattoo. Cocaine is, of course, used when the operation is extensive, but despite the anesthetic the nerves are apt to rebel after a while. On one occasion, however, he tattooed a man steadily for eight hours, receiving one hundred dollars for the job.

When asked about the cost of tattooing he said there was really no regular standard, but that the true artist expects to be well paid. He will tattoo a name for twenty-five cents and the operation is completed in sixty seconds. The price of a design requiring several hours' work to complete and having the finest tones and colorings would vary from ten to fifty dollars. He charges one hundred dollars for an elaborate dragon, which is the most difficult emblem to tattoo, owing to the many and varied shades that must be worked in.

While manipulating his electric tattooer he keeps his clients interested and amused. He talks of the sea to mariners and of adventures by land to travelers who prefer terra firma to the ocean. When literary folks visit him he amazes them by airy allusions to that line in Austin Dobson's "A Tale of Polypheme" alluding to "Anchors and hearts in shadowy tattoo;" his actor customers are regaled with anecdotes about the drama and to people who are interested in primitive tattooing he tells of the methods that were used in ancient Egypt, the south sea islands and by the Burmese and Japanese.

Owing to his exhaustive knowledge of special markings in tattoo, as practiced by different nations, the hospital and police authorities of this city depend upon him to aid in their attempts to identify bodies of unfortunates found drowned, or unknown individuals who have met a violent death and who have tattoo marks upon them.

In addition to the many who pay him for tattographs there are a number who invoke his aid in ridding them of marks that have become an eyesore. He always manages to rise to the occasion, but charges more for eradicating the marks than for making them. A few weeks ago a young man came to him, looking the picture of misery and exhibiting his wrist, on which was tattooed a particularly ugly snake, begging that it be obliterated, as he could not persuade his sweetheart to name the day until the disfigurement was removed. He will have to wait some time before this result is achieved and meanwhile the wrist will be subjected to heroic treatment.

About a year ago a pretty girl paid the "professor" a special price for tattooing her fiance's name on her arm. She has experienced a change of heart since then, however, and has just asked him if he can re-tattoo another name over the first one in such a way as to completely cover it. He can and will, but he is speculating as to how long a period will elapse before she is back again with a third name.

EARLY MORNING AIR.

Most people at some time in their lives probably have risen early enough to experience the bracing effect, given by filling the lungs while dew is still on the grass. So far as analysis goes, the composition of early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time. It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place.

There is a fall of temperature at sunset and a rise again at dawn and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also. The formation of dew has probably therefore far more

the oxygen, ozone, or peroxide of hydrogen (whichever it may be) being used up.

The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations is true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot form upon the grass under a tree, whereas as a rule both rain and light can reach it.

Dew is probably essential to the well-being of both plants and animals to a greater extent than is known.

❖ ❖ ❖

ONE of the most eccentric of millionaires was Senor Yturbe, a Mexican, who died quite recently. He



LES AMATEURS, A PAINTING IN THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

profound effects than merely the moistening of objects with water.

Dew is vitalizing not entirely because it is water but because it possesses an invigorating action due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed. It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which marks the early morning air has its origin in this way.

Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to

possessed a beautiful villa on the Cimiez Hill at Nice, but always dreaded that one day a ray of sunshine would kill him, and in consequence for a long time he shunned daylight and fresh air altogether. Every window in the villa was heavily curtained and all the apartments were artificially lighted, while his carriage was shuttered and almost hermetically sealed whenever he drove out in the daytime.

❖ ❖ ❖

It looks very much as though there is going to be a war between Japan and Russia. The little country will become a world power if it succeeds in drubbing its larger oppressor.

A WEDDING-CAKE STORY.

"THE recipe I frequently use in mixing these cakes calls for such large quantities of provisions that they sound as if I was preparing rations for an army. Here is a sample of the kind and size I make every day of the year."

The proprietor tossed about a few letters on his desk and presently produced a scrap of paper, from which he read glibly: "Eighteen cups butter, ten pints sugar, eight quarts flour, ten dozen eggs, fourteen pounds currants, seven pounds citron, eight pounds shelled almonds, fourteen pounds raisins, three pints brandy, four ounces mace."

"To make a cake of that kind," he continued, "is an all-day job. It takes at least five hours to mix it properly, and about six hours to bake it. It will make sixteen good-sized loaves and will keep from generation to generation, and if the girl who has matrimony on the brain ever intends to dream of her future husband she will dream about him when she goes to sleep with a slab of that concoction under her pillow."

"But even though wedding cakes sound like such impossible conglomerations they make mighty good eating," the proprietor went on with professional alertness. "Women are particularly fond of them. I have one customer up town who has never been married in her life, and since she has had such bad luck with her eyes and complexion I am afraid she never will be, but she buys a wedding cake regularly every year. She began it fifteen years ago. I thought then she was going to figure in a real marriage herself. She was a pleasant, talkative lady, so one day when she was in here, volunteering remarks as to the trimmings on her cake, I took the liberty of jollying her a little."

"When is it going to come off?" I asked.

"The poor creature blushed and showed so plainly that she was all cut up over being made light of that I could have bitten my tongue off for having hurt her feelings. But she was clear grit, and presently she braced up and gave me a straight-forward answer."

"'I am not going to get married—not just now,' she said, 'but I made up my mind a long time ago that if I ever did I would choose the 18th of June for the great day. I am very fond of wedding cake. I have often eaten it at my friends' weddings, and as I am getting pretty well along in years now, and there doesn't seem much chance of my ever having a wedding of my own, I am going to have the cake, anyway. Will you please make the very best cake you know how and get it up to my house by the 18th?'"

"I don't know how other people may look at that little incident, but it struck me as being chockfull of pathos, and you may be sure I put in my very best work on that cake. I wouldn't have let one of the hands touch it for love or money. I stirred it myself

and attended to the baking and if I do say so, it was one of the most delicious pieces of confectionery I ever put into my mouth. The lady was delighted with it. She ate a slice every day for a year. On the following 18th of June I sent her another cake, and I have continued to send her one every year since. What is more to the point, I always charge her less than cost price, which is something I never do for anybody else. But then, hers is an exceptional case all the way around.—*N. Y. Times.*

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES.

PEOPLE who are given to the disgusting use of tobacco, especially in its most objectionable form of cigarettes, have doubtless seen advertised in the stores a brand known as Egyptian Cigarettes, and they probably think they are made of Egyptian tobacco. A writer in an eastern paper says that of the five hundred varieties of these articles now in the market it is almost safe to affirm that nine-tenths have had as little relation to Egypt as the men who use them under the impression that they came from Alexandria or Cairo.

In the first place there is no such thing as Egyptian tobacco. The culture of the leaf is forbidden by law in that country. The reason of the prohibition involves a curious chapter in trade history. The best cigarette tobacco of the east is Turkish and it is used in Russia, Turkey, Egypt and nearly all the Mediterranean countries. Long ago it was found that Turkish tobacco in going from Constantinople to Alexandria underwent a sweating which improved its flavor. If carried a shorter distance, say to Beyroot, or a longer one, to Algiers, there was no improvement. This gave a prestige to the Egyptian cigarette made of Turkish tobacco, which brought wealth to the manufacturer and a heavy revenue to the state. In order to increase this revenue the government at one time took measures to grow the leaf in the delta, but the result proved an unpleasant surprise. Though grown from Turkish seed, the weed proved inferior and the cigarettes made from it fell flat on the market. The disfavor extended to the legitimate traffic. Manufacturers complained and the government found a deficit in its returns. To make amends a law was passed forbidding tobacco culture and ever since the Egyptian cigarette has been made of a fine grade of the Turkish leaf and French cigarette paper. The country exports a large number of cigarettes and a very small quantity of tobacco, not enough, in fact, to make as many so-called "Egyptians" as are smoked in twenty-four hours in the United States and Great Britain.

WOMEN clerks employed in the German state railway offices are not allowed to work later than 10 P. M. or begin earlier than 6 A. M.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE LITTLE COAT.

Here's his little "roundabout;"
 Turn the pockets inside out
 See; his penknife, lost to use,
 Rusted shut with apple juice;
 Here, with marbles, top and string,
 Is his deadly "devil sling."
 With its rubber limp at last
 As the sparrows of the past!
 Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—
 Bullets, and a box of caps—
 Not a thing at all, I guess,
 But betrays some waywardness—
 E'en these tickets, blue and red,
 For the Bible verses said—
 Such as this his memory kept—
 "Jesus wept."

Here's a fishing hook and line,
 Tangled up with wire and twine,
 And dead angle worms, and some
 Slugs of lead and chewing gum.
 Here's some powder in a quill,
 Corked up with a liver pill;
 And a spongy little chunk
 Of punk!

Here's the little coat, but O!
 Where is he we've censured so!
 Don't you hear us calling, dear?
 Back! come back and never fear—
 You may wander where you will,
 Over orchard, field and hill;
 You may kill the birds or do
 Anything that pleases you!
 Ah, this empty coat of his!
 Every tatter worth a kiss;
 Every stain as pure instead
 As the white stars overhead;
 And the pockets, homes were they
 Of the little hands that play
 Now no more—but, absent, thus
 Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

* * *

WHAT PUSSY SAID.

Bessie with her kitten
 Sitting on her knee.
 "Pussy, dear, now won't you
 Try to talk to me?
 Yes, you pretty darling,
 I am sure you could
 Say a little something
 If you only would.
 Now, I'll ask a question,
 Answer, pussy—do!
 Whom do you love the very best?"
 And pussy said, "M-you."

—St. Nicholas.

"YOU MIGHT HAVE THAID 'O!'"

I was hard at work in my study
 When I heard a gentle tap.
 "Come in!" and in came my Josie,
 Tearful from some mishap,
 And I know that she was longing
 To be cuddled in my lap.
 "I bruithed my finder orful,
 And, papa, it doeth ache tho!"
 "Well, well, run away to mamma,
 For I can't help it, Jo."
 She raised her tear-wet lashes—
 "Papa, you might have thaid 'O!'"

The study door closed softly
 And I was left alone,
 With nothing to hinder my writing
 But the thought of a tender tone,
 So loving and so reproachful
 'Twould have touched a heart of stone.

And I sat and looked at my paper,
 But somehow I couldn't write,
 And there broke on me in the silence
 The dawn of a clearer light;
 The touch of that aching finger
 Had given me my sight.

Have a tender word, my brothers,
 For the little troubles and pains.
 It was not beneath our Master,
 It is far above our gains.
 It will hasten the heavenly kingdom,
 Where only love remains.

—Minnie Leona Upton.

* * *

MUD PIES.

Of all the enjoyments under the skies,
 There's nothing so jolly as making mud pies.

Prepare a nice shingle, or short, narrow plank,
 Lay it carefully down on a bright, sunny bank.

Take the freshest of earth and the cleanest of sand,
 And mix them up thoroughly well with your hand.

Add a cupful of water, then stir with a stick—
 A little more water if it seems too thick.

Now take up a lump of this beautiful dough,
 About just enough for a mud pie, you know.

Roll it softly around and give it a pat,
 Don't have it too humpy and yet not too flat.

Lay it down on the board to bake in the sun—
 Then make all the others just like this one.

Then sprinkle white sand over each little cake,
 And leave them about fifteen minutes to bake.

And when they are done, you'll certainly say,
 "That's the most fun I've had for many a day."

—Carolyn Wells, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the best way to fertilize land by a crop?

Any green crop turned under will answer the purpose, but for prompt action corn field peas is, perhaps, the best. The ground is plowed, the peas, which are really beans, are harrowed in, and the dense growth of vegetation is plowed under. Whether or not it would be an advantage in your neighborhood depends upon the character of the soil. Heavy clay soils are always benefited.

✱

What portion of the country would the Inglenook advise for one with a tendency to consumption?

Anywhere where there is a desert, such as is found in Western Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and in similar sections. People who live in the open air in such a country will be helped if they are not cured. If not too far gone, a cure is almost certain.

✱

Why could not there be a reaper and mower on the automobile principle?

There is now in operation a lawn mower on that plan, and there is no reason the Nook can see why the same should not be applied to all wheeled movable machinery of every character.

✱

Who designed the American flag?

It is said to be the work of Washington, and the first flag was made by Mrs. Ross, of Philadelphia. Washington had six-pointed stars, and Mrs. Ross changed them to five-pointed ones.

✱

Is such a thing possible as a negro turning white?

Yes, such a thing happens occasionally, but the white is a glistening, disease-like color, which is very objectionable to both blacks and whites.

✱

What is the cause of quicksand?

The sand composing quicksand is thought to be round like marbles, and this when saturated with water causes anything in it to sink out of sight.

✱

What is the cause of the coloring of a meerschaum pipe?

After the pipe is made it is coated with oil-wax, and the oil and the wax are colored by the action of the smoke on them.

✱

Has there ever been any great music composer among women?

Not that the Nook knows. This does not mean that there never will be.

How long does it take to learn taxidermy, and what does it cost?

A skillful person can learn taxidermy out of a book, but a teacher is much better. For home purposes a book will do. It would be a help for the inquirer, in the absence of a teacher, to buy some mounted bird and take it apart to see how it is done.

✱

What is the open air treatment of consumption like?

This new method of treating consumption consists mainly in living in the open air. The patient keeps warm, lives, eats and sleeps, as much as possible, with the sky for a cover. The result is very often miraculous, and people given over to die are completely cured.

✱

When was Texas admitted into the Union?

Texas was originally a republic, having a government of its own and applied for admission to the United States in 1844, and on the Fourth of July, 1845, Texas became one of the United States.

✱

What is the cost of running the Government of the United States?

This year the expenses will be about \$651,000,000 and the income will amount to \$694,000,000 leaving \$43,000,000 of an excess.

✱

After what is the city of New York called?

The original town was a Dutch village known as New Amsterdam. It was then changed to New York to distinguish it from old York in England.

✱

Is there any legal way of avoiding strikes?

Not as yet, but some measures will have to be taken to avert the disasters to the public, incident to labor troubles.

✱

If King Edward had been named as common people what would he be called?

Mr. Wettin.

✱

Is counting the rings of growth a correct method of ascertaining the age of a tree?

It is absolutely correct as to the years of growth.

✱

Can I learn to assay at home?

Yes, but a course of instruction will be a mighty help.

✱

What is the extent of the Capitol grounds at Washington, D. C.?

Fifty-two acres.

The Home



Department

SOUP OF THE AMERICANS.

TOMATO soup is such a favorite of the Americans, it has become known abroad in a general way as the soup a l'Americaine. The particular variety which is considered the American specialty is tomato cream soup.

This is a very delicious soup when made successfully, that is, without allowing the milk to become curdled by the acid of the tomato. In order to prevent this the soup is first made in two separate parts—the tomatoes into a puree without spices, and the second part composed of the milk, or part milk and part chicken or veal stock—thickened and seasoned, and just before the two parts are put together ready for serving a pinch of baking soda is added to the tomato puree. If the tomatoes are very acid, add a little sugar while stewing. This soup should not stand after it is put together.

One variety of tomato soup is really an expanded tomato sauce, the tomatoes being stewed with butter, a little bacon or ham, onion, cloves, parsley, bay leaf, etc., then passed through a sieve to remove skins and seeds, and diluted with broth or stock to make a good soup. There are numerous methods for preparing tomato soups and all are appetizing; the variety giving one opportunities for serving tomatoes frequently in this form without a sameness.

Cream of Tomato Soup With Rice.

Take a pint of tomatoes; pick over and wash half a cup of rice. Put the tomatoes in a soup kettle with a pint of cold water and let them gradually come to a boil, then add another pint of cold water, and when it comes to a boil add the rice, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper; boil until the rice is tender, but not soft enough to break, then stir in a paste made by rubbing together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour, a saltspoonful of soda and about a pint of hot milk, or enough to make the soup as thick as cream. Cook for a few minutes then serve at once.

Tomato and Corn Soup.

Use one quart of tomatoes, either fresh or canned; add a quart of good stock, quarter of a small carrot; one small onion, two cloves, piece of bay leaf, six peppercorns and a tablespoonful of chopped ham or bacon.

Cover and cook slowly, for half an hour, then rub through a sieve. Return to the fire and thicken with one tablespoonful of butter, rub to a smooth paste with one tablespoonful of flour. Stir until smooth and thick, then add seasoning of salt and pepper and a cup of scraped corn. Cook a few minutes longer, then serve.

Tomato Bisque.

Stew a quart of tomatoes for half an hour; add a teaspoonful of soda, remove from the fire and stir while the tomatoes foam up, then strain. Return to the fire, and add two level tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a cup of fine toasted cracker crumbs. Just before serving add enough boiling hot milk to make the soup right consistency.

Celery salt or a little onion juice may be added for flavoring if desired.

Tomato Bouillon.

Put a quart of plain, unseasoned beef stock over the fire, add a piece of bay leaf, a large slice of onion chopped, a teaspoonful of celery seed and four whole cloves. Then add a pint of tomatoes and season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook all together for twenty minutes; then clarify. Beat the white and crushed shell of an egg, together with just enough water to mix; then add to the soup and boil rapidly for ten minutes; strain through cheesecloth; reheat and serve with toasted bread croutons.

Old-Fashioned Tomato Soup.

Take a quart of tomatoes, a small bay leaf, a quart of water or stock, quarter pound of ham, a small onion, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a small carrot, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a stalk of celery or a half a teaspoonful of celery salt and salt and pepper to taste.

Cut the ham into small dice, slice the onion and fry them together in a little of the ham fat, until brown; then turn into a large saucepan or soup kettle with the water or stock, the vegetables and seasoning and simmer for half an hour, then add the tomatoes and cook gently for three-quarters of an hour longer, then press through a sieve, return to the fire. Rub the flour and butter together to a smooth paste; add a little of the hot soup to the paste to dissolve it; then stir into the boiling soup and stir until it boils up. See that it is seasoned to taste and serve with tiny croutons of fried bread.

LITERARY.

World's Work for July covers a broader and more interesting field than is usual for this magazine. Among the articles of peculiar timeliness will be found the following: "A glimpse into the Jewish World," by Richard Gottheil, and "The Prevention of Typhoid Fever," by Dr. James C. Bayles, an expert sanitary engineer. Then "The Farmers' Trust" will not only interest our country readers but many others. This number contains a number of other articles of general interest. Especially do we recommend the reading of "Russia and the Nations," "Building American Bridges in Mid-Africa," "The Cod-fishers of Newfoundland," and "The Day's Work of a Librarian." Then too, *World's Work* always tells you the news in its own pleasing way, its illustrations are of the very best, and the July number is prepared to maintain this record. The magazine sells for 25 cents a copy or \$3.00 per year.

✱

Country Life in America. This superbly illustrated magazine comes out for the month of July laden with good things for its readers. It is devoted to the higher and better side of country life and is exceedingly practical. It does not fail to bring to view the beauty and advantage of country life. And while it shows up its subjects in an artistic way, it touches the everyday matters, and in this number many Nookers may find pleasure and profit in the reading of "Some Hints on Feeding Poultry," "Shrubs, and Where to Put Them," "How to Grow Sour Cherries," "The Apricot and How to Grow it," and "Home Weaving in Country Houses." Twenty-five cents a copy.

✱

Lippincott's Magazine for July contains a complete novel entitled "The Pretenders," and many other shorter stories. These are well suited to the "good old summer-time" when it is natural to like literature of a lighter and more attractive vein. Then there is one article of graver import to which we wish to call attention. It is written by Maud Howe—daughter of Julia Ward Howe—and is on the subject "A Roman Holiday." This gives intimate details about house-keeping in Rome and is very interesting. The original humor and verses also add to the entertaining features of this number. Price, twenty-five cents, at the newsdealer's.

✱

Everybody's Magazine for July is on our desk filled to the brim with entertaining and instructive reading. This magazine is making a very decided change for the better, and it is with pleasure that we note the coming of this number. The neat and attractive "Fourth of July" cover is an index of its contents. Among the articles that we think will be of special interest to our readers will be found "The Love-Af-

fairs of John Wesley," which gives something about this great and good preacher that the general public seldom finds out. Under the heading of "Successful Autobiographies" is given "The Life Story of a Successful Lawyer." Other subjects treated in this number are "The Caesar of Tobacco," which gives valuable information about the Tobacco Trust, "The Kindergarten of the Streets," and a number of other well-written articles and stories. "With the Procession" is a department which will be heralded every month by the busy man and woman, for it gives the news of the month in such a complete and compact manner that the reader need not fear of falling back in the march of the world's events. Price, 10 cents per copy, or \$1.00 a year.

✱ ✱ ✱

GUNPOWDER AND FIREARMS IN EARLY AGES.

WITH reference to the early use of gunpowder and firearms, long before the popularly accepted, but erroneous, date of gunpowder discovery, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A., in a lecture a short time ago before the Franklin Institute, remarked that in many localities in China and India the soil is impregnated with nitre, and the probable discovery of gunpowder there, many centuries before the Christian era, may be explained in this way: All cooking at that time was by wood fires, and the people lived in tents and huts with earth for their floors. Countless fires made of wood upon ground strongly impregnated with nitre must have existed every day, and when such fires were extinguished a portion of the wood must have been converted into charcoal, some of which would, of necessity, become mixed with the nitre in the soil. By this means two of the most active ingredients of powder were brought together, and it is very natural that when another fire was kindled on the same spot a flash might follow. This would lead to investigation, and then the manufacture of gunpowder was conceived. Whether this be true or not there is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

✱ ✱ ✱

"DID you ever think what you would do if you had the duke of Westminster's income?" *Village Pastor*—"No; but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine."—*London Baptist*.

Want Advertisements.

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✱

LET me make your cap or bonnet.—*Barbara M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

